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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

—

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

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JANUARY

ENGLAND TODAY
BY THE EDITOR

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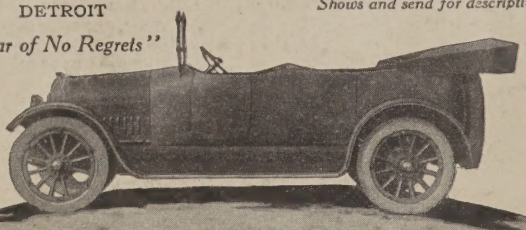

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1916

ENGLAND TODAY—I.

BY THE EDITOR

LONDON, *December, 1915.*

IT was the first large dinner party that had been given in the famous old castle, if not, indeed, the first given in any great country house in England, since the real magnitude of the war was realized. The perfectly proportioned room was as impressive as ever and the noble earls, looking out from their gorgeous frames, were no less proud and splendid than they had been for hundreds of years, but the doors had not swung upon their hinges in months and the atmosphere was damp and chill; and the ladies, all in black, shivered. In addition to them, and the host and hostess, there were present three peers of the realm, two leaders of the Commons, a Colonel and a Captain in khaki, a mighty huntsman of old, the young scion of his house, returned for the evening from his school of aviation, a highly distinguished editor of marked Tory proclivities and the inevitable Americans. The dinner was slow in serving, since only a decrepit gardener, brought in for the occasion, and a consumptive lad, unfit for military service, remained from the accustomed horde of manservants. Two of the younger ladies, facing each other, were noticeable—one, obviously American born, for her beauty; the other, no less surely English from undiluted stock, for her loveliness. They differed from the others only in that the eyes of the former flamed with indignation whenever the Government of her native land was mentioned and

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that the countenance of the other bore an expression of glorified sadness. The young American lady was tense in her efforts at self-restraint; the young English lady had heard but the day before of the wounding of her husband and the killing of her eldest brother—the third of five to go. Both held their heads high.

The conversation was continuous but modulated to an unusual degree. Spasmodic efforts to depart from the all-absorbing topic, proving unavailing, were sighfully abandoned and the talk became a congeries of bits of private information from the West Front, the Balkans, Egypt, India, the War Office, Northcliffe, Lloyd George, Mrs. Asquith, *et al.* There was no laughter. When the ladies had gone and the chairs had been drawn closer together the distinguished editor spoke inquiringly and very seriously, though most courteously, of America. The official attitude of her Government he believed they understood.

"I don't understand it," interjected the noted huntsman. "That is, unless what I read in a Manchester paper today is correct."

"And what was that, pray?"

"It said that, in dealing with President Wilson, it is safer to be inhuman than illegal."

"No London journal would have printed that," remarked the editor, quietly.

"No," growled the other, "you are all under orders to wound no tender sensibilities. Even Northcliffe, who God knows is outspoken enough respecting the British, has given explicit directions that not a word in criticism of the American Government shall appear in any of his papers. Is it a fact, as I have heard, that you all received a hurry call to make no comment on 'Too proud to fight'?"

The host made a gesture of impatience.

"I am sorry," the speaker added quickly, and said no more.

"What I had in mind," evenly continued the editor, ignoring the interruption and turning to the American, "related to your observation before dinner to the effect that no outcome of this war could be more calamitous to civilization than a possible estrangement through misunderstanding of the two great English-speaking peoples. I earnestly coincide with that view. Your administrations, like our cabinets, come and go, but the race must be unified at least in spirit if

liberty is to be saved to the world. I am glad to accept your judgment that, except among those of German birth or descent, American sentiment is now substantially unanimous in favor of the Allies, but it seemed to take the American people a dishearteningly long time to appreciate what this war means."

"Longer, do you think, than the English?"

"Perhaps not; and I grant, as you might justly intimate, with fuller excuse. But we have come to regard your people as quicker than ours, quicker particularly in resentment, if not at wrongdoing, at violations of the spirit of humanity. Gratifying, then, as was the prompt and general denunciation by your Press of the wanton assault upon Belgium, we have never been able to understand why your all-powerful Public Opinion induced no official protest."

"Especially against breaking the Hague Conventions," someone interposed.

"No, I did not say that. We discussed that point thoroughly this afternoon and I agree with our friend that Germany did not technically violate a Hague Convention when she entered Belgium. I surmise, however," turning to the American and smiling somewhat whimsically, "that among those whom you have seen since you have been here you have found few of that opinion."

"Within the Government, more than one; outside the Government, none. The like, I may add, is substantially true of America. The answer to your question, I suspect, is that our Public Opinion, as you call it, was bewildered at the moment and only too willing to leave the responsibility upon the shoulders of the Executive. Whether he acted rightly from the standpoint of humanity is a matter of opinion, but there can be no question that he acted conscientiously for what he believed to be the best; and it is only fair to say that like outrages have been perpetrated the world over and many times, notably in Armenia, without evoking protest from either Great Britain or the United States. A protest then, however praiseworthy and however helpful it might have proved, clearly would have been contrary, not conformable, to the precedents of both nations."

"But the *Lusitania*?"

"The utmost that an American can say, from his sense of humiliation and shame, of that infamy, is that judgment has been rendered and still awaits enforcement. I cannot speak

of it. May I be permitted to change the subject with a question?"

"Assuredly, yes; our mutual interests have suffered too much already from lack of candor."

"And of communication?"

"Yes."

"Chiefly in consequence of an unwise censorship?"

"Partly, no doubt."

"My question then is this: Assuming that America is now fully aroused and no less fully in sympathy with England in the great struggle for freedom whose burden from now on she must bear in the largest measure; ignoring the past entirely and looking the present squarely in the face, what would you have us to do in addition to what we are doing?"

"Why not join forces?"

"Upon what defendable pretext consistent with observance of international law?"

"I cannot say offhand."

"There is none," interpolated the Commons leader convincingly.

"And are you sure that you would consider it advantageous to have the United States enter the war at this time in any case?"

"I frankly could not answer that question without very grave consideration of many phases of the situation. But we are wandering far from the original point which you raised. Now let me ask: Do you find among the English of whatever class the slightest feeling against the American people because of the attitude of their Government towards us in the war?"

"None whatever."

"And is not that a gratifying fact?"

"It is more than a gratifying fact; it is an augury of glorious advancement of true democracy; but in this terrific personal stress when perspectives necessarily go by the board it puzzles me."

"Perhaps," suggested the gentle-featured old nobleman on the left who had listened intently and, so it seemed, somewhat amusedly, "I can explain. The truth is that, after no little travail, we have managed to differentiate between your Government and your people. We try to regard your official acts with tolerance, even though, as in your last Note,

your language seemed needlessly and, when compared with that addressed to those whom we have come to regard as common enemies—the enemies of all liberty-loving peoples —unduly harsh and menacing, but we have dismissed from our minds any suspicion of infidelity to their ideals on the part of the American people. But in such circumstances there must always come a test. Under our more elastic system it takes place instantly; under your written Constitution, at stated intervals. If this war should continue, as I fear it must, for another year or more, America will be put to the proof in November next. Your country then will have to pronounce the verdict, regardless of all minor considerations, upon this one vital issue: Are we Anglo-Saxons, we professed disciples and upholders of Democracy against Autocracy, brothers, or are we not? "

" And how can that be done? "

The old gentleman hesitated, the muscles of his face twitching. Then he said with impressive solemnity:

" As you are aware, I am a friend of America. I know her people as few Englishmen know them. But I have to say, with the perfect frankness which I feel is warranted and with all the power of earnestness and sincerity at my command, that the only way in which America can regain her own honor and the respect of her kin throughout the world is by repudiating the administration of Woodrow Wilson."

" But, sir," rejoined the American, " conditions may change. Is it not conceivable that before next November you may have occasion to change your mind; even that the course of events or a course of conduct may make it incumbent upon you to do so? "

" I am still hopeful," was the sober response, " but far from sanguine."

There was a momentary pause. The host pushed back in his chair.

" I think, gentlemen," he said, " that we now should join the ladies."

There was no dinner party in the hardly less famous house on the East Coast, for the most excellent reason that there remained only one servitor to cook and two to serve. But those domiciled over the week-end comprised two American-born ladies of title, the sister of a former viceroy, an

American girl in a nurse's uniform worn to a shadow of her former self, a cheery wounded lad from the trenches, the visiting Americans,—and the Vicar and his wife dropped in. It was a sober, though hardly doleful, little gathering, but the atmosphere was surcharged with that peculiar tensity, already remarked, which seems to have possessed all England. Again the question was raised as to America's understanding of the cataclysmic nature of the war and again the answer was made that time had been required for comprehension. By way of illustration and in hope possibly of mitigating the depressing tautness, the familiar apocryphal story was told of the old backwoodsman who, when first informed of the raging conflict upon a rare visit to the New England village store, turned his eyes to the window and remarked judicially, "Well, they've got a good day for it." A slight hush followed the simple climax and then first one, then another, then all together began to laugh fitfully, then convulsively. The Vicar's wife was the first to regain partial self-control, but for only a few seconds, when again she was drawn into the vortex of seeming hilarity. It became a riot of the emotions. They could not stop. The tears rolled down their cheeks unchecked and unheeded. In utter amazement the relator implored his hostess to tell him what he had done.

"Done?" she ejaculated between her half sobs. "Done? Why, you have done the best thing in the world. You have broken the spell. You have made us laugh. And we haven't laughed in months—not one of us. Oh dear, oh dear!" and she, too, was off again.

It was more than a shock, this hysteria; it was a revelation; and it was pitiable. But when the gale had subsided each countenance took on once more the unwonted aspect of sober calm and fixed resolution which one perceives now everywhere among all classes in England. Upon the faces of the women, more markedly even than upon the faces of the men—from the Duchess to the tradeswoman, from the daughter of a peer who works in the munitions factory to the manicurist, from the middle-aged woman who drives an omnibus to the girl who takes the tickets at the railway station, from the serving maid who has invaded the sacrosanct clubs to the milliner's patterer on the street—upon each and every countenance is stamped the impress of willing sacrifice and staunchest courage.

The clicking of needles presaged a peaceful evening in the cozy little library which was made to serve as a drawing-room for economy's sake, but the illusion was quickly dispelled. An American-born Countess stood before the fireplace, holding a newspaper in her hand.

" I suppose you have read this," she said with low distinctness, " but I have just returned from my hospital and have now seen it for the first time. It is the President's Message. Listen to this!—and she read:

> There are some men among us, and many residents abroad, who, though born and bred in the United States and calling themselves Americans, have so far forgotten themselves and their honor as citizens as to put their passionate sympathy with one or the other side in the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States. They also preach and practice disloyalty. No laws, I suppose, can reach corruptions of the mind and heart, but I should not speak of others without also speaking of these, and expressing the even deeper humiliation and scorn which every self-possessed and thoughtfully patriotic American must feel when he thinks of these things and the discredit they are daily bringing upon us.

" What, I wonder—perhaps you can tell me—" she continued, " are the things that we despised ' residents abroad ' are doing that, in the eyes of Mr. Wilson, bring such discredit upon our native land? It is undoubtedly true that every American man and every American woman in England and in France feels a ' passionate sympathy ' for the cause which they believe to be not only righteous but as much in America's interest as in that of England or of France. The President might have gone a step further and truthfully accused us of trying in every way we can to help those who are fighting our battle. We who have incomes will soon be paying one-half in taxes willingly, even gladly, and we do not stop there. We ourselves give and insistently urge and beg others to give to innumerable funds to relieve the poor Serbians and Belgians and Poles of their terrible suffering. We were and still are proud of our countrymen and countrywomen at home for the splendid help they brought to Belgium and France, but do they realize what England, too, is doing? Do you know that our Red Cross fund alone already has passed forty million dollars and is steadily growing? And it is not merely money that we residents abroad are contributing. My two boys are in the trenches. She who sits

there has one killed, another wounded and a third only waiting to reach the fighting age. So it is with all of us, all. No, there is no doubt of our 'passionate sympathy.'"

"But do you think," quietly asked the lady referred to, "that the President meant us at all? Legally we are British subjects."

"Thank God for that," was the vehement rejoinder. "But you as well as I have always been proud—oh, how I hate that word!—to consider and even 'call' ourselves Americans. I am no longer. It is an awful thing to be ashamed of one's country and I don't know that I am. But I am of the American Government. I hate it, hate it, as the Germans hate England. And what about that girl there who is working her young life out from six in the morning till nine at night? She is not British even under the law. She is one of thousands of Americans, men and women, here and in France who 'practise disloyalty,' whose 'corruptions of mind and heart' no laws, to the great regret of Mr. Wilson, can reach, whose splendid sacrifices to the cause of our race and civilization and humanity overwhelm him with a sense of 'humiliation and scorn' impossible to express. 'Peace and dignity of the United States!' Think of the *Lusitania* and think of that! 'Peace without dignity,' is more like it. What a glorious motto it is! Are all Americans like the President? Can't they or won't they realize what this war *is*? It is too awful, too awful!"

The taut nerves, breaking under the strain, relaxed in a flood of tears.

There seemed to be little to say.

What, then, *is* this war? A year ago, when on Christmas day Tommies and Teutons called a truce and played boisterously at foot-ball, it did not seem so bad. But now! A card was brought up late one afternoon. It bore the name of an acquaintance of thirty,—a Princeton man, whose military experience, though slight, was sufficient to obtain a Second Lieutenant's commission in a battery early in the war.

We had heard from a British officer how in the first engagement both of his superiors were killed and he had come into and since retained command of a decimated but active little force; how twice at least he had disobeyed orders forbidding reprisals and had been reprimanded; how some two months before he had been caught between the close

lines—"gassed, you know"—and rescued by his men and how finally he had been brought to an English hospital on six months' leave for repairs to a broken jaw and other bones and, at the expiration of six weeks, was haunting the War Office for a chance to return to his old battery. He was in khaki, of course, and as lean as a racehorse, but seemingly fit except for occasional spells of coughing, for which he apologized as mere "hang-overs" of the "gassing,"—from the effects of which, incidentally, we were informed by an eminent specialist, one never fully recovers. A more zestful and restless young man could not be imagined. To a whimsical suggestion that he might be eager to return for the Christmas football game he shook his head, saying soberly: "The football days are past; it's war now all right and has been for some time; no quarter is asked and none given; we've stopped taking prisoners."

What were the relative merits of the soldiers?

"The German," he replied, "is a machine and needs a machine to fight with. Put him behind a rapid-firing gun and he is the most efficient in the world. And that is where they had us at the beginning with their sixty thousand machine guns to only six thousand all told for the Allied troops. But he has no taste for cold steel. When it comes to close quarters on equal terms Tommy Atkins is a marvel. And the Scotch! My God, man, it is inconceivable. Over and over again I have seen squads of them swing out in front of those damnable machine guns to certain death as blithely as if they were on parade in Hyde Park. It's one thing to participate in a big charge; you feel that you have a chance at any rate; and then the enthusiasm of numbers bears you on. But to be one of a dozen of whom you know in advance not one can escape except by a miracle,—that's different. And that's the Scot without a quiver. I don't say the English are not as good. All I mean is that disdain of death must have had its origin in the Highlands."

What about those reprimands? The young soldier smiled grimly and then there came into his eyes a look one does not like to see.

"Well, the first time it was like this. We were supposed to be engaged in nice, civilized warfare and, even after the Huns had done the most awful things, we were under the strictest orders to stick to Hoyle. Lord Bryce made a fine speech in Parliament against reprisals and the Government

adopted his policy and the officers passed stern words down the line and if any chap broke over the line he was in bad. You can imagine how strict they were when I tell you that for four successive days the Germans banged away at our ambulances with particular relish and we stood there and let them gather up their wounded and never pulled a trigger. But the time came when my pal, as fine a young Englishman as God ever made, got his along with a dozen or more others, but was still able to wave that he was only wounded. Two of my boys were just lifting him into the ambulance when all three men were shot to pieces. Then I bided my time which was not long in coming. A score or so of Germans lay writhing in a heap after a futile assault and I got the range for my eighteen-pounder and waited. Sure enough in twenty minutes or so out came an ambulance with I guess a dozen soldiers as nonchalantly as you please and feeling safe as a clock, as they had every reason to feel. They got their wounded aboard and were just starting back when I blew the whole damned lot to hell and gone. Of course, I got it in the neck at headquarters the next morning, but they let our ambulances alone after that."

And the second time?

"That was different. You know, sir, I love my Tommies; by God, I love 'em and that's all there is of it; and it about breaks my heart to have to leave 'em to take in a new battery. Well, anyhow, it was a beastly little scrimmage at best, but what do you suppose those scoundrels did? Why, God damn 'em, they—but, say, did you ever see a body mangled by reversed bullets? No? Well, don't; that's all I have to say. Seven of my boys went in a heap and we were in a bad way when some fresh lads came up and gave 'em the steel. When it was over we had twenty-four white feathers on our hands quite ready to slip over to nice, comfortable quarters around here and receive bouquets and chewing-gum from Lord Haldane's friends. And, mind you, they were *my* prisoners. We found the reversed bullets in their guns all right, remember that. Well, I took one glance at that sickening mass at my feet and looked into the eyes of my boys and they looked into mine. I didn't want to get them into trouble and my chances were better than theirs anyway. All I had them do was to stand those twenty-four up in a row and then, one after another and without any particular hurry, I dropped every man in his tracks dead as a door-nail. Oh, it's war all

right . . . . I must say,'' he added reflectively, '' they took it very well.''

How was he hurt?

'' Just plain stupid, that's all. I was where I ought not to have been and got the gas. When I came to or partly to I found myself alongside a husky Hun, who was in a bad way, too. But he could still use his rifle and he whacked me over the head a few times rather feebly and then gathered up what strength he had and put my jaw out of business. That was good luck for me for I guess it was the pain that brought me around. Anyhow I got his gun away from him after some maneuvering and wriggled up on my knees and pinned him to the ground through the throat. That was the last I knew till I heard in a confused sort of way somebody say ' American ' and I opened my eyes and found myself on a cot with two of my Tommies standing there and one of them saying to the nurse ' Tike good care of 'im, miss, *'e* ain't too proud to fight.' So long as God lets me live I shall never hear words as sweet as those. But, say, there is one thing you may as well know and I swear to you I speak for every fellow from America in the bunch. There are just two men in the world I should have liked to have in line with those twenty-four. One is the Kaiser and—well, never mind who the other is.''

So we learned what this war is.

She who arrived from Paris that afternoon was an American woman, resourceful in money, energy and tact, who has won the everlasting gratitude of the soldiers and the official recognition of the Republic of France. The elderly persons and small boys, who were performing the duties of the bewigged young men of former days in the corridor of the hotel, stood at attention before her gray face and well-worn uniform. Later she said:

'' It was not until I crossed on my third trip back to France from England, since the beginning of war, that I detected any hostile feeling toward Americans. A brusque official, looking at my much viséd American passport, stiffened instantly and said: ' *Pourquoi tous ces voyages, Madame?'* I threw back my cape and showed my French Red Cross Medal! *C'est bien,'* he said, ' *mais je veux voir vos papiers.'* He examined them all—*permis de séjour, permis de circuler,* French passport, *livret de Croix Rouge, de*

Bureau de Santé, etc., even then remaining ungracious and suspicious—first instance, in all my travelings, of official discourtesy in France. On the train en route to Paris I had a second shock. A French officer who had been reading a newspaper handed it to me, and we talked over its items. There was comment on American neutrality, and he said reflectively: "*L'histoire, Madame, va perpétuer à jamais, deux mots de nos jours. Savez vous lesquels? Ce ne sont guère 'de bons mots,' ce sont des mots infâmes. Le premier est celui du 'bout de papier' chevalier allemand, le second est le dit—on du President Américain qui se croit 'trop fier pour se battre.' Mais le sont des mots monstrueux!*"

"I did not dispute his dictum (he had not recognized my nationality), only I realized that some resolve had crystallized in my mind. Sometime later, I met a little American woman who like myself had been busy with varied kinds of war relief work which we discussed at length. Suddenly we made a curious mutual discovery. We had used the same expedient! We were both passing ourselves off as Canadians!"

She paused for an instant and concluded:

"Always on the heels of that 'too proud to fight' creed comes the recollection of a great French lady's pride in her unhappy country's fight. As she put it, '*pour nous autres la vie sert toujours comme une gamme mineure sur des notes basses.*' She had lost two sons and a brother, and her husband though saved had been dangerously wounded. Also their properties near Lille been wiped out, their fortunes were lost forever! '*Mais,*' she continued, '*il faut lutter toujours, quand même, faire encore de sacrifices, pas pour nous, mais pour l'avenir, l'avenir de nos arrière petits enfants, ce qui veut dire la liberté de la France!*'"

The foremost Cabinet Minister stood before the fireplace in his inner office late in the afternoon sipping his tea and chatting with a staff officer who had just returned from Rome. They were awaiting the arrival from the War Office of panoramic photographs, illustrating the advances of the Italian army. Meanwhile the conversation continued after a desultory fashion respecting the broader aspects of the military situation until the Minister manifested a slight impatience, to the obvious discomfort of the General.

"Is lateness on the part of the War Office so much of a novelty?" the American caller inquired.

The Minister smiled, grimaced and scowled all in one expression and was about to make reply when the dispatch-box arrived. Due scrutiny of the photographs ensued and the officer went out into the rain.

"Well," asked the Minister, leaning back and stretching his legs towards the fire, "what do you make of it all?"

The visitor remarked that he had come to ask, not to answer, questions.

"I suppose," mused the Minister, "you find some dissatisfaction here with the general attitude of your Government?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but the complainings seem rather vague and hardly convincing."

"I know. Mutual understanding is not readily attained when one people is in the stress of mighty conflict and undergoing innumerable personal tragedies while the other is far removed, at peace and prosperous."

"That is it—the difficulty of comprehension by the one of the real meaning of such a war and by the other of the effect of geographical aloofness inducing a sense of security."

"Yes, we, that is, the Government, appreciate the difficulties of your President's position and make no complaint. Of course, the matter of the *Lusitania*—"

"I know; always and everywhere here it is the *Lusitania*. But is it not a fact that in a practical sense, however deep may be the humiliation of Americans, England has derived enormous advantage from that infamous performance?"

"You mean through the horror created throughout the world?"

"In a general way, yes. But more specifically your Government surely recognizes that our non-action respecting the murder of scores of American citizens has made your own course on disputed questions vastly easier. In other words, so long as that frightful crime remains unavenged you certainly have no cause for apprehension of any serious difficulty with the United States. You must and, of course, do know that the American people would never sanction extreme measures regarding property or trading while assassination continues unatoned for. Consequently you are free

to treat, as it seems to us you do treat, our fervid protests against holding up our ships and the like with full impunity."

"I had not thought of that."

"Moreover, barring its beginning and ending, our latest Note not only contained nothing in the smallest degree offensive but incidentally, perhaps even significantly, was six months in the making, thus directly affording half a year for continuance of the practises complained of and tacitly, conformably to usage, another half year for responding. I suspect your Government will take the full allowance?"

"Why shouldn't we?"

"I know of no reason; and I doubt if you will hear any very loud outcries from America if you do. But what I wish to learn is whether, not as a people, but as a Government, you consider that you have any really grave cause for dissatisfaction with the course pursued by the American Administration?"

The Minister rose from his chair and paced the floor. Then he said:

"First let me ask: Is there a likelihood or a possibility of your Government prohibiting or limitating the export of munitions?"

"Not the slightest."

"Then I say no. That is all we want. We and our allies combined are rich enough, in both men and money, to win this war beyond the shadow of a doubt. All we are going to need is guns and ammunition."

"But I have heard on all sides that after April or May you will be able to furnish an ample supply for both yourselves and your allies."

"That is not the fact, and if any such impression exists in America I beg you to do all you can to dissipate it. We now have more than a million men and women doing admirable work in more than two thousand factories and we hope to increase the number greatly, but even so we shall need more and more—all, in fact, we can get."

"I infer that you do not concur in the confident anticipation expressed to me yesterday by one of your colleagues that the war will end in July, precisely as predicted by Professor Münsterberg."

"What is your own opinion?"

"Undoubtedly of as little and possibly of as much value as any I have heard. First, that while Germany can be

made to suffer privations through the activities of your fleet, she can never be starved into submission. Secondly, that the French and English troops cannot reasonably hope to cross the Rhine in preponderating numbers."

The Minister made no sign, but asked quietly, "And then?"

"That the only sure method of winning a real triumph is, while holding a great body of the enemy to protect their West Front, to train, equip and officer, with the aid maybe of the Japanese, a mighty, irresistible Russian army. And that would require time—a deliberate dedication of at least two and probably three years to make certain the result."

The Minister sighed and said:

"I cannot admit that you are right; I do not insist that you are wrong. But," he added slowly and with the utmost seriousness, "there may appear another way"—and then after a moment he elucidated his thought with notable precision and particularity—but not for publication.

It was a most extraordinary dissertation by a no less extraordinary man.

At the close of the conversation the visitor repeated the final words addressed by a recruiting sergeant to a motley crowd on Ludgate Hill:

"And now, my lads, you want to be on the winning side, don't you? Well, for sixteen months the Germans have been trying to win and have failed. And for sixteen months the British have been trying to lose and *they've* failed. Now who's going to win?"

The Minister smiled grayly.

"It is," he said quietly, "a perfect picture of the situation."

And such, indeed, it seems to be.

The most increasingly powerful man in the Empire sat deep in his chair following intently the oral report of one of his multitude of spies, arrived by a circuitous route that afternoon from Austria. It was an admirably told account of actual conditions, intensely interesting, but long and tiring and, when the spy had gone, his employer heaved a sigh of relief.

"You are quite right," he said, continuing a conversation which had been interrupted by the arrival of the spy, "there is not a particle of feeling in England against the

American people. In point of fact, there exists rather a sense of sympathy arising from a notion that their real attitude has been misrepresented. It is your Government only that is criticized, and that not severely by thoughtful persons who look ahead."

"And the concrete cause—"

"Is to be found in the rooted belief, constantly reiterated, that we are fighting your battle and that your Government not only treats the common enemy with the greater consideration but seems to go out of its way to annoy and harass us."

"But we have not asked anybody to fight any battle for us."

"Quite so. That is one reason why I do not share the common feeling of resentment."

"The suggestion, moreover, is frequently made that the navalism of England is no more defensible than the militarism of Germany."

"As to that, one lesson at least, it seems to me, may be drawn from this war by America. If England had not interposed, France would have been crushed and the eyes of the conqueror would have turned instantly to the Western Hemisphere. I suppose you are aware that the German General Staff had formulated plans for the invasion of the United States as complete in every detail as were their plans for invading France. But for the British fleet, at this moment your great seaboard cities, your National Capital and the entire area containing munition factories would be at the mercy of that General Staff. There is no question under the sun of that fact and there is hardly less doubt that, if Germany should win, opulent America would have to pay the great indemnity that could not be squeezed out of the exhausted Allies. Practically, therefore, it seems to me plain that at this juncture in the world's history German militarism is the living menace of America, and British navalism is her salvation. It is a point worth considering at any rate."

"And the lesson—"

"Is to be drawn from our bitter experience and from your own original policy: In times of peace, prepare for war. Because the Allies are certain to win—in time—is no sufficient reason for positively criminal negligence to insure your tremendous belongings. But can the Democratic party be relied upon to provide preparedness, as you call it,

promptly and adequately? Does your President mean business or will he only write Notes to the Congress?"

The visitor declined to hazard a response, upon the ground that at the moment nobody could tell whether the Administration is really awake or only talking in its sleep.

THE FINANCES OF THE WAR

Great Britain is the banker of the Allies. It is true that a remarkable and quite unexampled popular loan has recently been subscribed in France. It is also true that Russia has developed unexpected financial strength. Nevertheless, as in more than one former conflict, Great Britain is providing money for her allies and is confidently looked to as the ultimate source of the proverbial sinews of war. The fiscal condition and outlook of that country may, therefore, be regarded as indicative of the general financial state of that side of the great war; as the condition of Germany's finances is of the other side. The beginning of a new calendar year is also a convenient time to consider these conditions.

Mr. McKenna, the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, has estimated the expenses of his Government during the year which has just ended at $8,000,000,000; which is by far the largest yearly bill that any nation in history has ever had to meet. We may perhaps form our best estimate of it by noting that it is about twice the cost of our four years of Civil War. Of this stupendous sum probably $1,500,000,000 has been met from taxation, leaving $6,500,000,000 to be covered by loans, foreign and domestic. In July last a loan of $3,000,000,000 was successfully made, but another loan of equal amount will be needed to carry the Government through to April 1 next. By that time, Mr. McKenna reckons, the Government will be spending at the rate of $10,000,000,000 a year, and its revenue from taxation of all kinds will be at the rate of only $2,000,000,000. If, therefore, the war lasts for another year, from April 1, there will be need of new loans amounting to $8,000,000,000. It may indeed be that more than this will be needed, if the other nations call upon Great Britain for more aid. During the last year the United Kingdom has loaned to its allies some $2,000,000,000. How much they may need in the next year is an interesting subject of speculation. Their demands at any rate are more likely to increase than to diminish.

How is Great Britain to meet these demands of her own and her allies' Governments? And especially, since this is supposed to be a war of exhaustion, or a contest in endurance, how does her fiscal competency compare with that of the banker of the Central Powers, Germany?

According to the most trustworthy calculations made in recent years, just before the war, Great Britain's forty-seven million people have a total income of $10,750,000,000, or $230 a head; while the sixty-eight millions of Germany have an income of $9,800,000,000, or $145 a head. Great Britain is therefore considerably the richer nation of the two. But Germany is by far the more thrifty, for before the war her people were spending only $115 a head against the $190 of the British. Thus the average expenditure was $75 a head yearly less in Germany than in Great Britain. If the British were to exercise sufficient economy to reduce themselves to the German standard of living, or of expense, they would save no less than $3,525,000,000, yearly; a sum which would go far toward meeting the extraordinary demands of the war.

But that was the German standard before the war. Now, under the stress of the conflict and its pecuniary demands, Germans have effected economies which have reduced their average expenditures from $115 to only $80 a year. If it were possible for the British to do the same they would save $110 each, or a total of $5,170,000,000 a year; or half the expenses of the Government. It may not be possible to do this. Unchangeable circumstances make it impossible for the British to live as cheaply as do the Germans. But the calculation suggests the great possibilities of thrift in the United Kingdom. Simply the abandonment of drinking habits will effect a saving of $850,000,000 a year; beside increasing by a comparable amount the productive efficiency of the nation by the diversion of the men now engaged in the liquor industry to other occupations.

It must be borne in mind, of course, that the income figures which we have quoted are those of ante-bellum years, and that they have been affected to some extent, probably unfavorably, by the war. Some 3,000,000, or one-third of the most efficient workmen of the kingdom, have been withdrawn from industrial pursuits for military service. Their places have, however, been filled with boys and women to so good purpose that the most competent authorities estimate the decrease in productive efficiency to be considerably less than

ten per cent; a decline which is practically negligible, in view of the fact that in some respects there has been a decided increase in income since the compilation of the figures which we have quoted. Also it will not escape observation that the withdrawal of so many men has comparably reduced the cost of maintenance of the nation, their expenses now forming a part of the military expenditure.

The finances of Germany are not as well known to the world as those of Great Britain, but enough is known to make it seem exceedingly doubtful if that empire is as well prepared to endure prolonged and excessive pecuniary strain as is its rival. It is true that comparison is difficult, for the reason that the fiscal policies of the two nations are based upon exactly opposite grounds. Great Britain depends upon her ability to secure all needed supplies, of food and what not else, from abroad; a policy in which she is supported by her unquestioned command of the high seas. Germany, on the other hand, reckons upon being self-supplying, from her own domestic resources; a policy which is practically enforced upon her by her loss of sea-power. There are, of course, immense advantages in the latter system, provided that it can be successfully maintained—provided, that is, that the nation is self-sustaining and sufficient unto itself. In the present case there are increasing indications that Germany cannot permanently, or much longer, supply her own requirements, in other essential goods than food.

Again, while Germany is vastly more self-sufficient for supplies than Great Britain, she is to even a greater extent more lacking in affiliated support. Scarcely any of her colonies were ever a source of profit to her, or even self-supporting, and now she has lost them all, anyway, save one, and from it she is completely cut off, and of it she is likely soon to be deprived of so much as nominal ownership. On the other hand, Great Britain's immense and immensely wealthy colonial empire remains intact and unimpaired in prosperity. More than a dozen years ago that empire, outside of the United Kingdom, was estimated by conservative authorities to have a capital of $36,500,000,000, and a yearly income of $6,900,000,000. Those gigantic resources, considerably more than half as great as those of the United Kingdom itself, are being placed at the service of the Imperial Government with extraordinary readiness and generosity, and must constitute a potent factor in the finances

of the war. On the whole, therefore, the new year opens with a cheerful prospect for the Allies in the prosecution of a war of pecuniary endurance. If the struggle is to be decided by such endurance, the ultimate outcome of it is scarcely to be regarded as a matter of doubt.

LEARN TO THINK NATIONALLY

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, who was the greatest of all Great Britain's Colonial Ministers, sounded the keynote of his administration in the exhortation to his fellow citizens that they should "Learn to think Imperially." They were to regard themselves, that is to say, not merely as Englishmen, or Canadians, or Australians, but as citizens of the world-embracing British Empire; and they were to devise and to support those policies which were best, not merely for England, or Canada, or Australia, but for the entire empire. Nor was this sheer altruism. Rather was it the shrewdest and most far-seeing altruism, since the good of the whole was the good of all its parts.

It is high time for us to take a leaf from Mr. Chamberlain's book. More than a century and a quarter has passed since the adoption of the Constitution made us a nation. More than half a century has passed since the ending of the last and greatest menace to the perpetuity of that nation. Yet too often there is need of the exhortation that we shall "think nationally": not as New Yorkers or as Californians, not as New Englanders or as Westerners or as Southerners, but as Americans; and that we shall consider and shall promote those Governmental policies which are best calculated to serve the welfare not merely of our own Congressional district, or State, or section of a country in which sectionalism should long ago have been forever dead, but of the entire Continental Republic.

We are told, for example, that the "Middle West" takes comparatively little interest in the question of national defense. Its cities are not open to bombardment by a hostile fleet. It has no fear that an invading army, should one ever land upon these shores, would penetrate so far as to reach its borders. It feels secure, and sympathizes little with what it regards as the semi-hysterical fears of the coast.

Now, we cannot believe that such sentiments prevail as widely as some have said. We sincerely hope that they do

not prevail at all. We are certain that some of the most clear-headed and broad-minded of our statesmen are to be found in that very region. But because it is said so often that such ideas do exist there, it is worth while to point out that the heart of the continent is just as much interested in the security of the coast as is the coast itself. The prosperity of the West depends upon that of the East. The great producing States would suffer grievously should disaster befall the great industrial centres, or should the ports be raided and our commerce be destroyed. Illinois and Nebraska have need of New York and Boston, just as surely as the latter have need of the former. It is the commerce of the Western plains and prairies, just as much as of the Eastern cities and factories, that is to be protected by our fleet. It is the duty and it is to the interest of the great coast cities and States to see that justice and equity are done to the farmers and miners and stock-raisers of the West; and it is equally incumbent upon the West to see that the coast is secured against alien ravages. Both regions need to think nationally.

States have been known now and then to hold lightly the treaty obligations of the United States, when they have imagined them to run counter to their local interests. They have made local laws denying to aliens the rights and privileges guaranteed to them by treaties which the National Government has made and for the faithful observance of which the National Government is responsible. They have condoned the violent acts of mobs against aliens who were entitled to the protection of the Federal Government under treaty stipulations. The National Government has had to make the best of it; sometimes to pay large sums as indemnity for the lawless acts of citizens of States for which the States themselves would give no satisfaction and would pay no indemnity. Yet if such lawless acts should at any time provoke war and a foreign enemy should attack the coasts of those offending States, there would be a quick and agonized call for the National Government to come to the States' relief and to protect them from the harm which they themselves had invited. Such States need to think nationally.

We have known some churches and foreign missionary societies to deprecate "militarism." They have told us how many missionaries could be supported, or how many

copies of the Bible could be printed and circulated in heathen parts, for the cost of a single warship. Yet whenever a "Boxer" outbreak occurs, or mission stations anywhere in the world are in danger of attack, none are more prompt and exigent than they in asking for and in confidently expecting speedy and efficient succor from the navy and army of the nation. How can that succor be given if the Government does not provide the very means which they have been opposing? They need to think nationally.

When Governor Magoon was sent to Cuba during our last intervention in that island, he said, as the result of his investigation, that the troubles which made the need of intervention had arisen through popular lack of appreciation of the collective and general benefits of good legislation. Each man wanted laws to benefit him without regard for his neighbor. We shall not give cause for intervention in our affairs, and if we should there would be none to intervene. But we ought not in any degree or respect to make the same error that we undertook to correct in the Cubans. We should unfailingly appreciate the collective benefits of our Governmental laws, treaties and administrative acts, and realize that if they are good for all they are good, in the last analysis, for each. The highest welfare of the whole Republic is the highest welfare of each component State. Learn to think not merely as individuals, nor as inhabitants of a certain city or State, but as citizens of the whole nation.

CITIZENS OR SUBJECTS? STATE OR CROWN?

Civic evolution sets up another mighty landmark. It was denoted the other day in a remark in the British Parliament, so incidental and by the way as to command no public attention, yet in fact fraught with epochal and epical significance. Mr. Montagu, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, was speaking about the fiscal necessities of the Government during the war, and the manner in which the nation was expected to meet them. Then he said:

"Every citizen ought to be prepared to put at least one-half of his current income at the disposal of the State, either in the form of a tax or a loan."

Doubtless the average hearer and reader of that speech regarded the substance more than the form. It was the magnitude of the demand upon the public purse that commanded

attention. An income tax of fifty per cent on all incomes was a tremendous proposal. Yet there was something still more important in Mr. Montagu's remarks. This was a case in which the letter was greater than the spirit; or perhaps in which the real spirit was subtly denoted in the form of the letter.

The permanent gist of the matter is not in the call for half of all men's incomes. That is a temporary war measure. It lies rather in the reference to men not as subjects but as citizens, and to the Government not as the Crown but as the State. Hitherto in Great Britain, as still in some other lands, reference has been to "subjects of the Crown." The change from that to "citizens of the State" is a degree of evolution which amounts to revolution. Brougham once said, in speaking of the jury system, that King, Lords and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box. It would be a not unworthy sequel to say that Reform bills and Franchise acts, all the progressive legislation since the Georgian era, if not since the Plantagenets, end in calling a subject a citizen, and the Crown the State.

The change is real and not merely nominal. Mr. Montagu's phrases, whether intentionally or unintentionally, were the index and record of inexorable processes which have long been going on in the United Kingdom and which have now reached their triumphant culmination. It is a fact that Englishmen are now as truly citizens as are the inhabitants of a republic. In some respects they are actually more influential as individual members of the body politic than are Americans or Frenchmen. Equally true is it that instead of the King's being able to say, as earlier English as well as French Kings could say, "*L'Etat? c'est Moi!*" the State, were it vocal, might truly say, "The Crown? it is an appanage of mine!"

In that circumstance is, obviously, the greatest possible security of the Crown, the title of which is thus made to rest upon the popular will. Subjects of a Crown might be disaffected and might rise in revolt. The security of the Crown lay in brute force, or in some skill in persuading the people to be content with their subjection. Citizens of a State choose their own form of government, and if they retain the Crown that fact is a demonstration of their voluntary preference for that form. Some day their preference may change, or it

may not. There is all the difference in the world between a people subject to the Crown and a Crown subject to the people.

The one great contrast between citizens and subjects, between State and Crown, is in Europe, between the belligerents in the great war. In Germany all men are still subjects of the Crown. The personal sovereign is still the supreme power. He is the State. Nor can all the popular enthusiasm for the sovereign, and all the devotion to the Crown and dynasty, alter that fact. When we think of the policy of Germany, of what she is aiming at in this war, of what terms of peace she would or would not accept, we think solely and rightly of the Emperor. It is with him that the last word lies, and not with Parliament or Constitution. But when we think similarly of Great Britain we think not of George V, but of Parliament and Ministers elected by the people, with whom the last word rests. Even when we think of Russia, thought turns not so much toward the one-time Autocrat as toward the Ministers who are increasingly accountable to the popularly elected Duma.

It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that one of the prime issues of this war, then, is that between citizens and subjects, between State and Crown. On the one side, States composed of citizens; on the other, Crowns commanding their subjects. Such a contest can have only one possible ending.

SEAMANSHIP AND THE MERCHANT MARINE

BY LINCOLN COLCORD

I

I SOMETIMES wonder, when reading the various schemes for the rehabilitation of our American merchant marine, how the great shore public thinks that the spirit of seamanship is suddenly going to be rehabilitated. A merchant marine is far more than a fleet of ships; it is quite as much the men who run them, as the ships themselves; but, above all, it is the concrete expression of an extensive maritime impulse and activity in the nation at large. A non-maritime nation may suppose that if it takes the notion to build a fleet of steamers, it will have a merchant marine; but nothing could be farther from the truth. The ships must compete with the ships of other nations, and for this they must have wise legislation; they must be handled safely and successfully, and for this they must have a race of seamen to man them. Wise nautical legislation cannot come out of a non-maritime country; and, as for a race of seamen, this is a factor which cannot be created in a day or even in a generation.

In the past we had a splendid race of seamen, but it has now died out; the traditions of the sea have lapsed in those homes where once they were the sole romantic food for the ambitions of the young. So completely has the era passed by, so alien to our present ways and occupations does it seem, that it is hard for us even to imagine a day when the major activity of the land was expressed in nautical terms, when old and young lived in a world of shipping, wrapped up in a whole order of duties, affairs and purposes which have now been cast aside. Can such a situation be again brought about in full force by any decree of business or desire of democ-

racy? The answer is that it cannot be brought about at all, in the sense in which the country at present conceives the problem; if we are to become a maritime people once more, the movement must bring itself about, as it were, through a process of slow and natural growth. To take a few city-bred boys and give them a term on a training ship does not make seamen of them, and does not tend to attract towards the seafaring profession a body of the most spirited and ambitious young men in the country. It is a grave question if, under present conditions in the nautical world, such a body of young men would ever be attracted towards the seafaring profession. These conditions must first be modified, before such a consummation is possible; and this will add still another delay to the normal growth of a sound merchant marine.

It seems to have been forgotten that the position of shipmaster on the high seas is one of positively unique responsibilities, demanding unique qualifications and powers. The popular imagination compares the shipmaster to the railroad engineer; the latter takes his train, loaded with sleeping passengers, through the night, the former steers his ship over the seas. It is felt that the master's position must in some way be comparable to a position on land bearing a superficial resemblance to it; so that his work may be spoken of in land terms and grasped in land ideas. This attitude is an unmistakable sign that we are no longer a maritime people, such as we were even fifty years ago. The present shore public does not comprehend the problem, it does not sense the values; for the truth is that the position of shipmaster is comparable to no other position in life. It cannot be put into land terms, it cannot be grasped by land ideas. The railroad engineer is held to his course by a couple of rigid steel rails; another man opens the switch for him; his running orders are strict and definite, and full responsibility for them is borne by still another man; his engine is a mechanical body, fixed and regular in its actions. But the shipmaster sails at large, his orders are general rather than specific, he bears responsibility for the acts of others as well as for his own; while his engine, a floating ship, is a free thing as a whole—the freest thing that moves on land or sea.

For the proper handling of this instrument he must be a seaman, in the widest meaning of the word; and seamanship is part of a man's personality, a quality running in his blood.

Its reactions are instinctive; it is a sense like the sense of beauty or the sense of love; it is a special psychological state, bound up so closely with the traditions and lore of the sea, and depending so fully upon an experience with the world of waters, that any general decline in these factors cannot fail to affect the art itself. All sailors know how impossible it is for those not in true sympathy with nautical affairs to have an intelligent conception of nautical values, no matter how intelligent they may be with respect to terrestrial values and affairs. The problem is similar to that of trying to think in a foreign language; it demands more than an academic familiarity with the rules and terms. It demands the human touch of understanding, the involuntary response of knowledge and experience. All this, with reference to the nautical ideas of the shore world, is summed up for the sailor in the single word "landlubber." And this is exactly what I mean when I say that we are no longer a maritime people; we have become a nation of landlubbers.

It is popularly imagined to-day that sailors always have belonged to the irresponsible, devil-may-care class, and that to turn this class back to the sea would solve the whole problem. But those who hold such a view have failed utterly to grasp the significance of a movement wherein the whole spiritual and physical force of some of our strongest communities once flowed along maritime channels, as naturally as rivers with their tributary streams rising far back in the foothills flow into the sea. They have failed utterly to grasp the significance of that remarkable factor of the co-operative ownership of vessel property which, at the height of our maritime supremacy, extended throughout our seaboard communities. Many of the carpenters who worked in the shipyards, many of the riggers who fitted a vessel's top-hamper, many of the sailmakers who cut out her first suit of sails, owned a thirty-second or a sixty-fourth of the vessel; and the way stood open for all of them to do the same. As soon as a boy left school, his ambition was confronted with a settled scheme of co-operative ownership which proposed to take him into partnership in some capacity with the powerful course of maritime affairs. And the young men who went to sea in the ships, and who a couple of generations ago formed the backbone of our magnificent merchant marine, were far from the riff-raff of their day. They were the same young men who to-day are going to college, are entering the

various engineering professions, are seeking an outlet for personal initiative in the field of industrialism. It was exactly along this line that the seafaring profession formerly offered them the widest scope.

To claim that the same set of circumstances obtains at present, and that a personnel such as we want will appear to man and officer our merchant marine, is both idle and ignorant. In applying land conditions to the seafaring life, in bringing the profession under the common rules of corporate control, the present day has absolutely changed the issue. Committed as we are to the principles of corporate ownership, and chimerical as it may be ever to expect a return of the old conditions of small competitive business, nevertheless there must be found some special and exceptional method of corporate management for our maritime affairs, conforming more wisely with the unique requirements of the seafaring profession, if we are to see a sound rehabilitation of the American merchant marine.

II

There was a day, within the memory of men still young, when the owners of a ship gave their master a complete and final authority over the handling of his vessel, and accepted his word upon any technical matter as the ruling of an experienced and reliable man. He was allowed great latitude; and when he disclosed incompetence, or when his judgment proved erroneous, he was promptly broken. Thus masters stood strongly and independently on their own feet; there was a pride in the profession, and a high standard of ability to be maintained. The rewards appealed to the best qualities of a man, the responsibilities brought out all that there was in him; and even the making of money, upon which the enterprise was necessarily founded, never crushed out the romance and sentiment, the sense of inward satisfaction, the reactions of a true art, which sprang from the keeping, handling and sailing of a ship under the old régime.

All this is essentially changed. To-day, the master of a steamer is nothing but a navigating officer. He takes his orders from the office, and gets the ship about from port to port; he has nothing whatever to do with her business and general nautical policy. His opinion is never asked, and counts for little if given. When orders miscarry, he must

bear as much of the blame as can be shoved off on him, either before the court of public opinion, or at the hands of the law. If the owners of a liner choose to have her make a record run, of what account would be the protests of a master who could speak only of such irrelevant things as wind and weather and the condition of the ice fields? Nothing but money talks in these offices. An incident well known in shipping circles is significant. On a terrible night a number of years ago when a certain passenger steamer was lost, it had already begun to snow before she left the dock. Her master went into the shore office. "Gentlemen, I'm afraid it is too thick to go outside to-night," he said. "Why, Captain," was the answer, "it isn't blowing hard." "A northeaster is making up the coast," said the man who knew what he was talking about. "You cannot depend upon such a storm—it may do anything." Then some one said—some one in authority: "What's the matter, Captain, are you getting afraid?" The master looked at him. "No," he answered after a while, "I'm not getting afraid." He left the office and took his steamer to sea, into the face of a November storm without parallel. Neither the vessel nor any of her company were heard from again.

From all such circumstances, well recognized among seafaring men, it comes about with them that the very habit of independent action is undermined. There is no use in a man's butting his head more than once into a wall. A superior position has been subordinated; discipline is hard hit at the head of the line, where the blow is most disastrous. A strong pressure bears constantly upon the profession either to eliminate independent men or to crush out their spirit of independence. It would be far from my intention to criticise individual cases. There is a large body of men, for instance, in the American merchant marine, left over from the sailing ship days, who find themselves growing old, who are beyond the age of taking up a new profession, and who yet cannot afford to throw up their jobs. They are all good men; but they are not such good men as they once were, or as they still would be under a régime of free initiative. And the younger generation of seafaring men simply does not know what it means to handle a ship under a régime of free initiative. The result is a gradual decline in the spirit and fiber of seamanship. This is the problem which goes to the heart of modern unsafety on the sea.

III

The problem in the merchant marine is analogous to that which confronts our Navy. Our departments of naval management and operation stand like two unfortunate parties to a matrimonial disaster, utterly divorced by a quarrel which never can be reconciled. The policy and general management of the Navy are, in the peculiar nature of our administrative system, entrusted absolutely to an official who, if he is not always a politician and patronage-monger, is invariably a landlubber; and this official is furthermore hampered by a confusion and general lack of powers, particularly with respect to the financial control of the Navy. On the other hand, the operation of the Navy is necessarily under the control of seamen.

The quarrel, I say, is irreconciliable. And I would without hesitation lay down the broad statement that until the landlubber element is eliminated from the situation—that is, until our administrative system is so changed that line officers have the final authority in all naval matters, and until our Navy Department is measurably freed from a financial dependence upon the whims and political influences of Congress —we cannot hope to have either an efficient Navy or a sound naval policy. Even though we had the ships, it would be quite another thing to win battles with them. A bare fleet may be well enough for diplomatic purposes; but when the bluff has been called and the action begins, it is the balance between ships and personnel, between management and operation, between policy and exigency, which determines the victory. Seamanship then assumes its proper place at the head of the line; and it is nothing but seamanship, in the true and comprehensive meaning of the term, which should control the naval situation from the Secretary of the Navy down.

In the case of the merchant marine, we have the same incongruous elements: management by landlubbers, operation by seamen. With the merchant marine there are no periods of inaction, no games of diplomacy, no bluff; the war is always on. Thus the defects in the service are constantly being brought out, and their causes show plainly enough to the candid eye. The situation might be remedied by requiring the managers of steamship companies to serve a term at sea, and acquire some experience in the exceptional work with which they have to deal; they might go before an

examining board, and receive a certificate of seamanship entitling them to hold such and such managerial positions. I make the suggestion in all seriousness. The ship-master must show a proper term of experience, and pass the board, before he gets his papers; to permit any less, or to allow a man to command a vessel without his papers, would to-day be unthinkable. Yet with all the master's certificates and experience, the final authority over the handling of his vessel is permitted to rest with a man of whom no technical knowledge whatever is required. For the actual need, it should be self-evident that no man is competent to manage a line of steamers who has not served his time on the sea.

I am not claiming that the men of the old régime were intrinsically more wise, upright or unselfish than the men who make up the present-day business world; I am only pointing out that a definite and stringent set of circumstances operated with them in the directions of a system more beneficial to the public welfare. The individualism of pioneer days was a far different thing from the individualism of our complex modern society; and the reaction of individualism upon small competitive business conditions was, in its most important phases, diametrically opposite to its reaction upon monopolistic business conditions. In these two sets of forces there is all the difference between a responsible individualism and an irresponsible individualism, between a legitimate free initiative and an illegitimate free initiative. Thus it is a fact that the early individualism of our ship owners, expressed in terms of direct, simple and enlightened relations between owner and master, made for freedom of personal initiative all along the line; while the individualism of modern ship owners, expressed in terms of absentee ownership, banker directorship, business managership, and strictly shore ideas, makes for the crushing out of all initiative save the corporate initiative of the owning body.

IV

It is comparatively easy for us, who belong by birth and training to the old maritime régime, to exaggerate the importance of that particular phase of seafaring which we know so well. But I would disclaim all sentimentality in the consideration of these matters. The pioneer days of America have gone; the days of small competitive business have gone. The

sailing ships have gone, taking with them into the limbo of outworn enterprises many of their traditions and the most of their tremendous lore—the detail of sails and rigging, of knots and splices, of tackles and falls, the knowledge of wind and weather, the special sense of the ship's condition under sail, the wisdom in laying out her course, the judgment in guiding her daily contest with the wind, the watchfulness in storms, the tenfold responsibility in the neighborhood of land —all that a seaman once had at his finger tips, and that easily might be compassed within an ordinary day's work on the sea. The phase has passed, and in human probability it will never appear again. The steamer holds a straight course through wind and weather; the engine room supplies the motive power; and I can see no practical need for the master of a steamer to acquire more than a smattering of the old sailing ship lore. Except in the way of culture, it would be valueless to him. The master's work is easier to-day than it used to be; he does not require his former wide and detailed knowledge to be able to perform it. And if he had never seen or heard of a sailing ship, he still might become the most capable of steamship masters.

And yet something must be found to take the place of the old hard training, though I do not quite see what it is to be. Ships and commerce have changed, but the sea remains, one of the great elemental factors which we have not been able to industrialize or even to civilize. It remains in its majestic power and freedom, in its alluring grandeur, in its dangerous caprice, ready to wreak a sudden vengeance for the presumption of man. It remains with the terrors of night, with fog and the dangers of collision, with reef and hurricane and tidal wave, with unforeseen attack, with unknown force, with unfathomable strategy. It remains with the unexpected—ever the unexpected. And to-day, as it always has been and always will be, those only are at home upon its waters who love and understand it, who sense in some degree its values, who feel when it is to be feared and when it is to be trusted, whose instincts measurably answer the silent voices of the sea.

Their true certificate is an eternal vigilance. If I were asked to put the quality of seamanship into a word, I should define it as a constant readiness for the emergency. In the emergency lies the incipient accident; and it is through the quick and proper handling of the emergency that the accident

is avoided. The quick and proper handling of the emergency —it calls for the best that a man may bring of human character. It calls for more than efficiency or capability, for more than technical knowledge, for more, even, than experience. It calls for seamanship, a quality of the soul. And such a quality may be attained only by stern self-discipline, by a training in technicalities so arduous that action becomes involuntary and unerring, and by the sure possession of that self-confidence which springs from nothing but the free exercise of a man's personal initiative.

I have spoken of culture, of the cultural value of the old sea training; and by culture I mean something higher than refinement, elegance, or good taste. It was exactly this value which lent such dignity to the old maritime régime, which gave our seafaring men of the older generations such clear-cut personalities, such breadth and depth of character, such a Roman stamp. But these were not naturally men of an extraordinary type; their greatness was thrust upon them, as it were, by the conditions and circumstances of the life they lived. Each phase of it contributed directly to the sum-total of character, so that they broadened and deepened unconsciously, and became seamen without fully knowing what they did. Their profoundest virtue lay in that they came to honor the work for itself alone. They carried on a tradition of true pride, without which no workers are worthy and no work is well done. They kept faith with themselves, their stern and honorable taskmasters. They were sincere. But, with lessened conditions and circumstances on the sea, a man no longer is made into a seaman in spite of himself. If he would discover to-day that grasp of seamanship, and through this of character, which the older generations of seafaring men possessed, he must win it voluntarily, by a process of hard study, by deliberate thought, and by all that makes for a man's inward enlightenment.

This touches the universal problem of democracy—the constant danger, the wonderful opportunity. The old maritime régime was a close aristocracy of worth and fitness. The modern régime is a loose democracy, with all a democracy's tendency to level requirements to fit the man instead of to raise the man to fit the requirements. The sea problem is nothing but the shore problem with lights heightened and shadows darkened; in that simpler environment, cause and effect stand out boldly against an open horizon,

against a skyline unbroken by the works of man. And the same argument, with respect to the growth of an unwise corporate control which I have advanced in the case of seamanship, may be urged with equal force for any line of business ashore. The problem everywhere is not to destroy the corporation, but to bring about a fairer and more natural form of corporate control; to cause, through corporate control, a return to certain conditions which most men agree are better for the individual and for the public welfare than those in which we now find ourselves—conditions which we have temporarily lost sight of in our thoughtless scramble for mere size and power.

I cannot but feel that the main problem, both for the seafaring profession and for democracy at large, revolves about the single question of discipline. Out of discipline grows self-discipline; out of responsibility grows wisdom. And out of our new freedom must grow a higher and truer submission, a submission to self-imposed duties, if our best hopes are not to be dashed at some rapidly approaching day. This form of submission, strange as it may appear in the outright phrase, is precisely what was produced by the old aristocratic régime which we have been discussing. And I think it yet remains to be proved that the true democracy is not to be an ideal aristocracy.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

THE CHICAGO & ALTON CASE

A MISUNDERSTOOD TRANSACTION

BY GEORGE KENNAN

No episode, perhaps, in the career of the late E. H. Harriman has been more severely criticised, by the Interstate Commerce Commission, by certain members of Congress, and by an ill-informed part of the public, than the reorganization of the Chicago & Alton Railroad in 1899 and 1900. It excited little comment at the time, but when, long afterward, the Government began its campaign against Mr. Harriman, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, the transaction was characterized as "indefensible financing," and was described as the "crippling," "looting," and "scuttling" of a well managed and prosperous railroad by a syndicate of unscrupulous financiers in which Mr. Harriman was the "main conspirator."[1]

The Chicago & Alton Railroad, when Mr. Harriman became connected with it, was an apparently prosperous and well managed road. It had paid dividends of eight per cent on its invested capital for thirty years or more; its credit was good; and its shares of common and preferred stock were selling at from seventy-five to one hundred points above their par value. From a financial point of view it seemed to be as strong as any railroad of its class in the Middle West. Unfortunately, however, its managers had pursued an ultra-conservative policy in the matter of expenditures,

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[1] Reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, vol. XII, pp. 301-303; Statement of Senator Cullom, *The Independent*, vol. 62, p. 692, Mar. 28, 1907; *Railroads: Finance and Organization*, by W. Z. Ripley, pp. 262-267.

and had neglected, for a long time, to make necessary appropriations to cover depreciation, and to provide for extensions, betterments, replacements, and additional equipment. The road had grown old without improving in physical condition; and had become more or less incapable of rendering the service demanded by a rapidly growing and developing territory. Speaking of this state of affairs, the well-known economist, Prof. E. S. Mead, says:

> The condition of the Alton was far below that of its competitors. . . . The standards of construction were those of fifteen years before. The track was laid with steel rails, but these were only seventy pounds to the yard. The bridges were in good condition, but were too light for heavy engines. The capacity of the sidings and second tracks was inadequate to handle large increase of traffic. . . . In short, the company had not maintained a sufficient depreciation account, and its property had not been kept up to standard.

According to J. H. McClement, expert accountant, who had occasion to investigate the affairs of the company,

> It had not added one mile of road in seventeen years. It had little or no reserve capacity to conduct a larger business. Its cost of operation, per unit of traffic, was very high in comparison with similar roads. Its grades were uneconomical. Its shops and equipment were uneconomical and old. Its settled policy against the expansion of its facilities, because of declining rates, was an absolute bar to the development of the tributary country. While for twenty-five years it had paid an average dividend of 8.3 per cent upon its capital stock, the gross earnings for the year 1898 [the year before Mr. Harriman became interested in it] amounting to $6,286,000, were the lowest since 1880, and had been gradually falling since 1887, when they amounted to $8,941,000. In many respects the company was being conducted like a commercial enterprise having in view ultimate liquidation, instead of like a public carrier.

The ultra-conservative—not to say parsimonious—policy of the management, the progressive deterioration in the physical condition of the road, and the decline of $2,655,000 in annual earnings in a period of ten years, naturally created dissatisfaction and excited a feeling of uneasiness among the owners of the company's securities, and in the fall of 1898, a number of the large stockholders, actuated by a feeling of apprehension as to the future of the road, requested

John J. Mitchell, President of the Illinois Trust Co., to open negotiations with Mr. Harriman, with a view to the sale of the property and a financial reorganization of the company.

Mr. Mitchell had an interview with Mr. Harriman in New York and represented to him that "many of the Alton stockholders were dissatisfied with the existing management; that the stock might be bought for less than the real value of the property; that if betterments and improvements were made and modern methods introduced the earnings might be largely increased; and that if control of the railroad were purchased, if funds for such betterments were provided, and if the road were developed, there would be an opportunity for a substantial profit." Mr. Mitchell also stated that he thought a majority of the Alton stockholders, if not all, would accept an offer of $175 a share for the common stock and $200 for the preferred. This, if all the stock were acquired, would make the road cost the purchasers nearly $40,000,000, a sum that would have to be paid in cash.

Mr. Harriman, who had never before thought of purchasing the Chicago & Alton, told Mr. Mitchell that he would take the matter into consideration, and ascertain as soon as possible the condition of the road. Shortly after this interview, Mr. Harriman requested Mr. S. M. Felton, a well-known expert and railroad manager, to make a thorough examination of the property, and submit a detailed report on its condition, requirements and earning capacity. Mr. Felton's report was favorable. He estimated that better management, and an expenditure of $5,200,000 for improvements and additional equipment, would enable the road to increase its earnings by at least $1,000,000 a year on the traffic then existing, to say nothing of the increased traffic that might be expected when the road should be able to afford adequate facilities to the then rapidly developing territory that it served.

Becoming satisfied that the road could be bought for less than its potential value, Mr. Harriman invited Jacob H. Schiff (of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.), James Stillman (President of the National City Bank) and George Gould, to join him in making the purchase on the terms suggested, and in providing the necessary funds for betterments and additional equipment, as well as for the refunding or retirement of the company's maturing bonds. Upon the representations made

by Mr. Harriman, Messrs. Schiff, Stillman and Gould agreed to co-operate with him, and the four men formed a syndicate for the purchase, reorganization and recapitalization of the Chicago & Alton road.

This syndicate was ultimately made to include Morris K. Jessup, John A. Stewart (ex-Assistant Treasurer of the United States), John J. Mitchell (President of the Illinois Trust Co.) and other individuals of like character, as well as some of the leading financial houses and institutions of the country. The supposition that men and firms of such standing would join a band of " pirates " and " looters " for the purpose of " wrecking " and " gutting " the Alton is, to say the least, highly improbable. The public assumed, or was led to believe, that Messrs. Harriman, Stillman, Schiff and Gould were the sole managers and beneficiaries of the reorganization; but this was not the case. The four gentlemen named organized the syndicate, but it included about one hundred members.

In January, 1899, the syndicate purchased ninety-seven per cent of the capital stock of the Chicago & Alton Company (about 218,000 shares) and paid therefor the sum of $38,-815,000 in cash. They then proceeded to readjust the accounts of the company by crediting to surplus the sum of $12,444,000, which the old managers of the road, in previous years, had taken out of current income and invested in permanent betterments. In the opinion of the new owners and their legal counsel, permanent improvements and additions to the property ought to have been charged to capital account, and not taken out of surplus earnings, which belonged to the stockholders and which might properly have been distributed in dividends. The newly elected directors, therefore, charged to capital the sum of $12,444,000 previously spent in betterments, and credited it to surplus, with a view to distributing a part of it ($6,669,000) in the shape of a 30 per cent dividend on the old stock, and so lessening the cost of the road to its purchasers.

Having thus acquired the property, and transferred the cost of previous betterments to capital account, the syndicate, which included ninety-seven per cent of the stockholders, reorganized the corporation, and elected as President, in place of Mr. Blackstone, Mr. S. M. Felton, upon whose report the road had been bought. They then recapitalized the company by issuing securities in the following amounts:

50-year 3 per cent bonds.....	$31,988,000[1]
50-year 3½ per cent bonds.....	22,000,000
4 per cent preferred stock.....	19,544,000
Common stock	19,542,000
Total	$93,074,000

The $31,988,000 of 3 per cent bonds actually issued were offered to all the stockholders and taken by them, pro rata, at 65, which was believed at the time and in the circumstances to be a fair rate. The purchase of these securities at a cost of $20,792,200 and the acquirement of 97 per cent of the stock of the old company, at a cost of $38,815,000, made the investment of the syndicate in the reorganized road $59,607,200. This sum was soon afterward increased by the purchase of the Peoria Northern line at $3,000,000 and the payment of $500,000 for commissions, charges, legal expenses, etc., in connection with the reorganization. This made the total investment of the new owners of the road $63,107,200.[2]

As soon as the sale of the bonds put sufficient money into the treasury, and made available the $12,444,000 of surplus created by capitalizing the sums previously spent in betterments, the new directors declared a cash dividend of 30 per cent on the old company's stock for the purpose of lessening the cost of the road to its buyers. This reduced the amount of their investment to $56,438,020.

To represent this sum, the new stockholders had in hand, for sale at the best prices they could get, stocks and bonds to the par value of $93,074,000.[3]

In order to get back the amount that they had actually put into the property ($56,438,020 as above shown) the stockholders would have to sell the bonds and preferred stock at approximately the following figures:

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[1] Forty millions in 3 per cent bonds were authorized, but $8,012,000 were held in reserve for future requirements. These eight millions were subsequently sold at market rates and the proceeds were spent on the property.

[2] It is quite possible that the syndicate did not have this whole amount invested at any one time, because some of the securities may have been sold before the transaction was completed. The figures are given in this way only for the purpose of showing how much money the stockholders put into the venture from first to last.

[3] This capitalization was increased to $101,086,800, when the reserved bonds ($8,012,000) were issued. The total issue of 3 per cent bonds was then $40,000,000, instead of $31,988,000, as here stated.

$31,988,000 3 per cent bonds at 80..	$25,594,400
22,000,000 3½ per cent bonds at 74	16,280,000
19,544,000 preferred stock at 75..	14,658,000
Total	$56,528,400
Money invested	$56,438,020

They would then have the common stock as clear profit, and if they sold it at, say, 25, they would make about $5,000,000 on the purchase and recapitalization of the road. This would be equivalent to about 9 per cent on their total investment. They perhaps made more than this, but how much more it is impossible to determine. After the securities were distributed among the members of the syndicate, they were sold by the individual owners at various prices, and at various times between 1900 and 1907. The profit realized depended, in every case, upon market conditions at the date of sale.

Prof. Ripley states, as a fact, that the profits of the syndicate—that is, of the one hundred or more stockholders—were $23,600,000, but as he does not give his method of computation there is no possibility of testing his results. The Attorney General of Illinois figured that the syndicate made a profit of $24,648,600, but his calculations were soon discredited. Expert Accountant J. H. McClement showed that, even accepting the inordinately high prices at which the Attorney General assumed the stockholders sold, their profit was only $11,124,300. In other words, the figuring did not work out.

As a matter of fact, the computations of both Ripley and the Attorney General were mere guesses, made under the influence of a strong anti-Harriman bias. If the stockholders sold their securities at the average prices that prevailed between 1901 and 1907, they made $7,624,000. If they sold in the summer of 1903, when the control of the road was acquired by the Rock Island, they made $2,800,000. If they held on until 1907, and sold then, they lost $1,400,000. (McClement, pp. 13-14 *et seq.*) The probability is that most of the stockholders sold at the most favorable time—*i.e.*, in the first year, or the first two years, after the securities were distributed. By an Act of the New York Legislature, approved February 26, 1900, the 3 per cent bonds of the

Chicago & Alton Railroad Company were made a legal investment for the savings banks of that State, and this immediately created a good demand for them at prices that ranged from 82½ to 94. As there is no means, however, of ascertaining when the hundred or more stockholders disposed of their holdings, or what prices they obtained for them, it is impossible to know what their profits were, and for that reason all estimates are more or less conjectural. The most that can be said with certainty is that those who happened to sell at top prices realized more than they had anticipated.

The results of the reorganization, so far as the stockholders were concerned, may be summarized in the statement that they invested $56,000,000 or $57,000,000 in the property (including the purchase of the 3 per cent bonds); expanded the capitalization by issuing new securities to the par value of $93,074,000 (excluding the $8,012,000 reserved for betterments); and finally sold these securities at prices which gave them a net profit of probably eight per cent and possibly twelve or fifteen per cent upon the cash outlay.

At the time when the road changed ownership, the series of transactions above outlined excited little if any adverse criticism. Every detail of the reorganization, including the 30 per cent dividend and the sale of the 3 per cent bonds to the new stockholders at 65, had the widest possible publicity; but nobody complained of injury or injustice. The former owners of the road were satisfied with the price that they received; the 3 per cent of the old stockholders who declined to sell their shares enjoyed the same rights and privileges that were accorded to the new stockholders; the ultimate purchasers of the new securities bought with full knowledge of the syndicate's operations, and did not complain that they had been either misinformed or misled; the governors of the New York Stock Exchange considered all the details of the recapitalization and then listed the new securities without objection or question; and, finally, the patrons of the road were more than satisfied with the lower rates and greatly increased facilities that they enjoyed under the new management.

Serious and hostile criticism of the Chicago & Alton reorganization did not begin until 1906—seven years after the Harriman syndicate bought the road. In the Fall of that year, the friendly relations that had previously existed be-

tween President Roosevelt and Mr. Harriman were broken off as the result of a disagreement, or misunderstanding, with regard to a contribution made by Mr. Harriman to the Republican campaign fund, just prior to the Presidential election of 1904. Mr. Harriman thought that the President had failed to observe the terms of a mutual understanding with regard to the best means of promoting the interests of the party in New York; and when, in the Fall of 1906, he was asked by James S. Sherman (Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee) to make another contribution, he declined to do so, for the alleged reason that the President had not kept faith with him. His refusal was made known, of course, to Mr. Roosevelt—probably with an unfair or inaccurate statement of the reasons for it—and the President, resenting the imputation of unfaithfulness, assumed toward Mr. Harriman an attitude of hostility, and characterized him, in a letter to James S. Sherman, as "an undesirable citizen." Five or six months later—in April, 1907—a discharged stenographer who had formerly been employed by Mr. Harriman dishonorably sold to the *New York World* an imperfect copy of a private letter written by Mr. Harriman to one Sidney Webster of New York. In this letter Mr. Harriman set forth his understanding of the campaign contribution episode, together with his reasons for believing that the President had treated him unfairly. (*New York World,* April 2, 1907). The publication of the letter led to a somewhat acrimonious newspaper controversy, in which Mr. Roosevelt denied and Mr. Harriman reaffirmed the accuracy of the statements made therein.

It may be only a chronological coincidence, but it was in the Fall of 1906, soon after the rupture of friendly relations between the President and Mr. Harriman, that the Interstate Commerce Commission, acting either on its own initiative or upon suggestion, began an investigation of the "undesirable citizen's" past activities; and it was on the 5th of April, 1907, three days after the publication of the Webster letter, that the record of the investigation was submitted to the Commission for judgment.

The official statement of facts included, of course, the Chicago & Alton reorganization, which was described by the Commission as "indefensible financing." The features of the transaction most severely criticised were the dividend of 30 per cent on the stock of the old company; the selling of

the 3 per cent bonds to the new stockholders at 65; and the inflation of the capitalization. It will be most convenient, perhaps, to take up these transactions in the order in which they have been mentioned.

1. The 30 per cent dividend.

That the new stockholders had a legal right to charge to capital the cost of permanent betterments which had previously been charged to income is unquestionable. The practise had not only the approval of expert accountants, but the sanction of the courts. In a precisely similar case in England, the High Court of Appeal said:

> The circumstance that they had been paying what ought to be charged to capital out of revenue does not prevent their right, or their duty to the persons who are looking for their payment out of revenue, to credit back to revenue those things which have been carried, for the time being, to capital account. (Mills vs. Northern Railway Co., 5 Chancery Appeals, 621).

The new stockholders also had a legal right to transform the book surplus thus obtained into an actual cash surplus by selling bonds to the necessary amount, and then to declare a cash dividend from the surplus so obtained. W. W. Cook, the standard authority on corporation law, says:

> When the company has used profits for improvements, it may lawfully borrow an equivalent sum of money for the purpose of a dividend. And it may properly borrow money to pay a dividend, if, upon a fair estimate of its assets and liabilities, it has assets in excess of its liabilities, and capital stock equal to the amount of the proposed dividend. (Cook on Corporations, 5th edition, section 546.)

In paying a dividend of 30 per cent out of a surplus created by capitalizing the cost of previous betterments, the new management was only doing what the old management had intended to do. In a circular letter to the old stockholders, written in February, 1899, T. B. Blackstone, then President of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, said:

"In case a majority of the shares of the company are not sold to the syndicate, I shall advise that you authorize the refunding of the outstanding bonds of the company, and the issue of a stock dividend to represent earnings heretofore invested in permanent improvements." His reasons for making this recommendation were not only that large sums had previously been expended in permanent improvements which ought to have been charged to capital, but that, partly

as a result of this policy, the existing capitalization (bonds and stock together) represented less than 60 per cent of the actual cost of the property. (Report of President Blackstone for 1894). Inasmuch as this undistributed surplus from past earnings was mainly responsible for the high price that the purchasers had to pay for the old stock ($175 and $200 per share) they naturally thought that they were justified in taking out of such surplus a part of the purchase money. That it rightfully belonged to them there can hardly be a question. W. M. Ackworth, the leading European authority on railway administration, says, in a recent review of William E. Hooper's *Railway Accounting:*

"Here in England, no one has yet doubted that undivided profits, put back into the business, belong to the stockholders just as much as the property purchased with the capital originally subscribed."

In view of these considerations, it is hard to see why it was not proper, as it unquestionably was legal, to declare a dividend of 30 per cent on the old stock for the purpose of lessening the cost of the road to its buyers.

2. The issue of $31,988,000 of 3 per cent bonds to the new stockholders at 65.

It was perfectly proper, and in accordance with the general practise, to offer the new bonds to the stockholders before offering them to the public. The stockholders had taken the risk of putting $38,815,000 into the property, in cash, and it was only just that they should have the first chance to buy the securities issued by the new company upon reorganization. "But," it may be said, "the price at which the bonds were offered was too low. It enabled the buyers to resell them at a great advance, and thus to realize a profit which ought to have gone into the treasury of the company." That the stockholders did make a large profit when they resold the bonds is unquestionable; but that the price at which they acquired them was too low, measured by the standards and conditions of the time, is not so certain. A 3 per cent bond was then an untried experiment. The bonds of the old company, which were about to mature, bore interest at 6 and 7 per cent and nobody could tell in advance what the market value of a low-rate security would prove to be. That the price at which the 3 per cent bonds were offered to the stockholders was low enough to give them a chance of profit is true; but there was no intention of giving them an exorbitant

profit. A market for bonds bearing as low an interest rate as 3 per cent had to be created. Such securities would naturally be taken by savings banks; but the bill making the bonds of the Chicago & Alton Company a legal investment for New York savings banks had not then passed the legislature, and it was uncertain whether it would pass. If it did not, the demand for such bonds would be comparatively limited, and they might not bring more than 70, at which price they would yield 4.28 per cent. The bill which authorized New York savings banks to invest in Alton bonds, and which thus created a market for them, did not become law until February 26, 1900, more than a year after the syndicate bought the road. It was then signed by Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of the State, who apparently thought that the bonds of the "looted," "wrecked" and "gutted" corporation were a safe investment for savings banks.

In 1907, when the Interstate Commerce Commission investigated the subject, these very bonds were selling for only a little more than the price at which they were issued, although they were just as good then as they ever had been. The exceptionally high prices from which the stockholders profited, or may have profited, in 1901-1902, were purely fortuitous, and were due mainly to the state of the money market, the low rates of interest which then prevailed, and the almost unprecedented demand for investment securities.

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that in investing cash to the amount of $20,800,000 in 3 per cent bonds, the stockholders took all the chances of interest rates, State legislation, and savings bank demand, and that such chances might have gone against them. They ran risks and reaped profits, and there was little if any criticism of their action until seven years later, when the Government, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, began its campaign against that "undesirable citizen," E. H. Harriman.

So far as this particular transaction is concerned, the Federal authorities might, with equal reason, have begun proceedings against other railroad companies. In April, 1899, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy sold to its stockholders at 75 three-and-a-half per cent bonds which went soon afterward above par; and some years earlier the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba sold to its stockholders at 10 an issue of mortgage bonds which later went above 100. It was at that time a frequently employed and never contested

practise to give "rights" to stockholders by offering them stocks or bonds at prices below their actual or possible value, and it is still a common practise in other fields of business enterprise.

3. The alleged over-capitalization.

The question whether the Chicago & Alton was over-capitalized or not—that is, whether its capital stock exceeded its potential value—depends largely upon the definition given to the word "value." What is the value of a railroad? To this question three different answers have been given, namely:

(a) The value of a railroad is to be measured by the amount of money actually invested in it, from first to last.

(b) The value of a railroad is the present cost of reproducing and equipping it, as new.

(c) The value of a railroad is the sum on which, as a "going concern," it can earn at least the current rate of interest.

The Interstate Commerce Commission seems to prefer the first of these definitions; some economists favor the second; and most railroad men adopt the third. Outside of the Commission, the opinion is widely held that the value of a railroad, like that of income-producing property in any other form, is dependent upon its use, and is to be measured by the net earnings arising from such use. This was the view taken by the veteran railway manager, Henry Fink, in his letter to the Railroad Securities Commission; by Thomas L. Greene, Vice President of the Audit Co. of N. Y., in his *Corporation Finance;* by Judge Hook, in the Oklahoma case; and by the United States Supreme Court in the case of the C. C. C. & S. L. Ry. Co. vs. Backus. In the case last named the Court said: "Never was it held that the cost of a thing is the test of its value." . . . "The value of property results from the use to which it is put, and varies with the profitableness of that use, present and prospective, actual and anticipated."

Assuming then, or rather adopting the view of competent authorities, that the value of a railroad, and consequently its proper capitalization, should be based on earning capacity, "present and prospective, actual and anticipated," was Mr. Harriman justified in believing that he could pay $3,533,449 annually, in interest and dividends, on a capitalization of $101,000,000?

In the year when the syndicate bought the Chicago & Alton, the road, even in its run-down and half-equipped condition, earned $2,684,694 net, and it had earned, on an average, $2,734,534 net for the six preceding years (1893 to 1898, both inclusive). It was only necessary, therefore, that annual net earnings should be increased by $798,906 in order to pay interest and dividends on all outstanding securities.[1] Mr. Felton, a thoroughly competent judge, estimated that by an expenditure of $5,200,000 in betterments the annual net earnings of the road might be increased at least $1,000,000. Mr. Harriman, an even better judge, believed that improvements and better management would bring the annual net earnings up to $4,000,000. This would not only pay all fixed charges and dividends on both classes of stock, but would leave a net annual surplus of $467,000. How prudent and conservative these estimates were the results showed. In the year when the Interstate Commerce Commission investigated the recapitalization, the net earnings of the road were $4,415,974, a sum which was $415,974 above Mr. Harriman's estimate, and $681,440 above the estimate of Mr. Felton. If rates had not been reduced during the period of Mr. Harriman's administration, the increase in net earnings would have been even greater than this.

A case parallel in some respects to that of the Chicago & Alton is furnished by the reorganization of the Norfolk & Western Railroad in 1896. In 1895, before the reorganization and recapitalization, the road and equipment were valued at $115,098,721, and the capitalization was $117,364,909, as follows:

Bonds	$57,864,909
Preferred stock	50,000,000
Common stock	9,500,000
Total capitalization	$117,364,909

In reorganization the bonds were increased by $4,635,000 and the common and preferred stock by $30,000,000, making an expanded capitalization of $151,999,909 (*Commercial & Financial Chronicle,* vol. 62, 1896). In commenting on this

[1] Owing to the necessity of spending for betterments four times the original estimate, the capitalization was ultimately increased to about $114,000,000, but I am dealing here only with the capitalization of $101,000,000, upon which the plans of Mr. Harriman and the syndicate were based.

inflation, which amounted, as above shown, to nearly $35,000,000, President Fink said: "Stocks issued in such cases are in no sense fictitious. They represent actual value and are drafts, for value received, on more prosperous times."

He then shows that although the Norfolk & Western was over-capitalized in 1896, in the sense that it was not then earning dividends and fixed charges, it did begin paying dividends on the preferred stock in 1897 and on the common in 1901 ("Over-Capitalization," by Henry Fink; *Railway Age Gazette,* July, 1908, p. 16). The present market value of its stock is 119, which shows that its earning capacity has much more than overtaken its capitalization, notwithstanding the $35,000,000 inflation.

Mr. Harriman expected to do with the Chicago & Alton just what Mr. Fink did with the Norfolk & Western, viz., increase by means of extensive betterments its capacity for doing business and its earning power, and thus bring its net operating revenue up to the requirements of its enlarged capitalization. That he measurably succeeded in doing this is shown by the fact that when, after losing control of the road in 1903, he completely severed his connection with it in 1907, it was paying 4 per cent on its preferred stock and earning 5 per cent on its common. In other words, it was taking care of its entire capitalization, and was doing this with no increase in rates, and with an enormous extension of its facilities for transacting business and serving the public. These facts, however, as well as many others, were suppressed or ignored in the Interstate Commerce Commission's report. The Commissioners, from their point of view, might have been justified in expressing disapproval of Mr. Harriman's methods; but they were not justified in concealing the fact that these methods had more than doubled the capacity of the road to serve the people. "*Suppressio veri, suggestio falsi,*" and the concealment in this case gave the impression that Mr. Harriman, in the words of Senator Cullom, had "looted the road," regardless of the interests of the people and the territory that it served. The rebuilding of the Chicago & Alton was one of the great railroad achievements of the time; but in the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission it is made to appear a piratical raid of unscrupulous financiers, who, for their own selfish purposes, wrecked and gutted a well conducted and prosperous corporation. If the Commissioners could be

examined, as Mr. Harriman was, under oath to tell "the *whole* truth," they might find it difficult to explain why, in a report that was supposed to cover all the facts essential to an understanding of the case, they said nothing with regard to the physical condition of the Alton when the Harriman syndicate bought it; nothing about the intention of the old management to declare just such a dividend as that declared later by the new management; nothing about the sanction given by the courts and legal authorities to the capitalization of past betterments; nothing about the general practice of the time in the matter of reorganizations; nothing about Mr. Harriman's virtual reconstruction and complete re-equipment of the road; nothing about the increase of 90 per cent in gross earnings and 80 per cent in net earnings which resulted therefrom; nothing about the lowering of rates and the improvement of facilities; nothing about the relation between the earning capacity of the reorganized road and its expanded capital, and nothing about the resumption of dividends on its preferred stock in 1906. A report which conceals or ignores these pertinent facts is not a judicial review of the case, but merely a prosecuting attorney's brief.

The responsibility for the present condition of the Alton cannot justly be thrown upon Mr. Harriman. The control of the road was wrested from him by the Rock Island, while he was in Europe in 1903, and he severed his connection with it altogether when the Rock Island transferred its holdings to the Chicago, St. Louis & Western in 1907. The financial measures adopted by the later management were ill-advised and unfortunate, and never would have met Mr. Harriman's approval. Partly to these measures, and partly to regulation, low rates, and depressed business conditions, the present difficulties of the road are due. When Mr. Harriman resigned, the Alton was not only paying its fixed charges, but was earning more than 4 per cent on both classes of its stock.

Before concluding this review of the Chicago & Alton reorganization, it seems necessary to answer specifically certain charges made against Mr. Harriman by two men who occupy positions of responsibility or authority, namely, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty and Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard University.

In an address delivered before the National Association of Manufacturers, in May, 1907, Commissioner Prouty said:

"When Mr. Harriman, by dealings like those in the Chicago & Alton, enriches himself to the extent of many millions, he has not created that money. He has merely transferred it from the possession of some one else to himself." (*Independent,* New York, May 30, 1907, p. 1129.)

In the first place, there is no evidence to show that Mr. Harriman, as an individual participant in a syndicate of one hundred members, enriched himself to the extent of "many millions."

In the second place, it may controversially be said that when the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, by drawing money in the shape of salaries from the people of the United States, enrich themselves to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of dollars, they have not created that money. They have merely transferred it from the possession of some one else to themselves. They may reply that for the money they have "transferred" from the people, through the United States Treasury, to themselves, they have rendered valuable services—in other words, they have earned it. Mr. Harriman might have said the same, and with much more reason. By his "dealings" in the Chicago & Alton he almost entirely rebuilt the road; doubled its passenger accommodations; improved immensely its train service; increased by 134 per cent the hauling power of its locomotives, added 269 per cent to its capacity for moving freight; fostered old industries and created new ones all along its line; and enabled the people of Illinois to "create" tens of millions of dollars which they never could have created without the traffic facilities given to them by Mr. Harriman's betterments. And all this was accomplished not only without an increase in rates but with an actual reduction. If the Interstate Commerce Commissioners could show anything like this equivalent for the money that has been "transferred" from the U. S. Treasury to themselves, their claim to have earned their salaries would be unquestioned and unquestionable. Unfortunately, in the judgment of many thinking people, they have injured the business of the country instead of promoting it, and by their cramping over-regulation of railroads have alarmed investors, frightened away capital, and prevented the construction of thousands of miles of new roads, which the country already needs, and will need still more urgently in the near future. In the judgment of competent observers, they have also forced into bankruptcy

dozens of railroads which were not mismanaged, and which might have met all their obligations if the Commission had allowed them to make their rates high enough to cover increased taxes, increased wages, and the largely advanced cost of materials and equipment. Eighty-two railway corporations are now in the hands of receivers, and even Mr. Prouty will hardly contend that they have all been "wrecked," "looted," or financially mismanaged, by "unscrupulous financiers." Most of them have failed simply because the policy of the Commission has impaired the credit of railway corporations generally, and made it impossible for weak roads to sell their securities on advantageous terms. Investors will not buy such securities until they have a reasonable assurance that the Commission will allow the companies to earn fixed charges and dividends. It seems, therefore, to be at least a debatable question whether the Commission has not "wrecked" more railroads than unscrupulous financiers have.

One of the most unfair, as well as one of the most recent, of Mr. Harriman's assailants is Professor William Z. Ripley, Ropes Professor of Economics in Harvard University. In a volume entitled *Railroads: Finance and Organization*, Prof. Ripley devotes a part of his eighth chapter to the Chicago & Alton recapitalization, and begins his account of it in the following words:

"Practically all of the possible abuses or frauds described in the preceding pages are found combined in a single instance in recent years—the reorganization of the Chicago & Alton road by the late E. H. Harriman and his associates during the eight years following 1898."

Most of the hostile critics of the Chicago & Alton transaction try to make their points by concealing or ignoring facts favorable to the defense. Prof. Ripley not only conceals or ignores but misstates. He says, for example (p. 263), that the Alton road, prior to its reorganization, was doing "a constantly expanding business." This, simply, is not true. The reports of the company show that its earnings had been stationary for five years and had fallen about 30 per cent in eleven years. The precise figures are given by Director Thompson, of the Bureau of Railway Statistics, in his *Cost, Capitalization and Estimated Value of American Railways*, p. 183.

Prof. Ripley states repeatedly (pp. 264 and 265) that

the operations of Mr. Harriman and the syndicate were "covered up," "remained undisclosed," "were never disclosed," "were obscured in the published accounts," and "were thoroughly concealed." This, again, is simply not true. All the operations of Mr. Harriman and the syndicate, including the 30 per cent dividend and the sale of the 3 per cent bonds to the stockholders at 65, were fully and accurately set forth in the listing application to the Stock Exchange, as well as in the leading financial publications of New York, including, among others, *Poor's Manual, Moody's Manual,* and the *Manual of Statistics,* for 1900 and 1901; the New York *Evening Post,* the *Wall Street Journal,* and five issues of the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* between April 1 and November 17, 1900.

Prof. Ripley accuses Mr. Harriman of "prejudicing the interests of shippers by creating the need of high rates for service in order to support the fraudulent capitalization." This charge is doubly misleading. In the first place it erroneously assumes that rates are dependent upon capitalization; and in the second it suggests that Mr. Harriman did raise rates on the Alton in order to bolster up fictitious securities. Neither the assumption nor the suggestion is supported by the facts. High capitalization, as a rule, does not result in high rates. On the contrary, the lowest average freight rates are in the parts of the United States which have the highest railroad capitalization.[1]

That there is no interdependence of capitalization and rates has been repeatedly admitted, even by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As long ago as 1899, Chairman Martin A. Knapp testified before the Industrial Commission that he had never seen a case in which rates seemed to depend upon capitalization, or be influenced by it. "The capitalization of a railroad," he said, "cuts no figure in this rate question."

In an article entitled "Railroad Capitalization and Federal Regulation," Franklin K. Lane, while he was yet Commissioner, said:

"Fundamentally, there is no interdependence of capitalization and rate. The latter is not in law, nor in railroad policy, the child of the former."

The statement that the "unscrupulous management" of

[1] *The Railroad Situation of To-day,* by Frank Trumbull.

the Chicago & Alton did, as a matter of fact, " increase rates for service in order to support the fraudulent capitalization " is not true. The freight records of the Chicago & Alton for the period in question show a slight reduction in rates on grain, live stock, merchandise, and other classified commodities, with a very substantial reduction on coal. In 1899, the through rate on coal from the Springfield district was 80 cents. In 1907 it fell as low as 40 cents. The average rate per ton per mile on the whole traffic (including coal) was reduced, as Director Thompson has stated, about 25 per cent.

The most surprising of all Prof. Ripley's misstatements is that which charges Mr. Harriman with " crippling " the Alton road " physically " (p. 262). Mr. Frank H. Spearman, who has made the rebuilding of the Alton the subject of a special article, says: " Mr. Harriman overhauled the system completely, and put it physically a little in advance of every competitor." He not only lowered grades and straightened curves everywhere, but relaid about 500 miles of track with heavier steel rails, and built, in four years, no fewer than 318 new steel bridges, including the great structure that now spans the Missouri. Having thus made the track capable of sustaining heavier equipment, he substituted 165-ton locomotives of the " consolidation " type for the 55-ton engines previously in use, and reduced the ratio of car-weight to car-load about one third, at a single stroke, by " scrapping " the old wooden cars of 25-ton capacity and putting in their places steel gondolas with a freight capacity of 55 tons. He also equipped the road with new and more spacious passenger coaches, and provided passenger trains with exceptionally large locomotives, two of which, at that time, were the most powerful express passenger engines in the world. He wholly eliminated grade crossings in Chicago; equipped long stretches of track with continuous, interlocking electric signals; and introduced for the protection of trains the most effective safety devices that could be found.[1]

According to Prof. Ripley, the nefarious purpose of the " main conspirator " in making all these improvements was to " cripple the road physically " !

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[1] " The Rebuilding of an American Railroad," by Frank H. Spearman, in *The Strategy of Great Railroads*, pp. 50, 223, 225-6.

During the period of Mr. Harriman's administration, he spent $11,262,763 on roadway and structures, and $11,064,-454 on new equipment, making a total of $22,327,219 for permanent betterments, a sum equivalent to about $22,000 per mile. The road thus "physically crippled" increased its gross earnings from $6,286,569 in 1898 to $12,809,426 in 1907, and its net earnings from $2,684,694 to $4,415,974. How it was able to do this, in its "physically crippled" condition, Prof. Ripley does not explain.

Those who have made a serious study of Mr. Harriman's activities know that he never crippled a railroad physically in his life. On the contrary, he never touched a railroad that he did not physically improve. From the Sodus Bay & Southern to the Union Pacific and the Alton, he made every railroad that he controlled serve the public better than it had ever served it before. No railroad corporation, moreover, ever defaulted on its bonds, or failed to earn its fixed charges, under Mr. Harriman's management. (Hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission in the C. & A. case, p. 73.)

It is not easy to characterize Prof. Ripley's statements fittingly without overstepping the bounds of controversial courtesy; but inasmuch as he, himself, has not hesitated to call Mr. Harriman a "conspirator," and to describe his management of the Chicago & Alton as "unscrupulous," "piratical," "fraudulent" and "predatory," it may perhaps be proper to say, in the form, although not quite in the words of the professor's opening sentence: "Practically all of the possible methods, described in previous pages, of making a thing seem that which it is not, are found combined in a single instance in recent years—the account of the reorganization of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, by William Z. Ripley, Ropes Professor of Economics in Harvard University."

GEORGE KENNAN.

THE COLOMBIAN TREATY: ITS LEGAL AND MORAL ASPECTS

BY " LATIN AMERICAN "

It was in 1902 that it became certain the French Company could not finish the Panama Canal and thus fulfill its obligations to the Republic of Colombia. It was equally clear that the work could and should be done only by the Government of the United States; and the Congress of the United States, sharing this view, recommended the Panama route. But in order that the United States might build the Canal, it was absolutely necessary that they should obtain from Colombia, by treaty, a formal concession and the transfer of the rights under which the French Company was acting. In the concession granted by Colombia to the French Company there was a clause (Article 21) expressly forbidding the company to transfer its rights to any foreign Government under penalty of forfeiture.

Such being the situation, a treaty was framed by President Roosevelt's administration, and was signed in Washington on January 22, 1903, by Mr. Herran, Colombian Minister, and Mr. Hay, then Secretary of State. By this treaty the United States was to acquire the exclusive right for the term of one hundred years, renewable, to excavate, construct and maintain, operate, control and protect the Maritime Canal; and the New French Canal Company was authorized to sell and transfer to the United States all its rights, privileges and concessions.

By Article 3, however, it was further provided that " to enable the United States to exercise these rights and privileges," the Republic of Colombia should grant to the United States " the use and control for the term of one hundred years of a zone of territory along the route of the Canal to be constructed. five kilometers in width on either side there-

of," and also the use and occupation of the Islands of Perico, Flamenco, Naos and Culebra.

This stipulation, in the form in which it stood, created grave difficulties in Colombia; for, being generally interpreted as a relinquishment of Colombian sovereignty over the proposed zone, it ran counter to the constitutional law and the traditional organization of the Republic, which forbade the relinquishment of the nation's jurisdiction over its own territory.[1] In spite of this fact, President Marroquin used all his influence to have the Hay-Herran Treaty passed by the Colombian Senate, but his efforts were fruitless, for public opinion was strongly adverse, and a large majority of Senators stood for the constitutional objection. The American Minister at Bogotá, Mr. Beaupré, kept the Department of State frequently informed by wire, and the perusal of his cables gives a clear idea of the situation:[2]

Without question public opinion is strongly against the ratification. . . . It has been generally thought that the Government would be able to control the elections and that the members returned would be favorable to *the Administration's view* on the Canal question, but there has been serious disappointment. Prominent and able members of the National Party opposed to the Marroquin administration and to the Canal Convention have been elected.

Again, on July 2, the President had a meeting of Senators at the Palace yesterday, urging the necessity of the ratification of the treaty. Heated discussion ensued, the majority declaring in opposition to the treaty.

After a long discussion the Colombian Senate refused to approve the Hay-Herran Treaty in the form in which it stood, both on constitutional and sentimental grounds such as no nation can disavow.

One cause of deep and general feeling was a telegram from Mr. Hay to the American Minister at Bogotá, read in the Senate's secret session of July 4, 1903, which said:

WASHINGTON, June 9th.

The Colombian Government apparently does not appreciate the gravity of the situation. . . . If Colombia should now reject the treaty, or unduly delay its ratification, the friendly understanding between the two countries would be so seriously compromised that

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[1] Law No. 2, 1886, expressly declares: "Land ownership in Colombia cannot be transferred to foreign Governments."

[2] Diplomatic History of the Panama Canal, Senate Document 474, 63d Congress, p. 379 and the following pages.

action might be taken by Congress next winter which every friend of Colombia would regret.

A month later, while the treaty was being discussed in the Colombian Senate, the United States Minister at Bogotá delivered to the Colombian Government this further unexpected warning:

Legation of the United States,
Bogotá, August 5, 1903.

His Excellency Dr. Luis Carlos Rico, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Colombia.

I may say that the antecedent circumstances of the whole negotiation of the Canal treaty, from official information in the hands of my Government, are of such a nature as to fully warrant the United States in considering any modification whatever of the terms of the treaty as practically a breach of faith on the part of the Government of Colombia, such as may involve the gravest complications in the friendly relations which have hitherto existed between the two countries.

These were undoubtedly most unhappy ways to win the good will of an independent legislative body. And it is not strange that, immediately after the delivery of the second warning, the Colombian Senate, confronted with the threatening demand that it abandon all legal rights and constitutional objections, felt that the country's honor and dignity were at stake, and unanimously refused to approve the treaty. It could not have done otherwise.

It has been said by President Roosevelt, in his message December 7, 1903, that the Colombian Government really had absolute control over the situation, "but did not choose to exercise this control." It has also been declared that President Marroquin "ruled as the supreme executive, legislative, civil and military authority in the so-called Republic of Colombia." (Mr. Root's speech, Chicago, February 22, 1904.)

These allegations are refuted by the statements of the United States Minister at Bogotá, already quoted. Had President Marroquin been a dictator, he would have forced the treaty through. Because he was not a dictator, because there was a Senate free enough to oppose his will and power, the treaty was rejected.

Subsequently, President Marroquin, feeling apprehensive for the future, sought a way to overcome the action of the Senate, and twice, first in August, 1903, and later on,

intimated that he was prepared to assume dictatorial powers; and in consequence the American Minister, Mr. Beaupré, cabled to the Department of State, on November 6th, that Marroquin's Government would

> declare martial law, and, by virtue of vested constitutional authority when public order is disturbed, will approve by decree the treaty, or, if the Government of the United States prefers, will call extra sessions of Congress, with new and friendly members, next May to approve the treaty.

In truth, what difference could it have made to the United States to wait six months in order to obtain an absolutely solid and clean title from the sovereign owner of Panama? What difference could six months have made in a work which would last for all time? Twelve years have elapsed and the title is not yet clean, and Colombia's claims are as strong and valid as ever.

In his address on the "Ethics of the Panama Question" before the Union League Club in Chicago, February 22, 1904, Mr. Root, speaking of the proposal made by Colombia, says:

> When these dispatches were received the die was not cast on the Isthmus. The United States had not recognized the new Republic of Panama. Colombia said: "We will ratify the treaty; we will ratify it by decree, or we will call a Congress selected for the purpose . . . if you will preserve our integrity." Panama said: "Recognize our independence, and the treaty follows, of course, for the building of the Canal is our dearest hope." What was the duty of the United States toward the people of Panama and the dictator at Bogotá?

The duty? Let President Polk tell what the duty of the United States was in the face of the guaranty given by the United States to Colombia in the treaty of 1846. When President Polk presented the treaty to the Senate (Message of February 10, 1847), he said:

> The guarantee of the sovereignty of New Granada (Colombia) over the Isthmus is a natural consequence of the guarantee of its neutrality, and there does not seem to be any other practicable mode of securing the neutrality of this territory. New Granada (Colombia) would not consent to yield up this Province in order that it might become a neutral state, and if it should, it is not sufficiently populous or wealthy to maintain an independent sovereignty.

If Colombia would not consent to see Panama become neutral, still less could she have imagined that Panama

would one day be made independent of her through the forcible aid of the United States.

And later on Secretary Seward, defining the meaning of the guaranty, emphatically declared:

> If the complete and absolute sovereignty and independence should ever be assailed by any power at home or abroad, the United States will be ready, co-operating with the Government (the Colombian Government) to defend them.

The power " at home " was and could be no other than the provincial Government of Panama.

But, in the face of such clear and honorable obligations, what happened? Within sixty hours after the revolutionary movement broke out in 1903, the then Government of the United States recognized the independence of Panama, hastened the framing of a treaty with her, and acquired from her the Zone of land through which the canal had to be dug.

" I took the Isthmus," said ex-President Roosevelt—and in fact he did.

Out of this " taking " of the Isthmus, notwithstanding solemn treaty pledges, have Colombia's claims against the United States arisen; and that they stand on the firm ground of right and justice has been virtually recognized by three American administrations in their endeavors to make amends for the injury done to Colombia. A treaty was framed under Mr. Roosevelt's administration in 1909 (Cortes-Root Treaty); later on Mr. Taft sent as his envoy to Bogotá Mr. Dubois, who did his best to settle Colombia's grievances, and but for lack of time probably would have succeeded; and last, but certainly not least, there is the pending treaty offered as a fair and friendly token by the present Administration.

Her unexpected dismemberment, by the " taking " of Panama, caused Colombia serious moral injuries, as well as great material loss, the most painful moral injury being the necessity of altering her time-honored national escutcheon, which came into existence with her independence more than a hundred years ago. The base of this escutcheon is formed by a representation of the Isthmus of Panama, which, now that the territory has been taken from her, must disappear. What, we may ask, would be the feelings of the people of the United States if, with the avowed help of a foreign ruler, Old

Glory should be bereft of one of its stripes and the Great Seal be deprived of one of its thirteen original stars?

But, in spite of her humiliation and deep-seated grievance, Colombia has never for a moment claimed the right to act as judge in her own cause. On the contrary, she proposed, and has never ceased to ask, that the following simple points be submitted to the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague:

1. By the treaty of 1846 between the United States and Colombia, the United States bound itself (Article 35) to guarantee to New Granada (later Colombia) the right of sovereignty and property which New Granada had and possessed over the territory of the Isthmus of Panama. President Roosevelt undertook to interpret this treaty by saying that the guarantee of sovereignty was not opposed to Panama's establishment of her independence, even with the aid of the United States, granted under the semblance of maintaining order on the Isthmus. Colombia has construed, and still construes, the guarantee as being absolute, either as against a foreign nation or against an internal separatist movement; and has maintained, and still maintains, that the preservation of order could never be used as a means or pretext for the subversion of Colombian sovereignty.

2. On November 2, 1903, the Navy Department of the United States cabled to the commanders of the U. S. S. *Marblehead* and *Boston,* as follows:

> Proceed with all possible dispatch to Panama. . . . Maintain free and uninterrupted transit. If interruption is threatened by armed force occupy the line of railroad. *Prevent landing of any armed force, either Government or insurgent, with hostile intent, at any point within 50 miles of Panama.* . . .
>
> Government forces reported approaching the Isthmus in vessels. Prevent their landing if, in your judgment, landing would precipitate a conflict.
>
> (Signed) DARLING,
> *Acting.*

The movement for independence at Panama broke out November 3, 1903. The day before, November 2, the American Government took measures to protect an independence which had not yet been proclaimed; and, in accordance with the now world-famous fifty-mile order, above quoted, forci-

bly prevented Colombia from defending her own sovereignty over her own territory with her own forces. But for this order the insurrection would have been subdued within eight days, without even bringing the line of transit between Colon and Panama within the sphere of military operations. Colombia contends that on the strength of this order alone, even if there had been no treaty guarantee, she is entitled to ample redress for the "taking" of Panama. If these questions were submitted to The Hague Court, the latter would decide as to which party was right in its contentions, and would award indemnity or withhold it, in accordance with that decision.

Colombia's request that her differences with the United States be submitted to arbitration has not been withdrawn. It is merely held in abeyance because the present Administration suggested the possibility of settling the matter directly. Colombia assented to this proposal, and eventually joined in the conclusion of the present treaty, which is intended to put an end to a question which has made a deep and widespread impression, a question which has given rise to great misgivings and distrust throughout Latin-America, and which, if not fairly settled, makes the profession of Pan-Americanism a jest.

The treaty proposed by the American Minister and signed at Bogotá, April 6, 1914, is still pending before the Senate of the United States. It clearly states that its aim is "to remove all misunderstandings growing out of the political events in Panama in November, 1903; to restore the cordial friendship that formerly characterized the relations between the two countries, and also to define and regulate their rights and interests in respect of the Interoceanic Canal." And in order to put at rest all differences and misunderstandings, the Government of the United States expresses "sincere regret that anything should have occurred to interrupt or to mar the relations of cordial friendship that have so long subsisted between the two nations."

Opposition to the treaty has been cunningly fomented by calling this expression of regret over the disturbance of an old-time friendship, without any admission of wrongdoing, an "apology." In this way prejudice has been created, sometimes craftily, sometimes heedlessly, against a noble and chivalrous act toward a weaker nation in deep distress; an act, moreover, in harmony with international morality

and with precedents in which the United States has borne a part.

In the treaty between the United States and Great Britain of May 8, 1871, intended to put an end to the *Alabama* claims, Great Britain, animated with a like spirit, concurred with the United States in signing the following declaration:

> Art. 1. Whereas Her Britanic Majesty has authorized Her High Commissioners and Plenipotentiaries to express, in a friendly spirit, the regret felt by Her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels.

Were these healing words, which are in effect identical with those used in the treaty with Colombia, construed as an "apology" and a confession of wrong? By no means. They were merely an act of consolation—the outgiving, as was well said, of "a friendly spirit." Moreover, Great Britain's situation was more precarious than the present position of the United States; for, as the question of her liability and of the amount of indemnity to be paid were reserved for a tribunal of arbitration, an "apology," necessarily involving the implication of wrongdoing, would have been out of the question. In fact, neither in 1871 did Great Britain "apologize" to the United States, nor in 1914 did the United States "apologize" to Colombia. The expression of 1914 is in an especial sense but an act of kindness by a strong nation towards a weaker one—an act which exalts the strong and leaves no stain upon its character.

So long as the pending treaty remains unapproved by the Senate of the United States, the rights of Colombia will weigh with all their might against the lawfulness of the title acquired by the United States from Panama; and if redress should be deferred, Colombia will go on claiming her rights and demanding that the Supreme Tribunal of Nations sitting at The Hague be entrusted with the high mission of granting her international justice.

Meanwhile, the realization of the lofty ideal of Pan-Americanism will remain an impossibility, and the efforts long made by far-sighted, practical statesmen to bring about the moral union of the American continents will have been fruitless.

"Latin American."

NAVAL POLICY

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.

EVERY country that has a satisfactory navy has acquired it as the result of a far-seeing naval policy, not of opportunism or of chance. The country has first studied the question thoroughly, then decided what it ought to do, then decided how to do it.

Naval policy has to deal with three elements: material, personnel and operations, which though separate, are mutually dependent. A clear comprehension of their actual relations and relative weights can be obtained only by thorough study; but without that comprehension no wise naval policy can be formulated, and therefore no satisfactory navy can be established.

The most obvious thing about a navy is its material: the ponderous battleships, the picturesque destroyers, the submarines, the intricate engines of multifarious types, the radio, the signal flags, the torpedo that costs eight thousand dollars, the gun that can sink a ship ten miles away.

The United States Navy ever since its beginning in 1775 has excelled in its material; the ships have always been good, and in many cases they have surpassed those of similar kind in other navies. This has been due to the strong commonsense of the American people, their engineering skill and their inventive genius. The first warship to move under steam was the American ship *Demologos,* sometimes called the *Fulton the First,* constructed in 1813; the first electric torpedoes were American; the first submarine to do effective work in war was American; the first turret ship, the *Monitor,* was American; the first warship to use a screw propeller was the *Princeton,* an American; the naval telescope-sight was American. American ships now are not only well constructed, but all their equipments are of the best; and to-day

the American battleship is the finest and most powerful vessel of her class in the world.

Our personnel, too, has always been good. The American seaman has always excelled, and so has the American gunner. No ships have ever been better handled than the American ships; no naval battles in history have been conducted with more skill and daring than those of American ships; no exploits in history surpass those of Cushing, Hobson and Decatur.

In operations, however, in the handling of the navy as a whole, we have never excelled; though no better individual fleet leaders shine in the pages of all history than Farragut and Dewey. The strategical operating of our material and personnel has not been in accordance with carefully laid plans, but has been left largely to the inspiration of the commander on the spot, both in peace and in war. Material has suffered from lack of a naval policy, but only quantitatively, because material is a subject that the people understand. Personnel has suffered more, because the people fail to realize the amount of training needed to make a personnel competent to perform their tasks successfully, in competition with the highly-trained men of other navies. But operations have suffered incomparably more than material and personnel; because naturally the people do not comprehend the supreme importance of being ready, when war breaks out, to operate the material and personnel skilfully against an active enemy, in accordance with well prepared strategic plans; nor do they realize how difficult and long would be the task of preparing and testing out those plans. Therefore, they fail to provide the necessary administrative machinery.

In fact, the kind and amount of machinery needed to conduct operations skilfully and quickly cannot be decided wisely, until the country adopts some naval policy; and in naval policy the United States must be admitted to have lagged behind almost every other civilized country. Spurred as we were to exertion by the coming of the Revolutionary War, we constructed hastily, though with skill, the splendid ships that did service in that war. But after the war, interest in the navy waned; and if it had not been for the enormous tribute demanded by the pirates of the Barbary Coast from our Government, and a realization of the fact that not only was it cheaper to build ships and fight the pirates than

to pay the tribute, but that paying the tribute was a disgraceful act, our navy would have run down even more than it did. Yet even with this warning, 1812 found our navy in a desperate condition. Rallying to the emergency, though too late to accomplish much practical result, we built a number of excellent ships, against the votes of many highly influential men in Congress. These ships did gallant service, and redeemed the reputation of Americans from the oft repeated charge of being cowards and merely commercial men, though they were too few to prevent the blockade which British squadrons maintained on our Atlantic Coast. After the war, the navy was again allowed to deteriorate; and although our ships were excellent, and the officers and men were excellent, and although the war with Mexico supplied some stimulation, the War of the Rebellion caught us in a very bad predicament. The country rose to this emergency too slowly, as before; but the enemy were even less prepared than we, so that during the four years of the Civil War we were able to construct, man, and buy several hundred ships of various kinds; with the result that, at the end of the war, our navy, if not quite so powerful as Great Britain's, was at least very close to it, and with a recent experience in actual war which the British Navy did not possess.

After that war, the same story was repeated. The people convinced themselves that they would never again be forced to go to war; that they had seen the folly of it, and the misery of it, and would devote themselves thereafter to the delightful pursuits of peace. Gradually the fighting ships of the ironclad class were allowed to go to pieces; gradually even the larger ships of the wooden sailing class fell into disrepair; gradually the idea of war faded from the minds even of naval officers; gradually squadrons and fleets, as such, were broken up, and our ships were to be found scattered singly over all the seas, and swinging idly at their anchors in pleasant ports.

Fortunately, Admiral Luce and a very few other officers had learned the salient lessons of war during the rebellion, and sturdily stood up against the decadent tendency of the times. Against much opposition, Luce succeeded in founding the Naval War College at Newport, where the study of war as an art in itself was to be prosecuted, and in enlisting Captain Mahan in the work. In a few years Mahan gave to the world that epochal book, *The Influence of Sea Power*

upon History (embodying his lectures before the War College), which stirred the nations of Europe to such a realization of the significance of naval history, and such a comprehension of the efficacy of naval power, that they entered upon a determined competition for acquiring naval power, which continues to this day.

Meanwhile, a little before 1880, the people became aroused to the fact that though the country was growing richer, their navy was becoming weaker, while the navies of certain European countries were becoming stronger. So they began in 1880 the construction of what was then called "the new navy." The construction of the new ships was undertaken upon the lines of the ships then building abroad, which were in startling contrast with the useless old-fashioned American ships which then were flying our flag.

The construction of the material of the navy has progressed since then, but spasmodically. At every session of Congress tremendous efforts have been made by people desiring an adequate navy, and tremendous resistance has been made by people who believed that we required no navy, or at least only a little navy. The country at large has taken a bystander's interest in the contest, not knowing much about the pros and cons, but feeling in an indolent fashion that we needed some navy, though not much. The result has been, not a reasonable policy, but a succession of unreasonable compromises between the aims of the extremists on both sides.

Great Britain, on the other hand, has always regarded the navy question as one of the most difficult and important before the country, and has adopted, and for centuries has maintained, a definite naval policy. This does not mean that she has followed a rigid naval policy; for a naval policy, to be efficient, must be able to accommodate itself quickly to rapid changes in international situations, and to meet sudden dangers from even unexpected quarters—as the comparatively recent experience of Great Britain shows. At the beginning of this century the British Navy was at the height of its splendor and self-confidence. Britannia ruled the waves, and Britannia's ships and squadrons enforced Britannia's policies in every sea. The next most powerful navy was that of France; but it was not nearly so large, and seemed to be no more efficient, in proportion to its size. Due to Britain's wise and continuing

policy, and the excellence of the British sailor and his ships, the British Navy proudly and almost tranquilly held virtual command of all the seas.

But shortly after this century began, British officers discerned a new and disturbing element gradually developing on the horizon. The first thing which roused their attention to it was the unexpected attack of the Japanese torpedo boats on the Russian squadron in Port Arthur. No war had been declared, and the Russian squadron was riding peacefully at anchor. The suddenness of the attack, and the distinct though incomplete success which it achieved, startled the British into a realization of the fact that there had been introduced into warfare on the sea methods and tactics requiring a higher order of preparation than had ever before been known; that the scientific methods which the Germans employed so effectively on land in 1870 had been adapted by the Japanese to naval warfare, and would necessitate the introduction into naval policies of speedier methods than had hitherto been needed.

Another event which had happened shortly before showed that naval policies would have to be modified, if they were to utilize recent advances in scientific methods. This event was the unprecedented success at target practise of *H. M. S. Terrible,* commanded by Captain Sir Percy Scott, which proved that by a long and strenuous training and the adoption of instruments of precision, it was possible to attain a skill in naval gunnery never attained before. Up to this moment the British Navy had almost despised gunnery. Inheriting the traditions brought down from Howe, Rodney and Nelson, permeated with the ideals of the "blue water school," proud of being British seamen, proud of the pure white of their ships, enamored of the stimulating breeziness of the quarter deck and bridge, imbued with almost a contempt for such mathematical sciences as were not directly used in practical navigation, British naval officers exalted seamanship as the acme of their art, and took little interest in gunnery. All the battles of the past had been won by dash and seamanship and dogged persistence. Ships had always fought close alongside each other. No science had ever won any naval battle of the past, so why should they bother with science now—and why should they bother with target practise, except just enough to insure that the battery was in order, and that the men were not afraid of their guns?

Besides, target practise dirtied the ship—a sacrilege to the British naval officer.

But the events of the war between Japan and Russia, especially the naval battles of Port Arthur, August 10th, 1904, and the Sea of Japan, May 27th, 1905, rivetted their attention on the fact that something more than seamanship and navigation and clean ships would be needed, if the British Navy was to maintain her proud supremacy on the sea; for in these battles, overwhelming victories were won purely by superior skill in gunnery, strategy and tactics.

To these causes of awakening was added one still greater, but of like import—the rapid rise of the German Navy from a position of comparative unimportance to one which threatened the British Navy itself. The fact became gradually evident to British officers that the German Navy was proceeding along the same lines as had proceeded the German Army. Realizing the efficiency of the German Government, noting the public declarations of the German Emperor, observing the excellence of the German ships, the skill of the German naval officers, and the extraordinary energy which the German people were devoting to the improvement of the German Navy—the British Navy took alarm.

So did the other navies.

Beginning about 1904, Great Britain set to work with energy to reform her naval policy. Roused to action by the sense of coming danger, she augmented the size and number of vessels of all types; increased the personnel of all classes, regular and reserve; scrapped all obsolete craft; built (secretly) the epocal *Dreadnought*, and modernized in all particulars the British Navy. In every great movement one man always stands pre-eminent. The man in this case was Admiral Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, afterwards Lord Fisher. Fisher brought about vital changes in the organization, methods, and even the spirit of the navy. He depleted the overgrown foreign squadrons, concentrated the British force in powerful fleets near home, established the War College, inculcated the study of strategy and tactics, appointed Sir Percy Scott as inspector of target practise, put the whole weight of his influence on the side of gunnery and efficiency, placed officers in high command who had the military idea as distinguished from the idea of the "blue water school," and imbued the entire service with the avowed

idea that they must get ready to fight to the death, not the French Navy, with its easy-going methods, but the German Navy, allied perhaps with some other navy. At the Admiralty he introduced methods analogous to those of the General Staff, to maintain the navy ready for instant service at all times, to prepare and keep up to date mobilization plans in the utmost detail, and to arrange plans for the conduct of war in such wise that after a war should break out, all the various probable situations would have been studied out in advance.

The work required at the Admiralty, and still more in the fleet,—night and day and in all weathers,—taxed mental and physical endurance to the limit; but the result was complete success; for when war broke out on the first of August, 1914, the British Navy was absolutely ready. Many complaints have appeared in print about the unreadiness of Great Britain; but no one who knows anything of the facts supposes that these criticisms include Great Britain's Navy.

The United States Navy in the early part of this century occupied, relatively to others, a very ill-defined position; but the increased interest taken in it by our people after the Spanish War, combined with the destruction of the flower of the Russian fleet in the Russo-Japanese War, and the crushing blow inflicted on the French Navy by the mal-administration of M. Pelletan, resulted in placing our navy, about three years ago, in a position second only to Great Britain's—a position which it recently has lost. Due to a common origin and language, our navy has always followed the British Navy, though at a somewhat respectful distance; and while it is true that in point of mechanical inventions we are ahead, in seamanship, navigation and engineering on a par, and in gunnery and tactics not far behind, yet we must admit that in policy and in policy's first cousin, strategy, we are very far in the rear.

There are many reasons why this should be, the first being that the British Navy has nearly always lived under more stimulating conditions than we, because the probability of war has seemed greater, and because the United States has underestimated what reasonable probability there has been, and failed to realize how tremendously difficult would be the task of getting ready for it. Due to the present war our people have gradually come to see that they must get more ships and other material; but they realize this as

only a measure of urgency, and not as a matter of policy. If the emergency passes us by in safety, the people may see in this fact only a confirmation of their notion that war can be postponed *ad infinitum,* and may therefore fail to take due precautions for the future. If so, when we at last become involved in a sudden war, we shall be as unprepared as now; and, relatively to some aggressive nation which, foreseeing this, may purposely prepare itself, we shall be more unprepared.

A curious phase of the navy question in our country is the fact that very few people, even the most extreme partisans for or against a large navy, have ever studied it as a problem, and endeavored to arrive at a correct solution. Few have realized that it is a problem, in the strictest sense of the word; and that unless one approaches it as such his conclusions cannot be correct except by accident.

In Germany, on the other hand, and equally in Japan, the question has been taken up as a concrete problem, just as definite as a problem in engineering. They have used for solving it the method called "The Estimate of the Situation," originated by the German General Staff, which is now adopted in all the armies and navies of civilized countries for the solution of military problems. Previous to the adoption of this method the general procedure had been such as is now common in civil life, when a number of people forming a group desire to make a decision as to what they will do in any given contingency. The usual procedure is for some one to suggest that a certain thing be done, then for somebody else to suggest that something else be done, and so on; and then finally for the group to make a decision which is virtually a compromise. This procedure is faulty, and the decisions resulting are apt to be unwise; because it is quite possible that some very important factors may be overlooked, and equally possible that some other factors be given undue weight. Furthermore, a measure advocated by a man who has the persuasive and emotional abilities of the orator is more apt to be favorably considered than a measure advocated by a man not possessing those abilities.

In the "Estimate of the Situation" method, on the other hand, the orator has no opportunity, because the procedure is simply an accurate process of reasoning. It is divided into four parts. The first part consists of a careful study of the "mission," ending in a clear determination of what the

"mission" really is—that is: *what is the thing which it is desired to do?* The second part consists of a careful study, and eventually a clear comprehension, of the difficulties in the way; the third part consists of a careful study, and eventually a clear comprehension, of what facilities are available with which to overcome the difficulties; the fourth part consists of a careful study of the mission, difficulties and facilities, in their mutual relations, and a "decision" as to what should therefore be done.

Military and naval people are so thoroughly convinced of the value of this method that they always employ it when making important decisions, writing down the various factors and the successive steps in regular order and in complete detail.

In this country, while naval and military people use this method in their comparatively minor problems, the country at large does not use it in deciding the major problem: that is, in deciding how much navy they want, and of what composition. They do not take even the first step toward formulating a naval policy, because they do not study the "mission" of the navy; that is, *they do not study the international and national situations and their bearing on the need for a navy.* Yet until they do this they will not be in a sufficiently informed condition of mind to conclude what the "mission" is; that is, what they wish the navy to be able to do; because, before they can formulate the mission they must resolve what foreign navy or navies that mission must include. If they conclude that the mission of the navy is to guard our coast and trade routes against the hostile efforts of Liberia the resulting naval policy will be simple and inexpensive; while if they conclude that the mission of our navy is to guard our coast and trade routes against the hostile acts of *any* navy the resulting naval policy will be so difficult and costly as to tax the brain and wealth of the country to a degree that will depend on *the time at which the country decides that the navy must be ready to fulfil that mission.*

This factor reminds us of another factor: *the minimum time in which the navy can get ready to fulfil a given mission* (for instance, to protect us against any navy); and we cannot decide the mission correctly without taking this factor into account. For example, it would be foolish to decide that the mission of our navy is to protect us *now*

against any navy, including the greatest, when it would take us at least twenty years to develop and train a navy to accomplish that task; and it would be equally foolish to decide that the mission is to protect us against any navy *except* the greatest, because such a decision could rest on no other ground than present improbability of conflict with the greatest navy, or improbability for the very few years ahead (say two or three) which we poor mortals can forecast.

This reasoning seems to indicate that the first step in formulating a naval policy for the United States is to realize that any conclusion as to which navies should be included in the mission of our navy must not exclude any navy about whose peaceful conduct towards us we can entertain a reasonable doubt, *during the period of time which we would require to get ready to meet her.* For instance, inasmuch as it would take us at least twenty years to get ready to protect ourselves against the hostile efforts of the British Navy, we cannot exclude even that navy from a consideration of the mission of our own, unless we entertain no doubt of the peaceful attitude of that navy towards us for at least that twenty years.

Clearly, the problem is not only very important but very difficult—perhaps the most difficult single problem before the country; and for this reason, naval officers have long marvelled that the leading minds of the country do not undertake it. Perhaps one reason is that they do not know how difficult it is: that they do not realize the extraordinary complexity of modern ships and engines, and the trained skill required to handle them; that they do not realize what Great Britain now realizes, that we must prepare for one of the most stupendous struggles ever carried on; that we must have a personnel both of officers and enlisted men trained to the highest point, because they will have to meet officers and enlisted men trained to the highest point; that the training must be such that the skill produced can be exercised by night and day, in cold and heat, in storm and calm, under circumstances of the utmost possible difficulty and danger; that, while it takes four years to build a ship and get her into the fleet as an effective unit, it takes much longer to train an enlisted petty officer as he should be trained, and a lifetime to train officers of the upper grades. Perhaps also our leading minds do not realize the intellectual requirements of the higher realms of the naval art, or com-

prehend what the examples of Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Nelson and Farragut prove: that, *in the real crises of a nation's life her most valuable asset is the trained skill in strategy that directs the movements of her forces.*

Further than this, they may not realize that the greater the danger which they must avert, the earlier they must begin to prepare for it, because the more work in preparation will have to be performed; and yet realization of this truth is absolutely vital, as is also realization of the fact that we have no military Power as our ally, and therefore must be ready to meet alone a hostile attack (though perhaps in the far distant future) from *any* foreign Power. To see that this is true it is merely necessary to note the facts of history, and observe how nations that have long been on terms of friendship have suddenly found themselves at war with each other; and how countries which have always been hostile have found themselves fighting side by side. In the present war, Great Britain is allied with the two countries toward which, more than toward any other, she has been hostile; and she is fighting the country to which, more than any other, she is bound by ties of consanguinity and common interests. The history of war is so filled with alternations of peace and war between every pair of contiguous countries as to suggest the thought that the mere fact of two countries having interests that are common is a reason why those interests may conflict; that countries which have no common interests have nothing to fight about; that it is only for things in which two nations are interested, and that both desire, that those two nations fight.

If our estimate of the situation should lead us to the decision that we must prepare our navy in such a way that, say twenty years hence, it will be able to protect the country against any enemy, we shall then instinctively adopt a policy. The fact of having ahead of us a definite, difficult thing to do, will at once take us out of the region of guess work, and force us into logical methods. We shall realize the problem in its entirety; we shall see the relation of one part to another, and of all the parts to the whole; we shall realize that the deepest study of the wisest men must be devoted to it, as it is in all maritime countries except our own. The very difficulties of the problem, the very scope and greatness of it, the fact that national failure or national success will hinge on the way we solve it, will call into action the pro-

foundest minds in all the nation. We will realize that, more than any other problem before the country, this problem is urgent; because in no other problem have we so much lost time to make up for, and in no other work of the Government are we so far behind the great nations that we may have to contend against.

Great Britain was startled into a correct estimate of the situation ten years ago, and at once directed perhaps the best of her ability to meet it. Certain it is that no other department of the British Government is in such good condition as the navy; in no other department has the problem been so thoroughly understood, and so conscientiously worked out, or the success been so triumphant. Whatever it was expected or desired that the British Navy should do the British Navy has done; and though its success has not been so spectacular as the successes of Lord Howe and Nelson, and though many are restless under the forced inaction of the fleet, yet the confidence of Great Britain is given unreservedly to her navy, and her most vital interests are committed to its keeping.

The underlying reason for this is not so much the individual courage and ability of the officers and men, or even their skill in handling their ships and squadrons, as the fact that Great Britain has followed a definite naval policy; so that the British nation has had a perfectly clear realization of what it wishes the navy to do, and the navy has had a perfectly clear realization of how to do it.

The United States has not yet made a correct estimate of the naval situation; she has not yet reached the point that Great Britain reached ten years ago. Great Britain apprehended the danger, and took action before it was too late. Shall the United States take action now, or wait until it is too late?

Is it already too late?

Bradley A. Fiske.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGE WITHOUT AMENDMENT

BY JOSEPH H. CHOATE, JR.

THE defeat, at the recent New York election, of the proposed constitution prepared by the Constitutional Convention of the State, raises a serious question as to whether any comprehensive reform of the frame of government under which we live can ever be secured. Nobody doubts that the present governmental mechanism of the State of New York is, in many respects, thoroughly bad; but to carry through a popular election any new plan in which the various necessary reforms are properly correlated is an undertaking of enormous difficulty. Whatever change may be proposed inevitably creates a body of enemies. Every measure that dispenses with useless services, or wasteful expenditure, and every step in reorganization which, by concentrating responsibility, lessens the power of any office-holder, strikes a severe blow at the personal interests of the man whose services are dispensed with, or whose power is diminished. The greater the reform, the greater is the number of such individuals affected. The man whose power or pocket is hit is usually a politician, well versed in the means of influencing public opinion. He rushes to the attack with an efficiency quite beyond that which can be expected, in opposition, from defenders of the measure, who are mostly moved by public interest alone. Any new constitution, therefore, which differs in more than a few points from that which it is to replace, is instantly opposed by a formidable array of hostile groups. The better the constitution, the greater the number of bitterness of its enemies. A perfect constitution, framed by an all-wise convention, and so devised as to do away with all waste, all graft, and all corrupt politics, would create so vast and varied an army of opponents that it would find difficulty in carrying a single election district.

The enemies thus created start their attacks from a position of immense advantage. Perhaps half of our voters have—wisely enough—fallen into the habit of voting against any proposed political or legal change which they do not fully understand. This habit of voting against anything which is not understood is an almost insuperable obstacle; for how, under any conceivable circumstances, is the average voter to understand or even to imagine that he understands, so that he himself may judge it, a proposed constitution such as that which has just been rejected? Can he be expected to read all its thirty thousand words of legal phraseology? If he read it, could he form even a hazy idea of its effect on many important points? Can he, an untrained layman, be called upon to do what is difficult and toilsome even for lawyers? The answer to these questions is a painfully obvious and emphatic negative; and, because we cannot hope that the average voter ever will understand and weigh for himself such an instrument, we must face the certainty that a large and intelligent class will vote against any proposed constitution whatever, irrespective of its merits.

Moreover, the power of one who opposes a proposed measure to get people to vote against it is enormous. A politician can exert much more influence against a proposed law than against a candidate. The average voter is bound to reject almost any measure as to the merits of which he is in doubt. The most trifling uncertainty is—naturally enough—sufficient to convert him into an opponent of the proposition. Accordingly, a word of disapproval from a man whose opinion carries any weight with any voter is likely to start a spreading wave of doubt which will array masses of voters against any complicated proposed law.

What are we going to do about it? Two possible courses are obvious. We can submit a new constitution section by section, amendment by amendment, each change separately; or we can draw a radically new constitution as short and simple as the original Federal instrument, which the voters might actually read. But neither of these methods is practicable. No real reorganization can be reached by the separate submission of the large number of necessary amendments, because the defeat of one of a group of related provisions might leave the rest useless or even harmful, and also because no amendment can be so drawn as to be appropriate in connection with the rest of a constitution so

adopted, when nobody knows which of the submitted propositions are going to succeed, and which are to be rejected. You cannot draft, for example, an executive reorganization provision which will go well with a new legislative and a new judiciary article, and which will go equally well with either of the latter if one is rejected, or with neither if both meet defeat. To submit four different versions, one appropriate for each possible event, would be absurd, if not impossible. The other method is, unfortunately, a counsel of perfection. The public, or various sections of the public, want so many particular provisions that it is not possible at this day to frame a short constitution which satisfies the people's demands.

Is there, then, no remedy? I am inclined to think that there is a possible remedy, and at least an important palliative, near at hand.

No constitution—not even the vast encyclopedic documents adopted by some of the newer States—is wholly written. Many important details of the governmental system are not prescribed, but are formulated by custom. Other details, without deviation from the strict observance of the text, may be executed in several widely different ways. The language used is generally susceptible of construction; and the possible variant meanings lead to widely different results. Even after custom has apparently settled the operation of constitutional provisions, the institutions which they create may suffer startling changes without the alteration of a word in the creating provision. The most conspicuous example of this is, of course, the change in the method of electing the President of the United States. The Constitution committed the choice to the College of Electors; but the popular will demanded and obtained, without amendment, that sweeping change in our practical government by which the votes of the Electoral College came to register not the personal choice of the individual electors, but the choice of the people at large. From this instance, even when considered alone, it is plain that under favorable circumstances vast modifications may be brought about in the effect of some at least of our constitutional provisions without altering their text.

Somewhat strangely, this method of fitting our institutions to our growth seems to have been neglected. In the face of the national genius—shown in every variety of busi-

ness and sport—for analyzing to the ultimate limit the rules of the game, and devising ways to accomplish, within those rules, results unexpected and unintended by their framers, we have come to adopt toward our written constitutions a literalism which has tended to destroy both their flexibility and their elasticity. Since the early days of the nation—in fact since the change in the method of electing our presidents—we have made few efforts to see what changes could be effected within the constitutions as they stand. We have fallen into the habit of assuming that the method in which a particular provision has been practically carried out, has been the only possible method, and that while the provision stands, the resulting institution is unchangeable.

The fallacy of this assumption and the revolutionary changes which may be brought about without amendment and without violation of letter or spirit of the constitutional text—even without strained construction—can be demonstrated by at least one historical example. The Dominion of Canada is the creation of a written constitution—the British North America Act. Being an enactment, not of the people of Canada, but of the legislature of a superior and foreign sovereignty, from whose authority alone the right to change it is derived, it is apparently even more inflexible than ours. Yet without alteration it has conformed itself to the will of the people by producing a government utterly different from that apparently contemplated by the language of the instrument.

On its face, it would seem to create a government modelled rather on our National Government than on that of Great Britain. It places the executive power, not in the hands of the governing party of the Legislature, but in those of the Governor-General appointed by the Crown. Upon him it confers most of the usual prerogatives of the chief executive magistrates in our commonwealths, and many more. It gives him the veto; it authorizes him to appoint judges and other officers, and even to select the members of the Upper House of the Legislature itself. Had the instrument been acted upon in the spirit in which our constitutions are followed, the result would necessarily have been to duplicate our system of a detached, independent executive, dealing at arm's length with the legislative branch of the government. In practise, however, the result has been the exact opposite, and the Government has taken a form which prac-

tically duplicates the British Cabinet-system, of a responsible executive, consisting of a committee of the Legislature itself.

This surprising result flowed from the simplest causes. The public desire for the British form of executive was well known. To secure it all that was needed was co-operation between the nominal executive (the Governor-General) and the leaders of the majority in the Lower House. By the simple process of acting always upon the advice of the majority leaders, the Governor-General reproduces the British situation, and the executive branch of the Government, though carried on largely in his name, is actually controlled by the governing committee of the majority in the Lower House. In practise, therefore, the Dominion Cabinet, a committee of the Legislature, appoints Judges and Senators, and could, if it chose, exercise the veto power and substantially all other executive functions, while the individual members of the Cabinet are the heads of the great executive departments.

Now, if this can be done in Canada, why cannot results of equal importance be reached south of the border? Why cannot some at least of the reforms desired by many be tested by similar means? Might not important changes be tried experimentally in some such manner? And would not an experiment so tried have the very great advantage, as compared with experimental constitutional amendments, that it could easily be abandoned if it failed, instead of requiring a popular upheaval to amend it out of the constitution again? Does this not offer an immediate means of obtaining many reforms—for example, many of those included in the rejected instrument proposed for New York State?

In the way of increasing the responsibility of Government, much might be done. For example, to put an extreme case, there is nothing to prevent a strong majority party in the State of New York from establishing, under the constitution as it stands, a form of responsible Government closely analogous to the British system. All that would be necessary would be co-operation between the Governor and the leaders in the Legislature. As the first step it would be necessary for the Legislature to abandon the present pernicious committee system, which, as Lord Bryce has pointed out, is the bane of all American legislative bodies. This system, by scattering responsibility for legislation among a

score of separate committees, which act without reference to each other, and consist of men not known to the public in connection with their duties, makes the work of any legislature inharmonious and uncorrelated, and deprives the people of all real power of holding anyone accountable for bad measures. The members representing the majority party at any time could, however, by simple agreement, abolish this system, and make responsibility for all important legislation definite and certain by committing all important bills to a single leading committee, which could be given most of the important functions of the Canadian Provincial cabinets. In spite of the prohibition against the holding of executive office—presumably directed, in spirit, only against the holding of salaried office—by legislators—there would be nothing to prevent the Governor from designating each of the members of such a governing committee as his adviser with respect to the affairs of some particular executive department, and from acting on the advice of the advisers so designated. This would complete the resemblance to the cabinet system, and would furnish exactly the *rapprochement* between legislative and executive of which we feel such urgent need, giving the executive a mouthpiece in the Legislature, and the Legislature a voice in the carrying out of its enactments.

These are only fragmentary suggestions concerning a few of the profound changes in our actual Government which might be brought about without change in the text of our Constitution. The method would have at least two great advantages: methods and systems could safely be tested which no one would now dare incorporate in our Governmental machine in any such practically unchangeable manner as a constitutional amendment effects; and, on the other hand, those reforms for which constitutional amendment is clearly necessary—such as the Short Ballot—would be given a free field, and could be proposed to the electorate without being burdened by the opposition created by other measures.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE, JR.

THE OPEN FORUM MOVEMENT

BY REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT, D.D.

THE purpose of the public forum movement is to afford the freest opportunity for the business man and the laboring man to arrive, by open discussion, at a better understanding of the vital questions affecting their relationship; to discover the drift of industrial progress; to guard against the menace of unjust industrial development; to forestall, by reasonable and humane ways, the settlement by sterner methods; to do its part toward the essential end that "the arrogance and whip of Capital and the distrust and evil weapons of Labor be laid aside, so that their hands may be free to join in the grip of a common interest."[1]

A recent brilliant critic of American life, H. G. Wells, with a clairvoyant perception of conditions in this country, has declared: "The American community is discovering a secular extinction of opportunity, and the appearance of powers against which individual enterprise and competition are hopeless. Enormous sections of the American public are losing their faith in any personal chance of growing rich and truly free, and are developing the consciousness of an expropriated class."[2]

But Mr. Wells makes no discovery. He is merely an observer like others before him.

"What wrong road have we taken," asked Emerson in 1848, "that all the improvements in machinery have helped everybody but the operatives? Here they have incurably hurt." Thirty years later Henry George startled complacent America by asking why poverty persisted while wealth increased. His unpalatable formula, "the poor are growing poorer and the rich are growing richer," was made more agreeable by Carroll D. Wright, who explained that as

[1] Joseph S. Auerbach, *North American Review*, December, 1905.

[2] H. G. Wells, *The Future in America*, p. 81.

the poor were not improving their condition at the rate the rich were advancing, the distance between them was increasing. Without doubt it is becoming vastly harder, as John Mitchell points out, for a workingman to advance beyond his sort of job or out of his class.

"The fact which is most full of meaning at the end of the Nineteenth Century," wrote Prof. Macgregor in his *Evolution of Industry,* "is the existence of an absolute surplus or human residue which is pauper in fact though not in name."

This thrusting asunder of the two economic sides of our population has been recently checked up by the figures of Prof. Scott Nearing, and by the income tax. Prof. Nearing discovered that among wage workers in America four-fifths of the adult males are receiving wages that do not meet a low estimated expense of adequate family maintenance. The income tax lists show that less than one-half of one per cent. of our population has an income over $3,000 a year. In England the wages of workingmen do not pay for their actual standard of living; at least 15 per cent. is represented by private charities and national services.

In 1850, according to the analysis of the census by Sidney A. Reeve, of every dollar in America, 70 per cent. represented production and 30 per cent. competitive fight for some share of it. In 1900 the ratio was reversed. Out of every dollar, 30 per cent. represented production and 70 per cent. represented the cost of competition. The attempt of the larger share of the country's energy to live upon the product of the smaller portion naturally increases the burden of the wage-worker. "It is in fact the sole reason for any burden at all upon the wage-earners or for unemployment."

While 9,000,000 American workers—according to the estimate of the New York City Employment Bureau—were out of employment last Winter, one American fortune financed the feeding of a foreign nation. While at least 400,000 in New York had no work, collections of porcelains and pictures offered for sale there brought high prices. A working girl living in New York upon $6 a week, recently expressed the wish sometimes to have a meal that cost thirty cents. At the same time, there are apartments in New York that rent for $30,000; there are women who spend $25,000 a year on clothes and pay in loss of interest an equal amount to wear their jewels.

Individuals are not wholly to blame for this condition of things; industrial evolutionary forces, not understood until the mischief was done, are also responsible. We can see now that the workingman under the financial handling of the modern factory system lost his status; that his wages practically buy off his interest in the firm; that machinery and joint stock companies contributed to push apart employers and employes, and that "the Nineteenth Century in working out of the idea of power by means of combination has stratified and classified the people to an enormous extent."[1] So economic analysis confirms and explains the separation of classes that conditions indicated and that statistics proved.

Evidently these processes of class separation, as inhuman in their effects as war itself, cannot go on indefinitely without a catastrophe. In America they have already led to bloodshed. Within the last three years we have seen three exhibitions of civil war: in West Virginia, in Michigan, and in Colorado. "Habit alone," says William James, "is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor." But habits can be changed, especially under the incentive of starvation or injustice.

These deadly clashes, which breed a worse hatred than that which gives rise to them, cannot be banished from our attention by calling them mere exhibitions of an industrial unrest as old as the pyramids. The exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt was a strike in which the workers did not return to their work, but migrated. The French Revolution was a strike which cost the employers their heads and their status. Nor can we forever "jolly" the laborer by telling him that he possesses luxuries that kings of old did not dream of. Jauntily to talk about the inevitableness of industrial unrest does not harmonize class differences. The question is, what is going to stop this pulling asunder before it is too late? What is going to bring the hostile industrial forces of our national life together? What is going to make us really one people—in sympathies, ideals, and institutions? The labor question, of course, is a nuisance; but we can say of it what Emerson said of the question of slavery: "It has a right to be heard and the people plagued with it until something is done."

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[1] Macgregor's *Evolution of Industry.*

We are safe in saying that the desired results of industrial peace and of national unity are not to be secured by improving coercive machinery. To destroy trade unions; to organize State constabularies; to deny free speech or give it impossible definition; to increase the list of offenses for which arrest is equivalent to conviction; to rob workingmen of adequate political representation, is not a solution of our problems of class estrangement.

Nor are we encouraged to look for intellectual and sympathetic leadership where ordinarily some leadership is expected. Our most powerful financiers and captains of industry are not ashamed to testify on the witness stand that they have not studied the problems involved in the present issues—that they do not understand the labor question. Naturally, therefore, they cannot offer any help.

Our political parties represent in their primary differences not economic, but constitutional positions. They are essentially conservative; even their liberalism is considerate of the small capitalist rather than of the proletariat. The New York Constitutional Convention gave no heed to the memorial and recommendations of the labor organizations. A great newspaper even taunted the labor men with their inability to retaliate. I can discover no friendliness in American politics toward the problems of the working classes.

The clergy notably display a more human sympathy with the workingman's economic problems, but officially the churches are timid, and their laymen are too often reactionary. In the churches there is being developed a new economic orthodoxy which enfeebles their contribution to the labor problem. Some high ecclesiastics go so far as to declare that the procession of life with its most exalted spiritual vision is passing along outside the church. On the other hand, there are some who quote Jesus to the effect that the division of wealth is not a religious problem.

Colleges do not teach economics and sociology in a fashion to meet the situation. There are a few professors to whom many people are indebted, men like Prof. Ely and Prof. Ross of Wisconsin; Prof. Patten of Pennsylvania; Prof. Seligman and Prof. Giddings of Columbia; and a few like Prof. J. B. Clark, who are trusted because beloved. But our colleges have neither led public opinion on the labor problem nor qualified their graduates to deal with it. The

trustees of one of our leading universities are just now publicly declaring that economics should teach only what is agreeable to capitalists.

The working people are well aware of the hostility of the capitalistic classes and institutions. They look for no help outside themselves. They have been deceived and disappointed so often by pretended friends that they resent help from outside their own class; to accept it has become a mark of class disloyalty.

In default of constructive help from accredited leaders in business, politics, religion and education, volunteers have come forward with new agencies which attempt to correct destructive industrial tendencies; to bring together the extremes of democracy; to spread a more hopeful theory of human nature than that upon which conservative fears are reared, and to broaden the reach of economic education.

University settlements, founded about thirty years ago, set out to bring the culture of English college cloisters to London slums. "They are homes in the poorer quarters of a city where educated men and women may come in daily personal contact with people." Frederic Denison Maurice's Workingmen's College, founded in 1860; Edward Denison's attempt to make his home in the East End of London in 1867; Arnold Toynbee's residence in White Chapel with the Rev. S. A. Barnett of St. Jude's in 1875, and the building of Toynbee Hall in 1885, mark the steps, and at the same time disclose the college and church impulse, that led to the rise of university settlements.

In 1883 the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford became Rector of St. George's Church, New York. Before taking charge of the parish or forming especial plans for carrying it on, he had a survey made of the neighborhood. He then founded such organizations as seemed to him suitable for meeting the racial, local or class needs of his parish. This was the first scientific diagnosis of parochial work that I am aware of, and it developed a group of social institutions around it that gave the name "institutional church" to St. George's, and to the large number of parishes since then more or less modeled upon it.

The essence of institutional church work is home extension. It undertakes to make up for the poverty-stricken, limited and often vicious surroundings of the tenement house by supervising entertainment, encouraging education

and physical culture,—in fact, by doing for the children and youth of the poor what a well-to-do family would like to do for its own.

Afterward came the social settlements which attempted more complete co-operation with whatever initiative the slums themselves disclosed. They recognized how much the workingman is trying to do for himself, and proffered their assistance. They put educated and friendly energy into existing popular institutions. They aided neighborhood agencies, school boards, health boards, libraries, the use of parks, labor unions, advantageous racial customs, etc.

More recently, community centers have organized a neighborhood club in the schoolhouse. Freed from racial, religious, and political antagonism, the schoolhouse, because a patriotic and neutral institution, is their rallying place.

They have created a self-governing citizens' movement, taking in not only grown-ups, but young people of both sexes. Games, dancing, athletics, evening classes, lectures, political addresses, "movies," etc., are provided. Started in Rochester, New York, there are now scores of these community centers in the United States, especially in the West.

The open forum is another undertaking to provide a common meeting place for the rich and the poor, free from traditional impediments; to bring together in a humane atmosphere the extremes of society. Like the agencies we have been considering, the open forum bases its action not upon dogmas, traditions, or precedents, but upon the urgent needs of the present and an intelligent view of the future.

Nietzsche says: "The important question for you is not where did you come from, but where are you going?" Walter Lippmann condenses this into his maxim: "Substitute purpose for tradition." The new psychology tells us that "a philosophical study of living beings shows that they may be graded according to the amount of purpose they manifest."[1] But where are we going? What should be our purpose? Is it not safe to say (if we pay attention to the lessons of industrial evolution) that the world is moving toward a greater democracy, toward the spread of freedom, opportunity, and wealth—in fact, toward the highest development for the largest number of human beings by means of the material and spiritual advantages of self-government?

The open forum, although a new device for amplifying

[1] L. E. Emerson, *Psychoanalytic Review*, Oct., 1915, p. 425.

social and industrial conditions, has had an interesting history: The People's Institute was established in 1897 and offered in Cooper Union, at the head of the Bowery, New York, a strategic meeting place for ideas and men. Charles Sprague-Smith, the founder, conceived the plan while a professor of comparative literature in Columbia. He discovered in literature the story of the common laws of social progress, and he longed, as he told me, to get his hands directly into the material of human life. So he gave up comparative literature and set about arousing enthusiasm among the people for a freer, fuller existence.

At the People's Institute, lecturers of wide reputation addressed East Side audiences of thirty nationalities. The audience could ask questions, but could not make speeches. The lecture was often preceded by music and recitations, but not by recognized religious exercises. Later a club house was founded and many valuable forms of social service undertaken.

The invited speakers, under the grilling of an astute and well-read democracy, were taught never to make a statement which they could not back up; they also learned the protective value of a good chairman (Mr. Sprague-Smith) who would not permit them to be put into too deep holes by the audience, although he could not prevent them sometimes from jumping in themselves to their own chagrin, and to the amusement of their tormentors. Prof. Charles Sprague-Smith, philologist, poet, educator in good will, champion of the people, died in middle life as the result of over-work in behalf of this great undertaking. The People's Institute is now led by one of our most enlightened Americans, Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration.

The " Public Forum (Inc.) of the Church of the Ascension " was founded in 1907 by the Rector of the Parish and the Rev. Alexander Irvine. If crowds will listen to soapbox orators on street corners; if workmen in factories will give part of their precious noon recess to listen to Y. M. C. A. speakers, should not religious bodies, which control more good auditoriums than anybody else, and have less use for them, offer hospitality in their churches to such groups, and if necessary organize these opportunities under favorable conditions? The Forum undertook to make a church a shelter for what might otherwise have been open-air meetings of all sorts and conditions of men, interested in dis-

cussing modern social and industrial ideas. It was a frank attempt by a church to find out what workingmen, according to their own showing, wanted, and what they considered to be the duty of the Church. The Public Forum audience may debate the subject as well as ask questions.

Since the founding of this forum, several churches in New York and the neighborhood have opened similar forums—notably the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, of which the Rev. J. Howard Melish is Rector; the Church of the Messiah, where the Rev. John Haynes Holmes is Pastor, and the Free Synagogue, under Dr. Stephen S. Wise. Even as far away as Houma, Louisiana, St. Matthews (Episcopal) Church has established a forum. There is also a forum in Starr King's old parish (Unitarian) in San Francisco. Church forums received the endorsement of the Universalists at their Chicago Convention of 1914.

Ford Hall, on Beacon Hill, Boston, was founded by the Baptist Union in 1908. It offers an open forum of a broad and sympathetic type, publishes a paper of its proceedings, and carries on social work. The Ford Hall meetings, through their extension committees, have been instrumental in establishing in New England municipalities, towns and schools, more than thirty forums, modeled more or less closely upon Ford Hall, but with distinctive undertakings described by the specific conditions of their position. Mr. George Coleman, who is responsible for Ford Hall, has exceptional clearness of vision and breadth of sympathy.

The Labor Temple was opened by the Presbyterian Board of Missions, at Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street, New York, in an old building that was formerly a parish church. Owing to its situation on the East Side, and the close connection between its founder, the Rev. Charles Stelzle (who knows more about trade unions than any clergyman in America) and also because it specializes in labor matters, the Labor Temple has developed a highly unified work, now in charge of Rev. Jonathan C. Day, and keeps very closely in touch with a large number of working people.

The Labor Forum is a still later and different type of forum. It meets in a public schoolhouse—the Washington Irving High School on Irving Place. It has no religious exercises or motives, nor is it neutral (as radicals regard

the church forums). The Labor Forum is the announced advocate of the working classes. An enthusiastic, devoted, and self-sacrificing leader, Mr. Carl Beck, is responsible for its origin and excellence.

In addition to forums which use the English language, there are forums that use Italian and Russian—as the "*Foro Italiano, a* Ford Hall *dirimpetto la* State House" in Boston, and a Russian forum in New York.

The forum has proved particularly attractive to recent immigrants. Its democracy corresponds to their native ideal —an ideal too often destroyed by their early experiences in their adopted country. The forum helps them to some discrimination in fixing blame for their ill-treatment; it offers them a mouthpiece for the woes they ran away from on the other side of the water and for those they have run into in America.

Another type of forum is "The Hungry Club" of Pittsburgh. According to its able and enthusiastic secretary, Charles C. Cooper, "The Hungry Club" is the only organization of its kind in the world. "Its membership consists of several hundred business and professional men who 'want to know.' It has no constitution nor by-laws. It has no formal organization. It has no business sessions and no regular officials. It never takes a vote. It never endorses anything. It is Pittsburgh's open forum for the presentation of both sides of public questions."

In spite of the diverse elements which make up the membership of an open forum, it would be a mistake to suppose that it is a Cave of Adullam, made up of malcontents, "down-and-outers," and blatherskites. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth.

The questions asked and the speeches made from the audience of the Public Forum give surprising evidences of knowledge, seriousness and ability.

The trouble with the Church in dealing with economic problems is that it is not free and is not illumined. The Church has not substituted purpose for tradition. It is concerned much more with where it came from than where it is going. Does it, in fact, know where it is going? The Church Militant on earth becoming the Church Triumphant in heaven is no longer a panorama that seems real to us.

The Church, unluckily, has adopted the reigning economics and is merely a rubber stamp to commercialism.

This is the reason it has nothing to say about the war. It sees with the eye of bankers, statesmen, diplomats and manufacturers. It is not ahead of them but behind them. The forum is a school in which the Church can secure a more spiritual view of material things.

The forum is a device by which the people become articulate. "Silence is for the poor," declared Lamennais, the French priest, who labored for the freedom of the working classes within the Roman Church, and was driven out of it. Any institution that gives voice to the poor is an emancipator, for it breaks their worst shackle—silence. The cause that can be heard is in a way to secure its ends. A people that is articulate is on its way to victory. Church forums offer, as does nothing else to-day, an opportunity for the poor to be heard—a timely instrument just now when free speech has been so much abridged in public places. Dread of free speech has come to such a pass that the hall in Paterson which burned down after Emma Goldman spoke in it was considered by many religious people to have been directly destroyed by divine wrath.

America needs, too, the fearlessness and the thoroughness essential to open discussion which omits no element of criticism and leaves no danger unconsidered. Our national optimism inclines us to avoid serious problems; our easy material progress renders us forgetful of underlying difficulties. We are irritated at criticism of our institutions. We club and jail unpleasant prophets. The May Day Labor Parade in 1914 had this banner: "You may jail our leaders but you cannot jail our ideas." America must offer more safety valves to such explosive truths, to such suppression and injustice, especially when assailed by the new slogan of Privilege: "You may have the right, but we have the power."

Much of the present-day labor trouble is caused by the disappearance of the old-fashioned employer of labor who was successful in building up a business because he knew his men and how to treat them. The absentee employer is an economic danger. The striker is in revolt against hidden forces, not against persons, for he does not know them. The open forum, by contriving a better acquaintance between classes, helps this situation. One violent radical told me that he learned in the public forum that capitalists were human.

A public forum unites the university with the town meet-

ing. An expert is called in to lead the conferences; then the people thrash out the subject in open debate. So it provides a combination of science and democracy. The forum is giving back to America the town meeting which the growth of cities has robbed it of.

Open forums are not only harmonizers and educators of classes into a truer social unity. Their practical accomplishment also may be valuable.

An officer of the Public Forum (Inc.) led to Albany the committee whose labors resulted in the appointment of the New York Factory Commission. The Public Forum organized the first democratically run community center in New York, called by an expert the best in the eastern part of the United States.

The Prison Committee of the Public Forum brought to the attention of officials abuses in the Penitentiary and Workhouse, which are in process of being remedied.

The Legal Committee is providing volunteer counsel in the woman's court for defendants too poor or too ignorant to secure it for themselves.

The Relief Bureau is a daily ministry to prisoners—especially women—discharged from Blackwell's Island.

A question I frequently hear is: Why have the open forums (good enough things in themselves, no doubt) been conducted in consecrated churches and church buildings? What has religion to do with economics? In spite of an imposing list of advantages, why tie up this new undertaking to religion; why call meetings at which economics are talked in churches; why hold these on Sundays?

Economics are teaching the Church of to-day so much that the Church may well show some appreciation. In fact, if economics can inspire religion, then there is a natural relationship between them. The present humanizing of the dismal science is giving new faith to the Church. The brotherliness of international labor unions and of Socialism is helping the Church to recover the vision of a world of peace and good will. The multiplication of food and clothing—their easy preservation and transportation—are leading the Church to believe that poverty can be abolished. The organization of vast numbers in effective labor point to new unity and effectiveness among the devout. The loyalty and self-sacrifice of the working people for each other is a new Pentecost—a new outpouring of spiritual energy which speaks in

strange tongues, but tells of holy things. In spite of the temporary recessions of the war, these movements are today the brightest encouragements to humanity.

A better understanding between the rich and poor is a moral as well as an economic question. The rich must perceive how unfair it is for them to waste human labor in frivolous amusement, unnecessary possessions and injurious consumption. Short of the winnings of roulette, some American business men seem to think one dollar is as good looking and respectable as another. Why should workmen worry then because they expect pay without giving good work or full time? If they could get the dollar for absolute incompetence and for no work at all, they would only be securing what political jobs, corporation salaries, speculative pools, very often provide for their favorites—pay for no equivalent. There is no more profoundly *moral* question than what a man does for his income and with his income. The relation between income and service must become one of the great themes of religion.

Percy Stickney Grant.

SUFFRAGE AND PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

A short time after President Wilson committed himself to suffrage as a State issue, I heard a thoughtful student of American politics declare that the turn he had detected of the suffrage movement "back to the States" presaged a similar tendency on the part of the Hobson movement. Certainly, if I could detect a disposition on the part of the electorate to relegate both prohibition and suffrage to the category of State issues, I should construe it as evidence of a more careful habit of thought on the part of the people generally, and attribute it in considerable measure to the conservative influence of the war as affecting American psychology. Such a tendency seems by no means improbable to persons who have noted other evidences of conservation growing out of the war's influence.

Undoubtedly the idea that suffrage and prohibition are closely linked has persisted for a very long time. The first recorded instance I have found in which such a relationship was implied was the adoption by the National Brewers Congress in 1881 of a resolution condemning the suffrage movement. In the recent suffrage campaign in New Jersey the charge of liquor opposition cropped out in the speech of a suffragist at Montclair, New Jersey, who declared that the liquor interests of the State had raised a fund to finance the anti-suffrage fight. In the same month President Neil Bonner, of the National Retail Liquor Dealers Association, announced that he would vote against the suffrage amendment in Pennsylvania and predicted the defeat of the movement in both Pennsylvania and New Jersey, although he specified that "The liquor men have taken no official action against suffrage," and added, "So far as the liquor business is concerned, it has not been hurt by suffrage in the West."

Mr. Taft thus referred to the supposed connection between the suffrage and prohibition movements in a recent magazine article: "It is said that women will vote for prohi-

bition, and that, therefore, if they are given the vote we shall be rid of the saloon evil. To those of us who do not think that the saloon evil can be abolished, general prohibition, either national or State-wide, in States with large cities, and that the result of the effort would be worse than present conditions, this argument does not appeal. The lack of experience in affairs and the excess of emotion on the part of women in reaching their political decisions upon questions of this kind, are what would lower the average practical sense and self-restraint of the electorate in case they were admitted to it now."

The *Financial World* for September, 1907, said: "The opponents of the liquor industry have a powerful press, the church, and woman's organizations on their side."

Suffrage and anti-suffrage propagandists regard the relation between suffrage and prohibition as an almost forbidden topic, and both sides have been exceedingly chary of expressing their views. The prohibitionists have announced their unalterable determination not to meddle in any political affairs in which drink reform is not at issue.

Some time ago the chairman of the publicity department of one of the suffrage organizations wrote me in response to an inquiry I had made:

"You will find it difficult to get very far into the question of relationship between the suffrage movement and the prohibition movement by correspondence. The women differ quite widely in their views on this subject, and one thing which they have learned is that the expression of opinion one way or the other will be seized upon by the other side and used against suffrage. They are exceedingly chary of discussing the question."

Another woman, who is the leader of an important anti-suffrage organization, was kind enough to give her personal views very frankly and to aid me in locating certain published data on the attitude of women in prohibition elections, but she was careful to make the interview conditional upon my promise not to regard anything she said as official.

Mr. Taft's frank opposition to suffrage, expressed in a magazine article not long ago, when the suffrage campaigns in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania were at their height, drew a long and critical reply from Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, head of the publicity department of the New York State Campaign Committee, which was published in a New

York newspaper. Mrs. Harper did not take any notice of Mr. Taft's reference to the supposed relation between suffrage and prohibition, which I have quoted heretofore, and when I wrote to her calling this omission to her attention she responded: "As we are in the midst of a campaign we are not confusing this with the prohibition issue."

These little excerpts are characteristic of a number of expressions I have received which establish the fact that both sides have made up their minds that it would be politically unwise for them to adopt a definite attitude with reference to the prohibition movement. Rather do they prefer to deal with local conditions in the States or smaller political divisions in which their campaigns are made. Thus, suffrage orators, in sections where anti-prohibition sentiment is predominant, have taken issue with liquor men who charged that suffrage would result in prohibition. Note the following excerpt from an anti-suffrage pamphlet on suffrage and prohibition:

In the recent campaign in Chicago, February, 1914, Miss Marion H. Drake, who was nominated for alderman in the First ward, was quoted in the newspapers as standing for "free lunch and saloons."

Mrs. Crystal Eastman Benedict, a prominent woman suffragist of Wisconsin, made, before the Manufacturers and Dealers' Club of Milwaukee, in addressing the assembled brewers, the statement: "Why all this hue and cry about woman suffrage injuring the brewing industry? Isn't it a little foolish?"

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, in an address, said she would welcome the support of the brewers, and praised Mrs. Benedict for her work among the representatives of that interest.

Mrs. Minnie Reynolds, for the National Suffrage Association, recently challenged anyone to find a word concerning prohibition among the pamphlets issued by the association.

Hugh Fox, Secretary of the United Brewers' Association, in a letter printed in the report of the hearing in December, 1913, before the Committee on Rules of the House on the resolution establishing a Committee on Woman Suffrage, said: "The United Brewers' Association states that the anti-suffragists have never received nor asked for contributions from them, although," he adds, "we have had appeals from the other side."

May Wright Sewall said, October 30, 1913, in Milwaukee, "Votes for women will no more prohibit drink than they will prohibit food."

Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association and one of the leaders in the lobby at Springfield which brought about the enactment of the suffrage bill, said:

" It is a great pleasure to remember that some of the firmest supporters of the suffrage measure in the Forty-Eighth General Assembly were some of the so-called ' wets.' "

So much for the traditional aspect of the belief that women would destroy the saloon as soon as they had the power to do so. Recently the belief has been challenged in many quarters, and statements have been circulated that women who have the ballot have not taken any strong stand as a class for prohibition, and that, so far as the fate of the prohibition movement is concerned, the balloting of women has had little effect. Not long ago, in a paper on prohibition in the *Atlantic Monthly,* I took occasion to point out that a number of Congressmen voted identically on the prohibition and suffrage resolutions at the last Congress, and to refer to the generally credited belief that the two movements are mutually helpful. It produced a vigorous protest from a thoughtful New England woman who declared that the facts relating to elections in which both issues had figured discredited the belief I had referred to. In February, 1915, the District of Columbia Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage caused to be inserted in the *Congressional Record* an interesting collection of facts relating to suffrage and prohibition elections, designed to show that woman suffrage has had little effect in bringing prohibition to the States which are now in the " dry " column.

This anti-suffrage statistician featured the attitude toward prohibition of California, a suffrage State. The opposition of California women to prohibition has apparently been of long standing, for it caused Eugene W. Chapin, former candidate of the Prohibition Party for President, to say, in 1914: " The support expected by prohibitionists in California from women has not developed." For instance, in San Francisco, at a local option election at which 46,665 women registered, the total vote for local prohibition was only 15,087. The conclusion drawn by the statistician from a study of returns from various California cities, including Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Pasadena and Redondo, is that the women stayed away from the polls and therefore did not make their influence felt in the California State elections. In 1914 the State of California rejected a prohibition amendment to the Constitution by an overwhelming majority, and decided in the same election that the liquor question should not be voted upon again for eight years.

It seems to me, however, that any generalities that may be based upon the California election as to the attitude of women voters toward prohibition are invalidated by peculiar local conditions. The condition in this respect is different in California from that in any other State in the Union. The women in California, when they vote on the prohibition issue, vote on a matter that affects the material welfare of practically everyone of them; for California is of course the largest wine producing State in the Union, and a large percentage of the families of the State are, in some measure, dependent upon the industry for support. So it is that in the various local option and State prohibition elections, California women have permitted the moral side of the issues presented to be obscured by their material interest in the outcome.

California seems to be the chief exhibit of the anti-suffragists who contend that women do not favor anti-liquor legislation. For the rest, the statistician points out that Colorado, which has been a suffrage State for twenty-two years, voted "wet" by 40,000 majority in 1912, and in 1914 voted "dry" by a majority of 11,572.

The anti-suffrage statistician closes her case against woman suffrage in the following paragraph:

> It has been charged that the liquor interest defeated suffrage in the five States that rejected it November 3, 1914, yet the only two States that adopted it at the time were Montana and Nevada, two of the "wettest" States in the Union, and States where there never was any territory voted "dry," while North Dakota, a prohibition State; South Dakota, 68 per cent; Nebraska, 56 per cent, and Ohio, 52 per cent "dry," all defeated woman suffrage last year. The cities of Lincoln, Omaha, and Fremont, Nebraska—cities with large brewing and liquor interests—collectively gave a majority for woman suffrage, while the country districts of that State (in which are many "dry" counties) gave over 10,000 majority against it.

The charge of some anti-suffragists that the influence of the women voters has not been thrown on the side of prohibition is not upheld by a survey of the election results and conditions in the twelve suffrage States. It is true that California, because of local conditions, went overwhelmingly against prohibition in 1914, but in the same year four other suffrage States—Colorado, Washington, Oregon and Arizona—in which suffrage had been effective for twenty-two,

three, five and three years respectively, adopted prohibition. Kansas, which has been a prohibition State since 1880, adopted suffrage in 1912. In Idaho, where suffrage has been in effect nineteen years, strong temperance sentiment prevails, and the prohibition forces are hopeful of an early victory. Utah, which has been a suffrage State for nineteen years, is "about as near State-wide prohibition as any license or local option State in the Union," according to the current Anti-Saloon League Year Book, although it is true that the influence of women in Salt Lake City local option elections has not been exerted on the side of anti-liquor legislation. In Wyoming, the oldest suffrage State, local prohibition has made extensive advances, and the Anti-Saloon League Year Book announces that the State is now under prohibition, except in certain classes of incorporated municipalities. In Illinois, where the women have Presidential suffrage, 53 counties have local prohibition. Conditions in that State are described in the following excerpt from the last annual report of the Superintendent of the Illinois Anti-Saloon League:

> The woman's suffrage bill, which could not have been passed without the almost unanimous support of the men who were elected by the help of the Anti-Saloon League, has proven to be the most valuable piece of temperance legislation the State has enacted. . . . The Illinois suffrage law demands that there be separate ballot boxes for the women inasmuch as they have only limited suffrage. This makes it possible to know just how the women vote on the wet and dry question. On account of the majorities found in the women's ballot boxes, 900 of the 1,150 saloons (outlawed a year ago by local elections) were closed.

Nevada, where only nine per cent of the people live under local prohibition, and Montana, which has practically no anti-liquor laws, both adopted suffrage in 1914.

It would seem, therefore, that the possession of the ballot by women is an asset of the prohibitionists in the bulk of the States where they are campaigning, with the exception of California; or, in other words, that to a considerable extent the sentiment for the two movements is co-extensive. The latter part of this supposition apparently is borne out by the fact that in 1914 the people of Ohio voted against suffrage at the same time that they voted against prohibition, and that in Missouri the adoption of a county unit law was prevented in the same vote which was registered against

woman suffrage. There are other means of verifying this conclusion.

The House of Representatives voted on the Hobson prohibition resolution December 24, 1914, and on the Mondell suffrage resolution January 12, 1915. A study of the two votes should furnish valuable information as to the relation of suffrage and prohibition, for a highly important factor in the profession of being a Congressman is skill in sounding public sentiment among one's constituency, or, in political phrase, "keeping one's ear to the ground." I doubt if at any time in the recent history of the Government, members of the House took more pains to attune their votes to the attitude of their constituencies than they did on the Hobson and Mondell roll calls.

The most impressive fact outstanding from a study of the two roll calls is that 106 members voted affirmatively on both resolutions. This shows conclusively that 106 Congressional districts were regarded by their representatives in Congress as being favorable to both movements, or at least as having compact minorities favorable to both. It is interesting to note that while 38 of the 67 Congressmen who represent the suffrage States voted for the Hobson resolution, only 32 of these Congressmen voted affirmatively on both the Hobson and the Mondell resolutions. The vote of the members from suffrage States was almost solid in favor of the Hobson resolution except in the case of California and Illinois, whose delegations number 38 members but who cast only 14 votes for the Hobson resolution. The following table sets forth an analysis of the vote of the suffrage States:

	For Mondell and Hobson resolutions.	For Hobson resolution.	Total State vote.
Wyoming	1	1	1
Colorado	3	4	4
Utah	0	0	2
Idaho	1	2	2
Washington	4	5	5
California	3	3	11
Oregon	3	3	3
Arizona	1	1	1
Kansas	6	6	8
Illinois	9	11	27
Nevada	0	0	1
Montana	1	2	2
	32	38	67

The Hobson resolution received a heavy vote from the delegations of the States in which suffrage campaigns had been made recently and in which a strong minority sentiment for equal suffrage may be said to prevail. For instance, Michigan, where a suffrage campaign was made in 1912, cast nine of her thirteen votes for the Hobson resolution; Pennsylvania, where a vote on suffrage was taken November, 1915, cast twelve of her thirty-six votes for it; Missouri, where the suffrage campaign is being carried forward with considerable agitation, cast twelve of her sixteen votes for it; Iowa cast seven of her eleven votes for it; New Jersey and Massachusetts, where an unsuccessful suffrage campaign was in preparation, cast one vote each for it, while the New York vote was solidly against it. Of course the South, where the suffrage movement is not yet organized, gave its complete support to the Hobson resolution, while withholding it from the Mondell resolution.

Enmity against a common foe does not always result in an alliance between two crusaders, but it can not fail to produce a feeling of benevolent neutrality. This has been shown to be the case in respect of the attitude of the suffragist in the West. May we not expect, therefore, that prohibition advocates will find the progress of their agitation more easy of accomplishment in the East, now that suffragists have piled up such big minority votes in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, as was done in the October and November elections? Prohibition will have to fight the same liquor influence and many of the same organized political influences which opposed the suffrage amendments. The task may be even harder for the prohibitionists than it was for the suffragists, but it can not be doubted that some of the difficulties have been ameliorated by the suffrage campaigns.

L. Ames Brown.

THE FUGITIVE

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Lights, lights and faces, wheels, and faint, far stars!
Tumult and shouts and ever the surging crowds
Struggling, with shrieks of laughter and wild horns,
Rattles and rustle of impertinent plumes,
Whistles and calls and perfume like strong poison.
Lights! In the streets the glare, and in the sky
Orgies of tumbling and upsoaring blaze,
Magnificently tawdry. Everywhere,
White lights to keep the ghosts away; bright lights,
To dazzle maidens, blind exultant youths,
Stir sleeping demons, make the ducats dance!
Lights for the dead, white lights for the white dead!

She stood, she turned. Between the shuffling crowds
Unsteadily a minute, back and forth
She swayed, and laughed with impudent red mouth
At one man's whistle and another's plume,
At one man's banter, and another's kiss,
Elbowing right and left till she stood clear.
She caught her breath. Her hat hung by one pin
Loosely in her dishevelled, heavy hair.
She drew back, took it off, and looked about.
The crowd was just the crowd. The boy was gone.
A block back somewhere some lightheaded thing
Had knocked his hat off, and for all she knew
Carried him off with her. He was fair game;
And there were other men with rolls to spend,
She said; and chewed her hatpins like a bit,
Glad for the minute to stand still, and watch
The wild midwinter madness surge and toss;
Glad to be silent, to be free, to breathe,
To fix her hair and subjugate her hat.
Lights, lights and faces! Without end, the crowd
Shuffled and jostled past her, blowing horns

Like angels of derision, trumping doom.
She laughed to see how drunk most of them were.
The new year would grin down on many a Judge,
Rapping for order in distracted heads—
Hang-overs. Yes. And hers would be the worst,
Since underneath the laughter of the phrase
Something more real than stomach-penitence
Would stir and speak, refusing to be still.
She laughed for spite and blew her horn, and laughed;
Sending her eyes exploring for a purse
To buy her cakes and ale. Her eyes were dark,
Deep, purple, laughter-like, alluring eyes;
Torches of heaven yet unquenched, or quenched,
So far removed from earth that still their light
Beat through dark nights as from the living stars.
She saw dead eyes make answer; with a laugh,
Repelling, heaven knew why, the masks that came,
Gift-bearing for her favor: blank, dead eyes,
Gross lips that tooted horns.

And still the sea
In two strong currents swept the faces past.
She saw the boy press, searching, through the crowd,
And her heart opened. He was seeking her.
Her eyes spoke, but her lips were dumb. She stood,
Cold as a dead tree, rigid as a wall.
She saw his head a minute, clear and firm
Above the crowd, the clean and eager chin,
Tilted a little, seeking purer air—
The crowd surged on, the suitors swore and went.
The horns blew louder; whistles from the bay
Tooted harsh greeting to the infant year.
Ten thousand voices bellowed; then once more,
Horns, horns and whistles, rattles and horns, horns!
Midnight! New Year! A new life! Horns, horns, horns!

She shook herself and laughed, cold to the marrow:
Laughter ironic, cynical, amused,
At scruples, waking rather late, she thought;
And, late or soon, alien to such as she
Who looked to purses, not to cheeks and eyes.
She smiled, but through the smile's coarse mockery
Peered something deeper, softening the lines
And brightening lashes with a hint of tears.
The boy was clear and clean to look upon.
He could make even base and bartered love
Smell sweet an hour. Why had she let him go,

Pass into night and distance, fade like steam
Out of a liner's siren in the air,
Back to his own world, clean for a clean girl?
Why had she let such living eyes escape,
Such living lips, such laughter like buds blowing?
Only a little would her love have tarnished
The too bright gold; only a little edged
With ashy blight the rose's outer leaf.
Would he have missed the little gold she wanted?
Well, he was gone, sunk into night and time,
And God alone knew what perversity
Of indolence, or impulse gone awry
Had stayed her tongue, her feet. Well, he was gone.
Another purse would pay for her champagne.
She gasped, half sobbing; laughed, and wondered, whose?

Along Broadway the horns booed to the moon.
Across Times Square the crowd swayed, struggled, surged.
Northward and southward flowed the turgid streams.
She chose the southward current, loud and gay,
Blowing her horn, making her rattle sound;
Conscious no horns were blowing in her heart,
No rattles beating madness through her veins,
Yet too much child of the hilarious glare
To walk with solemn eyes when Broadway laughed.
She played her part. About her blew the horns
In Herald Square, about her lurched the crowds;
About her beat with flapping of loose sails
The tragic chattering of helmless ships.
She drifted southward with bleak aimlessness,
Suddenly lonely and depressed and sick
Of noise and streets and drunken men. The lights
Suddenly seemed to drive into her bones
Like gusts around street-corners. She went on.
The crowd grew thin, the noise at last was mute,
Save at long intervals, faint, far away,
A broken blast, a harsh and drunken cry.
She walked, and scarcely knew she walked. A clock
Struck musically, and above, a globe
High over men and houses and bare boughs,
Flashed one and two. She neither heard nor saw.
A gust about the Flatiron caught her hat
That tugged, balloon-wise, fiercely at her hair.
She bent her head and beat into the wind,
Onward, and knew not whither and not why,
Impelled by something stronger than desire
Into the empty, wind-blown wilderness.

A Voice, within, said something.
She stopped dead,
And stood a minute with her eyes half closed
As one who listens for the fiery robes
Of spirits passing by. She knew that Voice,
That was so grave, and always questioned her.
This was not conscience. This was not a whip.
This was a friendly voice. It was a child's,
Sometimes, and now a girl's and now a woman's.
She heard it, cool and clear as bells at night.

Over her heart despair rolled in black waves.
Malicious tongues hooted, satiric mouths
Muttered, "Too late!" Derisive, leering lips
Shouted, "Remorse? What did you have to eat?"
She heard that friendly Someone questioning;
And venomously answering, the tongues
Malignantly with blow on bitter blow
Hurled defamation. Once it seemed to her
The Voice did more than question. Quietly,
Yet with assurance, as though every word
Bore heaven's great seal attesting God's assent,
It said absurd and wonderful, kind things
That were all lies, calling her true and pure
And of sweet promise—
And again despair
Swept her with wallowing, green, blinding seas
That left her shuddering; and again the Voice
Came and she hearkened, fighting to hear more.

The night was cold. In Union Square, the boughs
Crackled, ice-laden. Dark, deserted, bare,
Were streets and houses and the clouding heaven.
Far to the south, a car along cold rails
Clanked harshly, lonelily; a motor-horn
Honked on Fifth Avenue; somewhere, quick steps
Rang hollowly on pavement and were mute.
Fear of the bleak, unnatural emptiness
Woke in her soul. She ran. Her quick, short steps
Sounded like tumult of armed hosts in flight;
And frightened she stood still, lest at the sound
Indignantly the slumbering city wake.

Again the Voice, more searching and more near,
The questioning like true-love's hand-in-hand
Or eye-in-eye, tender beyond lip-speech.
She fled, despair at one ear, crying, "Damned!"

Derision at the other, crying, " Fooled! "
A wilderness of windows dimly lit
Lay stretched before her, sloping vaguely down.
She fled. Along the narrow, infinite hell,
Walled into darkness upward beyond sight,
Were faces, white things, orbs of soulless fire!
Between the files of icy eyes she fled.
Higher the walls rose, limitless in night
Above her; limitless in night before
The lights ran on to unillumined chaos.
She fled. The friendly Voice rose to a cry
That shook her soul and broke against its walls
Into a thousand shards of mocking laughter.
Despair cried out, " Now are you satisfied? "
Derision jeered, " Now do you know yourself? "
She fled with stumbling steps and riotous heart.

Once more about her now were stars and trees,
A shining clock-face, towers; across the street,
A lighted restaurant, a sleepy maw,
Yawning behind the plate-glass door, a voice
Calling a paper shrilly out of space;
And shadowy, dim, among dim, shadowy trees
Hurrying shreds of night blown on the wind,
Figures of men. All these she saw or heard
Like people met in dreams; but still went on,
Suddenly conscious that the tongues were still,
That there was no more riot in her heart,
But one Voice only; and that roundabout
The pitiless walls had by some miracle
Been gloriously transmuted into spires,
Mysterious and holy. Like a nave
Broadway stretched out into the solemn dark.
Its silence was the silence of a church,
Merciful, beatific; and its lights
Were tapers, pure and calm as angel's eyes,
Watching the sacred tourney men call life.
She went, with lifted, eager, awestruck face.
Her heart was calm at last. Despair was dumb.
Shame, fear, derision had no arguments
Left to dismay her. With no thought of scorn
She let the Voice within her tell her tales
So strange, so full of wonder, that her feet
Forgot their heaviness and seemed as wings,
And nothing seemed behind her but the dark,
And nothing seemed before her but the day.

And now once more she stood amid bare trees.
A biting wind blew at her hat and skirt.
She did not mind the wind, she did not hear
Its whistle and low wail, nor at her feet
The swish and beat of broken harbor-waves
Against the Battery wall. She saw no waves,
No shadowy ships, no shadowy Liberty,
Guarding the great dream-town. She felt the dark
Slip like a host defeated from her soul;
She felt the tread of sullen steps; she heard
The tread of steps retreating; faint with joy,
She heard the black invader with blurred drums
Draw back forever from her tortured heart.
She gasped, for round her being there was light.
She sank upon a bench. Her head span round.
She seemed to drink the light in through her pores;
Along her veins she felt the glory rush;
And in a flash like lightning saw herself
Through God's eyes . . .

Day arose and dimmed the stars,
And woke the towers from slumber, and the spires,
The boats, the wharves, the wagons, windows, streets.
With creak and whistle, rumble and sharp call
The City's gaunt machinery began
Slowly to turn its lesser wheels; the cogs
Met, groaning. Through the Narrows came
The new year sailing in a golden ship . . . .

HERMANN HAGEDORN.

SAUL OF TARSUS

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

This essay is not written for good churchmen, whether they be of one denomination or another. If you go to church with diligence, and like it, and believe in the organization as it is, I can see no profit for you in these comments, for they are likely either to make you angry or to make you pity my ignorance. If you insist upon reading it, I commend to you the latter alternative, because if you grow angry, while it may do me no harm, it is very likely to injure you. And it would be unchristian. This is written by one who has great reverence and love for the life and words of Jesus, but to whom Christian dogma, as presented in the so-called Apostles' Creed, or with all the particulars and specifications of the Athanasian Creed, is unbelievable. It is designed for the unelect by one of themselves, yet in the belief that, if the world were to follow the advice of Jesus, the Kingdom of God would be at hand.

We have heard and read many discussions about why one should go to church, whether he should go or not, what the trouble is with the churches, and why people stay away from them. One claims that the churches are too orthodox, while another holds that if rigid orthodoxy be maintained the whole world will in time become wise and enlightened, and we shall all become Christians of one sort or another.

In all of these discussions I think we have failed to determine the crux of orthodoxy, and I shall make bold to suggest that this is Saul of Tarsus whom we know as Paul. The orthodox are followers of Paul; the unorthodox are not. And I shall go further than this, and say that it is Paul who keeps us apart, and who is the author of what many earnest Christians are seeking to rid themselves to-day.

We must remember that Jesus preached a very simple gospel, which anyone can understand. The substance of

it is that we must keep love in our hearts; that anger and hatred and malice and revenge are all danger signals of that which is not of the Kingdom of God. So long as we keep love in our hearts we cannot go entirely astray, no matter what happens to us. The Jews, among whom he lived, were very like the orthodox Christians of our day: they had traditions and rites, and rules and regulations determined by priests and elders that offered a whole series of substitutes for righteousness. They were always making definitions and determining what was right and what was wrong, according to law. They did not look ahead, except for more power; they looked backward, and their business was to conserve the great treasures of wisdom that had been handed down to them by Moses and the prophets; and their noblest work was to interpret them.

What happened to Jesus when he went off into the wilderness we do not know, but he seems to have come back with the idea that as for the tradition among the Jews that someone should arise among them or come to them with a message that should establish the Kingdom of God, he had that message. It was a very simple one of love and forgiveness. He clung to it all through his life. He strove to make those who believed in it a colony so inspired by love and good-fellowship that all the rest of the world would see the folly of pride and self-seeking and join in a real Kingdom of God, Jews and Gentiles all. This was his ideal: very simple, very beautiful, and yet very difficult of attainment. In all the centuries that have passed since then, no thought so lovely has been given us. He would define nothing, determine nothing, establish nothing, and preach nothing except his one gospel of love. Judges, lawyers, pettifoggers, priests, elders,—all sorts of people tried to induce him to commit himself on one question or another, but they never succeeded. He would not dogmatize. If you have love in your heart, he held that you may be trusted to find answers to questions of conduct as they arise; without it neither laws nor rules can guide you.

Keeping the Sabbath, making offerings and sacrifices as prescribed, and all the whole list of rules and laws were as nothing without this one enlivening gospel of love. The only prejudice he appeared to have was against wealth, and it would seem that this was rather against the arrogance of wealth than a desire to inventory men's goods and fix

a minimum. The Romans of his day were in some respects like the French under Napoleon, or the English people of forty years ago, or the Americans of the United States right after the Spanish War, or like the Germans just before the present war: a people fundamentally good, but maddened by success and boastful almost beyond endurance. Wealth threw men off their balance then as it does now with those not equipped to bear the strain; and it probably made many just such useless wastrels of women as it does to-day. It may be that we should gain wisdom by following him in this respect, and it surely would do us no harm to relax somewhat in our chase after wealth and our love for it. A certain young man was told to sell all that he had and give the proceeds to the poor, probably for good and sufficient reasons. But Joseph of Arimathea was another rich man, and for aught we know he kept his fortune all his life, with no harm to himself and to the good of his fellows. At all events, it is not of record that he was instructed to dispose of it. Jesus was not an economist, he did not claim to be one, and he would not be drawn into questions of economics or politics. He had a philosophy of life which was all-sufficient and basic: granted that in full operation, and humanity would be intelligent enough to meet whatever economic problems might arise. He had no dogma save love, and real, hearty good-fellowship.

It also appears that he thought the world was coming straightway to an end; but we must remember that the Gospels have been made up and copied and rewritten and modified to meet the views of the dogmatists that came after him. And whether or not he had such faith in the gospel of love that he believed the world would adopt it sooner than now seems possible with our many degenerates of wealth, of industry, and of ignorance, it is really we who are doing the guessing: he gave no dates. He knew that when this spirit of love and sympathy shall have spread itself over the earth, then the Kingdom of Heaven will be at hand; and it looks to me as though he had this in mind rather than the trumpeting, thunder-clapping, bone-jumping resurrection day of orthodoxy. Granted a reign of love and sympathy and good-fellowship over all the world, and we know that the spirit of Christ will be with us and animate us whether we look at it as mystics or as mechanistic biologists. I postulate that there is no other dogma in the teachings of Jesus.

Now enters Paul. We meet him first as a dogmatist, and a dogmatist he always remained. He appeared as an organizer of orthodox Jews, and he spent the rest of his life in organizing and establishing dogma in Christianity. He seems to have over-estimated the change that came over him on his conversion, for his was the same energetic, impatient and domineering personality afterwards that it was before. He was the very opposite of him he called his master. He had a remarkable gift of expression; as a maker of phrases he was unsurpassed; but while he was scrupulous as to his logic, he was far less admirable in his choice of premises. Indeed he was obsessed by logic. Now logic, without an effective conscience back of it, or even without a generous knowledge of its limitations, is the father of lies. The logician who is careless about the basis of his reasoning maintains a laboratory of error. The shrewd lawyer builds up injustice by a false "theory of the case," as he calls it, and if he is astute enough he makes away with it. We approach the truth by trying out the postulates upon which the conclusions of our day are built, and discarding them when we find them false. Men of science have learned the danger of letting logic run away with them before they know their facts. Formerly it was the fashion among them to work out a theory for every phenomenon and then proceed as though each new theory were a fact. They learned this art from Paul. To-day they are more modest; criticism is invited, whether based on history or experiment.

I repeat, Paul was obsessed by logic. Everything had to be buttoned up, to be made presentable and finished. He had the passion of a Prussian *Feldwebel* for system and order, or of the conscientious housekeeper who throws notes and manuscripts into the fire rather than leave a room untidy. Paul had to work out a theory, a chain of reasoning for everything, and he imposed his findings upon his followers. If he could not get the points of history,—current, ancient and mythological,—which he desired to present as the ground of his argument into a workable relation, he would guess out a law for the situation, and then proceed to argue in favor of his law. And in argument he was irresistible; he could talk anybody down. From statements made in The Acts it appears that he talked constantly.

On his first appearance at the stoning of Stephen the apostles feared him greatly, and when he finally appeared

before them it is doubtful if they would have accepted him as one of their number if Barnabas had not plead for him. And he must have been difficult to get along with. They retained him among them for a year before they let him go out to preach, which was his great desire, and even then they sent him off to the Gentiles rather than have him work among their own people. He had already worked out a series of theories to satisfy his craving for logic, and it would not be surprising if the apostles had hesitated to allow the gospel of love which they had been teaching to become entangled in a complicated code of dogma and rules of Paul's invention. It was Paul who developed the theory that the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, after creating the world in six days and putting Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and observing Adam's disobedience and putting all the children of the earth under the ban of his curse, had then repented of his act and made a sacrifice of Jesus so that the curse might be lifted. Then Paul invented justification by faith, and so justification by faith took the place of love and he had a workable argument, sound in logic, beginning with the Garden of Eden and ending in the escape of his followers from hell-fire. Stand up and say you believe, and you are saved; fail in this opportunity, and you shall go to hell. That was an easy doctrine with which to impress the crowd and bring them into the organization under fear. I do not think Jesus ever taught it. I do not believe he even thought of it as a way to establish what he called the Kingdom of God. On the other hand, how could Paul imagine the Kingdom of God as coming about through sympathy and good-fellowship? He was apparently without good-fellowship, and it is doubtful if he was a man of sympathy. He was too busy "fighting the good fight" to engage in sympathy. Paul's problem was not a problem of love, although this was important because Jesus had so constantly taught it; Paul's problem was one of organization. He wrote wonderful phrases about love, but in practice it had to give way to system and order. And his organization proceeded with great success. As soon as he obtained a good start at his work the other apostles drop out from the pages of the record. They could not get along with him; Barnabas was the first to befriend him and the first to leave him. Mark could not work with him, and Peter was entirely out of accord with him.

The working of Paul's mind is shown in a number of instances. Thus he started with his theory of the church worked out as a Jewish institution, but the rite of circumcision was an hindrance to him in the organization of his establishments. So he returned early in his career to Peter for instruction. Now Peter, who is said to have been of conservative disposition, but who appears, through association with Jesus, to have gathered unto himself some of his loveliness of nature, assured him that the gospel of Jesus was not circumcision or any other rite, but that it was rather of the heart. As soon as Paul learned that circumcision was not essential he substituted baptism for it. He had to have a rule and a rite, so he adopted baptism, which was workable, and thus baptism became essential to salvation. Imagine Jesus saying: "Suffer little children to come unto me—after they have been baptized"!

The problem of sex bothered Paul, and he set forth his dogma that women are a temptation and a danger and therefore they should be kept in the house. He was a man of great influence, and his restrictions upon women have smothered their minds for many centuries.

When he set out on his missionary journeys it was his habit, on his arrival in a town, to seek first the synagogue, and by virtue of his credentials as a preacher, get opportunity to address the Jewish congregation. If they agreed with him and followed him, well and good; if not—the records do not show what happened, but it is evident that there was trouble. When he returned to Jerusalem, before his arrest, it appears that he had already organized his churches into an anti-Jewish institute. I cannot gather any other conclusion from the record. Now the Jews of his day were human, just as they are to-day. Jesus got along with them and loved them. So did Peter and James and John and all the other apostles. Paul could not. He had doctrines which the others did not teach, and it appears to me as though the doctrinaires and teachers of dogma had been blaming the Jews for Paul's faults. Paul is never blamed, and his quarrelsome disposition, his testy temper, and his boastfulness over what he had to endure from those that did not agree with him are referred to as his grand humanity. His habit of speech was not gentle, and it is evident that his expressions to the unpersuaded Jews were neither friendly nor free from insult. Of course the good people would resent

this. Many of us are slow to grasp any new idea; and Paul preached to them, instead of the simple gospel of love which Jesus taught, a new Jewish code, made up largely of rules and deductions of his own invention. The Jewish congregation felt that they had more authority for the laws inscribed on their scrolls than for the doctrines of Paul, and they did what any Christian church would do to-day if anyone were to come to them as Paul went to the synagogues. They plainly told him to clear out. Then Paul, being known as a Christian, could not stone them to death as had been done to Stephen because he did not agree. So he did something far worse than throwing stones at them: he complained that the Jews were persecuting him, and by the persuasiveness of his talk and the volume of it, inflamed the people against the Jews. It was the beginning of the persecution of the Jews, and has continued to this day, remaining one of the most unkind and unchristian features of Christian society. There is bitter cruelty in it. And the higher we go where the graces of life abide in Christian society, the more subtle is this attitude of ungraciousness likely to be toward the Jews. Granted that Christianity might have prevailed without Paul, then we should all have been Jews and the Jews would have been different. They would not have been thrown into ghettos in mediæval days, nor put under a social ban now by inhibitions and prohibitions at the gates of the most delectable social achievements. This attitude of mind comes with the increase of authority of the Church. Jesus leaned the other way. Paul started it.

Another interesting light on the influence of Paul is found in the Reformation. Granted all the evils claimed for the Catholics by the Protestants and the integrity of all of Luther's purposes—and what happened? Luther sought the Scriptures for his inspiration, but it is clear that he dwelt rather upon The Acts and The Epistles than on the gospel of Jesus—and so the fight began. Of Luther's followers, Calvin is a perfect example of one who sought the Scriptures for law, according to Paul, and with no consideration for the Golden Rule. The result was his great and almost successful effort to establish a Presbyterian political machine in Geneva; and while this sets us a shining example of industry, perseverance, singleness of purpose, and that kind of grim resolution that sometimes passes for piety, it does not appeal to the heart. If we were to order our

lives according to Calvin's example we should abide without love or good-fellowship and be lucky if we died of old age at twenty. With all his faults, Paul was better than Calvin. He had a heart. When he saw how Stephen died as a real hero, game to the very last breath, he was impressed. Calvin would have seen red and called for another apostle.

It may be that the apostles, excepting Paul, held it to be better to confine their efforts at first to Jewish people, and from that to grow more slowly but with less accretion of false doctrine. The Christian gospel being one of love, they may have striven to have it grow without hate. Paul's cutting loose from Jewish affiliations and making his churches anti-Jewish was surely not in accord with the teachings of the Master. It may be that these same apostles, whom we find set in the background behind the energetic missioner of his compound of the gospel of Jesus with his own vagrant theories and Hebrew myths, are entitled to more respect and reverence than Paul. Isn't it time to stop robbing Peter to pay Paul? It may be that the gospel of Jesus went over the heads of his disciples and that they spent the end of their days looking for the second coming of Christ; but so did Paul. He was more certain than anybody else that the world was coming to an end straightway. He was the only one that could set the date. And why not give Jesus credit for understanding the men he chose as his companions? He did not choose Paul, but he did choose those simpler men. Did he know that Paul was coming after him to be the nominal communicator of his message to the world? If he did, and thought well of what this human avalanche would say, it seems as though he would have urged his disciples to welcome him and bear with him. But instead of this he cautioned them earnestly against those who should follow in his name, teaching false doctrine. He was very earnest about this. In the end, Paul, by his great strength, astuteness, and force prevailed over the other apostles. And yet, because he prevailed is no guaranty that he was right. If John's allusions to false prophets in the Apocalypse refer to Paul, as they seem to, John's opinion in this matter should be of weight.

In the gospel of love and good-fellowship as the means of bringing about the Kingdom of God, it seems possible that we might agree. Of course, some of us are so crabbed and selfish that our idea of love and good-fellowship is to

have others give us whatever is theirs while we give nothing in return. This is a frequent attitude of the man who boasts of wanting nothing but what is right. But even old skinflints may become animated by a new spirit if all the rest are full of loving kindness. Jesus knew all this, and how earnestly and how tenderly he sought to tell it! It is so simple, so scientific; and as available to-day as it was two thousand years ago. It is sound psychology—indeed, we can find no fault with it whatever. It requires no abuse of the mind to believe in it. On the other hand, of all the doctrines that Paul and his followers have added on: the virgin birth, the prophecies fulfilled and unfulfilled, justification by faith, vicarious atonement, and the many other articles of faith that in our unbelieving hearts we know are not so: these things seem idle dreams, speculations of a day that is past, speedily vanishing into thin air. Without them, we could all go to church and sing Christmas hymns. With them, the number of Christians must of necessity be limited, grouped by denomination, and according to such dogma as they can bring their minds to endure.

Ellwood Hendrick.

THE CITY

BY BLANCHE M. THOMAS

THE echo of iron! the drilling of steel!
And from far underneath a din and a clatter,
Man's striving and strain over gain and its matter.
For down in the street things that mingle and meet
Are dust lifted papers with rushing of feet;
And the ominous sound of a thousand of voices,
Aloft, you can't tell if it sobs or rejoices.
For down in the street things that mingle and meet
Are confusion of choices defying defeat,
With a courage that labours unflinchingly keen
For the gripping of power and what it shall mean,
For the gripping of power and the clutching of law.
Each man is a leader, and hopes to be more
In those buildings that cut the sky into pieces,
Strange columns of thought that each moontide increases,
Whose power plays havoc with even the wind
Lighting the bay where it meets with the ocean,
Showing the splendour that man has combined
With the forces themselves through his work and devotion;
Showing the splendour which man has achieved
In his fruits of rebellion from what was believed—
Those fruits of rebellion that shadow the sun
With a glory untrammelled and copied by none.

The echo of iron! the ringing of steel!
Those bridges that arch for the passing of giants,
Joining country and city with iron alliance,
Engaging the world to admire defiance:
How the God of invention has spilled of his wares
On these peaks of a city that builds as she cares,
The mistress withal of gigantic ambition
Still in her travail of mammoth fruition—
Fruition that rouses to strive and to spend
All worth, in the joy of attaining an end.

The echo of iron! the blasting of rock!
It breeds up a rhythm of vast syncopations,
A sound of the merging of hundreds of nations.
It's the noise of a forge, the forge of the world—
Where the scheme of the future is being unfurled,
By the voice of a Power that's still unrevealed;
Yea! the voice of a Power that shatters the sun—
With a glory untrammelled, and measured by none.

BLANCHE M. THOMAS.

GREAT WOMEN'S DAUGHTERS

BY FLORENCE LEFTWICH RAVENEL

In France, and in France only, is there a tradition of famous women. Here and there from time to time, in other lands, a feminine genius has appeared, fulfilled her appointed task and died, leaving a more or less solid achievement in science, literature or art. But set in no framework of history, with no background of custom and precedent, she has lacked the charm of perspective as well as the substantial dignity and prestige—the birthright of that slender chain of distinguished Frenchwomen of letters, beginning with Marguerite of Navarre in the sixteenth century and extending to Arvede Barine in the twentieth—which is one of the unique glories of France. And looking down the line of those whose fame has endured, substantially undimmed, I find three and three only who have possessed among all their other gifts of nature and fortune, each a daughter—a girl, whose identity of sex added to her inherited resemblance to her mother make of her, irrespective of her individual characteristics, a personage of no ordinary interest and significance. The sons of these women (and on the whole their sons outnumber their daughters) grew up average men—neither better nor worse than their fellows; but the girls were different. Each of them drew from her mother a well-marked and decided personality, while from her father and from other remoter ancestors, she inherited contrasting, even antipathetic, qualities and instincts. Each of them grew up by her mother's side, and though they differed from one another in almost every conceivable way, these three daughters had one feature in common: Françoise Marguerite de Sévigné, Comtesse de Grignan, Albertine de Staël, Duchesse de Broglie, neither more nor less than Solange Dudevant Sand, Mme. Clesinger. For each of them, love and loyalty to her famous mother was the strongest

feeling of her heart; admiration and reverence for her mother's genius the one article of faith which admitted neither question nor dispute.

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I have always been sorry for Françoise de Sévigné, though I must admit that my sympathy is grudgingly given. So ungracious and ungraceful is the nature which the mother's letters unconsciously reveal in the daughter, that all the legends of the girl's beauty bring no conviction to the mind, and in fancy we see her as stiff, conventional and unbending in form and feature as she undoubtedly was in disposition and character. Mme. de Sévigné carries her audience with her on every theme but this—the very one, alas! which she had most at heart—the charms and perfections of Françoise. Her young and dissolute father bequeathed to her a fragile and often suffering body, an extravagant taste and—perhaps—a defective sense of humor; from her mother she took her keen critical intelligence and a certain rugged, indomitable honesty and scorn of shams; while all Mme. de Sévigné's lighter, more delicate and elusive virtues, which were graces as well, went shamelessly in a body to the young Charles, the delightful, if often unedifying, scapegrace son, who divided so unevenly with Françoise the mental and spiritual heritage of the family.

It was not an easy lot, that of the girl. She was herself, and at the same time she was Mme. de Sévigné's daughter. She must move about that little brilliant sarcastic world, by the side of her popular and fascinating mother, knowing (and from a very early period she surely did know or suspect) that she supplied the most effective foil for her mother's vivacious, expansive personality. No doubt Mme. de Sévigné herself was somewhat to blame for her daughter's hard precocity. From her earliest years Françoise was a petted, over-indulged child—spoiled by her mother's friends as well as by her mother—to whose good graces a compliment or a favor to her idol was always an open sesame; and if at first both women were persuaded that the affectionate enthusiasm of Mme. de Sévigné's friends was equally warm and sincere in its appreciation of Françoise, the disillusionment that awaited them (never acknowledged by the mother) must have come with a cruel shock to the girl's moody, secretive, suspicious spirit. For neither de Bussy nor Mme.

de Lafayette, nor (with one or two exceptions) any of Mme. de Sévigné's intimates, seems really to have liked or approved of Françoise.

Child study had not been invented in the seventeenth century, and such minute and respectful attention to children's ways and words would have shocked an age when every effort was bent to ignore and disavow the period between birth and maturity. But again Françoise was different, and from a very early stage we see her later qualities and tendencies already clearly sketched in the portrait of the very little girl. From the first delightful picture, drawn by a contemporary, of the two lovely children seated in the family coach, one on each side of their charming young mother, when for the first time after the death of the Marquis they made the journey up from Brittany to Paris, each successive view that we catch of Françoise shows her always the same—a keen, sharp-edged, determined little person, proud, self-conscious, sensitive, whose habitual self-restraint was broken sometimes by one of those whirlwinds of anger—amusing enough as related by her mother's gilt-edged pen, but of evil omen, surely, for the future woman's happiness and credit.

On the other hand, nothing that art or effort could accomplish to complete and perfect her natural development, was spared by a mother who was not only an excellent judge of education, but herself a product of the very best kind. Literature Françoise did not really love; Mme. de Sévigné reproaches her gently, but with manifest sincerity, for her indifference to that general reading which furnished so priceless a solace to her mother and brother in their long dreary winters in Brittany. But in the popular philosophy of the time—in Descartes and Jansenius, and the hazy hair-splitting discussions of their schools, Françoise professed a deep and vital interest—admired but not emulated by her mother. She soon forgot her very small Latin, but of Italian she had a fair knowledge—probably of Spanish also; and her dancing was as nearly professional as that of a young patrician could decently be. From her fourteenth year, moreover, she had abundant occasion to exploit this as well as her other accomplishments, for she took a prominent part in the fêtes, masques and ballets of the young king's sumptuous court. These were her golden days; court poets celebrated her charms, court chronicles described her dancing

and—a final climax of her celebrity—it was whispered (not in her mother's hearing, we may be sure) that Louis himself was casting covetous glances at her fresh and girlish beauty. A golden moment, but a moment only! The facile admiration excited by her fair face did not deepen into affection or esteem. She had few suitors, and those that appeared she did not encourage. Perhaps ambition, perhaps only temperamental coldness, held her aloof.

Mme. de Sévigné's maternal enthusiasm meanwhile did not falter, though with the flight of the years, she came to look upon this handsome, reserved and difficult daughter as a sort of riddle of the Sphinx—to be read only by the man of destiny for whom they both waited. Five years after the deceptively brilliant *début* the mother could still write to the sugary but perfidious Bussy, in response to his two-edged inquiries: "The prettiest girl in France sends you her greetings; that is a fairly good name for her, to my mind, and yet I am weary of doing the honors for that same girl all these many years." And a little later, "The prettiest girl in France is more worthy than ever of your esteem and affection. Her destiny is so hard to foretell that I for one give it up."

It was not a romantic destiny, when at last it declared itself. To be the third wife of a middle-aged man, with embarrassed fortune and a family of grown-up children—this was surely but a tame solution of a problem so long canvassed, so eagerly discussed. But the marriage which brought such cruel loneliness and deprivation to the mother was not without its fortunate aspects after all. The young Comtesse de Grignan never professed to be in love with her husband—indeed, Françoise was no likely subject for that passion which implies, we are told, a sort of spiritual dissolution, a kind of inward disintegration and rebirth; and to such experiences this logical, self-contained, calculating nature was and remained a stranger. But in her intercourse with her husband, nevertheless, Françoise was undoubtedly at her best. The Count was a man of the highest breeding, not of conspicuous talent or even very sound judgment, but a gentleman even in his faults. Throughout their long married life together they maintained a relation of staunch comradeship and sympathetic co-operation, as also of mutual tact and forbearance, which makes of their union a very pleasant oasis in a generation of Montespans,

Lafayettes, Rochefaucaulds and Scarrons. As a mother, again, Mme. de Grignan comes into violent contrast with her own. Were not our minds full of Mme. de Sévigné's maternal devotion the attitude of the younger woman toward her daughters would seem less repulsively cold and judicial. Mme. de Sévigné's efforts to arouse and encourage in Françoise some tenderness and enthusiasm for her children, and especially for the little girl, give us a curious insight into these two so different hearts.

But it is in her relations to her mother that Mme. de Grignan especially challenges our curiosity and interest, and it is here, too, that, joining the ranks of the heretics, I am best able to understand her case and find most to plead in extenuation of her pitiful inadequacy and failure. For, Sunday School moralists to the contrary notwithstanding, a cold heart is rarely melted by contact with a warm one—nay, rather, a mere indifference and lack of active response is often changed to a positive resistance, an impulse to escape, to elude the pressure and the exacting, absorbing inroads of a love that gives and demands all. The object of a great but unreturned passion bears a heavy burden and wears inevitably a most unlovely mien. How often must poor Françoise have winced and shuddered in secret as she contemplated her own image in the minds of her mother's friends! Yet, after all, is it not a proof of this woman's integrity, of the essential soundness of her ill-starred nature, that the years which so commonly confirm and intensify the warps and twists of the natural bent, did really and greatly temper and soften the asperity of her character? The simple unpretending nobleness of her mother's life must have appealed with an ever-growing force to one accessible always, through her judgment rather than through her emotions, while the humiliating collapse of her own and her husband's ambitious schemes must surely bring into stronger relief the one perfectly unselfish love and service she had ever known. Yet when at last Mme. de Sévigné died Françoise had only stiff and stilted phrases wherewith to communicate her loss to her mother's old friends. She had not the gift of tears any more than the gift of laughter. Once more we see her as at the beginning, the victim of a contrast as inevitable as it is essentially unjust. She was too intelligent, too much a woman of her time, not to appreciate her mother's delightful literary and social gifts; yet in her

inmost heart she may perhaps have harbored always an obscure sense of injury and wrong. Since for all time she must be judged—not by the standard of the average good and clever woman which she was, but by another far higher, more delicate and exacting criterion: the criterion of her mother's unique and incomparable genius and personality.

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After Françoise de Sévigné, Albertine de Staël! Suddenly we pass from the harsh light, the sharp outlines, the crude and glaring colors of a midsummer day, into a region of perpetual twilight. The forms are blurred and faint, a silence falls over the noonday noise, a coolness breathes through the languid air. She was a lovely girl if we may judge by her portraits, with a beauty as delicate, refined and noble as her spirit. No desire of conquest or admiration seems ever to have troubled her devout, even austere, ideal of duty, or competed with her thirst for peace, for seclusion, for time and a free heart, to give to her dear ones, to her religion and to that serious and weighty reading and meditation—her taste for which was a direct legacy from her Grandmother Necker. If ever a frail and gentle being was born for the hidden and sheltered life, it was this!

But this release from the world, for which, even in early youth, she was longing, was never to be hers; and such happiness and fruition as came to her she must always snatch, as it were, in the midst of alarms. It would seem almost as if the sort of inner dread, the shrinking from life, which she could never overcome or wholly conceal, had been stamped upon her soul at birth—a penalty of the conditions under which she was born and of the well-founded terrors and anxieties of her childish experience. For years she had wandered with her mother, a fugitive through Europe, pursued by Napoleon's tyrannical spite, accompanied now by a more or less equivocal escort, again by servants, while sometimes it was those two alone against the world. And the very real perils to which she was exposed had for Albertine none of the alleviations of the sense of martyrdom or of the inward flame, the constant intellectual excitement, which tempered the miseries of exile for Mme. de Staël.

The young girl adored her mother with all the unquestioning loyalty of a neophyte and all the yearning tenderness

of a daughter, and yet, to one who reads between the lines of the younger woman's letters and the scanty records which we have of her life, there is more than a suggestion that, as she grew older, her mother's substantial and ever brightening fame acquired for her, nevertheless, something equivocal—to be dreaded as well as loved. For in spite of Mme. de Staël's steady and honorable endeavors to protect this childish mind from a premature knowledge of evil, inevitably the girl's conscience and heart were more and more clouded and oppressed by the perception of her mother's anomalous position—of that constant publicity and controversy which, with or without her own connivance, followed the daughter of Necker, the enemy of Napoleon, the author of *Corinne,* wherever she went.

We may surmise that in spite of her loyalty, her passionate partisanship, her mother's agitated tempestuous career had left deep in the young girl's soul a secret wound—never acknowledged, never healed; and, who knows? perhaps Albertine would have sacrificed all Mme. de Staël's great renown, her world-wide influence and relations, could she, by the same act, have washed from her mother's life and name every moral stain and made of her a blameless wife and mother like herself. The strain of Puritanic austerity, so marked in Mme. Necker, had revived in the third generation, in a gentler, sweeter, less aggressive form, without the dross of vanity and egotism. And now, united to a very humble estimate of her own worth and ability, Albertine had that timorous recoil from evil—that shrinking from the world, chiefly because of its power to soil and corrupt—which has in all ages driven certain pure spirits to the cloister, or, at all events, made them incapable of grappling with the ugly facts of life.

Mme. de Staël had often declared, in her intense and emphatic way, that " she should force her daughter to make a marriage of inclination." Fortunately the mother's choice for Albertine was so pre-eminently worthy that there could be no need of persuasion—of coercion. The union of the young Duke and Duchess de Broglie was complete and satisfying inwardly as it was brilliant outwardly, and advantageous from every point of view. But her marriage did not bring to the duchess her release from the world; rather it assured to her for her whole life the busy, restless, outwardly futile and frivolous existence of a " society woman "

and the mistress of a great official salon. Her published letters, many of which date from this period of social and political activity and prominence, reveal a nature of the highest and rarest moral distinction, united to a physical and nervous organization extremely fragile, and shattered probably from her earliest youth, and an intelligence which rises above the mediocre only when her eyes are turned inward upon the scene of her spiritual and emotional life. Her observations upon politics, upon literature, upon the state of the Nation, the frivolities and follies of her social world, are sound and reasonable enough, but without special savor in substance or even grace and vivacity in expression. But when the young mother suddenly is called to look upon the ruins of her House of Life her voice rises to a strain of such simple, poignant eloquence as perhaps the great Corinne could scarcely have achieved. When her oldest and best beloved daughter Pauline is snatched from her side at fourteen Mme. de Broglie finds words to interpret, not only her individual loss, but—a very different thing—the sorrows of all spirits as finely tempered as her own.

To this woman the light of day revealed, as it were, only the obvious; she had little natural affinity for joy or sunshine. But when the night began to fall, black and full of dread, there rose upon this shy and shrinking spirit a gleam of immortal light. In this dim region she moves as one at ease; all her doubts and tremors stilled, she speaks as one having authority; and with a firm hand, a sure touch, she unlocks the inmost secret of the soul. In a letter to a friend of her girlhood Mme. de Broglie writes, toward the end of her life: "When I remember all the experiences through which I have tested God's goodness, how He has upheld me in the bitterest trials, by what ways He has led me to a perfect peace, I know not how to express my gratitude to Him."

And upon this note we would gladly let the plaintive voice die away into silence; though the impression left by her letters, and the few reminiscences and anecdotes that remain, is, on the whole, less that of peace than of resigned but inveterate melancholy—so fundamental that religion, friendship, domestic affection and prosperity were alike powerless to dispel it. It would seem that of all her famous mother's conspicuous characteristics one alone had descended in full measure upon this, the best loved and most distinguished of her children; and now, unrelieved by her

fervid enthusiasms, her passionate faith in herself and in her inspired mission to mankind, as well as by others of her less exalted and noble qualities, Mme. de Staël's " incurable ennui " held tyrannical sway over a gentler, more sensitive, less brilliant and aggressive spirit, to its own fatal loss and hurt.

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Neither Françoise de Sévigné nor Albertine de Staël could be counted a very happy woman, and yet to each of them there fell a goodly portion of dignity, honor and success. No question can arise here of shipwreck, moral or material, of ruin and bankruptcy in all that makes life precious—to those at least who do not live by bread alone. We must seek new standards—must choose a new vocabulary, even—before we open the record of Solange Dudevant —Mme. Clesinger, the only daughter of George Sand. Yet it is not in the gifts of nature that we must look for this disparity. Among these three women, it is in Solange only that a spark of the divine fire smoulders—at least in youth.

When in 1828 Solange Dudevant was born, five years after her brother Maurice, the first great disillusionment had already come to George Sand. The sordid miseries of her married life had brought a rude awakening from the sort of temperamental lethargy of her earlier years, while the great emotional upheaval of the time to come was as yet undreamed of even by herself. Yet we need adopt no questionable theory of pre-natal influence to perceive that the birth and early childhood of Solange fell upon most unlucky days. George Sand's feminism was always strongly individual and took no account of systems; she professed no revolt against the limitations of sex nor the age-long immolation of mothers. But instinctively she was grasping at the whole of life; in her capacious clasp she sought to enfold all joy, all emotion, all experiences known to humanity; and however such magnificent aspirations may fall in with advanced modern theories, they have in practice been judged hitherto inconsistent with motherhood.

Solange was five years old during her mother's memorable first winter in Italy and her overwhelming adventure with de Musset. For the time all saner impulses and feelings were overpowered, all normal interests and duties blotted out; and though, after a season, reason returned and with it, as always, a keen solicitude for her children's well

being, yet the mother, with characteristic optimism, seems to have looked to her own direct precepts—always, let us say to her honor, admirably wholesome, sound, sincere and practical—to neutralize such failure in her example as might have filtered through to the young girl's ears and understanding. But alas! here she was reckoning without Solange. For Solange incarnated from her earliest years those qualities, good and bad, most alien, antipathetic, unintelligible, even, to her mother's nature and taste. Far from condemning the temperamental exuberance of George Sand's youth, Solange would appear to have admired it, to have envied its romantic excesses—that tremendous fullness of life and faith and hope which enabled the young author of *Lélia* to move straight and swiftly to her goal in the face of all laws and conventions. Such a youth, such conquests, such loves, would have been to Solange an ideal career, and it is only the sober, laborious, *bourgeois* side of the picture and of her mother's nature—never really effaced even in her most tempestuous escapades—that would have seemed prosaic, dull, intolerable to her daughter's luxurious, even somewhat snobbish taste. To float idly in a gondola on the Grand Canal, a lover at her feet, the songs of boatmen and the plash of moonlit waves in her ears—Solange could have done that, too, with incomparable grace; but the long hours of arduous labor that followed—reaching far into the night—the urgent appeals to publishers in Paris, the unsleeping dread of failing resources, sickness and debt; these were quite inconsistent with Solange's idea of romance. Moreover, however cordial her admiration for her mother might be, it must be conceded that the grounds of it were not such as give weight and sanction to parental counsels, exhortations or reproofs; and, as I have said elsewhere, Fate in its most revengeful mood could scarcely have devised a subtler yet more efficacious punishment for George Sand's many faults than the sort of travesty of her own career, the parody on her own brave fight for freedom, her revolt against social tyranny, offered by the tragi-comedy of her daughter's life.

The story of Solange, her long, stormy, frivolous, most unedifying career, is unhappy and disappointing almost from the beginning. Her wayward childhood—periods of maternal neglect followed by intervals of anxious, careful, too strenuous training at home or at school; her capricious

girlhood, here perversity and charm seem for a moment to hold the balance even; her early, inexplicable marriage to one whose unworthiness she seems perfectly to have known and whom she married perhaps quite as much with the object of displeasing and humiliating her mother as for her own satisfaction; her wretched married life with its continual quarrels and still more frequent financial crises, its short intervals of factitious prosperity and notoriety, followed by long desert stretches of poverty, sordid expedients and an ever accelerating moral *dégringolade:* are they not all written in the many chronicles of George Sand's life and times?

And of all natures hers was, as I have said, the least fitted to appeal to George Sand, to whom the word *caprice* was unintelligible, and who could write of this same Solange, "This creature whom I have brought into the world,—I have nursed her, whipped her, adored her, spoiled and scolded, punished and forgiven, and yet—in spite of it all she has remained to me a stranger!"

Emotionally, always, a shadow and barren soil, passionate without tenderness, never quite oblivious of the gallery even in her deepest experiences, Solange yet possessed an intellectual gift that is likely to keep a place for her so long as George Sand is remembered among men. She was dazzlingly, delightfully witty. Her letters have a felicity of touch, an airy grace and lightness that disarm our displeasure, even as, in her lifetime, they so often turned the edge of her mother's rebukes and drew from her a half reluctant smile. For the sallies of Solange are often as keen and cruel as they are brilliant, and serve to convey her bitterness of spirit, her ironical scorn of herself and of others—in itself half a pose. She had occasionally a spurt of industry, a gust of ambition which carried her fluently through all the preliminary plans and programs of her literary undertakings even to the verge of their bibliographies, but evaporated infallibly under the strain of the first week's work. A dilettante in all things, she never took herself seriously in any relation; and over words and gestures, feelings and opinions there hangs always a suspicion of unreality which dries our tears, checks our sympathy, and in time enables us to understand and in part to share George Sand's—at first—rather disconcerting attitude toward this her only daughter. Her mother had for Solange

beside a purely natural and instinctive affection a great and troubled solicitude, passing in turn, under our very eyes, to a sentiment compounded of pity, terror and contempt. How far the great and famous author felt herself responsible for this shipwrecked existence, this warped and perverted career, we cannot tell—whether conscience ever smote her, in her long and honorable maturity and later years, with the insinuation that among all the errors, the pleasant vices of her passionate youth, Solange herself was the worst, the most indestructible, the most fatal by far: this we shall never know. So far as we can tell, that proud head was never bowed to God or man in the humility of sincere repentance.

Poor Solange! no doubt she hated sermons, and cared little to serve her generation either as warning or example. But posterity has pressed her into service, nevertheless. The moral that George Sand would not heed we are here to enforce. The legend from which she averted her eyes is writ large across the page of history.

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Nature is not unjust or cruel, but she is no spendthrift either, and her reckonings hold over from one generation to another. Those three daughters of genius were not happy women; half unconsciously they dwelt each in the shadow of her famous mother—of the high, imposing personality that went before, and shut out from her too much of the light of common day. And that is, after all, the only light by which the uninspired children of men can walk securely, uprightly and in peace.

If Françoise, Albertine and Solange could speak to us without constraint there might well come from the depths of each heart, free from all conventions, proprieties and obligations, the words of the old adage—with a difference: "Happy the daughters whose mothers have no history!"

Florence Leftwich Ravenel.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

The Greatest Music in the World, and a New Interpretation of It.—Some Adventures with the Futurists: Schönberg, Stravinsky, and Ornstein.—Mr. Shaw's "Major Barbara."

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THERE should have been what Whitman calls "adornments and feastings" at the Metropolitan Opera House last month when *Tristan und Isolde* was given for the first time this season: for the date of the performance was within a few months of *Tristan's* semi-centennial—it was a half-century ago that the greatest music in the world was first heard in public. The precise date was June 10, 1865. As New Yorkers are not interested in music (without dancing) in the summer-time, we could scarcely have hoped for an anniversary performance of *Tristan* in June; but it seems a pity that the earliest succeeding date when a performance would have been feasible—which happened to be the first day of December—should not have been noted and celebrated as a gala event. The auditorium might have been adorned with smilax; a representative of the management might have delivered a few commemorative remarks from the stage; the ushers might at least have worn *boutonnières*. But in America we take no note of such merely æsthetic anniversaries. As Mark Twain said concerning our garrulously complaining attitude toward the weather, "nothing is ever done." So nothing was done at the Metropolitan's *Tristan* performance. The auditorium and the ushers wore their usual aspects; the management was inarticulate; and the audience behaved as if the event had been no event at all, or only an ordinary repetition of *Madame Butterfly* or *La Gioconda*.

Yet the première of *Tristan* fifty years ago was an affair of momentous consequence to the art of music. Indeed, it would be hard to exaggerate its importance. If there had

been no *Tristan*, what we now know as modern music would not exist. Doubtless we should have had to-day some kind of music; but it would have been a very different thing from that which we actually possess. For modern music without *Tristan* is inconceivable. Look wherever you please in the music of the last three decades: French music or German, Russian or Italian, English or American: and you will find, somewhere,—in a modulation or a melodic turn, a chord or a sequence,—some reminder of *Tristan*. In this score Wagner gave music a new language, incomparably rich, various, and expressive. Through technical devices of unexampled audacity, he liberated music from the constraining moulds of traditional form that had, from the beginning, prevented its attainment of perfect freedom and flexibility of movement. In particular, he demolished the partitions between the different keys. What the admirable Johann Sebastian Bach had once done as a *tour de force*, what Beethoven and Weber and Chopin and Liszt had attempted timorously or experimentally, Wagner did as a settled and regular matter of procedure. His music is as untrammeled, as superbly careless of boundaries and barriers, as a mountain torrent.

The achievement seems to-day very much a matter of course; a thing long familiar, to which we are thoroughly and affectionately habituated. But fifty years ago its effect was convulsing: for some, it was as the revelation of a new heaven and a new earth; for the many, it was sheer chaos. Heinrich Dorn, the eminent pedagogue, declared that in this score, harmony was "used in a way that scoffs at its very name"; of melody there was "practically none." The great Hanslick found it "bombastic," "an assassination of sense." Others saw in it only "higher cat-music," "a monstrosity," "a tone-chaos of heart-rending chords." All of which, and much more of a like order, you may find embalmed, for the edification of posterity, in Mr. Henry T. Finck's delightful and invaluable *vade mecum* for the devoted Wagnerite, *Wagner and His Works*. To-day, as we have indicated, *Tristan* is milk for babes. The young ladies' finishing-schools are taken to it in droves. Its once revolutionary dissonances are merely the starting-point for the youthful composer. That famous modulation in the love-duo which evoked an indignant protest from Louis Ehlert, distinguished critic and composer, seems to us as natural and inoffensive as the harmony in *Three Blind Mice*.

Out of this score has been woven the texture of our normal musical thought—it is to-day implicit and fundamental in our musical thinking and our musical speech; so that it is possible to say, with but slight exaggeration, that if you dig deep enough into any modern score (even Brahms is not exempt!), you will come upon the priceless gold, sometimes a little tarnished, of this inexhaustible treasury of inspiration.

We have spoken lightly of the simplicity and familiarity and approachableness that *Tristan* wears for the musical world of to-day—and, in fact, so much a part of the intellectual fiber of modernity has it become that one can scarcely imagine the prodigious effect of its initial disclosure a half-century ago. Yet even to-day how overwhelming is the impression made by this music!—not by its strangeness, its revolutionary quality, but by its ineffable beauty, its terrible eloquence, its crowding miracles of inspiration, the amazing, the incomparable genius that flames through it from the first note to the last. For twenty years we have been listening to it; through sixty performances we have watched its loveliness unfold and have been silent in the presence of its heights and depths. Here indeed are "thoughts that wander through eternity." Here is an altar and an altar fire before which the proudest must bow in reverence; a temple of the spirit wherein we would fain believe that the divinity that broods within is repeating the sublime affirmation of the Gita: "I am Beauty itself amid beautiful things."

In the case of such a masterwork as this, a fresh interpretation is an artistic event. *Tristan* has this season a new interpreter in the person of Mr. Arthur Bodanzky, the young Austrian conductor who has come to the Metropolitan to do the work of Mr. Hertz, now engaged in the musical evangelization of California, and, in part, of Mr. Toscanini, at present patriotically occupied in Italy. Many conductors have wreaked themselves upon *Tristan* at the Metropolitan since its consummate interpreter, Anton Seidl, died in 1898. We have had *Tristan* according to Messrs. Schalk, Damrosch, Hertz, Mottl, Mahler, and Toscanini. Of these, Mr. Toscanini, always an exquisite artist and an interpreter of extraordinary gifts, came nearest to satisfying the tests that are applied to conductors of *Tristan* by those who know and love it best. He made it a thing of ravishing beauty and poetry; but he did not make it the

heart-shaking thing of blood and tears, of blended flesh and spirit, of infinite rapture and infinite anguish, that Seidl made it. Mr. Bodanzky is, we believe, a disciple of Gustav Mahler, and his way is Mahler's way. That way is to reduce the prominence of the orchestra and to enhance the prominence of the voices; an admirable way, for besides being pleasant for the singers, it permits the text to be clearly heard, and it enables some of Wagner's loveliest writing to make its full effect. The trouble with this method is—as more than one commentator has pointed out since people began to pay more heed to what Wagner wrote in his scores than to what he wrote in his exegetical excursions—that a good deal of *Tristan* (as of the later music-dramas in general) is in effect a symphonic poem for the opera-house, to which the voice-parts were seemingly joined with whatever felicity the orchestral proceedings allowed. This tonal cabinet-work has been, in the main, very wonderfully and perfectly done by Wagner; but sometimes, as in Isolde's *Liebestod,* for example, it is so far from successful that this part of the score loses nothing whatever (save in the last three measures for the voice, with the final and indescribable F-sharp) by performance in the concert-room. There are a good many other portions of the score which are in a similar case. To magnify the importance of the voices in these passages, and to subdue the torrent of orchestral tone upon which they are borne, is often, therefore, to sacrifice the greater for the less. It is, of course, possible to love the song of the orchestra too much and the song of the singers too little. It is clear that in certain pages Wagner intended to lay chief emphasis upon the voice-parts—as in the passage just before the close of the second act, where Tristan asks Isolde if she will follow him into death. Here the intended effect is clearly that of sustained lyric speech for the voices and mere accompaniment for the orchestra. But such passages are comparatively infrequent; and it is because Mr. Bodanzky fails to appreciate this fact that we find his reading less than satisfying. We have nothing but praise for his poetic sensibility, his skill and taste in nuance, his dramatic fervor, his usually right instinct in the disposition of rhetorical emphasis and in the choice of tempos (though we are still wondering why he took the exultant piping of the shepherd which announces the appearance of Isolde's ship

at so lethargic a pace). We have seldom heard the noble music of King Marke's reproach so touchingly delivered by the orchestra; and where there are no voices to think about—as in the mighty passage which prepares the entrance of Tristan into Isolde's tent—this conductor can be superb. He is ineffectual in the *Liebestod;* and he makes little of that passage which, at times, we feel to mark very nearly the summit of Wagner's achievements as a worker of marvels in tone: the ecstatic intermezzo which accompanies the speechless embrace of the lovers on their couch of flowers, through which the warning tones of Brangäne are heard from the castle tower. Here the distant voice of the watcher should be borne dimly to us across the symphonic flood—it should sound to us, as to the entranced lovers, like a voice heard vaguely through a rapturous dream. Mr. Bodanzky and Mme. Matzenauer (the Brangäne of the performance) made it sound like a conventional operatic solo with conventionally subordinate accompaniment. All the poetry of the scene was dissipated; and so were its musical values.

On the whole, Mr. Bodanzky's *Tristan* is a version in miniature. It is planned on a small scale. Within its limits, it is vivid, beautiful, intense; but it lacks height and breadth and depth.

We have referred to Dr. Hanslick's opinion of *Tristan.* It is diverting to imagine what he would have said about the particular musical problem of our own day: the outgivings of the "futurists" (an unsatisfactory designation, borrowed as it is from a sister art, but sufficiently definite and comprehensible as an indication). If the good Doctor lost his temper over the hideousness of *Tristan,* what sort of reaction would the music of Schönberg and Stravinsky and Ornstein have called forth? It is an amusing but idle speculation. Nowadays reviewers do not lose their tempers when they hear forbidding and nonconformist music—or, if they do, they generally try to conceal the fact. Like Mr. A. B. Frost's militant mule Violet, we have learned our lesson, and have become wary. It is no longer good critical form to call a composer "crazy" merely because you find his music puzzling and repellent. To-day our methods, both defensive and offensive, are more circumspect. We permit ourselves to dismiss the disturbing phenomenon as mere

" noise "; or we adopt the even simpler expedient of denying that it is music at all; whilst those of a suspicious nature are satisfied to question the composer's sincerity.

But what, after all, is the critic to do when he is confronted with music in which he can find neither beauty nor order?—such music, say, as Mr. Leo Ornstein's new sonata for violin and piano, wherein many of the harmonic combinations are achieved by the naïve procedure of sounding together as many of the notes of the chromatic scale as the pianist can strike? The trunks of certain of Mr. Ornstein's chords in this work bear branches sprouting to left and right, all heavily laden with notes like the fruit on an apple-tree. To aid the perplexed executant in playing these chords on the keyboard, the composer presents explanatory diagrams and footnotes, in which you are told how to hit certain keys with the thumb, others with the fingers, others with the palm. Now what, we say, is the most tolerant of critics, with the most hospitable of ears, to say in the presence of such music, if he finds in it neither eloquence nor design? Obviously, he should say, with The Raven, only that and nothing more. To say that Mr. Ornstein is crazy would be presumptuous; to say that he is insincere would be impertinent; to say that his music is mere " noise," or that it is not music at all, would be unscientific—for no one really knows the difference between " noise " and " music." The critics of fifty years ago who said that *Tristan* was " noise " rather than " music " were not ignoramuses: they were men of culture, of wide æsthetic experience. Let us not forget what Professor Saintsbury says in his *History of Criticism.* If we change the term he uses, " words," so that it reads " tones," we shall get this: " I do not know—and I do not believe any one knows, however he may juggle with terms—why certain tones arranged in certain order stir one like the face of the sea, or like the face of a girl, while certain other arrangements leave one absolutely indifferent or excite boredom or dislike." That is undeniably disheartening, but it is as undeniably true. Such being the truth, what does it profit us to affirm that Mr. Ornstein's staggering collocations of tones are mere " noise," to deny that they are " music "? The fact that those unfortunate æstheticians who so confidently alleged the same thing about Wagner are now known to have been wrong, is enough, in all conscience, to frighten the most redoubtable critic of to-day—is enough, perhaps,

to scare him into a politic dishonesty: for what if Mr. Ornstein is another Wagner, or at least another Strauss? Yet the prudent commentator will think twice before pretending admiration for that which he does not really like, since it is always possible that Mr. Ornstein is *not* a Wagner, nor yet a Strauss; and how much better it is that we should seem to posterity to have known too little, rather than to have known, in the phrase of the late Artemus Ward, "so much that ain't so"?

So we shall be content with saying that we do not like this *dernier cri* of musical futurism. It seems to us impotent rather than ugly—singularly sterile, singularly dull. But we have heard lately other music, by other "futurists," in which we find a value and interest that we miss in this sonata of Mr. Ornstein's.

We in New York have been treated, during the past few weeks, to a kind of progressive exhibition of futuristic music. We have heard the *Kammersymphonie* of Schönberg, produced by the Society of the Friends of Music, and the *Pélléas et Mélisande* of the Austrian insurgent, played by the Philharmonic; and only the other day the Flonzaleys exhibited to us the *Three Pieces for Quartet* by Igor Stravinsky, which are so new that the ink is barely dry upon the manuscript.

It must be confessed that, after Mr. Ornstein's horrendous sonata, all of this music seems rather tame. Schönberg's *Pélléas*, indeed, is "futuristic" only in spots; the rest of it is desiccated Wagner or diluted Strauss; and in none of it do we find either the slightest suggestion of inspiration or the least intimation of the unique dramatic, poetic, and emotional quality of Maeterlinck's play. Much of the score is trite and banal; its passion is rhetoric; its attempts at pathos and loveliness are insipid and sentimental—higher salon-music. But this was not a typical Schönberg piece—it is fourteen years old. The *Kammersymphonie* (dating from 1906) more nearly represents the real and controversial Schönberg, the formidable ultra-modern of to-day, though it is probably regarded with contempt by its creator. The opening portion of the work seemed to us abortive, and at times imitative of other men's styles; but in the middle section and the close there are pages of subtle and piercing beauty; thoughts that are both new and impressive.

Both of these compositions, however, would sound conventional if played on the same program with the *Three Pieces for Quartet* produced by the Flonzaleys. This was program-music in little, though Stravinsky, with the coyness displayed by many writers of delineative music, has been amusingly indirect in his manner of announcing the programs of which his pieces are illustrations. He chose to confide them privately to the gentlemen of the Flonzaley Quartet, who in turn confided them to Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, who in turn confided them to the audience from the platform of Æolian Hall just before the performance. The first piece, it appears, aims to portray a scene in the desert, with a group of peasants singing and dancing to the accompaniment of primitive instruments. The second is a scene in a cathedral, with chanting priests and organ music. The third tells the eternal tragedy of Pierrot, who must perform his tricks though his heart is breaking. These pieces (Stravinsky calls them "Grotesques") are remarkable for their power of imaginative projection. They are almost absurdly short—the first takes less than a minute to perform, the others three or four each; yet within their extraordinarily brief compass, each one succeeds in painting a scene, in establishing a mood. You are in the desert with the peasants; in the cathedral with the chanting priests; you are watching the tragic-comedian, Pierrot. Music that can do this is not to be laughed out of court. Whether, aside from its pictorial and dramatizing vividness, it has value, we do not feel sure. As music *per se*, the first and third movements seem unimportant; but there is in the second movement, at least (the cathedral scene), a touch of something that we almost dare to call beauty.

In all of this writing of Schönberg's and Stravinsky's that we have been considering, there are recognizable links with the great traditions of music, both classic and modern. This, after all, is a very mild kind of "futurism" indeed: if these two æsthetic adventurers would learn the veritable speech of to-morrow, let them go to school to Mr. Ornstein, with his sonata for violin and piano under their arms.

Certainly destiny fights on the side of Bernard Shaw. A few weeks ago Miss Grace George and her associates produced at The Playhouse Mr. Shaw's *Major Barbara*. Now *Major Barbara* was written ten years ago, when there was

no war—or rather (like Sarah Bernhardt's celebrated baby), " such a little one " that it did not count; yet, hearing the play to-day, you would swear it was written only yesterday, so perfectly does it serve as a commentary on present conditions. In it you will find discussions about the morality of force and the crime of inefficiency (Mr. Shaw calls it " the crime of poverty "); about the munition-manufacturers and the ethics of cannon-making, the sweetness and light that may be disseminated through the agency of gunpowder. You will even find the word " preparedness " (though this, to be sure, occurs in Mr. Shaw's preface). If this is not a case of prophetic inspiration, it must prove that, as we observed, the gods do watch over this fortunate mortal.

Major Barbara has, of course, long been available for Shavian zealots in book-form (it was published in 1907); yet to see it for the first time in the theatre is to encounter almost a new thing—at least that is what happens when you witness the delightfully expert and vivifying production at The Playhouse. Before we saw it on the stage, we were not convinced of its place among the best of Mr. Shaw's performances. We no longer have any doubts. This superb comedy is one of the treasures of the contemporary drama.

It is an inexpugnable tradition of theatrical criticism that Mr. Shaw cannot create character—that his people are mere puppets, mere " mouthpieces " for the author's ideas. Like many other critical traditions, it isn't so. It is almost as absurdly wrong as some of the famous traditions affectionately cherished by critics of music, who are perhaps more passionately attached to fallacious *clichés* than any other order of æsthetic appraisers—you will still find them insisting, with undaunted certainty, that in Wagner the music is the handmaid of the drama; that Debussy " renounced melody," and that he lacks virility; and that all the great composers are dead. And similarly, in the theatre, this droll tradition regarding Mr. Shaw's inability to create character persists, and will of course continue to persist. But let the theatre-goer of virgin mind (if there be any such) honestly ask himself if he believes that " Dolly " Cusins, and Lady Brit, and " Snobby " Price, and Barbara, and Bill Walker, not to speak of the great Undershaft himself, are mere " mouthpieces " for the author's ideas, or if they are authentic and vivid personalities? And then observe with what mastery Shaw has set these char-

acters in opposition; and what a fine and veritable sense of drama (spiritual and emotional) he gives you at the end of his second act through this tension and conflict of wills. And when you have observed these things, consider the sustained intellectual gusto and power and virtuosity of the whole thing—its eloquence, its wisdom, its poetry, its exquisite irony, its unflagging wit, its many-sided comprehension, its passion, its tenderness (none the less visible for being so elaborately suppressed). Where else in the contemporary theatre will you get as much? And if you *must* have beauty and elevation, why, that too you will find here, if you listen carefully at the close of the last act to the dialogue of Miss George's perfectly achieved Barbara and to Mr. Ernest Lawford's no less perfectly achieved Dolly, alias Euripides.—An inimitable play; a memorable performance.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

ALL that Benham wanted was to be king of the world. He admitted it frankly to Amanda—Amanda, whose hair was misty dark; whose sweetness and nearness and magic, whose very charm, were making Benham more grimly resolute to break away, to start out upon his quest for kinghood. For already Benham had thought out and judged Amanda. She was not interested in his quest. He had told her that he wanted to "understand the collective life of the world," because ultimately he wanted to control it. It was with amazement and incredulity, with indignation, that she learned of his mad project: learned that he was actually proposing to go off by himself upon this vague, extravagant research; that all her admirable endeavors to make a social position for him in London counted for nothing with him—that he was thinking of himself as separable from her.

It was not strange that Amanda could not understand. Doubtless she remembered that not distant time of their first meeting on the road to South Harting, when Benham encountered her, "a light, tall figure of a girl, brown, flushed, her dark hair tossing loose," as she was trying to intercede in a dog fight. Of course Benham had come to her rescue; and it was not long after this that they had kissed (for it should further be noted that Amanda's voice was "all music," that she had a "glowing face," and an eyebrow "like a quick stroke of a camel's-hair brush"). Benham had given Amanda a copy of Plato's *Republic*, and Amanda had said she would read it through and through,—"she loved such speculative reading"; for Amanda, though the possessor of both passion and pulchritude, was not without

[1] *The Research Magnificent.* By H. G. Wells. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1915.

intellect. Moreover, she was a free soul, "as clean as the wind." She made Benham feel that "there was a sword in her spirit." So Amanda had read the *Republic;* she not only read it, but she read it very intently and thoughtfully, in the armchair by the lamp, "occasionally turning over a page" —from which it might have been deduced that William Porphyry Benham, with his face of "enthusiastic paleness" and the "glowing darkness" of his eyes, had effected a rather definite reaction in Amanda. And soon after, in the garden of Amanda's home at Harting, concealed by artichokes and apple-trees, Benham had told her that he wanted her, and they had embraced, "alertly furtive" (Amanda had not known about poor little Mrs. Skelmersdale, who "wasn't altogether respectable," but who nevertheless had been to Benham "the most subtle, delightful, and tender of created beings"—though she had amazing streaks of vulgarity. *That* experience had of course been thrilling and delicious . . . "what can compare with the warmth of blood and the sheen of sunlit limbs?" It was true that the quixotic Benham, after he fell in love with Amanda, had had a sudden wild impulse to marry Mrs. Skelmersdale, "in a mood between remorse and self-immolation." But just then a vision of "a sunlit young woman with a leaping stride in her paces had passed across his heavens." So he contented himself with kissing Mrs. Skelmersdale,—this was on a bench in Kensington Gardens,—and they had wept a little together . . . This "sex business" was a damnable business). And so Amanda and Benham had married, and had gone off upon an incomparably wonderful honeymoon, climbing mountains and swimming in the warm waters of legendary lakes and loving each other with extraordinary ardor—"in chestnut wood and olive orchards and flower-starred alps and pine forests and awning-covered boats, and by sunset and moonlight and starshine."

All these things—excepting the Mrs. Skelmersdale episode—must have been in Amanda's thoughts this night as she stood with her husband at the window in the late London twilight, her straight, slender body in the dinner-dress of white and pale green, and the sweet lines of her neck and shoulders, looking (as they should have looked to the great dreamer Benham) singularly lovely and provocative. She had even begun to talk about children, having set herself to cultivate "a philoprogenitive enthusiasm"; for, as she

told herself, he could not leave her if she were going to have a child. But Benham had said yes, he wanted children, but that he must go round the world none the less, and he must go alone: because she would not be interested in his ambitions and projects—she would be interested only through him.

And then for the first time Amanda learnt precisely what it was that Benham wanted: "I think what I want," he told her quite simply, "is to be king of the world." It does not surprise us to know that Amanda stared at him. There are, he explains to her, no kings but pitiful kings. Dreadful things—miseries, inhumanities, unspeakable tragedies—happen "because the kings love their Amandas and do not care." And what is there that Benham can do about it? Well, he can do his utmost to find out what is wrong with his world, and rule it, and set it right. This kingship, he says, is his life. "It is the very core of me. Much more than you are. I mean to be a king in this earth. *King.* I'm not mad . . . I see the world staggering from misery to misery, and there is little wisdom, less rule, folly, prejudice, limitation . . . and it is my world and I am responsible. As soon as this light comes to you, as soon as your kingship is plain to you, there is no more rest, no peace, no delight, except in work, in service, in utmost effort."

And so Benham set out upon his great labor, his mighty quest, the Research Magnificent, of which all his life he had dreamed. He had had, from a time quite early in life, "an incurable, an almost innate, persuasion that he had to live life nobly and thoroughly." He called this noble and thorough living "the aristocratic life"—by which, you understand from the start, he means something that is not connoted by the thought of peers and princes: "nobility for him was to get something out of his individual existence, a flame, a jewel, a splendor." It was something apart from the conventional life, which is a choice between a merely good life and a merely bad life, between "the bridegrooms of pleasure and the bridegrooms of duty"—the old and perpetual choice. "I say now to you," he told his friend Prothero, "that this life is not good enough for me. I know that there is a better life possible now—a better individual life and a better public life . . . Now this better life is what I mean when I talk of Aristocracy: its way of thinking is Science, its dreaming is Art, its will is the purpose of Mankind."

To realize this life in all its fulness, to impose this dream upon the consciousness of humanity, was the object of Benham's great journey through the world, which took him far and led him into Odyssean adventures. To establish this republic of mankind, to enter into this unseen kingship, this beneficently aristocratic ruling of the globe, you must, of course, have overcome the three chief limitations of the personal life. These are Fear, Indulgence (elsewhere Benham is satisfied to call it "Sex"), and Jealousy—these restrict the soul of man. Fear and Sex he had already met and overcome. But the greatest of these obstacles is Jealousy, "because it can use pride"; and it was jealousy that brought Benham back to London because of suspicions concerning Amanda. When, taking her by surprise, he found her embracing her lover, Sir Philip Easton, in his own hall, he set forth again upon his quest. It was at Johannesburg, during the Rand outbreak in 1913, that he came to the end of the great quest. Does it matter, he had been saying to his friend White, if we work at something that will take a hundred years or ten thousand years? "It will never come in our lives, White. Not soon enough for that. But when one comes to death, then everything is at one's finger-tips. I can feel that greater world I shall never see as one feels the dawn coming through the last darkness." . . .

It is a curious fact—the significance of which we are not prepared to divulge—that in England, where there is little interest in ideas, the novel of ideas has yet at times come to so superb a flowering. Only Mr. Wells, only an Englishman, could have given us such a thing as *The Research Magnificent*—not even the amazing M. Romain Rolland could have accomplished just this blend of largeness and pungency, shrewdness and imagination, breadth and swiftness, actuality and vision. Here is a book at once epical and intense—the book of a dreamer who is also a seer; a dramatist who is also a lyric poet; a philosopher who has walked among men. Here, in short, is a masterpiece—a book that enlarges and exalts the sense of life, that brings back to us the noble saying of Richter: that there will come a time when man shall awaken from his lofty dreams, and find his dreams still there, "and that nothing has gone save his sleep."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

It is with exceptionally keen anticipation and with more than the usual degree of that friendly interest and pride which notable men inspire in their fellow countrymen that Americans of all sorts will turn to the *Life and Letters of John Hay.* Here, one feels, is the story of no ordinary character, and of no single or limited achievement. John Hay impressed himself upon the minds of multitudes who had no direct acquaintance with him, as a man both large-minded and versatile—at once a man of culture and a man of affairs, a thorough American and yet a cosmopolitan, a poet and humorist of the type of James Russell Lowell, and also one of the ablest men who have held the office of Secretary of State in this country. His life covers a period of which we are the immediate spiritual heirs. Toward the time just preceding the Civil War most native Americans look back with a peculiarly strong feeling of affinity; the Civil War itself is the great event that has mattered most to the lives of all of us; the period of readjustment following the War is felt almost as a part of our own times, and merges into the more recent years which we are just beginning to see as historic. As interpreting this period, no man's opinions and personal reactions could well be more interesting than John Hay's. Hay was both a keen observer and in no small degree a shaper of events. His field of knowledge and experience was wide. He was too big, too sensitive of soul, and too many-sided, to escape the full effect of the spiritual tendencies of his time; moreover, he was gifted with rare powers of expression.

The expectancy roused by such considerations meets with a full measure of satisfaction in the book which William Roscoe Thayer has given us. Mr. Thayer has had ample material to work with, and he has handled it with wisdom and with appreciation. While refraining from the attempt to write a political history, he is of course obliged to supply a narrative framework for the *Letters* and thus to touch upon political events. In so doing he provides not merely framework, but background; and it is worth remarking that this

background, instead of being wholly neutral, is a positive element in the interest of the work. Similarly, Mr. Thayer in his interpretation of the personality of John Hay, both as boy and man, by no means confines himself to eulogy or to obvious comment. In general, whether he is dealing with Hay as a private person, as a writer, or as a statesman, he identifies himself, more successfully than most biographers do, with what may be called the normal as distinct from the neutral point of view. The *Life and Letters,* then, is not a work of the sort in which valuable facts and interesting excerpts are set in a matrix of platitudes and colorless narrative.. So far as possible, John Hay is allowed to speak for himself, but where interpretation is needed, it is given with vigor and good sense.

Simply as a life-story, awakening personal interest and sympathy, the *Life and Letters* is remarkably rewarding. The account of John Hay's youth, of his college days, of the time spent at home after his graduation during which he regarded himself as " a poet in exile," is charming in its portrayal of youthful naïveté, enthusiasm, and harmless self-pity. Surely the romance of college life has seldom found more normal and unself-conscious expression than in the young John Hay's letters home. And where may one find any letters to compare with those which he sent from the " barbarous West " to those much venerated poetesses, Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman and Miss Nora Perry?—letters expressed in the true Parnassian dialect, full of the sincere milk of admiration, and revealing a very pretty talent for that sort of thing. The effect of genuineness and of abounding life in John Hay's letters continues after naïveté has given place to intellectual mastery, and even through the later times of heavy responsibility and irksome care.

The part of the life-story which has the strongest appeal is, naturally, the period of Hay's association with Lincoln. In the quotations from Hay's diary and from his letters of this period, there is much that is more or less familiar; but it is all newly told and some of it is substantially new. The story and Hay's notes not only show Lincoln as Hay saw him, but they show Hay as the associate and admirer of Lincoln. The connection is of advantage in both ways.

Undeniably there is a falling off in the interest of the life-story in the time following the death of Lincoln; the lack of the atmosphere of Lincoln's presence is perhaps unduly felt. It is only after a considerable time that the reader begins to realize that John Hay's life has an atmosphere of its own, quite distinct from that of Lincoln —more restless and more modern—and that it is precisely this which gives it its peculiar interest. The letters and bits of narrative which tell of Hay's life as a diplomat, at Paris, at Vienna and at Madrid, of his work as an author, of his experience as a journalist, of his friends, his political opinions, his sentiments and his whims, have the highest intellectual and human value. Unforgettable is Hay's portrayal of Napoleon III—a description as striking as any

of Carlyle's characterizations and far more convincing. Valuable, too, are his accounts of Spanish political leaders of the period. Hay's friendships, too, especially his relations with the circle of Washington friends which included Henry Adams and Clarence King, are extraordinarily rich in the kind of self-expression that possesses something of universal appeal; the letters of Hay and his friends are in an unusual degree both intimate and publishable. A later series of letters gives a singularly attractive and warmly lifelike picture of Theodore Roosevelt as his friend John Hay saw him. Wit, insight, political comment animated and penetrating, abound in the *Letters*, and in whatever Hay earnestly wrote there is a sense of reality such as lesser minds never reach.

Finally the *Life and Letters* shows us John Hay as a statesman; it reveals his attitude regarding the first Canal treaty and the later revolution in Panama; it gives something of his intimate feelings and opinions in relation to the Chinese contest which culminated in the most brilliant triumph of his career; it proves Hay's early understanding of what Mr. Thayer calls "the German menace." This part of the *Life*, as we said, does not pretend to be political history; but it does show statesmanship in action and it enables us to see the human side of a great statesman.

The most distinctive feature of the *Life and Letters* is, perhaps, the sense it gives of the time-spirit as transmitted through the personality of one man. John Hay's life seems to epitomize the inward feeling of the period through which he lived. It is a period of transition and of disturbed consciousness. Provincial Americanism gives way to cosmopolitan feeling; there appears to be a struggle between Puritan steadfastness and the romantic spirit—a struggle that tended to result in what is sometimes inaccurately called "bad conscience," a sense of inward differences. It may be that in attempting to read such meanings through the life-story of John Hay one generalizes without due warrant or misinterprets the meaning of certain elements in the *Life* itself: certainly Hay's occasional fits of depression and a noticeable casualness in a part of his life should not be overstressed as elements of his character. But the fact that the *Life and Letters* tempts one, far more than do most biographies, to this kind of generalization, testifies to the existence in it of deep personal and social significances.

THE PROBLEM OF KNOWLEDGE. By Douglas Clyde Macintosh, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The sane view of philosophy and metaphysics would seem to be that these are not bodies of truths that require to be demonstrated before men may believe in the evidence of their senses or permit themselves to have faith in any reality behind appearances; but that

they are really efforts to draw nearer to a presupposed reality. The effort of philosophy is just an extension of the effort of common sense and of science, and at one time in the evolutions of human intelligence what we now call common sense must have been metaphysical. If this be true, man as a thinker in the ordinary sense is justified in taking for granted the reality presupposed in both the effort of common sense and the effort of philosophy; but man as a philosopher may not presuppose anything. Man as a philosopher is engaged—*pace* the Positivists—in an effort to enlarge the sphere of human knowledge, to attain to a new level of consciousness—an effort just as inevitable and just as legitimate as was that of common sense. It is true that the philosopher leaves his faith behind him—just as the poet or mystic, each in his own way engaged in a similar attempt, seems frequently to leave his five wits behind him;—but this is the necessary condition that results from the very nature of the problem. It would seem unreasonable, then, to allow the skepticism of philosophers to shape our practical faith, for this skepticism is a method rather than a result. But the philosopher himself must be held to his method; in him faith is dogmatism. One's estimate of a philosopher, according to this view, should be based first upon his method and secondarily upon his results. The opinion that his work is useless because no definite results consistent with the method employed can be shown is indefensible.

As a fundamental critique of nearly every philosophical doctrine since Kant, Professor Macintosh's book *The Problem of Knowledge* is admirable. The author's method of inquiry is systematic and clear, his attitude impartial, his logic searching. All theories of knowledge are either idealistic or realistic, and at the same time either dualistic or monistic. The chief combinations of these doctrines in modern times are epistemological dualism and realism, epistemological monism and realism, and epistemological monism and idealism. Each of the main schools thus designated may be divided into smaller groups for purposes of logical analysis. Thus idealists are either logical idealists, mystical idealists or psychological idealists; or, as is often the case, their doctrines partake of more than one of these forms of idealism. Approaching the matter in this methodical fashion the author is able to treat of each philosopher in adequate detail without blurring the outlines of his larger argument.

All forms of idealism Professor Macintosh believes to be vitiated by argument from what R. B. Perry has called "the ego-centre predicament." It is true, as the idealists urge, that "we can never be conscious of any object that is not in the relation of object of consciousness to ourselves as subject"; but, as Mr. Perry and Professor Macintosh point out, "this fact proves nothing at all as to whether there are or not other objects not in conscious relation to ourselves or to any conscious subject." Through every form of idealistic doctrine concerning the nature of knowledge the author

traces the fundamental fallacy with a perspicuity and fairness that make his work a delight to the logically-minded reader.

The combination of dualism with realism is likewise subjected to a penetrating criticism, with the result that all forms of this doctrine are shown either to end in agnosticism or to avoid such a conclusion only through dogmatism. A philosopher who gives a remarkably satisfactory account of the problem of knowledge, "under the self-imposed limits of epistemological dualism," is Vokelt. Yet Vokelt is obliged to rest his assertion that we possess trans-subjective knowledge upon "intuitive certainty," or upon the "necessities of thought." The very satisfactoriness of Vokelt's discussion thus reveals the unsatisfactoriness of the dualism of his epistemology. Similarly Dr. G. T. Ladd is accused of dogmatism on the ground that "he asserts the fact of ontological knowledge on the basis of the right to know, and despite a critical view that would naturally lead to ontological agnosticism."

With the Neo-realists Professor Macintosh has more in common than with the other schools whose theories he criticises, for the Neo-realists, he believes, are essentially right in maintaining the immediate awareness of independent reality in normal human experience. But they cannot be acquitted, he seeks to prove, of an undue dogmatism with reference to the extent to which that which is presented to consciousness is real independently of consciousness. Ideally this doctrine denies any difference between the object as presented and as independently real, and in so doing it has to maintain that consciousness, as a relation, is absolutely external, or that if it is viewed as a mental activity it produces nothing. In this way the Neo-realists have encountered serious difficulties—difficulties which the author reduces to their simplest and most obvious forms with mathematical precision.

Having thus pointed out the logical predicaments in which almost every possible variety of belief concerning the problem of knowledge involves its defenders, Professor Macintosh advances his own view —the belief that the primary qualities of physical things are independently real and are independently known, but that the secondary qualities, or "sense qualities," are subjective. By means of this view, which he calls "*critical* realistic monism," he keeps clear of the twin undesirables, idealism with its fallacious basis and dualism with its necessary agnosticism, and at the same time he frees himself from the tangle of contradictions with which the Neo-realists have to struggle. The author maintains a similar point of view with regard to the morphology of knowledge, and later, in the part of his treatise which is devoted to the problem of mediate knowledge, develops a view which he calls "critical monism in logical theory"—a view which seems to retain what is good and defensible in current pragmatism while so modifying the pragmatic definition of truth as to render it secure against the imputation of fallacy. In substance,

Professor Macintosh's revised pragmatic definition of truth is that real truth is practical identity of idea with reality, of predicate with subject, where the practice in question is ultimately satisfactory, as well as the mental instrument which serves it.

The lay mind naturally inclines to philosophers who offer it the assurance of real knowledge, whether this assurance be based upon a fallacious idealism or upon mere dogmatism. What matters it, thinks the lay mind, if Dr. Ladd, for example, abandons in strictness his rôle as a philosopher to give us a dogmatic assurance of the reality of knowledge? In what way is the adoption of Professor Macintosh's relatively simple theory *without dogmatism* preferable to Dr. Ladd's theory *with faith* since neither theory seems capable of proof in the ordinary sense, each being in the nature of a hypothesis entertained because human thought cannot rest satisfied without having an hypothesis of some sort with regard to the problem of knowledge? But the critical philosopher, engaged upon his important special problem, recognizes that there is real progress in the setting forth of a theory of knowledge free from logical fallacy and in no way implying agnosticism. Such a theory Professor Macintosh appears to have constructed.

Is There a Shakespeare Problem? By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. New York: John Lane Company, 1915.

Mr. Greenwood is one of the doughtiest warriors who have engaged in the controversy, originally raised by the Baconians, as to the identity of the Shakespeare of the biographies with the author of the immortal plays. Seven years ago he published a work entitled *The Shakespeare Problem Restated* which called forth replies from Mr. J. M. Robertson and from the late Andrew Lang, of whom the former appears to have attacked Mr. Greenwood's book with a good deal of bitterness while the latter maintained his customary suavity and good-humor. Mr. Greenwood now returns to the fray with the volume entitled *Is There a Shakespeare Problem?*

Since this volume contains practically the whole of Mr. Greenwood's argument in its final form, it is a pity that the author should have felt it necessary to make the work so largely controversial. In the trench-fighting between the author and Mr. Robertson, positions are captured and retaken in a manner that is somewhat confusing and in the end proves wearisome. Though Mr. Greenwood seems to keep his temper and never loses his sense of humor, his sallies of wit hardly compensate for the tedium incident to long arguments about alleged misquotations and misrepresentations.

This unfortunate fact, however, has no real bearing, of course, upon the merits of Mr. Greenwood's argument. And on its merits this argument undoubtedly deserves to be read. It is of distinct advantage that the facts of the Shakespeare problem should be thor-

oughly reviewed by a sincere agnostic (Mr. Greenwood is *not* a Baconian), and that we should be able to see just how strong a case for skepticism an unorthodox Shakespearian can make out.

Such a view of the evidence Mr. Greenwood supplies. Writing in an apparently sincere desire to discover the truth and without prepossessions, he sums up his case on each of the controversial points in a manner that seems to differ from that of the more skeptical of the orthodox Shakespearians chiefly in a greater vehemence of emphasis and in an apparently greater degree of frankness. Can you really believe, he asks us in effect, in the theory that Shakespeare's legal knowledge was only such as a clever man might readily pick up? Can you credit the legend of the unlearned Shakespeare? Can you believe that all the plays said to have been written before 1598 could have been produced in a matter of six or seven years " by the young man who came to London in 1587 a penniless, unknown, and (as we are surely warranted in saying) uneducated, or very poorly educated, wanderer from a small provincial town?" How far may we accept genius as an explanation of this anomaly? Apart from this question, which lies at the root of the Shakespeare question, can you reconcile the terms of Shakespeare's will with the supposed character of the immortal bard? What can you make of the fact that one of Shakespeare's daughters did not know how to write? How much are you really impressed by the efforts of the orthodox to soften these inconvenient facts and striking improbabilities?

In general Mr. Greenwood seems to argue with fairness and with great logical clearness and grasp. In one case only does he appear to have fallen into anything like a serious argumentative error. In an earlier work than the present, he had written with regard to the thesis that " Shakespeare " was in reality a mask-name or *nom de plume:* " Some, indeed, would see through it and roundly accuse the player of putting forth the works of others as his own. To such he would be a ' Poet-Ape ' or an ' Upstart Crow ' (Shake-scene) ' beautified with the feathers of other writers.' " To this Mr. Lang not unnaturally replied: " But in this matter Mr. Greenwood *se trompe.* Neither Greene nor Jonson accused ' Shake-scene ' or ' Poet-Ape ' of putting forth the works of others as his own." To this Mr. Greenwood rejoins that " Shake-scene " or " Poet-Ape " is most certainly accused of pilfering, though the charge is of petty plagiarism and not of stealing whole plays. But if this is the case, one asks, what relation, if any, has the hypothesis that " Shakespeare " was merely a mask-name to the charges of plagiarism made by Greene and Jonson?

But for the most part Mr. Greenwood goes into every question with so much fairness and thoroughness that it is difficult to give an unhesitatingly affirmative answer to his interrogatives. His greatest success lies in the severity with which he puts to the test those soften-

ing explanations which are applied by the orthodox critics to the improbabilities of the received view. But when the author has to deal with the actual identification by Ben Jonson of the author of the plays with the Stratford player, the case is somewhat different. True, there appear to be curious inconsistencies of attitude in Ben Jonson's attitude toward Shakespeare. But it seems that one clearly attested fact should offset even a great deal of inherent improbability. The truth is that the rôles are now reversed. In discussing this matter it is Mr. Greenwood who has to find softening explanations, and in this business he is hardly so successful as in appraising the similar explanations of others. "I can quite imagine," writes the author, "that even 'honest Ben' might look upon a certain amount of deception of the public in a literary matter as quite venial, and would not trouble himself about it at all." Quite possibly. But the question now is one of fact. What Jonson's motive may have been for such a deception, Mr. Greenwood does not show with any conclusiveness. The supposition that he was keeping the secret of some titled person who did not wish his name connected with the plays is perhaps admissible; but this possibility added to the improbabilities inherent in the orthodox theory is hardly enough to explain away Ben Jonson's very plain declaration.

On the whole Mr. Greenwood argues his case well: he weakens faith in explanations and analogies some of which are really insufficient or irrelevant, and he emphasizes what are really the soundest parts of his own argument. When one finds him ready to confess that the argument from Shakespeare's supposed accurate knowledge of the law is inconclusive, one is inclined to trust his judicial spirit. But it cannot truly be said that he has proved complete agnosticism to be the only rational view of the Shakespeare question. There still remains reason for according belief to the received account, nor may we say that the improbabilities inherent in this account are moral impossibilities.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY. By Norman Angell. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1915.

The thesis developed by Mr. Angell in this latest volume of his, *The World's Highway,* was first thought out during the acute phase of the negotiations of the United States with Germany over the question of neutral rights. Specifically, the treatise is an effort to answer the question: "Must America either lamely accept with humiliating inertia a gross violation of her own right and dignity and of the common interest, or else take part in a war which, however successful, will not necessarily in the least degree advance the objects for which she is contending?" Mr. Angell believes that a third course is possible.

To begin with, the author takes it for granted, apparently, that if the United States entered the war, she would enter it upon the side of the Allies. That she should take up arms in behalf of that Power which was the aggressor in the present struggle—the Power, too, which stands most conspicuously for militarism—is a possibility quite outside the scope of his argument. Yet for the United States to make war upon Germany, in the ordinary sense, would be, Mr. Angell believes, neither wise nor right. In the first place, the results of a defeat of German militarism would not be permanent as regards the realization of the aims which Mr. Angell has at heart; and in the second place, the effort to beat Germany at her own game would result to some extent in "Prussianizing" the neutral Powers through the adoption of German methods. An important element in the case, the author urges, is the fact that British sea-power is inherently less dangerous to the peace of the world than German militarism. Militarism is absolutely a menace; "marinism" is only relatively so. Nevertheless, sea-power without limitation is capable of serious abuse; it is for the interest of the world and especially of neutral states that some check be placed upon it. Mr. Angell's proposition, then, is, in effect, that the United States shall offer to become the economic, though not the military, ally of England in the present war, on condition that England shall practically divest herself of initiative in the use of her sea-power, agreeing to use her navy only in self-defense and, in conjunction with other neutral states, for the purpose of preventing any war in the future. In case of threatened war, the whole influence and economic power of America and of other neutral states, backed by the navy of England, is to be used in restraining the would-be aggressor.

Mr. Angell is logical, as ever. It would seem, indeed, that the aim of securing permanent peace can be fully achieved in no other way than by an agreement among all the great Powers to treat as an outlaw any nation which begins a war with another nation, irrespective of the merits of the dispute between the attacking nation and the one attacked. It would appear, too, that there is value in the suggestion that non-military Powers should contribute to the preservation of peace through the exertion of economic pressure. It is true that the proposed agreement would require the surrender by each of the Powers who joined in it of a part of its independence; and in the case of England the sacrifice demanded is in appearance very great. It may be maintained, however, that no nation—no matter how great its military power—could really suffer less through giving up its right to aggression, and that in the long run, every nation—including England—would be economically as well as morally benefited by the surrender of this right.

It may be suggested, however, that unless it can be shown that a majority of the nations of Europe will have become, as a result of

the present war, essentially law-abiding in spirit, there is a doubt as to whether such an arrangement as the one Mr. Angell describes could be made to work. To say this is not, as Mr. Angell suggests, merely to adopt an attitude of crude fatalism regarding war. The question is whether there exists a sufficient recognition of the interdependence of nations both moral and economic—that interdependence which in Mr. Angell's opinion makes war an utter futility—to warrant the adoption of a plan that is squarely founded upon this principle.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. WORTHINGTON'S VIEWS

SIR,—Mr. Worthington's colloquy with his nephew in your November number was excellent, especially his parting advice, "Sell your bonds, but tell no lies."

That our bankers should urge the people to subscribe for the half billion bonds and thus show their patriotism recalls fifty years ago, when Jay Cooke was disposing of all of the national bonds at one-half of one per cent commission and explaining in an ingenious tract that "A National Debt is a National Blessing."

Our eminent bankers may be trusted to look out keenly for their own interests, but they should no more be entrusted with national finance than should churchmen be entrusted with national policies or manufacturers with the tariff.

Mr. W. is better posted on finance than on food products; doubtless prudent in his West India business, he is probably not a close buyer when buying household supplies—flour, for example. He expects to see wheat at one dollar a bushel and flour at $10 a barrel; he need not be apprehensive, for wheat must sell at $2 before the market price of flour is $10—4½ bushels of wheat weigh 270 pounds, and at one dollar a bushel come to $4.50. These 270 pounds make 196 pounds flour (which should sell for about $4.50) and 74 pounds bran and middling, worth $25 a ton, or 92 cents—the miller thus gets 92 cents for grinding, etc.

On November 6 the New York market report quoted No. 2 Red at $1.25 per bushel and flour at $5.50 per barrel. This works out as follows: 4½ bushels cost $5.62, the resulting barrel of flour brings in $5.50 and 92 cents for the by-product, or $6.42, leaving 82 cents for the miller.

Before farm machinery came into use, say seventy-five or eighty years ago, the price of wheat in Rochester, the "Flour City," as it was then called, was $1.50 a bushel. Five bushels, or 300 pounds, of wheat were then required to make one barrel of flour, which sold for about $7.50.

Wages to laborers were 50 cents a day, but we had a low tariff, clothing and meat were cheap, rents and taxes were low, there were no agitators and few foreigners—no Greeks nor Italians. Contentment was general, as there was little to spend money for.

Mr. W. is doubtless a protectionist; he fears that farmers may make excessive profits—they may get one dollar a bushel for wheat; it does not occur to him that one dollar a bushel is a small return to the man who owns, or who pays rent for, a farm—who plows, harrows, sows the seed, reaps the grain, threshes it, and pays the freight to market.

The Government ought to pay the farmer a bounty whenever wheat falls below a dollar: the farmer must pay anywhere from ten to sixty per cent more than he ought for everything made by our manufacturers, and any just and thoughtful man must admit the propriety of paying the farmer a bounty on his products to put him on all fours with the manufacturer.

Our manufacturers under our iniquitous tariff are enabled to sell their wares in foreign markets for one-third less than they get from their misguided fellow-citizens who allow themselves to be deceived by the specious arguments of the protectionists. It is unlikely that we shall ever have lawmakers in Washington who will care for anything excepting the interests of those who furnish the money to carry elections.

On page 657 Mr. Worthington says, "the very people whose ancestors gave unsparingly of life and treasure to make America, not First perhaps, but Free." Is not this as far beside the mark as the bankers saying that patriotism demands that we subscribe to the foreign loan? Do we believe that the ministers of Louis XVI. were so enamored of republican institutions that France went to war out of sympathy for us? Was it not rather to injure England? Spain also declared war against England; certain it is that no one ever suspected Spain of altruism.

Spain and Holland bore no good will to England—the great English pirates, Morgan, Drake, Hawkins, and Sir Walter Raleigh, sailed the Spanish Main in peace and war to plunder the Spanish galleons—they even entered harbors in Spain for the purpose.

We agreed to make peace only in concert with France and Spain. Had we adhered to this agreement, at the declaration of peace we should have been obliged to content ourselves with the Alleghanies for our western boundary. France would have recovered the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi; Spain would have got the southern part of Georgia.

The British Ministry sent an obscure agent—a Mr. Oswald—to discuss peace with the American Commissioners, Franklin, Jay, Adams, and Laurens; the French Court did not suspect the negotiations that were going forward; Mr. Oswald returned to London, and a merchant—a Mr. Hartley—went to Paris with full powers.

The astute Franklin, who recommended honesty—not on moral grounds, but as the best policy (see his writings)—treated the tripartite agreement as a "scrap of paper," and, regardless of our obligations to the French, made the best bargain that he could.

The Count de Vergennes accepted the situation gracefully when he found that it was *un fait accompli.*

ROBT. W. LEONARD.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.

"CRUDE FACTS" AND "PLAIN FAKES"

SIR,—In your November issue, referring to the Anglo-French loan, you say: "The English have no illusions on this score. Listen to the *Spectator* of October 2:

> "The peculiarity of the present loan resides solely in the political circumstance in which it is contracted. Two belligerent countries are borrowing from a neutral to finance their operations of war. There is no escape from that crude fact."

Now what the *Spectator* here calls "a crude fact" is just a plain fake. The *Spectator*, along with people on both sides of the water, are being grossly deceived in the matter. The truth is that about every dollar which goes into this loan belongs to European capitalists. It is money which they received in former years in settlement of our invisible debts for internal dues, immigrants' remittances, tourists' expenses, ocean freights, etc.

An average estimate by prominent bankers published in the *Wall Street Journal* (1913) puts these debts at $1,400,000,000. Our yearly trade balance, which, before 1914, averaged $500,000,000, reduces this deficit to $900,000,000. One part of this deficit is invested in our stocks and properties. Another part is kept in the form of gold in the banks of J. P. Morgan, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and other international bankers, who invest part of it temporarily in short loans and loans to banks, and on the Stock Exchange. These loans have been renewed and carried over year after year until, at the opening of the war, they had reached an enormous total. This is the money which is now being invested in the foreign loan. Hence it is just as much a loan of European capital to European Governments as if it was floated in London and Paris. The few private individuals here who may take some of the bonds are British and French citizens temporarily residing here.

For months before the loan was floated here financial critics claimed that the decline of foreign exchange, from 4.86 to around 4.70 and lower, proved that England was unable to pay her debts and was in danger of bankruptcy. Dr. E. E. Pratt, chief of the Bureau of Commerce, claimed that Europe owed us $900,000,000. Speaking to a representative of the Brooklyn *Eagle* (September 12), a member of the Morgan firm said:

> This talk that England is going bankrupt because of the present condition of foreign exchange is simply ridiculous. As a matter of fact, Great Britain has financed her war for one year ahead. Her bills for the next twelve months are mostly paid. "Well then," queried the reporter, "to what do you attribute the present attitude of a great number of people who ought to understand the situation?" "I attribute it to hysteria: the same kind of hysteria that made people go about howling calamity at the beginning of the war when we had to pay $7 for a pound sterling."

Now the "people" who indulged in this "ridiculous talk" and "hysteria" include nearly every financial critic on the New York and London newspapers, not forgetting the *Spectator*. The fact that England has paid her war bills for twelve months ahead proves that they were grossly ignorant of the international money situation. They should publicly challenge this statement in the *Eagle*. If they do not, the public will accuse them of exploiting a financial fake.

W. H. Allen.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NOVEMBER EDITORIALS

Sir,—Your editorials in the November issue are masterful and should be read by every American citizen, whether he may have a hyphen in his nationality or not.

Douglas B. Crane,
Member of Advisory Board of the American Legion.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

RAILWAY MAIL PAY—IS IT EXCESSIVE?

[We are privileged to print the following correspondence between Mr. Ralph Peters, President of the Long Island Railroad and Chairman of the Committee on Railway Mail Pay, and Mr. Henry A. Castle, author of the article, "The Post Office and Socialism," published in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as being of general interest to our readers.

—EDITOR.]

THE RAILWAY SIDE

MR. HENRY A. CASTLE:

SIR,—I have read with much interest your article in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, entitled, "The Post Office and Socialism." I wish to congratulate you upon an illuminating and instructive discussion. Your views as to the original and proper scope of the postal service—namely, the diffusion of written and printed intelligence—and as to the consequences attendant upon the expansion of this service into a commercial venture of the Government, will no doubt make a profound impression upon thinking people.

In the midst of your article, however, there are one or two references to the mail pay of the railroads which I feel it my duty to correct, believing that in these instances—which, though incidental to the main theme of your argument, are nevertheless fundamentally of great importance—you have been obliged to reason from inadequate information.

In the course of your article you say:

> "Mail transportation rates need reform. Making due allowance for exaggeration, it is probable that of the $52,000,000 now annually paid to the railroads alone for carrying our mail, nearly one-third could be saved by an honorable and fair readjustment which the railroads would accept."

Now, a sweeping reduction in railway mail pay could be justified only on the assumption that the present compensation is excessive. But is it? I cannot, of course, in the limits of a letter, attempt to argue the question statistically on its merits, but I can, at least, cite the conclusions of a number of eminent authorities who have given careful and even profound study to the subject.

In August, 1914, the Joint Congressional Committee on Railway Mail Pay submitted its report. That Committee, after several years of investigation and the taking of 1,500 printed pages of testimony from the Post Office Department and the railroads, recommended a system of rates which, in the Committee's belief, would have *increased* railway mail pay about $3,000,000 per year. The Committee said:

"We believe our suggested rates are certainly not too high from a Governmental standpoint, though they may be too low from a railroad standpoint."

The Joint Congressional Committee, bi-partisan in its composition, was appointed in August, 1912, the members being: Senators—Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, Chairman; Harry A. Richardson, of Delaware; John H. Bankhead, of Alabama. Representatives—James T. Lloyd, of Missouri; William E. Tuttle, of New Jersey; John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts. Mr. Weeks has since been elected to the Senate.

The conclusions of this Joint Congressional Committee are the most recent and authoritative that we have on this subject, and these conclusions,

as I have pointed out, were that railway mail pay should in fairness not be reduced, but should be increased.

I may add that the railroads took the figures submitted by the Post Office Department during the hearings before the Joint Congressional Committee and, after analyzing them according to the recognized methods of apportioning transportation costs, showed that these very figures indicated that the railroads, far from being overpaid, were actually underpaid by something like $15,000,000 annually.

Almost as recent as the findings of the Joint Congressional Committee is the pronouncement of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis while acting as Special Counsel to the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Five Per Cent. Advance Freight Rate Case. Mr. Brandeis, in May, 1914, reported to the Commission:

"It seems clear that the railway mail service is at present unremunerative to the carriers."

In 1913 Dr. M. O. Lorenz, Associate Statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, calculated that the railroads were underpaid by certainly more than $5,000,000 per year for carrying the mails. He declined to commit himself as to how much more.

In 1901 the Wolcott-Loud Commission—another specially appointed Congressional Committee which made a most painstaking inquiry—in its report to Congress summed up its conclusions as follows:

"We are of the opinion that the prices now paid to the railroad companies for the transportation of the mails are not excessive, and recommend that no reduction thereof be made."

These four investigations are the only impartial inquiries into the subject of railway mail pay that have been made in many years. You will note that in three cases the investigators found that the railroads were paid too little, and in the fourth case at least not too much.

Of course, I do not know upon what premises you based your conclusion that railway mail pay could be equitably reduced some $17,000,000 per year, but I have recited the findings of the acknowledged authorities who have given the subject special study, and you will observe that their conclusions are unanimously and emphatically the reverse.

Despite the Wolcott-Loud Commission's recommendations of fourteen years ago, Congress has since, without further inquiry, twice reduced the rates of pay by law, and a former Postmaster General, by the "Divisor Order" of 1907, made a further heavy reduction by mere executive action. Meanwhile, also, the parcel post has been established, and to date no provisions have been made to compensate the railroads adequately for the additional service which its inauguration and the subsequent great extensions of its scope have entailed.

In discussing the proposals for further extensions of the parcel post you say that "no suggestion is ever made as to reducing the pay to the railroads for carrying the parcels to 55 per cent. of the postal receipts, which is the English rate."

The question whether such a basis of compensation would be fair or not necessarily depends upon what rates of postage are established, and upon the general character of the rate scheme. A division of receipts, under flat rates of postage for all hauls, might not be inequitable in Great Britain, where the hauls are short; but would it be in this country, where hauls of

3,000 miles are possible and would be largely availed of under flat postage rates?

The railroads should be justly paid for the service required of them. This principle, we maintain, holds no matter what theories may be entertained regarding postage rates. If for any reason it should be judged wise public policy to make postage rates so low as to amount to subsidies to the parcel post shippers, the expense of the subsidy should be paid out of the general funds of the nation. It cannot justly be laid upon a limited portion of the citizens—namely, those who have invested their savings in railroad properties.

Yet the inference of your comment, which I have quoted, is that while you are opposed to the subsidy basis for the parcel post, nevertheless if the Post Office Department *does* establish the parcel post upon that basis, it might go a step farther and shift some or all of the loss to the railroads. Our position is that such a step would be an unwarranted discrimination against a portion of the people, and even, to some extent, a confiscation of their property.

You are apparently under the impression that the railroads are being too liberally paid for parcel post transportation. The true situation is that in the fiscal year recently closed, as nearly as can be estimated, the railroads carried at least 50 per cent. of the parcel post without any compensation at all. This is one of the consequences of the "quadrennial weighing" system of readjusting railway mail pay. Another consequence has been that during the first six months after the inauguration of the parcel post the railroads carried it all—literally every package—without one cent of payment.

Just what proportion of the postage receipts the railroads are now receiving for parcel post transportation is a thing that no one knows, owing to the abolition, on July 1, 1913, of the use of distinctive parcel post stamps—an act of the Post Office Department which the Bristow Parcel Post Committee, in its recent report to Congress, declared had "thrown the whole accounting system into complete confusion." I may say, however, that those most familiar with the subject entertain no doubt that our American railroads are getting very much less than the British 55 per cent. rate.

I have written to you at length upon this subject because, in view of its probable agitation in Congress, we are most anxious that everyone interested shall, as nearly as possible, be placed in possession of the facts and understand the basis of the railroads' claims.

Very truly yours,
RALPH PETERS.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE POSTAL SIDE

HON. RALPH PETERS:

SIR,—The allusions to railroads in my paper in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW were, as you justly observe, purely incidental, also largely hypothetical. Nevertheless, it is proper for me to reply briefly to your courteous request for the basis of my suggestions as to mail transportation charges. I am not a transportation expert. I am advised as to the reports you cite favorable to the contentions of the railroads—also as to the sometimes bitter and exaggerated attacks thereon. I have, as a student of postal affairs, tried to keep an open mind on the subject. Hence the mild tenor of the comment.

I confess, however, to a long-standing impression that the current compensation to railroads for carrying the mail is excessive. It will be easier to explain that impression than fully to justify it. It never became my official duty to investigate it. Congress fixes the rate and the Post Office Department certifies the service performed to the Auditor, an official of the Treasury Department, whose only function is to apply the law to such certified service, and issue warrants therefor. But for nearly seven years, as the head of that bureau, with 600 clerks charged with postal accounting, and located in the Post Office building at Washington, my office was on the same floor with that of the Postmaster General, and I was in hourly conference with the depart nent officials on the financial relations of all divisions of the service. Hence, I naturally gained some insight as to administrative matters with which I had no official concern, and formed opinions thereon.

I soon found that the Department specialists, who made the computations as to compensation, agreed in the view that those rates could be reduced one-third to one-half. I found, also, that all important railroads in the country maintained in Washington able attorneys to look after mail interests, each working zealously to increase his road's mail tonnage, alleging shorter distances, faster trains, special facilities, etc., as against competing lines; the fair assumption being that the business is profitable. I further found that there were frequent charges against certain railroads of fraudulently padding their mail during the quadrennial weighing period, one flagrant case whereof I was the personal discoverer. I heard my friend, Col. W. P. Clough, Vice-President of the Northern Pacific, argue ably fifteen years ago in favor of compensation based on space occupied instead of on weight, which seemed to promise economies, or at least an elimination of abuses.

These are some of the explanations of, not apologies for, my incidental and hypothetical allusions to the railroads. I have neither the mission, the inclination, nor the ability to argue the various points you present, all admittedly foreign to the main purpose of my writing. The railroads ought to be fairly, not excessively, compensated for carrying the mails. Their service includes the free transportation of postal clerks, agents and inspectors, aggregating a large sum annually, no account of which is kept. Per contra, it involves a certain indefinite but valuable protection to railroad property, in case of attempted mob violence, which should not be overlooked.

The railroads must be fairly compensated. They are justified in resisting unjust reductions, and have a paramount incentive against unjust demands for increase, in that the prevalent idea that they are overpaid is a leading factor in the socialistic outcry for Government ownership and operation.

I did not refer to the flat rates of the British parcel post for the purpose of commending them, but the reverse. They would be absurd with our longer distances and infinite complications. As I understand it, the British flat rate for this postage is $2 per hundred pounds, out of which they pay the railroads $1.10. But the parcels are hauled in carload lots, loaded and unloaded by post office employees, and treated as freight. If this be true, it is a very different thing from our fifty-mile-an-hour schedule and our transcontinental distances. Yet the mail-order houses and their champions, including the expert just mentioned, boldly avow the English charge on

parcels as their objective, without mention of freight train service and lower pay therefor.

Under the quadrennial weighing system, the railroads in certain sections must wait from one to four years, unless relieved by Congress, before getting full pay for the vastly increased mail tonnage of the so-called parcels post. This fact only emphasizes my argument as to the coming expense of this innovation, and the ruinous consequences of its relegation to the British revenue basis with the present rates of expenditure. We have no authentic estimate of the cost, per hundred, of carrying our mail an average distance, because we have not, to my knowledge, any reliable statement of the total weight of our mail. Until more correct figures are given we may perhaps accept the old approximate figure of eight cents a pound. To collect, transport, and deliver the multiplied millions of tons of parcels, under increasingly liberal rules as to size and weight, at the proposed British flat rate of postage—two cents a pound—and pay out therefor four times that amount: this is one of the Barmecide feasts to which state socialism coolly invites us—a fit prelude to postal railways, Government laundries, and Treasury notes based on deposits of short-ribs, hoop-poles, and wheat screenings.

My REVIEW paper was condensed to the minimum, and this letter is already too long. A volume would be needed to elaborate the theme. If proof is required that a possible peril lies in the fact that private interests as well as official agencies struggle with the postal service and with each other for an increasing share of its benefits, the roster of your Committee on Railway Mail Pay, consisting of nine Presidents and Vice-Presidents of leading railroad corporations, supplies it. Your organization and activities are legitimate, but symptomatic. You urge larger railway pay—intelligently and no doubt honestly, from your point of view. Most classes of postal employees in strong associations numbering from 5,000 to 50,000 each, urge larger salaries and retirement pensions—honestly, from their point of view. Postal savings depositors are preparing to organize for higher rates of interest. Various business or social schemes are on foot for reduction of postage. Some of these several demands are meritorious, but all are clamorous, and many will be successful without strict regard to merit. With constantly enlarging functions, with reduced revenues and increased expenditures in many directions—where can the end be, short of readjustment or chaos?

To sum up: My statement that railway mail pay needs reform (readjustment) stands; my expressed supposition that the railroads would consent to a reduction of transportation rates seems to be negatived by the formation of your Committee to oppose such reduction; the natural inference that those rates are excessive is ably combatted by your presentation; but the vital postulate that Post Office socialism is a menacing peril to the Republic stands unchallenged, except by socialists. Q. E. D.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY A. CASTLE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

What is an Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for, health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all—that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complex-

ion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin today.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of a multitude of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife; all that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell at Number 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this article in the North American Review, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now* while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

The Trade Union Woman. By Alice Henry. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1915.

Isles of Spice and Palm. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1915.

Scientific Management and Labor. By Robert Franklin Hoxie. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1915.

Forty Years in Constantinople. By Sir Edwin Pears. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1915.

Is War Diminishing? By Frederick Adams Woods, M.D., and Alexander Baltzley. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

Reminiscences. By Lyman Abbott. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

Christianity and Politics. By William Cunningham, D.D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. By Beckles Willson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The Military Preparedness of the United States. By Frederic L. Huidekoper. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1915.

Six French Poets. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1915.

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A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections. By Alfred Capper. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

The Great Sacrifice. By John Adams, B.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

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Capital To-Day. By Herman Cahn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1915.

The A. B. C. of National Defense. By J. W. Muller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1915.

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The Making of British India. By Ramsay Muir. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1915.

Undercurrents in American Politics. By Arthur Twining Hadley. New York: Yale University Press, 1915.

A Voice from the Crowd. By George Wharton Pepper. New York: Yale University Press, 1915.

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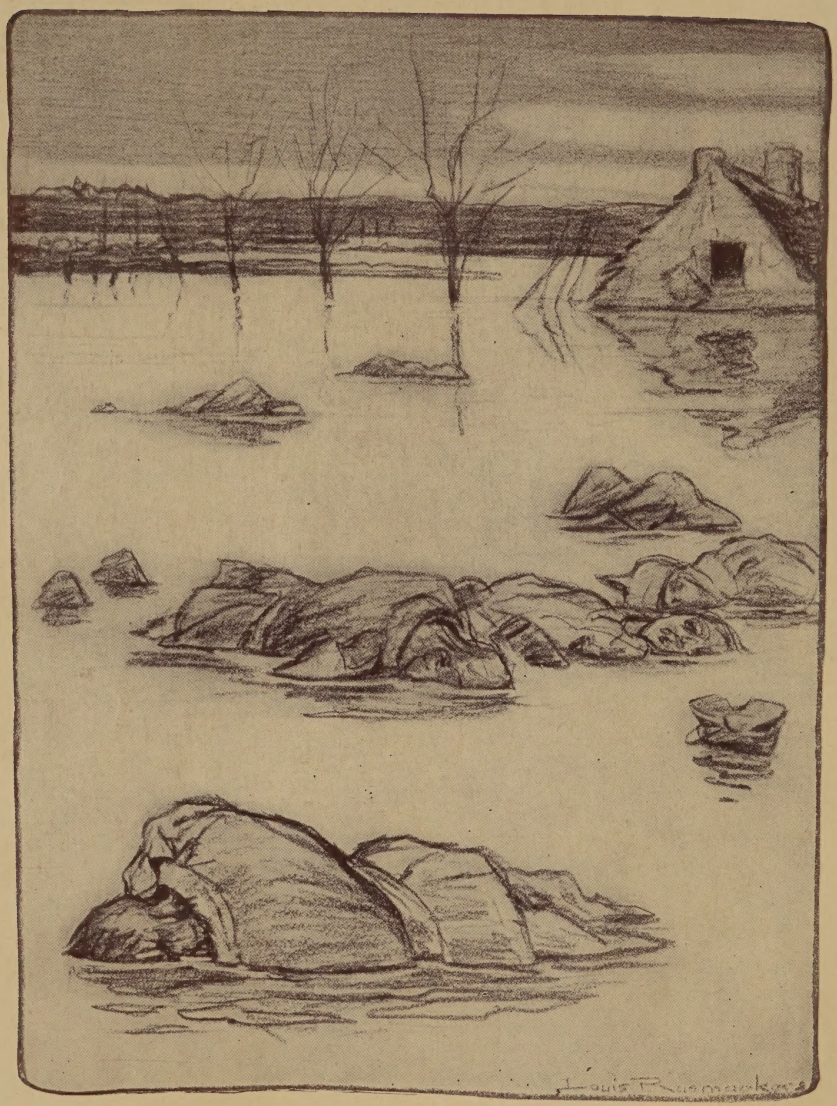
Anthology of Magazine Verse. By W. S. Braithwaite. New York: Gomme & Marshall, 1915.

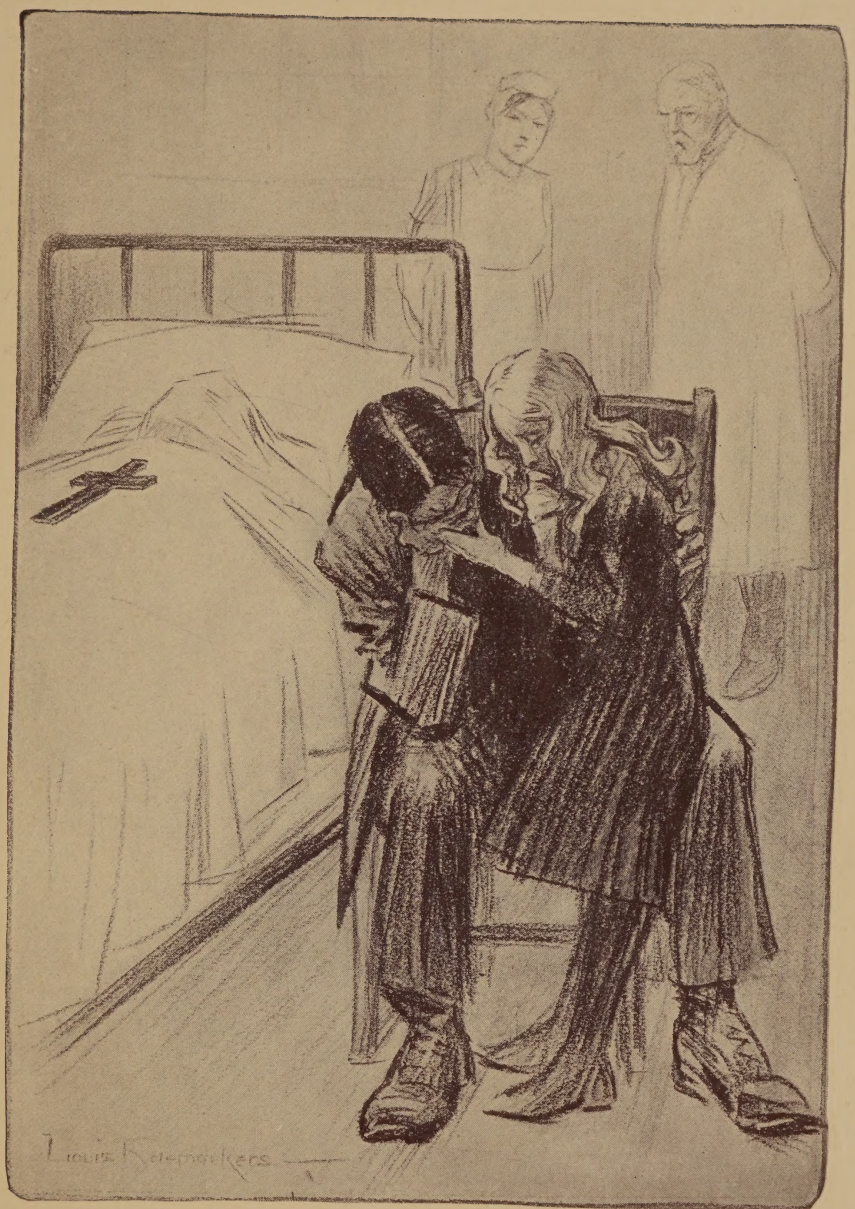
THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT OFFERED £10,000 TO SUPPRESS THE SERIES OF CARTOONS OF WHICH THE FOLLOWING ARE A PART, BUT WITHOUT AVAIL. THE ARTIST, LOUIS RAEMAEKERS, IS A YOUNG DUTCH JOURNALIST, WHOSE WORK WAS NOT WELL-KNOWN UNTIL THESE STRIKING PICTURES WERE PUBLISHED IN HOLLAND. THEY APPEARED FIRST IN THE "TELEGRAAF" AND "AMSTERDAMMER," AND LATER WERE ASSEMBLED UNDER THE GENERAL TITLE, "HET TOPPUNT DER BESCHAVING" (THE PINNACLE OF CIVILIZATION) AND ISSUED BY THE PUBLISHING COMPANY "ELSEVIER," AMSTERDAM, 1915.

"GOD PUNISH ITALY!"

"WHY DID SHE NOT YIELD? THEY WOULD HAVE PAID, TO BE SURE!"



ON THE WAY TO CALAIS



"BUT MOTHER HAD DONE NOTHING WRONG, HAD SHE, DADDY?"

"IS IT STILL A LONG WAY TO BERESINA?"

"OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN"

"WELL, HAVE YOU NEARLY DONE?"

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1916

WILSON AND A SECOND TERM

BY THE EDITOR

We favor a single Presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for re-election, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.—From the Democratic platform of 1912.

WHETHER or not, as a matter of policy, not of principle, the service of a citizen as President of the United States should be limited to a single term is neither a new nor, at the moment, a vital question. It was raised and discussed at length in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and the virtual compromise which has since maintained was adopted. The views of Mr. Wilson, formulated before he became President, while interesting and perhaps even important as those of a close student of democratic government, may be regarded as academic and not now calling for consideration. Suffice it to say that his argument, as set forth with notable clearness in his letter to Representative Mitchell Palmer, though to our mind far from convincing, is substantially that which prevailed in the Great Convention and has been upheld by the people for more than a century. His position, therefore, is supported by the power of precedent backed by fairly successful operation. That the question will again confront the Democratic party in June, in view of that organization's declaration in 1912, seems inevitable, but the issue can hardly assume the proportions of one involving the danger of serious dissension.

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The real point raised by Mr. Wilson's oddly belated publication concerns, not his theories and beliefs, but his candidacy and his good faith. Is he in honor bound by the Baltimore Declaration to decline a renomination? And if so, to whom is he obligated? To the country? To his party? To Mr. Bryan who drew the resolution and "achieved" his nomination? Or to himself as a professedly scrupulous keeper of political pledges? These are the questions, involving grave considerations, personal as well as political, which demand immediate and conclusive answers.

1. *As to Mr. Bryan.*

President Wilson's appointment of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State—a position for which his unfitness was as obvious at the time as has since been demonstrated—was a virtual admission, either of obligation or of apprehension. Some think it was attributable to a blending of the two emotions indicated, superinduced by the tactful insistence of Colonel Edward Makepeace House, the solitary counsellor and mutual friend. It matters little. The prospective menace was eliminated for a time at least and, in the view of the public, whatever of obligation rested upon a grateful spirit was lifted by handsome recognition. Seldom, if ever, has ruthless betrayal of a friend won more bountiful reward from an innocent recipient of personal advantage than that bestowed by Mr. Wilson upon Mr. Bryan. While none denied its suitability, all conceded its adequateness; not excepting Mr. Bryan himself, who forthwith submerged himself somewhat ostentatiously in the temporarily placid waters of a happy Administration.

We shall not soon forget the surprise and gratification which we ourselves experienced during that joyous period as a consequence of Mr. Bryan's demonstration of the completeness of his immersion. We were aware, as it happened, of his discovery at Baltimore of the Single Term as a fundamental principle of Democracy and of his insistence before the Committee on Resolutions upon its adoption. We knew that the supporters of Mr. Clark readily acquiesced in the proposal for the simple reason that their candidate had on more than one occasion expressed his approval of the suggestion and had declared his willingness to accept the restriction as binding upon the candidate. And we were apprized further that the for-the-moment personal representative of Mr. Wilson, Mr. William F. McCombs, so stoutly

resisted the adoption of any resolution definitely pledging the nominee to refuse a renomination that Mr. Bryan was forced to accept as a compromise the somewhat ambiguous declaration finally engrafted upon the platform.

Why at that particular time Mr. Bryan was so insistent upon the resuscitation of a proposition thrice rejected by his party has never been divulged. Although duly heralded as a traditional and undying principle, one looks in vain for its promulgation in either 1900 or 1908, when Mr. Bryan was the candidate and the author of the platform; consequently it was not the usual reaffirmation; it was a virtual novelty interjected seemingly for a specific purpose. Some have imagined that Mr. Bryan felt that others, like himself as quoted in recent years, should be satisfied with a single term. Others have suspected that he wished, in the event of his failure to attain his ambition in 1912, to remove the most formidable obstacle to his candidacy in the present year. In any case, he carried his point after a fashion and, in a speech at Harrisburg shortly before he resigned, he indicated unmistakably that the thought remained in his mind, if not as a positive menace to President Wilson's candidacy, at least as something to conjure with in subsequent political trafficking with his former chief.

But to the guileful no less than to the guileless be their just dues! Despite the firm assertion of Mr. Wilson, while a candidate, that the Democratic platform " says what it means and means what it says," others less adept at making and construing perplexing phrases continue to experience difficulty in determining whether this singular concept is in fact a concrete pledge or a mere abstract notion. We doubt not that the President's own impression is quite clear, but for some reason he has not seen fit, contrary to his well-known custom and somewhat to our own embarrassment in attempting a defense of his position, to take the public into his confidence. Indeed, to the best of our knowledge, he has never referred to the paragraph, as in fact he did not in his letter to Mr. Palmer, thus still leaving us uncomfortably in the dark as to whether he considers it a part of a " platform " that is " not a programme " or of a programme that is not a platform.

Be that as it should be, Mr. Bryan is on record by word and deed as a frank and unequivocal interpreter of his own (and Mr. McCombs's) mystifying utterance. The quiet

but determined effort on the part of a number of patriotic citizens headed by the Honorable Wayne MacVeagh, who dreaded the possibility of Theodore Roosevelt returning to the White House, crystallized on June 4th, 1912, when the House Committee on the Judiciary authorized its Chairman, the Honorable Henry D. Clayton, to report favorably a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution to the following effect:

> The Executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. The term of the office of President shall be six years, and no person who has held the office by election or discharged its powers or duties or acted as President under the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof shall be eligible to hold again the office by election.

The imminence of a National campaign and the press of work upon Congress prevented consideration of the report at the time, but after the election of Mr. Wilson upon a platform pledging the candidate to "the principle" avowed, the proposition was renewed in the Senate and on February 1st, 1913, it was adopted by that body, seventeen anti-Roosevelt Republicans voting affirmatively and only one Democrat, Mr. Shively of Indiana, voting in the negative. The sentiment of the House was overwhelmingly in favor of the resolution, but the Democratic leaders, feeling that their newly elected President was entitled to consultation upon a matter of so much importance and having no late information respecting his attitude, deferred action until his views could be ascertained.

During this interim Mr. Bryan demonstrated his own sincerity beyond the possibility of question. In a communication addressed to the Honorable Robert L. Henry of Texas, he urged that it was only the *principle* they were striving to embody in the Constitution, not an inhibition upon any individual,—which he felt would be unjust. He proposed, therefore, that the resolution be so changed as to leave no question of the re-eligibility of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt in 1916. He thereby, as all must admit, relieved himself wholly of the charge of self-seeking in his insistence upon the insertion of the plank at Baltimore. Meanwhile the President-elect intervened in the letter to Mr. Mitchell Palmer dated February 13th, which was duly exhibited to Chairman Clayton and other prominent Repre-

sentatives, who promptly bowed to the wish of their new leader and buried the resolution.

Mr. Bryan was informed of the occurrence and raised no objection. Three weeks later he began his so-called service as Secretary of State under President Wilson. By his act, then, no less than by his words addressed to Mr. Henry, he signified his own understanding that the Baltimore declaration did not and should not bar President Wilson from accepting a renomination. The irresistible conclusion is that, as an objector at this late day, Mr. Bryan would have no standing in the court of Public Opinion and that an effort upon his part to discredit Mr. Wilson as the violator of a pledge would serve only to convict himself of stultification and duplicity when, as matters now stand, he fairly deserves the highest credit for an act which has at least the merit of genuineness and perhaps of magnanimity.

2. *As to the Democratic party.*

Although Mr. Wilson can hardly be regarded as what is commonly termed "a strong party man," we are confident that neither he nor Colonel House, especially at this somewhat precarious juncture, would deny a measure of obligation to the Democratic party. But to what, if any, extent does this accountableness apply with respect to the Single Term? Ignoring for a moment the many and variegated Democratic platforms, of which at least in the olden days not a few were constructed chiefly "to get in on," we turn naturally, and conformably to custom, to the dicta of venerated Democratic statesmen. Of these the foremost are the three who, prior to 1913, were held by common assent the greatest of Democratic Presidents—Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Grover Cleveland.

Each of these, we are bound to admit, was a staunch advocate of the Single Term. Jefferson wrote to Francis Hopkinson from Paris in 1789:

> Since the thing (re-eligibility) is established, I would wish it not to be altered during the life of our great leader (Washington), whose executive talents are superior to those I believe of any man in the world, and who alone by the authority of his name and the confidence reposed in his perfect integrity is fully qualified to put the new government so under way as to secure it against the efforts of the opposition. But having derived from one error all the good there was in it, I hope we shall correct it the moment we can no longer have the same name at the helm.

Jackson, too, in his first annual message, declared that "it would seem advisable to limit the service of the Chief Magistrate to a single term of four or six years" and reiterated his conviction in far stronger terms in his second message and frequently thereafter, to the end, as he wrote in 1834, that "our liberties would possess an additional safeguard."

Cleveland also declared against a second term with characteristic positiveness immediately after his election in 1884.

And yet both Jefferson and Jackson were renominated and re-elected and Cleveland accepted two subsequent nominations without evoking serious criticism. Not even the personal authority and prestige of these great leaders could suffice to impose the Single Term upon the party as a tenet of its doctrine. Despite their adherence to the policy, therefore, it is Mr. Wilson, not Mr. Bryan, who is in strict accord with the accepted precepts of his party. And if Jefferson, Jackson and Cleveland could be so readily pardoned for failing to suit their actions to their expressed convictions, surely no fault can lie against Mr. Wilson whose course has been both consistent and in line with Democratic tradition.

3. *As to Mr. Wilson.*

Not only is a good name, as the Preacher remarked, "better than precious ointment"; it is, even in these degenerate days, a tangible political asset. Undoubtedly, as has been so often suggested, the candidacy of Mr. Wilson in 1912 profited in no small degree from the split in the Republican party; but chief among the various factors which contributed to his success was his reputation. He appeared before the eyes of the people as one of highly sensitized conscience whose marked aloofness from the sins, if not the temptations, of the world had been attained through a course of rigid moral training. It was this valuable possession which drew to his support thousands of our best citizens who might otherwise have been attracted to the banner borne aloft by Mr. Roosevelt with the approval, since withdrawn, of Miss Jane Addams. As President, too, in consequence of common recognition of his lofty motives, Mr. Wilson has been spared no little criticism which would have been visited relentlessly upon one known as a hardy politician.

But pre-eminence of whatever nature is never wholly free from attendant disadvantages; chief among which in this

instance is the exceptional expectation of a stern or obstinate moralist as contrasted with the modest demand put upon a more tolerant or easy-going person. If Solomon had Mr. Wilson in mind when he defined the "good name" as "rather to be chosen than great riches," we can but believe that he also glimpsed Our Colonel when he added, "—and loving favor rather than gold and silver." The distinction becomes clear and its unfairness manifest when one stops to think that a thing done by Mr. Roosevelt and laughed away as a mere idiosyncracy might readily be regarded as a grave offense on the part of Mr. Wilson. That, we take it, is the reason why political antagonists of the President are striving so earnestly to make it appear that, in accepting a renomination, he would be guilty of a moral dereliction no less reprehensible than that of Mr. Roosevelt, a possible opposing candidate in the coming campaign, when he repudiated his voluntary pledge never to seek a third term. The two cases, of course, are in no wise parallel or alike, as a recital of the circumstances and analysis of the criticisms will clearly show.

Brushing aside as unworthy of consideration the sneers which constitute the usual accompaniment of a general partisan assault upon a President by opposing members of Congress, Mr. Wilson stands accused upon two points: first, that by his silence he tacitly endorsed the Baltimore declaration and so appealed to the voters under a false pretense and, secondly, that after having been safely elected, he surreptitiously smothered the resolution putting that declaration into effect, in the interest of his own personal ambition. With respect to Point No. 1, it should be recalled that, for the first time in history, consideration of the platform was deferred until after the naming of the candidate. This was done at the instance of Mr. Bryan for some actual reason known only to himself but ostensibly to make certain that "the principles avowed should accord with the views of the candidate." As we have already noted, the fact that this specific plank did not harmonize with Mr. Wilson's judgment was brought to the attention of Mr. Bryan and other members of the Committee by his personal representative, Mr. William F. McCombs. If then, the real purpose of the unusual order of procedure was to "make the platform square with the candidate," clearly when the unexpected nomination had been accomplished the obligation to remove

the disparity rested, not upon the candidate, but upon the Committee,—who made no sign.

To the assertion that Mr. Wilson's tacit acquiescence compares unfavorably with the blunt refusal of the Honorable Alton B. Parker to accept his nomination in 1904 unless the Gold Standard was definitely upheld, it suffices to say that the plank to which Mr. Parker objected constituted the overshadowing vital issue of the campaign, while that confronting Mr. Wilson was of so little importance that probably not one-tenth of the delegates who voted for it even knew it was incorporated in the platform. Bearing this fact in mind and considering further that this could have been but one of several minor declarations not wholly to the candidate's liking, it must be evident to any fair mind that peremptory dictatorial action on the part of Mr. Wilson would have been regarded throughout the country as unnecessarily meticulous and unduly presumptuous. Moreover, he could later, as in fact he did in his speech of acceptance, make the fact clear that he did not accept the platform literally in all its parts as a definite "programme." Herein we find no cause for complaint except possibly—and only possibly, at that—from the viewpoint of hypercriticism.

The second accusation—that of Mr. Wilson smothering the resolution in his personal interest—involves questions of fact and propriety. That his letter addressed to Mr. Mitchell Palmer had the effect indicated and was designed to have it there can be no doubt. But to assert that he was "lobbying," inferentially unworthily, in his own behalf is to speak absurdity. He had become the leader of the Democratic party, and the Democratic Congressmen naturally and properly sought an expression of his judgment upon an important proposal, which in effect had not been passed upon by either the party or the country, before taking irrevocable action. It was Mr. Wilson's plain duty to submit both his opinion and the reasons underlying it, and he did so with notable cogency. Refusal to have done so would have constituted either an evasion of responsibility or a species of self-stultification.

He spoke, moreover, exclusively from the standpoint of public policy, as is evidenced by the simple fact that, if the resolution had been passed and the amendment adopted, so far from impairing his own political prospects, it would have left him eligible to re-election for a term of six instead of

four years, thus opening the way for the possible distinction of being the first and only citizen having served as President for ten consecutive years.

Barring the difficulty of reconciling the long delay in publishing the communication with the assertion contained therein to the effect that "I am speaking to redeem my promise that I would say what I really think on every public question and take my chances in the court of Public Opinion," which may perhaps be regarded as an ignorable circumstance, we fail to perceive how so much as a suspicion of Mr. Wilson's good faith can lie in any fair mind as a consequence of the course which he pursued in this matter.

4. *As to the country.*

The primary responsibility of a President, despite many manifestations to the contrary during the past twenty years, is not to himself nor to any other individual, however serviceable, and not to his party, but to the country. This consideration not only transcends but, in the event of conflict of obligations, it overpowers all others combined. Even though Mr. Wilson were convinced that his own fidelity, his debt to Mr. Bryan and his party's declaration committed him to refusal of a renomination, he would not be bound, in the existing condition of National affairs, by such a conclusion. Technically, moreover, he has made no pledge to that effect to the country either directly or inferentially. The Single Term was not an issue in the campaign. It was not referred to, so far as we can recall, in a single speech by a Republican, a Progressive or a Democrat. It was not passed upon by the electors. The people declared their preference for Mr. Wilson over Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt upon grounds which were wholly foreign and bore no relation to it.

Clearly, then, the broader consideration with respect to the President's duty to his country must prevail. And as to that there can be no question. Mr. Wilson has dominated the Democratic party so completely that, in so far as the coming campaign is concerned, it is a Wilson party; its legislative no less than its executive acts are his, initiated by him, established by him; barring a few hapless diplomats, its office-holders are "Wilson men"; its policies, domestic and foreign, upon which the country will render judgment in November, are his policies. Nobody else does or could personify all of them—neither Mr. Bryan nor Speaker Clark nor Mr. Underwood. Mr Wilson stands alone—a unique embodi-

ment for the time of the party of Jefferson and Jackson, and more distinctively so than either of those redoubtable statesmen. So far from impugning his own integrity by accepting a renomination, he would be recreant to his trust and play the craven's part if he should refuse to accept the test at the bar of Public Opinion. And Mr. Wilson need have no fear that a people which held Jefferson, Jackson and Cleveland blameless for ignoring what they did say will hold him to wrongful account for what he did not say.

There is no issue in the Single Term and none can be made by the Republican party, by Mr. Roosevelt, by Mr. Bryan or by anybody else. Regardless of futile attacks, regardless even of his own inclinations, Woodrow Wilson must be the next Democratic candidate for President.

PEACEMAKERS OR LAODICEANS?

There is a blessing promised for the Peacemakers. There is also a condemnation pronounced upon the Laodiceans. Perhaps one of these days, when we are tired of counting the numbers of peaceful travellers slain at sea, it may be of curious interest, and even of practical profit, to consider whether we are likelier to win the one or to incur the other.

The natural and commendable impulse at the beginning was, no doubt, toward neutrality and the benevolent offices of the peacemaker. We all remember the President's exhortation to neutrality, not only in deed and word but in thought as well. We recall, too, his characterization of the war, when it had been in progress for several months, as "a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes cannot touch us, whose very existence affords us opportunities of friendship and disinterested service." Those were fair words. Theoretically they were quite true. Beyond doubt they expressed the desire and the aspiration of every right-minded American. It would have been a gratifying thing to remain entirely untouched by the menace, the horrors and the losses of the war. It would have been a noble thing to retain the confidence, the esteem and the friendship of the belligerents on both sides, so as to be able to do acts of friendship, of kindness, and humanity to them both, and in time to exercise our good offices for a composure of the strife and a restoration of peace on terms congruous with justice and with the welfare of the world.

The vision, however, passed. In its place there came too soon the grim and most unwelcome reality. We have been drawn more and more into the hideous embroilment. Some of its most appalling atrocities have fallen upon us. Losses and bereavements have come to us through it. Problems and perplexities, too, have been thrust upon us. Our relations with more than one of the belligerents have been strained almost to the breaking point. Our opportunities of friendship and disinterested service have been improved toward only two of the minor states. One of them is believed to regard us with profound gratitude—in which she exercises toward us a charity as great as it is unappreciated. By the chief belligerents and by most of Europe we are, if truth must be confessed, regarded with an unpleasant mingling of surprise, regret, distrust, contempt, aversion—with almost every feeling which we should prefer them not to have toward us. Not within the memory of living men has the United States stood so badly before the world as at the present time.

Nor is it clear that we are thus merely suffering without blame the proverbial fate of those who try to please all and end by pleasing none. It is not sure that we have tried to please all. We have more probably tried to avoid displeasing any; which is a very different thing. But in neither could we be considered blameless. To do either was axiomatically impossible, and he who knowingly attempts such an impossibility is not void of blame. But if it were not impossible to do either, it would be undesirable; so undesirable as to be most culpable. For above most wars in our time, if not in all time, this is one which involves great principles of international ethics, in its causes, in its purposes, and in the manner of its conduct. We may not say that one side is altogether right in all things and the other altogether wrong. But we may say with certainty of conviction that on each important issue of the war one side is right and the other is wrong; though it may not be the same side that is right or wrong in every case. A nation cannot agree with both the right and the wrong.

We shall do well to consider whether the error was not in exalting neutrality above principle; in practicing neutrality for its own sake instead of as mere means to an immeasurably higher and nobler end. There is no virtue in neutrality *per se;* while there may be much evil. Your typical neutral

for the sake of neutrality is the Laodicean, sordid and selfish, and neither hot nor cold. Your typical neutral who is neutral for the sake of thus serving a higher aim is he who, like Terence, thinks nothing of unconcern to him which concerns humanity. It would be monstrous to assume that because of our neutrality we were to regard with apathy or unconcern the repudiation of treaties, the violation of national and international rights, and the outraging of the fundamental principles of humanity.

"I hope," said the President a few months ago, "that we shall never forget that we created this nation not to serve ourselves but to serve humanity." But it was not serving humanity to iterate and reiterate words that seem to have been empty for eight long months, when our own non-combatant men, women and children were butchered wholesale, and when international law at sea and on land was flouted and made the jest of "frightfulness." It was not service to mankind for us to reserve our harshest protest to a later date, against some interference with our commercial gains!

That is why all Europe looks askant at America to-day. That is why we have lost caste among peoples struggling for the very life of liberty and democracy. We have been neither cold nor hot; wherefore humanity is moved to spew us out of its mouth.

COMMERCE AFTER THE WAR

Three things are obvious. One is that our export trade has enormously increased since the beginning of the war. The second is that the increase has been due chiefly to the conditions produced by the war. The third is that the ending of the war will change those conditions and will thus powerfully affect our commerce. Such are the elements of the problem which confront us.

The increase in our export trade in the calendar year 1915 over 1914 was considerably more than a billion dollars, or nearly 75 per cent. That was gigantic, both positively and relatively. Never before had a nation such an increase in a single year, while just the amount of increase alone would have made a very respectable total export trade for almost any country. As our import trade did not increase, but actually declined, the balance of trade was of course enormous-

ly in our favor. In fact, our exports were about double our imports.

Now the simple fact of so great an increase in one year would of itself be abundant proof of the special and temporary nature of its causes. It is quite inconceivable that so great a growth could proceed from ordinary and permanent causes. The same conclusion is suggested further and convincingly by the circumstances of the case. It is obvious that the war must greatly affect trade. It increases the demands of those belligerents which have access to our markets for munitions of war and other goods which their own disturbed condition and other activities prevent them from themselves supplying. It also increases the demands upon us of neutral states which formerly got their supplies from countries which are now belligerent and therefore unable to provide them. Finally this conviction is confirmed by inspection of the figures. In Europe our sales have enormously increased to those belligerents which have retained the use of the high seas and are therefore able to get our goods—France, Italy, Russia and the United Kingdom—and to those neutral states which are most closely in touch with the belligerents—Denmark, Greece, Norway and Sweden. Elsewhere there has been little or no increase. To Canada, to Mexico, to Australasia, and to Japan, there has been only a small increase, while to China there has been an actual decrease.

We might clinch the argument by citing the values of various classes of exports. There have been large, in some cases enormous, increases in exports of explosives and other military munitions; of animals, breadstuffs, meats, automobiles, shoes, clothing, harness, and other articles useful for military purposes. On the other hand there have been large, in some cases enormous, decreases in exports of agricultural implements, sewing machines, typewriters, steel rails, lumber, pig iron, tools, and other goods not susceptible of military use. The significance of this is beyond question. The increased demand is a war demand. Our commerce is war commerce. We are selling war supplies; we are selling other goods to countries whose domestic industries have been interfered with by the war; and we are selling to countries in which the war has freed us for the time from effective rivalry.

Now what will be the effect of the ending of the war upon the three classes of increased exports?

Well, in the first place there will be a pretty complete

cessation of the demand for purely military supplies. That will mean a large reduction of our export trade. It will also mean, necessarily, an extensive readjustment of industrial activities in this country. Large establishments which have been created, or greatly expanded, for the production of munitions of war, will find their occupation gone, and will therefore have to go out of existence or else transform their activities into the production of other classes of goods. When, metaphorically, swords are beaten into ploughshares, sword factories will have to be turned into ploughshare factories. Establishments which have been supplying the demands of war will have to begin supplying the demands of peace.

In the second place, European countries now belligerent and therefore comparatively non-industrial, will restore and resume to some extent their own industries, the lack of which we are now supplying, and will therefore cease to purchase from us so great amounts of non-military supplies. How great our loss of trade from this source will be is matter for speculation only at this time.

In the third place, there will be a renewal, to an extent also now undeterminable, of the former competition in various neutral markets, particularly in those of South America, where Great Britain, Germany and France have been our chief rivals.

The second and third of these reductions are the more uncertain in respect to size because of certain qualifications which may prove to be of great importance. Thus, while European nations will resume their own industries as far as possible, we must bear in mind that their efficiency, their productive potency, will be greatly diminished by the losses of the war, while at the same time their needs will be greatly increased by the necessity of repairing the material ravages of the war. They will have fewer workmen and less efficient workmen than before the war, and they will have a great deal more work to do. In some respects, therefore, the demand for American supplies may be maintained, at least for a considerable time. Indeed, they may actually be increased, in some lines of goods.

Again, this same state of affairs may compel European countries to devote all their available efficiency to the supplying of their own needs and the needs of their immediate neighbors, and may thus prevent them from reengaging in

the South American and other foreign trade in which they were formerly our successful rivals.

The lessons are as obvious as the fundamental facts. We must anticipate and be prepared for the radical changes in industry and commerce which the ending of the war will inevitably bring, so as to avoid economic embarrassment from them. It will be well if the vast industrial establishments which are now producing only military supplies and which then will have to abandon that business can be turned readily and without delay to the arts of peace, and particularly to the production of those goods which hitherto we have purchased abroad and for lack of which we are now suffering. To cite a couple of examples: We shall hope to see the United States begin the manufacture of its own supplies of dyes, of which it already produces the raw materials. We shall also hope to see it produce its own supplies of drugs for medicines, and of chemicals for agriculture and the arts; so that never again can a foreign war raise to almost prohibitive prices the medicines of the sick, or handicap our arts and industries by similarly increasing the cost of essential goods which can just as well be made here as elsewhere.

We shall hope, too, to see the United States so adapt itself to the requirements of South American trade, and so ingratiate itself with its customers there, that it will be able to retain the commanding place which through the exigencies of war it is now gaining in those markets. It is significant that our exports to Argentina last year increased by 52 per cent, to Brazil 20 per cent, and to Chile 55 per cent. We shall be disappointed if final returns do not show that these increases have put us easily in the first place in the markets of each of those countries. If so, can we hold that place? Rather, will it not be a reproach to us if we fail to hold that place? Our European rivals got into those markets ahead of us, in the days of our neglect of them, and when at last we woke up to the desirability of supplementing the Monroe Doctrine with commercial relations, we found it impossible to displace them in peaceful competition. But now they have been ousted by their own war and we have got in. It remains for us to show that we can hold the markets against them, as successfully as they held them against us.

These post-bellum problems may seem to some to be remote. Two years ago a European war seemed immeasurably more remote. Yet the war came, and found most nations

unprepared. That the war will end is of course certain, and it may end as suddenly and as unexpectedly as it began. It would be a reproach to us if we permitted its ending to surprise us and to find us as unprepared, industrially, as its beginning found most of the world unprepared in military matters. For while we did not know that the war would ever begin, we do know that it will end. Preparedness is the wise order of the day. But there is an industrial preparedness as well as a military preparedness, and while we are cultivating the one, as we greatly need to do, it would be deplorable for us to neglect the other, of which we have no less need. We believe in the prudence and the wisdom of the injunction that in time of peace we should prepare for war. It is no less wise that in time of war we prepare for peace.

GREECE AND THE POWERS

King Constantine is his own best spokesman. The neutral course of Greece in the War of the Nations has been variously commented upon, pro and contra. It has been defended against criticism by the Greek statesmen who have guided it, and by men in other countries who approved it because it comported with their interests. But by far the most lucid explanation of it, and the most convincing vindication of it, so far as it is to be vindicated, came from the lips of the King of the Hellenes himself, in his very frank talk with a press correspondent.

The present predicament—for such it must be called—of Greece in her relation to the warring Powers constitutes, however, one of the strangest ironies of history, a review of which inevitably arouses sympathy with the Allied Powers in their thought that the Hellenic Kingdom should array itself outright upon their side. We scarcely need the reminder that after the raids and conquests of Macedonians, Romans, Serbs, Bulgars, Crusaders and Venetians, it was the Turks who finally crushed Greece into poverty and barbarism, so that the very name was lost. That, then, is the first count in the story, that Turkey was the despoiler and oppressor of Greece. The second is that the first impulse for the political regeneration of Greece was given by Russia. That was in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when Russian emissaries incited the Greeks to plan rebellion against their oppressors; when a Russian expedition—not

official but not officially disowned—invaded Greece and strove to lead a general uprising for independence; and when, finally, Russia went to war with Turkey, defeated her, and in the ensuing treaty constituted herself the protector of the Greek Church in the Turkish Empire, and thus made it possible for Greek merchants to sail under the Russian flag. It was then, in 1774, that the Greek national movement really arose.

The third count, a complex one, came in 1820-21. The Congress of Troppau met, under the dominance of that "Holy" Alliance of Metternich's against which we had presently to issue the Monroe Doctrine. The Greeks made an appeal to it for aid and sympathy. Under Austrian dictation this was refused, and Prussia said "Ditto" to Austria. Here then were the present great Teutonic Powers turning a deaf ear to the Greek prayer for rescue from Turkish tyranny. But worse than that soon followed.

In 1821 the Greek Revolution began. Turkey strove to crush it with ruthless cruelty. The Greek Patriarch at Constantinople was officially murdered at the door of his own cathedral and his body treated as carrion. Several other Greek prelates shared his fate. The entire population of the island of Chios was massacred, and Turkey prepared to mete out a like fate to all Greece; as now, under German patronage, she did to Armenia. What, then, was the attitude of the "Christian" Powers of Europe?

Alexander I of Russia, as the Protector of the Greek Church, purposed intervention, and his Ambassador presented to the Turkish Government a strong protest against the savagery that was being practised. His note was in fact a scathing indictment of Turkey for unspeakable infamies; comparable with those of Timur Leng—and Wilhelm II. But Russia did not wish to intervene single handed. It was desirable, she thought, that several of the great Powers should unite, partly in order to make the intervention more irresistible, and partly to avoid the appearance of designs of selfish aggrandizement on the part of any one of them. At that time Austria was the foremost of the Continental Powers, and application was accordingly made to her, at least for her good will and approval, if not for her actual aid. What was the Austrian reply, to which Prussia continued to say "Ditto"?

The Austrian reply was threefold. First, Metternich

wrote, with a cynical and callous wickedness for which we shall look far to find a parallel, that "for three or four hundred thousand people to be hanged, impaled or otherwise butchered was nothing to him!" Even Timur Leng had been satisfied with a tower of only eighty thousand human skulls! Afterward he hoped that the Greek question would be solved by the simple expedient of killing off the entire Greek nation. Next, he wrote to the Sultan, or the Sublime Porte, urging and encouraging an accession of ruthless severity in the suppression of the Greek Revolution. Finally, he persuaded the visionary and fanatical Czar that the Greek Revolution was in fact only part of a widespread and wicked conspiracy against all sovereigns, which it was the duty of all members of the Holy Alliance to suppress. In that way he actually succeeded in getting Russia to withdraw all aid and sympathy from Greece; until after the death of the deluded Alexander I in December, 1825, and the accession of his brother Nicholas, who was not so easily duped by the Austrian trickster and tyrant. So Greece was left to work out her own salvation.

Meantime, what of the other Powers? Byron and Canning in England were foremost in pleading the cause of Greece before the world, and in giving her actual aid; the former at the cost of his fortune and his life. In France, too, Thiers, Cousin, Hugo, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Béranger, de Broglie and their compeers and many others were ardent and effective advocates of the Greek cause. From both those countries money and arms were freely sent to aid the revolutionists; even long before there was organized and official intervention in their behalf. So it came that in 1825 the representatives of the Greek people formally placed their "liberty, independence and political existence under the absolute protection of Great Britain."

Austria, too, intervened, but as an ally of the Turks. In 1825 the Turks were besieging Missolonghi, the chief stronghold of the revolutionists. Some of the chief operations were on the water, between the Greek and Turkish fleets. But many of the Turkish vessels flew the Austrian flag; and when at last the Greek commander, Sakhtouri, won a victory which was almost a modern Salamis, among the vessels which he captured were five Austrian transports, laden with 1,300 barrels of gunpowder. It is an interesting coincidence that now, just ninety years later, the Teutonic Powers should

again be rushing arms and ammunition from Central Europe down to aid the Turks in a war against Christian peoples.

The curtain rose on the last act of the drama late in 1826, when Nicholas I of Russia, freed from the Austrian obsession which had controlled his brother, determined upon effective intervention. He announced this to the Teutonic Powers. The answer came from Metternich for Austria, and from Bernstorff—there was a Bernstorff then—for Prussia, to the effect that they would not join Russia in any such act, and that if she persisted in it they would hold themselves free to pursue an independent policy. This was meant as a veiled threat to Russia, that Austria and Prussia would ally themselves with Turkey against the former Power. At the same time Metternich wrote to the Turkish Government, encouraging it to hold out resolutely against Russia, and suggesting the reply which it should make to Russia's demands.

But Nicholas was not to be deterred by the Teutonic menace, when he knew that the two great Powers of Western Europe were ready to assist him. So in July, 1827, Russia, France and England entered into an alliance; just as they are allied to-day. The treaty was made in London, and it bound the three signatory Powers to intervene for the ending of the war in Greece, by mediation if possible, and if not, by force. Of course, the only ending which they would accept would be one granting independence to Greece. Mediation failed, and so recourse was had to force. A French army of 14,000 men under General Maison was sent to Greece for a land campaign, and many British officers aided the Greek troops. Finally in October of that year came the decisive naval battle of Navarino, which destroyed the Turkish Power at sea. On the Greek side were the allied fleets of England, France and Russia. On the other side were the fleets of Turkey and Egypt, with Austrian ships close at hand with supplies of ammunition for them. Practically it was a battle of England, France and Russia against the Turks and Teutons. The Austrian Emperor denounced it as an act of assassination.

The work of Greek redemption was completed during the following year by the Russian land campaign against Turkey. Already a former Russian Minister had been chosen President of the Greek Republic. After independence had been completely established, another treaty was made at London by the same three Powers, Great Britain, France

and Russia, by which Greece was placed under their protection and its independence was guaranteed by them forever. The first King of the Hellenes was a Bavarian, who proved so unsatisfactory that the Greeks expelled him, and almost unanimously elected an English prince, the eldest brother of Edward VII. in his place. But the three protecting Powers had bound themselves not to place any member of their reigning families on the throne; so, on the nomination of Great Britain, the Danish prince, George, was chosen, the father of the present King Constantine, and was provided with a civil list from the treasuries of the Powers.

This, then, is the present situation: Greece stands between two groups of allied Powers. On the one side are Turkey, Austria and Prussia, her traditional oppressors. On the other side are Russia, France and Great Britain, her liberators and protectors and the founders of her present ruling dynasty. On the one hand her traditional foes, on the other her effective friends. Between the two, her king insists upon maintaining the largest possible degree of neutrality. Yet it is not surprising that a large part of the Greek people find their sympathies going out almost irresistibly toward the Allies to whom Greece owes her independence and her very existence as a nation and a people, and to whom King Constantine owes his crown. Nor is it strange that those Allies have thought that Greece should show her gratitude for their inestimable services to her, by giving them her aid against not only their present enemies but also her own traditional and inveterate foes.

HYMEN'S WIRELESS

The flowers of Deutschland's culture are perennial, innumerable, and beyond praise; but the most delectable that we have yet culled has been blooming modestly in our midst for we know not how many fragrant months or years, yet we have only just encountered it. Its native soil is Berlin, where, in the sunny spaciousness of Unter den Linden, it has flourished as the *Heirats-Zeitung*, under the affectionate nurture of Herren Fritz Podzeus (most mellifluous of cognomens!) and John Ringlau; but it had an offshoot in these barbarian States, where it thrust its leaves and blossoms through the hospitable soil of upper New York. Let this precious manifestation of sweetness and light be

self-described: It is, we learn, "The advertising medium of the greatest Matrimonial Office in the world. It stands [mark carefully!] "for the promotion of morality and the legitimate introduction of Ladies and Gentlemen who wants (sic) to be married." It is "published irregularly, according to wants. Subscription, one dollar per year, which includes visits to both offices, in New York and Berlin." If you wish attention, enclose sufficient stamps to cover expenses, "as fees for arranging marriages are not sueable." Introductions will be made if the fee of one dollar is paid and satisfactory reference furnished. But note this carefully: "Personal interviews," cautions the Editor, "should be arranged in advance, as I am often absent making introductions." Moreover, do not try to put anything over on this strictly moral institution: "through the exchange of cipher letters there was much swindling and foolery indulged in, therefore I open all cipher letters." As far as is humanly possible, satisfaction is guaranteed—"it may safely be predicted that a suitable helpmate will be found for every applicant," even though "eighteen thousand marriage inquiries are now awaiting attention."

Restricted space, we are told, has made it impossible to project into the hymeneal void, through the throbbing wireless of the *Matrimonial News,* these eighteen thousand appeals; but several hundred are contained in a recent issue, where they may be observed with the discreetly sympathetic interest that their own delicate reticence prescribes.

Even the most amiably disposed cannot but note with regret that, in most of these cases, the mating instinct is modified by practical considerations. Some of these shy souls, it is true, offer rather than demand—as, for example, the "Lady, orphan, 22 years, of a cheerful disposition," whose advertisement heads the first column of the first page of our invaluable contemporary. Being the possessor of "about two million dollars," she desires to marry "a suitable gentleman"; and in like case is the "European Lady," in the same column, who, apparently unaffected by war-time retrenchments, "has two million dollars in her own right," and "wishes to marry a gentleman of perfect form, good character, happy disposition; mechanical engineer preferred." But sentiment and generosity both fly precipitately out of the window as we round the corner of the neighboring column and encounter "Father, a large manu-

facturer," who "wishes to marry his only daughter to a gentleman who has at least $50,000—but [note the subtle implication of the "but"] a man of respectability." This, alas! is the prevailing note, proclaiming an age commercialized, insensible, spiritually moribund. What shall we say of the lady who is so indifferent to the sweet promptings of Eros that, though she is eighteen, has "a fine form," and $400 in cash, must marry "a rich man"—"otherwise she will wait two years"? But commercialism is not all on the distaff side: for here is a "Lawyer, Protestant, 26, 5 ft. 10 in., $10,000 income, a good swimmer," who—content neither with his own exceptional advantages nor with the bright prospects of emotional reward which they would seem to assure—seeks "lady up to 30 with $100,000." And next to him are a group of equally abandoned mercenaries: first, a "Stump Speaker, 46, 5 ft. 8 in.," who, not satisfied with an income of $2,000, "seeks lady with $250,000"; second, an "Iceman, 29, $5,000 income, $15,000 in banks" (admirable captain of industry!), who "seeks lady up to 28, religion and nationality immaterial, with $2,000"—a modest requirement, surely; but, then, an iceman can afford such luxuries of magnanimity; third, a "Poet, Protestant, 52 years of age, 5 ft. 7¾ in., weight 127, $4,200 cash," wishes to marry "lady with $5,000"; fourth, a "Count, German, 64, bachelor, 5 ft. 11 in., the real article, speaks four languages," whose consort must be in the $200,000 class—though she "may be up to 50 years old"; last—and most heinous—a "Prince, 30 years of age, first-class education," who would wed "lady or widow [no widows are ladies in the *Matrimonial News*] with five million." A Machiavellian master of subtlety! We observe, incidentally, that the maturity dead-line varies liberally—from 24 up to 55. Incomparably less disturbing to the idealistic vision than these unabashed materialists is the "Engineer, 27, 5 ft. 7 in., weight 140," in a neighboring column, who "wishes to marry into a machine factory"; and his presumably repentant neighbor, "Bartender, Protestant, 39 years of age," who "wishes to marry into the coffee business."

Reading on, one turns misanthropist. Sentiment, fond illusion, the wand-like touch of Romance—whence have they fled? But let us not be too hasty in diagnosis: here, after column upon column sodden with materialism and avarice—here, at last, is the bright face of Romance: "Miss, school

teacher, 27 years of age, 5 ft. 4 in., weight 130, Protestant, no cash, but to inherit," wishes to marry " a gentleman with brown eyes." And there is an idyllic suggestion in this simple, bucolic confession of " Noble Lady, 34 years of age," who " wishes to marry a farmer." But Romance sorrowfully turns her face to the wall when we arrive at the next column, for here again is the lure of gold: " Lady, mother, 52, daughter, 19, controls at least thirty millions, wishes to marry two gentlemen of sunny disposition, and will go hand-in-hand with them peacefully on life's journey "—a hymeneal four-in-hand to which none but the sour of heart will fail to wish the happiest of trips.

Here we may profitably pause for a moment to consider those matrimonial qualifications which appear to be most frequently favored. " Congeniality " leads, with nine votes; " integrity " and " education " tie for second place, with seven votes each; " enterprise," with six, runs them close; " respectability " wins four votes; " affection," " sobriety," and " geniality " three; " honor," " industry," " intelligence," " refinement," " ambition," " style," " prominence," and " reliability " run neck and neck, with two votes each. Only sentimentalists will deplore the solitary vote cast for pulchritude—one only for " beautiful "! But what will the Eugenists think of the single vote for " healthy "? There are quaint and provocative specifications: one lady desires to wed a " post-office official," another " a head-waiter or publican," another " any respectable man "; and a widow who owns a corset factory longs for " a gentleman who will help her conduct her business." The Nobel Prize for candor should go to the " Spinster, 40 years of age, 5 ft. 4 in., weight 124, very homely," who " seeks husband, widower with one child preferred. Photo and address with Editor "; or perhaps to the " Steady, sober, ambitious, healthy American gentleman," who wishes to meet " lady of medium height, dark complexion, one who works at some gainful occupation "; and who adds, with one eye on the rising cost of living and the other on the reproachful shade of Anthony Comstock, " Please state number of children desired, if any."

And so we come regretfully to the final page of this enthralling publication, hoping wistfully, as we reach the end, that at least two of its contributors may meet and mate: The " active, aggressive, successful young business man of

large affairs, not yet in the full prime of life, very best health, does not use liquor or tobacco, fond of God's great outdoors and the joy of living," who " wants to meet a companion and chum in the form of a beautiful, cultured, refined Christian lady of wealth and breeding "; and the " Widow of a banker, many millions," who " wishes to marry a prominent gentleman with a happy disposition, who would make her life a perfect revelation." But we fear, alas,—as we wish of our wives and sweethearts,—that they may never meet, since we learn from the public prints that last week the editor of the *Matrimonial News* and *Heirats-Zeitung*—Herr Fritz Podzeus—passed away. His malady was of the heart. He died a bachelor.

OUR LATIN-AMERICAN POLICY

BY EX-SECRETARY OF STATE RICHARD OLNEY

TWENTY years ago a practical application of the Monroe Doctrine seemed to be called for and was made. Subsequent events have not weakened it, but rather enlarged its scope and increased the esteem in which our people hold it.

The relations between the United States and the countries of South and Central America—commonly spoken of collectively as Latin America—have as a rule been friendly, though not intimate. Those countries on the one hand have relied for their commercial and financial connections almost wholly upon Europe and treated their relations with the United States as mostly official and perfunctory. The United States, on the other hand, has viewed those relations in pretty much the same way, while until within a very short time our capitalists, producers and manufacturers have failed to realize the advantages of trade and intercourse with the peoples of the South American continent. The one marked exception to this condition of things has been the Monroe Doctrine—a policy whereby the United States declares itself prepared to resist any aggression by a European state upon the independence or territorial integrity of any other American state. The policy simply means protection and security for any other American state, and, maintained and exercised in good faith, cannot easily be objected to by any other American state. In that view it is a policy directed against Europe only, and until recently it represented our entire Latin-American policy.

Within a short period, however, the United States has developed a distinctive rule of action in respect of Latin America, which in one sense certainly is in the interest of Europe and not against it, and whose only connection with the Monroe Doctrine is the desire and purpose of the United States to avoid any clash with Europe over the practical ap-

plication of the Doctrine. Perhaps what has been done in the course of developing the new policy may be considered as a tacit acknowledgment and acceptance of the claims of European jurists and statesmen that if the United States assumes to protect the political independence and territorial integrity of other American states it must see to it that such states abide by and perform their international duties and obligations. At all events, that is what the United States has been doing and is doing with the acquiescence of European states in various well-known instances. Instead of standing by and looking on while a European state enforces its international rights as against a lawless or defaulting American state, the United States has intervened, has in effect warned the European state concerned off the premises, and has itself caused international justice to be done. It has undertaken the protection of the lives and property of Europeans when threatened by riots and revolutionary movements. It has exacted indemnities and penalties for injuries suffered by them, and has collected debts for European states and their citizens by occupying ports and collecting and applying customs revenues. In cases of this sort it has, in effect, charged itself with duties and trusts analogous to those devolving upon the receiver of a bankrupt corporation.

Consequently, whether the supplemental policy above sketched is or is not the logical and inevitable sequence of the Monroe Doctrine, it is now no longer aimed at Europe only, but also trenches upon American states themselves. It is a policy, indeed, which as respects such states impairs their independence. It does not alter the case that the intervention of the United States in the manner described may be for the best good of such states. Such intervention is in clear conflict with the basic principle of international law, which asserts the absolute equality *inter sese* of all states, great and small.

But our Latin-American policy, hitherto practically limited to the Monroe Doctrine and its corollaries, has necessarily taken on a wholly new development by reason of our acquisition of the Panama Canal and the Panama Zone. The United States is now a South American power, with extensive territorial interests acquired at immense cost. It holds the Canal in double trust—on the one hand for the people of the United States, on whose behalf it is bound to make the operation of the Canal efficient and, if possible, fairly

remunerative; on the other hand for the world at large, on whose behalf it is pledged to give to all nations the like facilities in the use of the Canal upon equal terms. In both relations it has assumed to protect the Canal against all assaults from every quarter, whether they come in the shape of military invasion or of economic competition. Hence, on the one hand the United States has fortified the Canal and will undoubtedly take all other measures necessary to protect it against military attack. Hence, on the other hand, the United States has initiated measures looking to the pre-emption of all other routes practicable for a rival canal.

It sufficiently appears from these premises that the Latin-American policy of the United States now has the following objects:

First. To secure every American state against loss of independence or territory at the hands of a European Power, as means to which end the United States will resist aggression by such Power by force of arms, if necessary, while, in the case of the weak and backward states, removing any excuse for such aggression by itself seeing to the performance of their international duties;

Second. To secure its interest in the Panama Canal by whatever military measures may be appropriate or necessary; and

Third. To protect its interest in the Panama Canal and Zone by whatever measures may be appropriate and necessary to prevent unjust and ruinous competition.

These being the general objects aimed at by our present Latin-American policy, what is the best and most obvious course for the United States to pursue in order to ensure their accomplishment? By way of preface it may be well to note that an extensive discussion of the Monroe Doctrine in the press and otherwise has been going on during the last twenty years and has elicited some novel propositions. The most drastic of these is that the Monroe Doctrine has become archaic—not only fails to serve any useful purpose, but impairs our freedom to consult our own interest—and should without hesitation be consigned to the scrap heap. An ex-President of the United States qualifies that proposition by contending that the Monroe Doctrine should no longer be deemed applicable to those of the South American states which maintain stable and law-abiding governments and whose growth in wealth and power and all the elements of

modern civilization puts them on a plane with all responsible states. And one of the great newspapers of the country, having its eye on the Panama Canal and the Panama Zone, suggests that our line of protectorates or quasi-protectorates should be extended to countries bordering on the Caribbean Sea, but should go no farther.

These propositions seem to partake of an academic rather than a practical nature. It is hardly conceivable that if another American state desires and needs help as against European or other foreign aggression, the United States will not respond to its appeal, whether the state attacked is a great state or a small state and whether or not it borders on the Caribbean Sea. In all probability it may be safely assumed that the Monroe Doctrine, as originally conceived and designed to accomplish the one end originally contemplated, will not be repudiated by the American people in our day and generation. The true question, therefore, is: How shall the Latin-American policy of the United States be so shaped and enlarged that, while preserving the Monroe Doctrine in its original spirit and application, it shall at the same time adequately provide for and protect the new interests the United States has acquired through its proprietorship of the Panama Canal?

The efforts of the present Administration for the pacification of Mexico distinctly point the way to the course to be pursued. The striking feature of those efforts is the co-operation between the United States and South American states. That the co-operation has been highly beneficial to all interests concerned is unquestionable, and, should normal conditions in Mexico follow, as now seems probable, it must be largely credited with the result. Nevertheless, and however more or less valuable such co-operation in this particular instance, its chief value lies in its tendency to introduce into our Latin-American policy a new and important factor, which in all respects—ethical, political and practical—should operate decidedly to the advantage of the United States and all American states.

Our Latin-American policy as represented by the Monroe Doctrine has always been wofully weak at one vital spot. The United States, the originator of it so far as America is concerned, failed to receive any substantial support for it from Great Britain except for a comparatively short period. Ever since, the United States has been the sole asserter and

sponsor of the Doctrine. The other American states have been content to enjoy its advantages while in no way assuming any share of its burdens. Realizing that the United States assumes those burdens not from benevolence but from considerations of self-interest, they have no special reason for gratitude, and as a rule exhibit none. On the contrary, the more they have gained in wealth and general importance, the more their pride seems to take offence at a doctrine which, in a degree at least, makes them stand to the United States in the relation of wards to a guardian. Further, the proceedings by which the United States has felt constrained to compel some of the smaller and less advanced American states to perform their international duties have unquestionably excited uneasiness in all. They feel those proceedings, however temporary or however beneficent in purpose and result, to be distinctly menacing and to indicate purposes and ambitions on our part quite inconsistent with their dignity and safety as independent states. This feeling has been greatly intensified by the lawless violence which robbed Colombia of its territory for the purpose of the Panama Canal enterprise. It thus comes about that, in its relations to Latin America and Europe respectively, the United States now figures as a self-appointed guardian of the independence of the one and the self-appointed guarantor of the rights of the other—both the guardianship and the guaranty being submitted to rather than desired, and neither gaining for the United States any special consideration or reward—while our glaring invasion of Colombia's sovereignty makes us "suspect" in the eyes of all Latin America. A futile attempt to remove or lessen the suspicion led to the ex-President's suggested qualification of the Monroe Doctrine already noted. This situation is obviously anomalous and unnatural and cannot be expected to last. The best practical solution of its difficulties as already intimated would seem to be indicated by the course of the present Administration in its handling of the Mexican situation. For the rôle of sole dictator of affairs on the American continent as now undertaken by the United States, there should be substituted cooperation between the United States and the other principal American states for the promotion and protection of their common American interests. In short, what is to be desired in place of the present unsatisfactory status is a Concert of American states, with powers, objects, and means of accom-

plishing them defined with all practicable precision. The detailed provisions of any plan for such Concert it is unnecessary now to consider. But certain of the great objects to be attained have already been indicated. The Concert would put all American states behind the Monroe Doctrine, so enlarged as to mean the protection of every American state not only against European aggression but against foreign aggression from whatever quarter. The discretion of the Concert would decide when in the common interest it was necessary and proper to so far invade the independence of any particular state as to compel it to recognize and perform its international duties, and would also determine by what state or states the decision of the Concert should be enforced. And, the United States having become an important South American as well as North American Power by virtue of its construction and ownership of the Panama Canal—a purely American enterprise world-wide in its significance and consequences, and which the United States proposes to carry on not merely for its own account, but as trustee for all nations and peoples—the Concert would unquestionably make appropriate and adequate provision for its security and defense against all dangers, whether military or economic.

The advantages of the Concert for the accomplishment of these several ends are apparent. In place of being a self-constituted agency, the Concert would hold credentials from a practically "United America" as represented by the states the most populous, the most powerful in material resources and military strength, and the most advanced in all the constituents of modern civilization. It would wield an authority well-nigh irresistible, not merely because of its superiority in physical forces, but because the diverse interests, policies, and rivalries of the many states concurring in a result would be a practical guaranty that the end in view was the general interest of the whole Concert, and not the special interest of any particular state. It would follow that as a rule, and except in extraordinary cases, a mandate of the Concert might be expected to be self-executing and not dependent upon the use of physical force for its effectiveness.

Still another important advantage of such an American Congress remains to be stated. The Monroe Doctrine is without recognition in international law. It exists as a policy of the United States, firmly settled at this moment, but subject

to change at pleasure. But an established Concert of American states on the lines and for the purposes already outlined might well challenge recognition as coming within the purview and entitled to the sanction of international law. A Federation of the World—a Parliament of Man—may be a dream. But if it ever becomes a reality, it will be by a process of gradual approach and as the result of a merger in a world-wide unification of many groups of nations which, through geographical proximity, racial affinities, common institutions and modes of thought, have been led to form themselves into local federations for the attainment of certain common ends. In the last analysis, the true basis of international law is the usages and practices of the great civilized states of the world. As those usages and practices necessarily change with the advent of new conditions, international law, which is a progressive science, also changes in order to meet the new conditions. It cannot be doubted, for example, that the conception of the absolute equality of states and the unconditional independence of each is now displaced by the conception that every state is perforce a member of an International Society of States and by virtue of that relation both acquires rights and assumes obligations. The whole International Society is in theory at least the common superior by which the rights and obligations of each member should be determined and enforced. In point of fact, of course, and while the logical status is perfect, there has been no world-wide organization of civilized states and no action by them as a whole. On the other hand, international controversies often arise which are local and limited in their nature and in which only a group of states has a substantial interest.

In such cases, long established international practice seems to justify the conclusion that the particular group concerned may legitimately settle such controversies even if the settlement involves over-riding the resistance of a particular state. The principle applied in every such case is of course the general welfare—the greater good of the greater number—the common interests of all the members of the group rather than the special interests of one or a few members. The many instances in which groups of European states have thus settled controversies between their members, always on the plea of acting for the good of the whole group, are too well known to need citation. That their de-

cisions have often been criticized and sometimes with only too much justice may be admitted. Yet on the whole the operation of the various European concerts has been considered to be beneficent especially in their tendency to prevent wars between the members of a group. For that reason and on the grounds already stated, and because there can be no useful and effective co-operation between states for common objects unless each can be made to subordinate its special interest to the general interest, international law must be regarded as acquiescing in the authority of a group of states to control the actions of its members whenever there is a real exigency calling for such control and provided always that the authority is exercised in good faith, by the use of reasonable and appropriate means and with all practicable regard to the rights, interests, sentiments, and traditions of the several peoples concerned. Tried by such a test, an American Concert established for the objects and with the purposes already stated, and providing for their accomplishment through strictly necessary and appropriate agencies, might confidently contend that principle as well as the usages and practices of civilized nations amply justify its existence and purposes. Obviously no rule of international law can be violated by an American Concert undertaking to protect every American state against European or other foreign aggression. So it is difficult to contend that such a Concert's intervention in the affairs of an American state with no other aim and no other result than to bring about the performance of international duties is not calculated to strengthen the ascendency of international law rather than to weaken it. And it is yet more difficult to believe that an American Concert for the maintenance and security of the Panama Canal should not be recognized as a fit subject for the protection of international law—on the contrary, as a neutralized canal enuring to the benefit of humanity at large, the Panama Canal might well be held as matter of international law to be under the guardianship of each and all of the civilized states of the world. Modern writers on international law concur in the principle which is thus stated by one of them—" Canals which connect great bodies of water and are international in character, modify the course of the commerce of the world, and their status is therefore a matter of international concern."

If opinions may differ as to the merit of any or all of the

foregoing suggestions, there surely can be no difference as to the necessity of determining with the least delay practicable what our future Latin-American policy is to be. "Preparedness" for defensive war is demanded by the country notwithstanding the immense burdens it entails. It involves many besides strictly military problems, and among them one of the most serious is for what contingencies we are to prepare and for what causes we are to be ready to fight. Shall we preserve unchanged our traditional attitude as the champion of every American state against foreign aggression without regard to its consent or request or its preference to take care of itself or to seek some other ally than the United States, and without regard to the surely incurred hostility of the aggressive foreign Power? It has often been claimed and sometimes effectively asserted that the United States in its own interest and for its own welfare must firmly resist any surrender of independence or cession of territory by an American state to a foreign Power even if the same be entirely voluntary. Suppose, for example, that an American state undertakes to permit an oversea Power to plant a colony on its soil, or to convey to it a port or a coaling station, is the United States to resort to war, if necessary, in order to defeat the scheme? These are only some of the inquiries which go to show the necessity of a speedy and comprehensive revision of our Latin-American policy. The replies to them involve possibilities which must be taken into account in any intelligent estimate of the kind and measure of military "preparedness" the United States ought to initiate. Obviously our "preparedness" means one thing with the co-operation of Latin America secured through the American Concert suggested, and a wholly different and much more difficult and burdensome thing without such co-operation. The difficulties of arranging such a co-operation are not to be underrated. Yet the exigencies of the situation are apparent and threaten not merely the United States but all American states. It is matter of self-preservation for each—and each should realize the vital interest it has in supporting a Concert which is formed on lines broad enough to cover all measures essential to the security of all, which is wholly defensive in nature, and which carefully abstains from any unnecessary impairment of the sovereignty of each.

RICHARD OLNEY.

THE PROPOSAL FOR A TARIFF COMMISSION

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

THE proposal for the establishment of a permanent tariff board or commission is regarded in many quarters as showing the way to a solution of the tariff question. There is much to be said for it. But there are serious difficulties and limitations, and above all troublesome questions about the character and make-up of the proposed board, and the course of action to be followed in improving our general political organization.

The first thing that needs to be borne in mind is that no tariff commission can settle policies. No administrative body of any kind can decide for the country whether it is to adopt protection or free trade, to apply more of protection or less, to enact "a tariff for revenue with incidental protection" or a system of purely fiscal duties. Such questions of principle must be settled by Congress,—that is, by the voters.

It is further to be borne in mind that the advocacy of a "scientific" settlement of the tariff does not carry us far. There are no scientific laws applicable to economic problems in the same way as the laws of physics are applicable to engineering problems. If we extend the term "science" to economics, we must remember that it can refer in this subject only to certain generalizations and to a body of useful information, not to a system of clear-cut principles or laws. Some of the economic generalizations are well established; others are of a very tentative and provisional sort. I believe some things are established concerning the working of protective duties; but I would not for a moment pretend that there is such a consensus of opinion on the subject as to give us a body of principles applicable at once in legislation, or

such as to enable us to decide at once on a method of procedure. For example, it is often maintained, not only in the United States, but in other countries as well, that the "scientific" solution of the question is that of the equalization of competition, or the equalization of costs of production. The underlying idea is that such duties shall be imposed as will equalize the difference between cost of production within a country and a lower cost of production in foreign countries. Now, I do not myself believe that this is a scientific or a commendable basis for the levying of protective duties. Consistently carried out, it amounts to saying that all industries are equally worth having; that when differences in cost are great, duties should be correspondingly high; that every industry, no matter how ill adapted to a country's natural resources or its industrial qualities, should have the equalizing protection; that we should never stop to consider what are the directions in which we can apply a country's labor and capital to greatest advantage. The equalizing proposal is perhaps a convenient and workable way of dealing with a protective system which is established and to which important industries have adjusted themselves. Quite conceivably Congress might adopt such a principle, and request a tariff commission to frame a bill based upon it. But it cannot, in my judgment, be said to rest upon any established economic principle, or to be scientific in any accurate sense of the term.

One other preliminary remark may be made. Much is said at the present juncture about the importance of a tariff commission in order to put the country in a state of industrial "preparedness." The war, it is said, must necessarily come to a close before very long, and then new conditions of international competition will have to be faced. Should we not have a careful and elaborate inquiry as to the best way of facing the coming situation? On this matter also I doubt whether a tariff commission can help us much. No one, not the ablest set of men, even though provided with any amount of money for engaging "experts," can possibly learn what sort of industrial conditions will have to be faced when the war comes to an end. We could not go to European countries for the purpose of investigation, or send agents to European countries, for the obvious reason that the respective Governments would not allow us to peer into their affairs. Even if we could send agents and get all possible information concerning existing conditions, no prediction could be made

concerning the course of development after peace. And if all these difficulties could be overcome, there would remain yet a further difficulty in the way of getting "prepared." The elaboration of a tariff bill at the hands of a commission is necessarily a slow process. The experience of the defunct Tariff Commission of 1909-12 indicates what must necessarily happen. That Commission was composed of able men, and it had large resources. It conducted excellent investigations and made valuable contributions to the understanding of some phases of the tariff. But it needed a couple of years to carry on its investigations, and even then was compelled to send in reports before the investigations were completed, because of political pressure to induce it to make some sort of early showing. If a tariff commission had the task of preparing a complete bill on all the complicated schedules, involving the vast range of our industries, it would be quite unable to report or recommend anything until a considerable period had elapsed. No; the commission project must be judged, not with reference to any immediate emergency, real or supposed, but with reference to its value as a permanent policy.

Incidentally, I venture to express my opinion that there is exaggeration in the talk about necessity of preparedness for the coming conditions of peace. No doubt there will be a jar, a shock, when the war comes to a close. But it is not likely to be at all so great as that which came at the outbreak of the war. Then there was a crash from a clear sky. Now, everybody knows that the change is certain to come, and everybody is more or less on the lookout for it. It is in the highest degree improbable that the end of the war will cause an industrial crisis in any country at all comparable to that of the midsummer of 1914; least of all in the United States. No doubt, there will be a period of readjustment, of uncertainty, very possibly of depression; then a gradual settling down to the new conditions. And as this gradual settlement takes place, I am by no means sure that any far-reaching change in international trade will be experienced. Certainly, so far as imports of manufactured articles into the United States are concerned, I see no probability that they will be greatly swelled. European industry is much more likely to be weakened than to be strengthened by the fearful strain of the war, and for some years in the future is less likely to be a formidable competitor than before. Un-

doubtedly, there will be varying conditions in different industries; but I see no indications of a portentous outpouring of exports. Whether the great struggle will eventually have far-reaching consequences upon the commercial relations between nations, it would be hazardous now to predict. But any long drawn out and slowly developing consequences of this kind can have no bearing upon the immediate tariff problem confronting the United States. To repeat, the tariff commission project should be considered without regard to the war contingencies.

Nevertheless, there is much to be said in favor of a permanent tariff commission or organization of some sort. Even though it could not solve the tariff question on a "scientific" basis, or take the tariff out of politics, or evolve a scientific tariff, or put the country in a state of preparedness, there are plenty of matters on which it could be helpful.

The one thing on which a body of this kind could be of service is in the more careful preparation of tariff legislation. It could aid in the accurate, honest, and consistent carrying out of whatever policy Congress,—that is, the party to which the voters had given control of legislation,—might wish to carry out.

Everybody knows that the traditional ways of framing tariff legislation have been in the highest degree haphazard. There has been rough and ready settlement by the committees in charge, influenced in a general way by the advice or pressure of the Administration in office. The House Ways and Means Committee has framed its bill; the House of Representatives itself has then amended its committee bill. The Senate Finance Committee has made more or less hash of the House bill, and the Senate itself has made more or less hash of its own committee bill. Then the Conference Committee of the two Houses get together. That Conference Committee, always under pressure because of short time, holding its sessions in secret, dominated by a few individuals, influenced more or less by advice from the White House, has evolved the final tariff bill. And this Conference Committee bill had to be passed once for all, if there was to be any tariff legislation whatever, in the shape in which it came from that committee.

All of the bodies concerned,—the House Committee of Ways and Means, the Senate Finance Committee, the Conference Committee, the President and the Secretary of the

Treasury and the officials of the Treasury Department,—have had a flood of statements and representations and statistics poured in on them. They have been veritably swamped by the mass of interested testimony. The legislative committees have had clerks or experts, selected hurriedly and put to work hurriedly—often selected because some one had a pull and wanted to get a job. Even the most conscientious chairmen and members of the committee could not possibly make themselves informed about the meanings of all the figures and the classifications and the specific duties and the ad valorem duties. Influential persons could "fix" legislation and work "jokers" in, and eventually bring into effect provisions which could not be said to be intended by Congress or by anyone except an occasional conniving member of Congress. Our tariffs have been settled in ignorant and irresponsible fashion. Of this we have become painfully aware, and it is natural that we should look for some sort of a remedy.

A permanent tariff commission, it may well be argued, could be, and would be, of much service. It could ascertain just what a given duty meant, just what sort of arrangement and classification was expedient, whether a particular phraseology entailed consequences not at all obvious on the surface (this has been the gist of "joker" legislation). If composed of really able and experienced men, its recommendations would have weight. No one supposes that Congress would adopt them as a matter of course. They must always be in line with the general system of industrial policy,—toward protection or toward free trade, toward making duties higher or making duties lower,—which the political conditions determined. They would necessarily be subject to change by Congress. But they would probably have a strong backing from public opinion; they would enable high-minded and conscientious members of Congress (and these constitute the majority) to ascertain the exact situation and to support careful legislation. A commission might greatly improve the situation.

There is, however, another aspect of the case to which little attention has been given in current discussion, and which seems to me of the first importance. What *kind* of a commission shall we try to set up? Shall it be an entirely independent body, like the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Federal Trade Commission, quite separate from the

ordinary administrative agencies of the Government? Shall it be concerned primarily with industrial investigations, and shall it give advice chiefly on questions of industrial policy? A commission quite independent, and giving attention chiefly to matters of policy, is most commonly advocated. And yet there are serious difficulties in the way of such a plan.

In the first place, the very existence of a permanent tariff commission whose main purpose would be to recommend tariff legislation to Congress, would be a constant *incentive to change*. The only excuse for continuing existence for such a commission would be that the tariff needed continual readjustment. The commission itself would feel bound to justify its usefulness by unremitting investigation, and it would necessarily have to make repeated recommendations to Congress. But one of the things borne in on every thoughtful observer of tariff changes, whether an economist by profession, like the present writer, or an experienced man of affairs, is that incessant changes in tariff legislation are bad. Better a low tariff once for all, or a high tariff once for all, than constant shifting or incessant suggestion of shifts. The industry of a country can adapt itself to almost any tariff system if only that system be settled and maintained. Moreover, one of the general principles or "scientific" statements which the economist can safely lay down is that such benefits as accrue from a system of free trade are secured only if low duties are maintained for a long time; and, on the other hand, that such gains as are obtainable from protective duties (by protection to young industries, for example) are secured only if the protective duties are maintained for a long time. A permanent tariff commission whose duty it was to make repeated reports and recommendations would tend to constant modification, constant change, constant unsettlement.

Hence if we are to have a commission whose duty it shall be to shape the tariff or solve questions of policy, I am inclined to think well of some such plan as that of the Tariff Commission of 1909-12. Let its duty be to make inquiries, to secure a body of accurate information, to make recommendations *for a given situation*. Let it be avowedly for an immediate purpose: to serve Congress and the committees in framing a particular piece of legislation. Such was the case also with the Tariff Commission of 1882. The recommendations of that Commission, it is true, were by no means followed in

their details when Congress passed the Tariff Act of 1883. Nevertheless, the tariff of 1883 was a better piece of legislation because of the recommendations of the Commission than it would have been without them. It is not too much to expect that even greater weight would be given to the recommendations of a similar commission in the future, and that it would serve even more to make a tariff act careful, well-balanced, consistent.

It is conceivable, however, that we should have a commission whose duties should be not solely or primarily those of report and recommendation on general policy, but which should have to do mainly with current administration and with the settlement of current administrative questions. This is precisely the situation with the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission. They have stated duties in connection with the administration of legislation. These, indeed, are their chief duties. The Interstate Commerce Commission is a sort of court. Its chief business is to decide specific matters at issue between the shippers and the railways. The new Federal Trade Commission is given jurisdiction of a similar kind. Both have, in addition, the power and the duty to make investigation and report. But it is not incumbent upon them to be mainly or continuously on the lookout for changes in legislation. They are chiefly concerned with the administration and improvement of the existing situation, and they recommend legislation only so far as their experience enforces upon them the desirability of changes consistent with the general spirit and policy of the legislation already in force.

Now there are administrative questions in connection with the tariff which are constantly calling for solution, and which at the same time bring to light the need of changes in legislation. There are vexing questions of classification under the tariff,—whether a particular piece of machinery should be classed as a manufacture of wood or a manufacture of iron, whether the chief component material of a fabric is wool or silk. There are questions on the methods of appraisal of duties. There are investigations in foreign countries relating to the values upon which ad valorem duties shall be based. There are inquiries concerning the extent of American trade in foreign countries, as well as concerning the exports which come into the United States from foreign countries. There are the strictly legal ques-

tions of interpretation which now go to the Court of Customs Appeals. There are statistics to be compiled and intelligently presented.

For all these matters we now have dispersed and complicated arrangements. We have the Board of General Appraisers, which is a sort of court for deciding on the appraisement of merchandise. The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of customs instructs collectors on the classification of customs; and the Customs Divisions of the Treasury Department have similar duties for the routine cases. There are special agents of the Treasury who go abroad and make investigations and reports. Consuls and consular agents abroad make similar investigations. The Bureau of Domestic and Foreign Commerce in the Department of Commerce has a staff of commercial agents who make reports concerning the development of American trade in foreign countries. On the other hand, the newly established Federal Trade Commission is making inquiries of its own concerning the possible development of foreign trade. There are a number of agencies working upon various phases of the same general problem.

There is thus a large body of more or less scattered information which would be useful to Congress. And notwithstanding this multiplicity of agencies, there remains information which a committee of Congress would wish to have and which can not now be had, or, at all events, is not readily accessible. A single body, having the duty of collating and co-ordinating the available information, and equipped to secure such further information as might be desired, could render important service. Further, it is at least possible that such a body should be given administrative functions or some powers of supervision and co-ordination, and should thus be of service not only to Congress but to the executive departments also.

There are two possible ways of gathering and co-ordinating the desired information. It might be done by a purely executive board or sub-department; say, a bureau consisting of permanent officials in the Treasury Department or in the Department of Commerce. Something of this sort now exists in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce recently established in the Department of Commerce. Under this arrangement the information would be given to Congress not by an independent tariff board, but by permanent

officials regularly serving in the executive departments. The other alternative is that of an independent board having no direct administrative duties and no close affiliation with any existing department, but serving as a sort of clearing house and organizer, and responsible to Congress alone.

On general principles there is much in favor of the first plan. It would seem, indeed, that the very object for which the various officials in the different departments exist is not simply the administration of existing laws but the consideration and suggestion of improvements in them. Unfortunately, the traditions of American political life present serious obstacles to the assignment of such functions to the department officials. The higher administrative appointments in all departments are regarded as political. The personnel changes with every Administration. Not only the members of the Cabinet, but all the responsible and well-paid officials are shifted with every political overturn. That this is a serious evil, and one that grows more serious with the increasing complexity of legislative problems, is recognized by every intelligent observer. The great bane of American politics is the absence of good permanent positions. The good positions are not permanent, and the permanent positions are not good. It is only the minor posts, whose salaries are not large enough to constitute political plums, that are left to permanent officials. And yet these obscure permanent officials, because often they alone are experienced and well-informed, have great influence in shaping current administrative practice and the details of legislation. It has been said with much truth that the Government of the United States is run by $1,500 clerks. We have sore need in our public service of a body of able, well-paid, permanent officials, whose positions shall not be affected by party changes, who shall not simply follow in mechanical fashion the precedents of their offices as they have found them, who shall be able to give intelligent advice as well as useful information.

Nevertheless, it will be urged, and with much force, that under the existing traditions of our political life the only way to secure a permanent, dignified, able, non-partisan body is through the establishment of an independent board. A board composed of administrative officials would necessarily be subordinate to the heads of the several Cabinet departments, and would be supposed to be under their political influence. To have the desired non-partisan and impartial

character, it is said that a tariff board must be composed of new appointees,—independent persons, and men of larger caliber than can now be expected as sub-officials in the departments. One's attitude on a problem of this sort is necessarily influenced by one's general expectations and hopes on political matters. Will there never be in our Federal service a permanent body of officials, experts in their subjects, not changing with every Administration? Will public service never offer a professional career to men of large ability? Will all the good places in the departments always remain within the spoils system? I can understand that, in view of the rooted habits of the present and the past, it may be concluded that permanent expert service can be got only by the establishment of a separate commission. I hope for myself that we shall learn to make our regular administrative machinery better, that we shall improve the existing system step by step instead of getting round it step by step. But it is easy to understand the attitude of those who believe existing traditions and ways, even though admittedly bad, to be so strongly intrenched as to make it hopeless to attack them directly.

The essential thing is that we should have a permanent and really non-partisan set of officials whose first duty should be to assist Congress in the intelligent and careful framing of tariff legislation. Its main function should not be to give advice to Congress upon questions of policy, or to undertake investigations which rest upon the assumption that some particular policy is to be carried out. It has been proposed, for example, to establish a tariff commission whose most conspicuous duty should be to ascertain the difference between cost of production in the United States and cost of production in foreign countries; the assumption being that this is the basis upon which tariff legislation ought to be constructed. It is tolerably certain that a tariff commission which proceeded on a basis of this sort, and whose functions were mainly concerned with investigations implying the application of this principle, would be under suspicion, and would probably be turned out whenever a political party came in by whom this particular principle was not accepted. And, similarly, any commission which is established as a move in the political game, even though not overtly for any specified sort of investigation, will be under suspicion, and will be given a cold shoulder when a new party comes in.

This was precisely the case with the Tariff Board of the Taft Administration. It was a good board, and it did good work. But it was regarded, not unnaturally, as a device of the Republicans, and it was consequently dropped when the Democrats came in. If we are really to have a useful, permanent, non-partisan board, it must be appointed in such a way, and its duties must be defined in such a way, as to make clear its purely advisory and non-political functions. Necessarily, much would depend upon its personnel; but much also would depend upon the attitude of the political parties at the time of its establishment. If its establishment is simply a political move by one party or the other, it is almost certainly doomed to failure.

It does not follow that a tariff board can be of no service whatever in guiding Congress and the country on the larger and more difficult questions of industrial policy. It could undertake investigations on the character and the development of American industries, on the conditions of competition between foreign and domestic industries, on the prospects of growth and development for American industries, which would throw light on disputed questions of industrial policy. Investigations of this sort, however, take time, and are more likely to be carried out with sole regard to the ascertainment of the facts if they are not undertaken with direct reference to any pending legislation or proposals for legislation. They should be conducted slowly, quietly, without any flourish of trumpets. They are more likely to command the respect of Congress and of the public if carried on by a board which had already established its usefulness and its impartial spirit by routine work more nearly of an administrative sort. The more ambitious and high sounding its regular duties, the less likely is it to be really successful. Let it be given mainly the duty of assisting Congress in the intelligent elaboration of whatever policy the country has decided to follow, and make no pretense of removing the determination of policy from the quarter where in the end it necessarily belongs: Congress and the voters.

F. W. Taussig.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S MILITARY POLICY

BY RICHARD STOCKTON, JR.

Congress, " pork barrel " political methods, and public indifference and ignorance, according to the military men, have been responsible for the past military unpreparedness of the United States. Now, however, when the public is really demanding that there be reasonable preparation, and when politicians are anxious rather than afraid to support adequate defense, it seems as though the military men themselves are about to fight like children over the details of the laws which are to secure the desired result. In fact, it is not unlikely that much of the opposition which the Administration's plans will have to face will be due to differences of opinion among the military authorities.

That there will be a strong fight on the Administration's proposed military policy is now certain. To no small degree this is due to the fact that the Administration is attempting to meet political conditions and at the same time to conciliate several opposing parties of military men, by offering plans that satisfy none of them.

There is a very strong element among our army that considers that compulsory service is the only possible solution of our problem, while the majority of Regular Army officers think that a Regular Army of about 250,000 men at peace strength, with a reserve which would give a trained war strength of over 500,000 is desirable. Opposed to this view are the highest officers of the Organized Militia, or, as it is more popularly called, the National Guard. These officers, very naturally, hold that all efforts should be turned toward establishing a better militia, under the control of the various States, but under the general direction of the War Department. As a third school of thought there is a

growing number of officers who feel that compulsory service, or a large standing army, are both so opposed to the American ideals that they will be adopted only under the compulsion of necessity, and that the militia, under State control, is absolutely out of the question as a part of any good scheme for national defense. This group consists of Army officers with an unusual amount of political knowledge and of National Guard officers with more than the average degree of military knowledge.

The present plans, however, not only oppose the first and second theories, but also fail to satisfy the third party. It must be admitted that, from a military viewpoint alone, a standing army of 250,000 or more, with reserves to maintain the force and bring it up to war strength, and a backing of a million or more trained citizens, is the true solution, and that compulsory service to maintain such a force would not only be fair and advantageous, but probably would be necessary. But those who advocate such a plan have taken up a hopeless cause, which we may dismiss at once as impossible of enactment in our laws. The present plans call for a slight increase in the Regular Army, a Continental Army of citizen soldiers, and more money for the National Guard. They include the regular increase to appease the Army, more money to satisfy the Militia, and provide for the Continental Army as the real attempt to give the nation an effective land force. This programme might well be the foundation of a most excellent military policy. If, however, we fail to consider both political and military conditions in proper proportion, the proposed plans cannot but cause controversy and result in another patchwork military policy.

When the plans of the Administration are carefully analyzed in such a manner there are three things which become evident:

First: That the War Department is not recommending what our military experts think we should have (a large Regular force) but rather what the Secretary of War hopes Congress may grant.

Second: That in attempting to meet political conditions the War Department is proposing a new citizen soldiery (The Continental Army) which is impractical; and that we continue to spend money on an old citizen soldier organization (The Militia) which can never be efficient.

Third: That, although separately both these forces must

be failures, a combination of the good points of the existing and proposed citizen soldieries will probably result in a fairly dependable force, second in efficiency to a Regular Army only.

The proposed increase in the Regular Army is so badly needed as to be almost unquestionable. No military authority can oppose it. The question will, therefore, narrow down to a struggle between those who will be satisfied with nothing but a State-controlled National Guard and those who want a Federal force as a citizen soldiery, ignoring the State troops entirely or in part.

There is no doubt of the fact that it is largely personal interest that will cause the militia to oppose a Federal force. The National Guard is ridiculously inefficient and cannot but remain so as long as it is under the control of the various States. It is for this reason that a Continental Army, properly organized, or some similar force of citizen soldiers under central control, offers the only practicable solution to our present military problem.

The Guard, however, through its higher officers, has already indicated that it fears the effect of the Continental Army scheme. The Guardsmen want to be in the "first line." They want Federal aid, and they intend fighting for it. They will oppose being relegated to the background with all of the influence of 130,000 male citizens of the United States, who can bring to their aid some of the most influential politicians and members of Congress.

Nevertheless, the now well known words of George Washington apply equally well to the militia today and to that of the Revolution. After our early struggles, Washington felt compelled to render this opinion of the militia: "If I were called upon to declare under oath whether the militia had been most serviceable or most harmful, upon the whole I should subscribe to the latter."

We spend over twelve million dollars a year on our present militia force, while our experts know well that it does not, and cannot, accomplish the ends for which it is in existence. In the Revolution, in the War of 1812, in the Civil War and in the Spanish American War there can be found only confirmation of Washington's words.

The National Guard, nevertheless, has much to be proud of. When the obstacles that it must overcome are considered, it is a remarkable force. Its efficiency amazes many

army officers who are aware of the existing handicaps. Among its commissioned officers are a few of the finest soldiers in the United States, and although the lives of a body of troops frequently depend upon the training, experience and skill of their commander, there are many Guard officers in whose hands soldiers would be glad to place themselves. In fact, there are a number who would be preferred to the average Regular of equal rank.

Such facts, however, should not prevent us from considering the efficiency of the National Guard, as a whole, from a strictly impartial viewpoint. According to the report of Brigadier General Albert L. Mills, U.S.A., the chief of the Division of Militia Affairs of the War Department, "the Organized Militia is not fitted to enter upon the work of maneuver campaigns." General Mills, in the same report, continues that "our trained troops, or first line, consist of the Regular Army and Organized Militia." As the Regular Army consists of only about 90,000 men and the Organized Militia of about 130,000 men, it will be seen that this War Department report might well read "two-thirds of our trained troops, or first line, are not even fitted to play at war."

How, then, can these troops be fit to take part in an actual combat? If we would answer that question we would solve a problem that has been worrying our military experts for some time. The real truth is that we have no first line, for the Regular Army is too small, and the Guard is both too small and too inefficient to furnish a first line of defense against any of the great Powers.

The inefficiency of the militia is not due to the members themselves. It is not because the officers are not intelligent and willing and hard working, or because the enlisted men are not physically fit, nor is it because the officers or men are lacking in bravery or other characteristics that go to make up good soldiers. On the contrary the officers are intelligent, and work at a personal sacrifice of time and money that is the wonder of those who are acquainted with the facts, and there is very capable raw material among the enlisted men. In every war, and in many domestic emergencies, the individual citizen soldier has been shown to be brave to the point of recklessness, but at the same time it has been proved that the militia apparently cannot be developed into the organized fighting machine that is needed in modern war.

Were Washington alive today it is extremely improb-

able that the progress made by the National Guard of this time would cause him to change his views in the slightest. Some of the States have excellent militia troops, while others maintain but farcical imitations of real soldiers. New Jersey, for instance, is rated fairly high in militia efficiency, but soldiers who have seen New Jersey's militia at close range must wonder how troops can be very far below the efficiency of the Jersey Guard and still be called soldiers.

The most charitable thing that can be said of the worst State troops, found largely throughout the South and West, is that they mean well. In Arkansas on one occasion the officers were all seen to wear their sabers backwards, in the manner of the most approved hero of the popular priced stock company. Of course the manner in which sabers are worn is of no importance, but it is an indication of the general knowledge of the officers in question.

The militia of today consists of numerous small "armies," varying in size from a depleted regiment to a division and varying equally in efficiency. How any other result can be expected of a force of soldiers subject to the whims of some half a hundred Governors, Legislatures and Adjutants General, it is hard to understand. Unity of control and team work are the great necessities of a military force, and in the State troops these qualities are, of course, entirely lacking. The General Staff of the Army has commented upon this fact as follows:—

> Our traditional theory of a small Regular Army and a great war army of citizen soldiers is not yet embodied as a definite institution. The mobilization of our citizen army would not result in a well-knit national army. It would be an unco-ordinated army of fifty allies, with all the inherent weaknesses of allied forces, emphasized by the unusual number of allies.

A great fault of the Guard lies in the fact that it is a very poorly balanced force. Armies are like athletic teams, and require a proper proportion of each of the special units which make up the finished machine. As a baseball team needs pitchers, catchers and fielders, an army needs infantry, cavalry and artillery. This nation, on paper, has been said to have sixteen divisions, four of which are supposed to come from the Regular Army and twelve from the Organized Militia. The National Guard has considerably more than its proper number of infantry regiments for such a scheme, but

it is short 76 batteries of field artillery, 61 troops of cavalry, 12 field hospitals and 34 ambulance companies. The artillery shortage, in other words, amounts to thirteen regiments and the cavalry shortage to over five regiments.

Official reports of the War Department blame this lack of the most important auxiliary arms to the "failure of certain States to respond to the *appeal* of the War Department" when the latter asked that certain of the infantry regiments be changed to other arms of the service. What greater example could one want of the worthlessness of the present militia system? It is self-evident that any organization of which an essential requirement is central control and team work must entirely lack that essential under a plan whereby the central power may appeal in vain to the subdivisions. Furthermore, the 11,000-man shortage of the militia coast artillery is said by the War Department to be due to the fact that "repeated efforts to induce the delinquent States to meet their obligations to supply coast artillery troops have met with no satisfactory response. The condition is aggravated by the fact that the States can give no good reason for their failures."

A foreigner, reading such official documents, would probably find such statements most amusing. The American citizen, however, must find them shameful and alarming. They show that the day is not past when even more serious failures of obedience may occur in the militia, and as has been the case a number of times in the past, States may refuse to allow their troops to respond to the President's call.

Similarly, the War Department is unable to secure adequate training and discipline under the present system. In rifle practice, for instance, which is a very important part of a soldier's education, we find that there has been practically no improvement in the Organized Militia for years. In the last available reports it is shown that 111,140 men were supposed to have fired the instruction or record courses, but that actually only 66,974 fired at all. Men who fire the rifle are divided into six classes, namely: unqualified, second class, first class, marksmen, sharpshooters and expert riflemen. The War Department report shows that only 42,599 qualified as second class or better. A man does not have to be an extraordinary shot to qualify as an expert, while it is assumed that those who fail to qualify at least as second class are of no practical value in the firing line. It will, therefore,

be seen that only thirty-eight per cent of the Organized Militia would have sufficient skill to use their rifles with any real effect in war.

The instruction of officers and men from a theoretical standpoint is still unsatisfactory, and the Guard is still full of high ranking officers and staff officers who are absolutely incompetent. The most important officer in any State is the Adjutant General. In many cases these men are appointed from civil life to a position which practically places them in command of the troops of the State. Many of these generals would be unable to pass the examination for the grade of second lieutenant, and there are few who would be able to lead a corporal's squad in the field without considerable aid from some seasoned officer.

The elective system of choosing officers naturally results in the selection of the most popular rather than the most efficient officer. In many States, however, this system cannot be abolished as long as the Guard remains under State control, for the Constitution of the State makes it compulsory. The military courts in most States are the worst part of the absurd militia system of the United States, and in the best States these courts are not fully successful in maintaining discipline and dignity. Naturally under such conditions there is little discipline in the troops.

It is hardly necessary to say that we shall make a great mistake if we rely on the force of militia described above for national defense, or to point out that no pay, or other tinkering with present conditions, can eliminate such deep-rooted evils. The cause is political influence, and State control, and until both of these are removed the National Guard will be but a useless burden as far as national defense is concerned.

This, of course, is responsible for the proposal to form the new Continental Army. That force, however, is almost as impractical an idea as is the militia, and it cannot ever become successful unless the details so far announced are materially changed. Increasing doubt is being expressed as to the possibility of securing 133,000 men annually who are willing or able to devote two months each of three successive years to military training, and it is most improbable that an efficient corps of officers and non-commissioned officers can be secured. Such an organization as the Continental Army would require a large number of well trained officers and non-commissioned officers, and in order that they might have the

proper amount of experience it would be necessary that they remain indefinitely in the service. It is hard to imagine from where these men would come. Furthermore, to be successful the Continental Army must be a localized force. It must be supported by the enthusiastic approval of the locality from which its various sub-divisions may be recruited. To secure such approval the Continentals will require more than two months in a camp far away from their home station. They will need a permanent organization, effective in both winter and summer. They will need to appear before the public in exhibition drills, ceremonies, and other entertainments which will retain the interest of their own members and of civilians. Meetings will be required to keep up the *esprit*. Moreover, the officers will need to attend schools of theoretical and practical instruction throughout the winter months if they are to keep abreast of progress to the degree that is necessary to make them able to drill new men in the field, and the men should master the elementary drill in armories before going under canvas. For all these purposes the Continental Army will need the armories and other facilities which the National Guard now has.

Still more urgent will be the Continental Army's need for some of the better officers of the National Guard. It is ridiculous to suppose that the proposed citizen soldiery will be so plentifully supplied with officers that we can afford to ignore the many excellent ones in the Guard, and as a matter of fact it is a shame to waste the time of good officers on troops organized under our present militia laws. No doubt many of our best National Guard officers will try to get a commission in the Continental Army and will be so commissioned if such a force is raised.

This will greatly weaken the Guard, and when taken in connection with the existing difficulties of maintenance, the competition between the two forces for enlisted men, and the decreased prestige which the militia will have as a third, rather than a second force, will undoubtedly be the means of soon and entirely destroying the Organized Militia.

Hence, it is apparent that the Guard and the Continentals will not only seriously hamper each other, but that each system has many features which are quite necessary to a successful citizen soldier force. Under the circumstances it becomes evident that the situation calls for a combination of the old and the proposed plans, under which we would secure

a Continental Army under Federal control, but formed with the present Guard as a foundation, and containing the good of both plans.

In such a force the War Department would be able to regulate the number and kind of troops, and thereby secure a well balanced fighting force. It would be able to eliminate the useless and inefficient Guard officers who secured their rank through political or social influence. It could prescribe an adequate and impartial system of examinations for officers, could enforce a uniform system of training, could maintain real discipline, and would be able to order drills during winter months, and thereby make a prohibitive-length of summer field-training unnecessary, though at the same time this training could be made considerably longer than is now required of the Organized Militia. Possibly such a citizen force can be maintained without universal service, and possibly not. If not, however, compulsory service in a Federal citizen soldiery would be far more acceptable than in a Regular force.

The great objection to such a scheme naturally comes from those who desire to retain the National Guard as the plaything of the State politicians and to gratify the vanity of the numerous and splendidly attired militia general officers. Furthermore, the money that is expended on the State troops adds no small amount to the contracts which are at the disposal of the State officers, and the adjutants general and other high militia officers take pride in their rank, and are by no means averse to the salary which often goes therewith.

These men use every possible means to emphasize the fact that the Constitution of the United States reserves to the various States the right to train the militia. That, of course, is a fact. It is the reason that our new force cannot be the Organized Militia, but must be termed the " Continental Army " or some other name which will properly designate citizen soldiers, without their being militia. The new force will be raised under the provision of the Constitution which permits the central government to raise and support armies—either regular, volunteer or citizen soldier, as the clause does not specify that these armies must be limited to any one kind.

There now remains no good reason for retaining the various little State " armies." The Constitution of the United

States, and the Civil War which was fought to maintain it, decided that no individual State can make war, either upon a foreign nation or upon its neighboring States, unless it be by act of Federal Congress, binding upon the entire nation. For any State to violate this provision is treasonable, and if there are those who encourage the maintenance of the militia with the idea that it may protect the State against national aggression or repression they are merely encouraging treasonable thoughts. Such sentiments surely have no proper place in our laws or institutions. States should settle their differences by the ballot, and while it is not impossible that some day some part of these United States may again take up arms against the Union, certainly our people should make no provision for troops with that idea in view.

This becomes especially so because it has been found that there is no real need for militia as a State police. The militia is even less fitted for duty in local domestic disorders than it is for war. Little as is the training which it receives for any purpose, it is almost entirely devoted to preparation for war and hardly at all for the purpose of preparing it for duty in small local disturbances. The rifles with which the militia is armed are of the most powerful kind, capable of shooting almost three miles. The bayonets are among the most deadly of close weapons, and the field artillery is out of the question for use in any local disturbance which does not border on actual civil war. Hence, both in training and equipment the Organized Militia is less suited to local police work than is a State constabulary which is armed and trained for the purpose, or even a good sheriff's posse. For very serious disorders provision could be made permitting Governors to use the Federal citizen troops stationed within their respective States.

The real soldiers in the Organized Militia, including most of the field officers and practically all the captains and the lieutenants, are strongly in favor of absolute Federal control. They do not care if they are in the National Guard of California, or of New York, or of Minnesota, or of Texas, as long as they are a good fighting force, and a part of the recognized and efficient land forces of the United States. They take little or no pride in being State soldiers, except insofar as their particular State may have a reputation for having a better guard than others. The State duties in strikes and other riots are only disagreeable, while the

thought of defending the nation against an invader is always a source of pride to a soldier, regardless of what other sentiments may be aroused.

While the Federal Government could not compel the States to allow their militia to enter the Federal Force or to loan or transfer the armories, it could pass laws which would make it sufficiently attractive to cause the States to desire to make the change, and where they refused, a new force along the same lines could be raised. However, it is thought that most States would make the change, which would save many of them hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and it is certain that the average Guardsman would gladly remove his State letters from his collar and substitute therefor the letters " U. S."

It is apparent that the plans for our national defense are incomplete. In the first place, the American citizen should know that a large regular force, with compulsory service, is the true solution, according to the almost unanimous opinion of military experts. That disregarded, as it surely will be, our citizens should understand that they are wasting good money in attempting to maintain a State controlled militia, and that more will be wasted if it is attempted to raise a Continental Army without incorporating the many valuable features of the militia system.

Wars are won and lost largely by the degree of thoroughness and efficiency in previous preparation. The Federal Government, which must declare and conduct war, should have absolute control of the preparation of all fighting units which it will be compelled to use. Every cent which the United States spends on a military force of which the control is vested in forty-eight practically independent States is an almost total military waste.

We should maintain but two forces in this nation, each with its reserves. One should be a Regular Army of sufficient force to perform the duties of peace without hardship, and the other a " Continental Army " of Federal citizen soldiers, replacing the militia entirely for the purpose of national defense, but taking over its personnel, equipment, and the features of the present militia organization which time has shown to be valuable.

Richard Stockton, Jr.

NAVAL DEFENSE

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U.S.N.

THERE has never been a time since Cain slew Abel when men have not been compelled to devote a considerable part of their energies to self-defense. In the early ages, before large organizations existed or the mechanic arts had made much progress, defense was mostly defense of life itself. As time went on, and people amassed goods and chattels, and organized in groups and tribes, it came to include the defense of property—not only the property of individuals, but also of the tribe, and the land it occupied. Still later, defense came to include good name or reputation, when it was realized that the reputation, even of an organization, could not be destroyed without doing it an injury.

At the present day, due to the complexity of nations and other organizations, and to the long time during which many of them have existed, the question of defense has become extremely difficult. The places in which defense has been brought to its highest excellence are the large cities of the civilized countries; for there we see that the defense of life, property and reputation of every individual has been carefully provided for. This has been made possible by the intimate intermingling of the people, the absence of racial rivalries, and the fact that the interests of all are identical in the matter of defense of life, property and reputation; since, no matter how bad any individual may be, he wishes that others shall be good, in order that he may be safe.

The defense of reputation has two aspects: the practical and the sentimental. The practical aspect regards the defense of that element of reputation which affects ability to "make a living"; while the sentimental aspect is concerned with the purely personal reputation of the individual, or with the individuals of an organization or a nation. The sentimental aspect is much more important, especially in enlightened nations, than is realized by some who have not thought

much about it; for there is, fortunately, in every decent man a craving for the esteem and even the affection of his fellow men; and a knowledge that, no matter how wealthy or powerful he may be, he cannot be happy if he knows that he is despised.

The fact that individuals organize to acquire the strength of united effort brings about, among organizations, a spirit of competition like that among individuals. It is more intense, however, because no man alone can get up the enthusiasms that ten men acting together can get up, and ten men cannot get up as much as a thousand. The longer any organization is maintained, the sharper this spirit of rivalry grows to be, due to the feeling of clan-ship that propinquity and material interests evoke. Its acme is found in those organizations called nations, that have lived together, nourished from the same soil, for generations; where the same loves and jealousies and hates that they now feel were felt by their fathers and their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers for centuries back. Among a people possessing the potentialities of national solidarity and greatness this feeling waxes into a self-sacrificing devotion to the nation and to the land that bore them.

That there should be such a thing is sometimes deplored; because patriotism, like all human qualities, has its bad side and its unfortunate effects. If it were not for patriotism there would probably be no war, and the greatest suffering that the world endures would thus be obviated. But if it were not for patriotism there would be no competition among nations; and in any one nation there would be no national spirit, no endeavor on the part of every man to do his part towards making her strong, efficient and of good repute. In the same way, on a smaller scale, many people deplore the necessity of competition among organizations, saying that it is ruthless and selfish; that it stamps out the individual; that it makes every man a mere cog in a money-getting machine; that it brings about strife, hatred, jealousies, and sometimes murders; that, if it were not for competition, all men would live together in peace.

This may be so; but if it were not for competition there would probably be little of that strenuous endeavor without which no effective progress in advancing the welfare of men has ever yet been made. Of course, it may be that what we call " progress " has really not advanced the welfare of

men; that the savage in Samoa is as happy as the millionaire in New York; that knowledge itself is not an unmixed benefit; and if we accept this view, we may logically declare that competition, progress and patriotism are all disadvantages. But who will go so far? It seems to be a fact that we cannot get something for nothing: that every plus has its minus, every joy its pain; that if men succeed in passing beyond the savage state, and in overcoming the forces of nature, so that they can live in houses with every modern luxury and convenience, they must pay for it by a condition of competition that causes personal jealousies among individuals, commercial wars among organizations, physical wars among nations.

Yet the instinctive desire of everyone is for peace and comfort, for the maximum of good with the minimum of exertion; and therefore the normal person dislikes to see interjected into human life the abominable confusion of war. From this it comes about that every nation, even if it consciously brings about a war, always endeavors to make it appear that the other party is the aggressor. For this reason in every country the army and navy are said to be for the " defense " of the country. No nation, no matter how aggressive its policy may secretly be, openly declares that it intends to provoke aggression. This does not mean that any nation ever deliberately raises an army and navy for aggression, and then consciously deceives the world in regard to its intention; for men are so constituted as to feel more or less unconsciously that their interests and desires are proper and those of their opponent wrong; and every nation is so firmly persuaded of the righteousness of its own policies as to feel that any country which exhibits antagonism towards these policies is trying to provoke a fight.

Now these policies, especially after a nation has adhered to them for long, seem vital in her eyes, and they usually are so. To Great Britain, whose major policy is that she must be mistress of the seas, it is vital that she should be. Her people are surrounded by the ocean, and unless they are willing simply to eke out an agricultural existence, it is essential that she should be able to manufacture articles, send them out in ships to all parts of the world, and receive in return money and the products of other lands. In order that she may be able to do this, she must feel sure that no Power on earth can restrain the peaceful sailing to and fro of her exporting and importing ships. This assurance can be had

only through physical force; it can be exerted only by a navy. Germany has been gradually coming into the same position, and the same clear comprehension, owing to the increase of her population, the growth of their desire for wealth, and their realization of the control by Great Britain and the United States of large areas of the surface of the earth. Germany's determination to break down, at least in part, that overpowering command of the sea which Great Britain wields has been the result. The ensuing rapid growth and excellence of Germany's navy and merchant marine brought Germany and England into sharp competition. Military and naval men have seen for years that these competing nations would have to go to war some day in " self-defense."

In the minds of some people the idea of what constitutes " defense " is rather hazy, and " defense " is deemed almost synonymous with " resistance." Perhaps the clearest idea of what constitutes " defense " is given in a sentence in Webster's Dictionary, that reads:

> The inmates of a fortress are *defended* by its guns, *protected* by its walls, and *guarded* against surprise by sentries.

The distinction is important, and the partially aggressive character of defense it indicates is exemplified in all walks of human and brute life. Any animal, no matter how peaceably inclined, will turn on his aggressor—unless, indeed, he runs away. No one ever saw any brute oppose a merely passive resistance to attack. Every man recognizes in himself an instinct to hit back if he is hit. If it be an instinct, it must have been implanted in us for a reason; and the reason is not hard to find in the universal law of self-protection, which cannot be satisfied with the ineffectual method of mere parrying or resisting.

Naval defense, like military defense, therefore, is not passive defense only, but contains an element of " offense " as well. When the defense contains in large measure the element of offense, it is said in military parlance to be " offensive-defensive "; and the most effective defensive is this offensive-defensive. When a defending force throws off its defensive attitude entirely, and advances boldly to attack, it is said to have " assumed the offensive "; but even this assumption, especially if it be temporary,—as when a beleagured garrison makes a sortie,—does not rob the situation of its defensive character.

For these reasons the dividing line between offense and defense is very vague; and it is made more vague through a realization by all military people that the offense has certain decided advantages over the defense (unless the defense has the advantage of position); so that when strained relations between two nations come, each is so fearful that the other will take the offensive first, when the two nations are near each other, that it is apt to take the offensive first—in pure *self-defense!* A striking illustration is the action of certain European Powers in the latter part of July, 1914.

In addition to the sincere convictions of either party, there is also apt to be considerable yielding to the temptation to persuade the world that the other party is the aggressor, merely to get the sympathy that usually goes to the innocent victim—the support of what Bismarck called "the imponderables." Few wars have been frankly "offensive," like the conquests of Alexander, Cæsar and Pizarro, at least in modern times; each side has usually claimed (and often sincerely believed) that its action was demanded in self-defense, and that its cause was just.

To some in the United States naval defense means merely defense against invasion. This notion is of recent growth, and certainly was not held by the framers of our Constitution. Section 8 of Article I defines the powers of Congress; and although eight of the eighteen paragraphs deal exclusively with measures of defense on sea and land, only one of those paragraphs (the fifteenth) deals with invasion. The first paragraph reads:

> The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imports and excises, *to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States;* but all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.

The juxtaposition of the words "common defense" and "general welfare" in this admirably written paragraph could hardly have been accidental, or have been due to any other cause than a juxtaposition of those ideas in the minds of the Constitution's framers. And what more natural connection can there be between any two ideas than between those of common defense and general welfare, since the general welfare of no country has ever continued long unless it was defended. Now the general welfare of every maritime Power has always been intimately concerned with its sea-

borne commerce. It is only by means of sea-borne commerce, for instance, that Americans can live in the way Americans wish to live. "General welfare" means more than mere existence. A mere existence is the life a savage lives. Furthermore, the general welfare of a country requires the safety of its exported and imported goods while on the sea, and includes the right of its citizens to travel with safety in every land, to buy and sell in foreign ports, to feel a proper measure of self-respect and national respect wherever they may go, and to command from the people of the lands they visit a proper recognition of their claims to justice.

Naval defense may, therefore, be said to consist of three parts:

1st—Defense of the coast against bombardment and invasion.

2nd—Defense of the trade routes traversed by ships carrying the exports and imports of the country.

3rd—Defense of the national policy, including defense of the nation's reputation, honor and prestige.

Of these, defense of the coast against bombardment and invasion is the easiest, and defense of the national policy the most difficult; because in preventing bombardment and invasion the defender has the strategical advantage of being nearer home than the adversary; while in the defense of a country's policy, a naval force may have to "assume the offensive," and go even to the far distant coasts of the enemy —as the Russian fleet went to Tsushima, where it met its death.

In that part of naval defense which is concerned with trade routes, the strategical advantage must go, in general, to that side which is the nearer to the locality where the decisive battle may occur.

In laying down a policy of naval defense, however, it is not necessary to consider these three parts separately, because no nation can ever tell whether in the distant future its naval defense will have to be used directly for any one of the three, or for all. In general terms, it may be stated that in nearly all naval wars the fleet has been used more for the defense of the nation's policy than for the actual defense of the coasts or the trade routes. This does not mean that there has never been a bombardment or invasion, or that the defense of trade routes may not have been the cause of the war itself; but it does mean that in actual wars bombard-

ment or invasion has been rare, the capture of merchant vessels has played a minor part, and the deciding events have been battles between two fleets, far from the land of either.

Due to the fact that within modern times most of the important countries of the world have been those of Continental Europe, with frontiers contiguous, and in fact identical, the defense of a country has been largely committed to the army, and most of the wars have been on land. The country standing in exception to this has been Great Britain, whose isolated and insular situation demanded a defense that was strictly naval. The tremendous advance in recent times of the engineering arts, by which ships became larger and faster, and able to carry more powerful and accurate guns than ever before, has enhanced the value of naval power, and enabled Great Britain to reach all over the surface of the earth, and become more powerful than any Continental nation. Thus she has made out of the very weakness of her position a paramount tower of strength.

Naval defense was taken up systematically in Great Britain in the eighth century by King Offa, to whom is credited the maxim, "He who would be secure on land must be supreme at sea"; but it must have dropped to a low ebb by 1066, for William of Normandy landed in England unopposed. Since that time Great Britain's naval defense, committed to her navy, has increased steadily in effectiveness and power, keeping pace with the increase in the national interests it defended, and utilizing all the growing resources of wealth and science which the world afforded. Until the present crisis, Great Britain's naval defense did its most important work during Napoleon's time, when Great Britain's standing, like the standing of every other European nation, was subjected to a strain that it could hardly bear. So keenly, however, did the nation and the nation's great leader, Pitt, realize the situation that the most strenuous measures were adopted to keep the navy up, press gangs even visiting the houses of subjects of the king, taking men out, and putting them by force on board His Majesty's ships. But the British Navy, even more than the British Army, brought Great Britain safe out of the Napoleonic danger, and made the British the paramount nation of the world.

Since then Great Britain has waxed more and more powerful, her avowed policy being that her navy should be equal to any other two; realizing that her aloofness in point of

national characteristics and policy from all other nations made it possible that a coalition of at least two great nations might be pitted against her at a time when she could not get an ally. Accompanying the growth of the British Navy has been the establishment of British foreign trade, British colonies, and British bases from which the navy could work, and the general making of a network of British commerce and British power over the surface of the earth. No nation has ever occupied so dominant a position in the world as has Great Britain during the last two centuries; and she has done it by means of her naval power. This naval power has been, in the language of Great Britain, for the "Imperial Defense"; not for coast defense alone, but for the defense of all the imperial interests, commercial and political, and even the imperial prestige. And this defense of prestige, it may here be remarked, is not a vainglorious defense, not an exhibition of a swaggering, swashbuckling spirit, but a recognition of the fact that the minds of men are so constituted that the prestige of an individual, an organization, or a nation has a practical value and is an actual force. No Government that appreciates its responsibilities will willingly risk the prestige of the nation which it governs, because it knows that any weakening of it will be followed by a weakening of influence, and a consequent increase of difficulty in attaining some "end in view."

The greatness of the British Navy, compared with that of the British Army and the other elements of Great Britain's Government, has taken on magnified dimensions during the last half century. So long as warships used sails as their principal motive power, so long were they forced to employ methods of construction and equipment that forbade the efficient employment of high power guns, the attainment of great speed, and the use of instruments of precision; so long, in other words, was their military effectiveness prevented from increasing greatly. But when the British Navy decided to abandon sail power altogether and propel their ships by steam, a new phase was entered upon, in which every resource of the engineering arts and the physical sciences was called into requisition; and now, on board a dreadnought, battle cruiser, destroyer or submarine, can be found the highest examples of mechanical and electrical art and science. Every material resource which the brain and wealth of man can compass is enlisted in her naval defense;

and in order to take advantage of the rapidity and certainty of movement they afford for operating fleets and ships, there has been a great advance in methods of operation, or, in military parlance, "staff work." To assist this work, the radio, the cable, and even the humble typewriter have contributed their essential share, with the result that to Great Britain's naval defense there has been devoted an extraordinary degree of efficiency, continuous effort, a more varied activity and a larger expenditure of money, than to any other object of man's activity.

The United States Navy, to which is committed the Naval Defense of the United States, has followed the same lines as the British; and its task, while in some ways easier, is in other ways more difficult. Perhaps the chief reason why the naval defense of Great Britain is so difficult is the extreme closeness of her borders to the borders of her possible foes—for the English Channel is only twenty-three miles across from Dover to Calais. And yet the very narrowness of the Channel there lends a certain element of assistance to the defender of either coast against an enemy like Germany, because it enables the defender, by simply protecting that narrow area, to prevent an enemy from passing to the sea or from it, except by going around the British Isles. But while it is interesting thus to compare the tasks of two navies by comparing the lengths of coast line, populations, wealth, and areas of their countries, or their distances from possible antagonists, such comparisons are really misleading; for the reason that all nations are on a par in regard to the paramount element of national defense, which is defense of national policy. It was as important to Belgium as it was to Germany to maintain the national policy, and the army of Belgium was approximately as strong as that of Germany in proportion to her wealth, area and population; but nevertheless the Belgium army was routed, and Belgium was conquered by the German army.

Much has been written to prove that the sole reason for the possession of the paramount navy by Great Britain is that the soil of Great Britain cannot support her people. In an essay, entitled *Naval Power,* which the present writer contributed to the United States Naval Institute in 1911, the fallacy of this was shown; and it was pointed out that even if Great Britain grew more than enough to feed her people, life could be made unendurable to the sixty millions living

there (or to the people in any civilized and isolated country) by an effective blockading fleet. *The question of how great a navy any country needs depends, not on the size, but on the policies of that country, and on the navies of the countries that may oppose those policies.* The navy that a country needs is a navy that can defend its policies, both offensively and defensively. If, for instance, the United States does not wish to enforce any policy that Great Britain would oppose, or to oppose any policy that Great Britain would enforce, then we may leave her navy out of consideration. But if we decide that we must maintain a certain policy which a certain country may oppose, then we must have a navy at least equal to hers; because we do not know whether we should have to meet that navy near our coast, or near hers, or far away from both. For the reason, furthermore, that a war with a European Power might occur at a period of strained relations with some Asiatic Power, we must realize the temptation to that Asiatic Power to seize the opportunity and attack us on the Pacific side, knowing that we should need all our navy on the Atlantic side. This seems to mean that in order to have an effective naval defense (since we are precluded by our policy from having European allies and no South American country could give us any effective naval help) we must have on each ocean a fleet as strong as that of any nation on that ocean against whose wishes we may have to enforce a policy—or against whose policy we may have to oppose resistance.

The essential requirement of any defense is that it shall be adequate; because an inadequate defense will be broken down, while the attack will retain a large proportion of its original strength. In the United States Naval Institute, in 1905, the present writer showed, by means of a series of tables, how, when two forces fight, the force which is originally the more powerful will become gradually more powerful, relatively to the weaker, as the fight goes on. That, for instance, if two forces start with the relative powers of 10 and 8, the weaker force will be reduced so much more rapidly than the stronger that when it has been reduced to zero the stronger force will have a value of 5.69. The values mentioned indicated the actual fighting strength—strength made up of all the factors—material, physical, and psychic—that constituted it. Of course, none of these factors can ever be accurately compared; but nevertheless the tables seemed to

prove that in a contest between two forces whose total strengths are as 10 and 8 one force will be reduced to zero, while the other will be reduced not quite one-half.

One of the lessons drawn was "the folly of ineffectual resistance." Doubtless a clearer lesson would have been "the folly of ineffectual preparedness"; because, when the decision as to resistance or non-resistance is forced upon a nation, the matter is so urgent, the military, political and international conditions so complex, and the excitement probably so intense, that a wise decision is very difficult to reach; whereas the question of what constitutes effectual preparedness is simple, and needs merely to be approached with calm nerves and an open mind.

Inasmuch as the psychic element in defense is the strongest single element, it is apparent that if the decision is reached to prepare an effectual defense the nation must be absolutely united, and must appreciate at its full value the debilitating influence of opposition to the measure; for, no matter how much money a nation may expend, no matter how many lives it may sacrifice, its defense cannot have an efficiency proportional to the effort if a considerable number of its citizens are permitted to oppose it.

In our own country there has been so much talking and writing recently about defense, that there is danger of the question coming to be considered academic; though no question is more practical, no question is more urgent.

Defense must defend.

BRADLEY A. FISKE.

THE PROBLEM AT SUEZ

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

The new year began with persistent threats of a huge Teutonic-Turkish drive against the Suez Canal and Egypt. The motive underlying this threat is complex. The more superficial element is the Kaiser's wish to make a magnificent present to the Turks, or at least to lead them to believe in his desire and power to make them such a gift, as the restoration to the Sultan of the ancient Turkish province of Egypt would be. For signs are not lacking that the Turks of Constantinople are growing more than a little restive under the masterful and galling domination of the Kaiser's minions, who, whatever their qualities, have not the gift to exercise authority gracefully.

But there is a much deeper motive. It is true that the Allied armies from Ostend to Switzerland are exercising a magnificent pressure upon the waning Teutonic forces. Where France ends Italy begins; and though the Italian armies may seem to have made little headway, they have really made a good deal, precisely because General Cadorna's all-dominating object has been to build a barbed wire entanglement in the path of the Teutonic armies, so strong that, under no conceivable circumstances, would it be possible for them to break through. The Montenegrin and Serbian forces practically begin where the Italian armies end, though there is a breach on the Dalmatian coast from Trieste southwards which the Italian fleet should have far more effectually closed—had it done so there might have been no *Ancona* disaster; but the leakage there is small and there is practically no possibility of supplies or munitions finding their way into the Teutonic area by way of the Adriatic.

The same thing is true of Greece. Even were Greece frankly pro-German, the little peninsular kingdom is far too completely dominated by the heavy guns of the Allied fleets

to constitute a practical break in the line of pressure. At Salonica, also, the path of the Teutons is barred, whether for egress or ingress. There remains the narrow and precarious back door at Stamboul and the Sea of Marmora, of which more will be said in a moment. Immediately north of the Bosporus the picket fence begins stretching through Odessa to the Baltic, and the pressure there is daily increasing. All this is true and is of enormous strategic significance, yet it is none the less true that the really strangling pressure, the outermost binding power which holds the whole ring fence in place, is exercised by the Allied fleets; and of these fleets that of England is beyond question the mastering factor.

It is therefore quite logical that the really deadly purpose of Germany is directed against England. That was the motive of the whole Belgian campaign, predetermined years ago, as Bernhardi's book shows. The simile is not a new one, but it exactly describes the German purpose: to point a sword at the heart of England. But this Belgian campaign, this sword thrust at the heart of England, has failed absolutely, the great breach of faith has been fruitless. The German High Seas Fleet, the life work of Von Tirpitz is, so far as its effective military value is concerned, so much scrap iron in the huge junk shop of the Kiel Canal. The submarine attack typified by the abominable *Lusitania* murder has been equally vain, yet its iniquity, its infamy, remains, and this iniquity we must, as a nation, in no wise condone merely because a tithe of the murders are to be " paid for " under the recent German-American negotiations. There is a distinct danger that our national vanity may be salved in this way, a grave danger for the moral life of the American nation. That is, of course, a part of the trick in these negotiations, and it has been very adroitly played. At no point is our moral armor secure, whether in the Department of State, in Congress, or among the people.

But this is a question which concerns rather the moral life of America than the military problem of the Allies. To this, therefore, we return. The supreme need of Germany—for Austria and Bulgaria are now mere provinces of Germany—is to break the iron ring of which the British fleet is the strongest link. This might be done in two ways: by actual physical force, or by the exercise of such strong moral pressure upon England that the British nation itself would voluntarily sever the chain. This is an aim which

Germany steadily, and with growing anxiety, holds before her. This is the true purpose of all the submarine "concessions" to the American Administration. It has been ludicrously conspicuous that every "concession" has been immediately followed by a tart note to England, and the same thing is promised now. It is all a very transparent game, though it is making many dupes, and I allude to it only because it offers an analogy in motive and purpose to the menace against Egypt.

The real blow is aimed, not against the African province, but against the heart of England in a literal sense: against England's courage and determination to carry on the war; and it should be said here that Germany hoped to find a formidable and dangerous ally among the labor movements in England which seemed inclined, with a truly criminal folly, to place the question of their week's wages above the safety of the Empire, stupidly forgetting that if the Empire be impaired they themselves will be the first to go down to destruction. It is the old fable of the Belly and the Limbs which Menenius Agrippa recited to the enlightened and patriotic labor leaders of Rome. But the menace of Egypt is directed, not against the labor parties, who are far too myopic to see it, but against nobler elements, against those who cherish the high, imperial name of England. The hope is that the fear of losing first Egypt, and then India, will congeal the fighting blood of the leaders of England and compel them, not through force but through fear, to loosen their strangle-hold on the throat of Germany. It remains to be seen how far this long-sighted plan is based upon a true reading of English character and imperial tradition.

It may be the hope of Germany that the mere dread of this will accomplish its purpose. Then, of course, there would be no need at all to organize an actual attack upon the Suez Canal and Egypt. But to arouse that dread there must be at least the appearance of formidable military preparations, and the Kaiser's publicity bureau has been working strenuously and ably to create that appearance.

So far, and very wisely, the Allied General Staff has made no revelations at all of the extent to which it has checked the supposed facts sent out by the Kaiser's publicity bureau. To check these facts very thoroughly would be no great undertaking for an effective Intelligence Department, since the basis of the Teutonic-Turkish preparations is Aleppo, and

Aleppo is only about a hundred miles from the Syrian coast at Alexandretta or Antioch, and should therefore be easily within the range of the aeroplanes or hydroplanes of the Allied fleets. But unfortunately we have no right, after the recent experience of Serbia, to count very confidently on effective Intelligence work or prompt preparations based on it. Mackensen's drive southwards through Belgrade was announced weeks beforehand in the newspapers; the accumulation of men and munitions on the north bank of the Danube was early and correctly described. Merely by reading the papers the Allied War Council might have had the information and might have made formidable preparations to hold the line of the Danube. But, unhappily for Serbia, the reality was otherwise; we must not, therefore, hope for very much in the new situation.

The general outline of the Teutonic-Turkish plan as set forth by the Kaiser's publicity organs, and which, as we have said, we are as yet unable adequately to check, is as follows: the basis of the attack is at Aleppo where, it is said, a huge Turkish force of from a quarter of a million to half a million men is being prepared for the "descent into Egypt." Aleppo is probably chosen because of its railroad connections, as being within convenient reach of the recruiting fields of Asia Minor, whose rugged natives are counted on to make the attack. It will be driven home first along the railroad, recently built from north to south for the pilgrims to Mecca, which runs somewhat to the east of the Jordan valley. This Hejaz, or Pilgrims' Railroad, now links Aleppo with Damascus and from Damascus runs southward to Maan, not very far from the Mount Sinai peninsula. The weak point in the plan is that there is no branch railroad directly westward to Suez and the Canal, and the intervening country offers very formidable difficulties to a rapid campaign. To these we shall return.

Let us consider for a moment the earlier link in the chain, that which connects Constantinople with Aleppo, for the greater part of the way by the main line of the Bagdad railroad. A cablegram from Constantinople dated December 10, which evidently forms a part of the Kaiser's publicity campaign, gives what appears to be an entirely adequate account of this section of the railroad. We may sum it up as follows:

From Constantinople through Anatolia to the Taurus

Mountains is a railroad journey of forty-eight hours. The pass called the Cilician Gates, to Saint Paul's Tarsus, has been turned into a motor road by thousands of Armenian laborers working under German and Austrian engineers. From Bosanti, the end of the railroad section to Tarsus is a motor run of six or eight hours. From Tarsus a branch railroad extends to the Amanus Mountains. It is connected by a good road, with the terminus of the Bagdad railroad at Rodjo. From Rodjo the railroad runs to Aleppo.

From Aleppo to Damascus there is only a single narrow gauge track. This is formidable because it means transshipment and a second outfit of rolling stock. From Damascus the Pilgrims' Railroad runs south beyond the Jordan valley, not only past the Mount Sinai peninsula, but as far as the holy cities of Arabia. Now comes the question how an attacking force could reach the Suez Canal, using the Pilgrims' Railroad as a basis. The problem is not an easy one. The nearest part of the railroad is 225 miles distant from the Canal, and this space represents a difficult country to cross, largely because of the absence of water. It is not sand, however, but firm, sun-baked clay, almost as hard as brick, and therefore quite well adapted to motor traffic. Motors would here overcome a double difficulty: unlike draft animals, they do not require water; again, unlike animals, they could carry abundant supplies of water for the troops. If we grant an adequate supply of motor trucks and artillery at Maan on the Pilgrims' line, a supply, that is, holding the same proportion to the number of troops employed as did the supply of General Von Kluck's army, there is no reason why an advance on the Suez Canal might not be as rapid as was General Von Kluck's rush toward Paris. Yet it is difficult to see how such an adequate supply could be obtained.

We have tried to get a view of all the advantages and facilities for such a raid; let us now speak of some of its disadvantages. In the first place, there is the question of distance: from Constantinople by rail and caravan trail to the Suez Canal is over twelve hundred miles. Now, it is not enough to send an army from one end to the other of this line; the whole line must be held all the time. To do this adequately might require as many men as Germany has in France, and there is the preceding difficulty: that of sending your army along the line, a task rather more difficult than a transportation of a party of Cook's tourists. Here is an

illustration of that difficulty: In the Russo-Japanese War, ten years ago, Russia's problem was, of course, to transport troops to Manchuria along the single track of the Siberian railroad. The total actually carried was about one army corps, or forty thousand men, a month, or, say, thirteen hundred men a day. Now if, on the one hand, we are to suppose that a large corps of German railroad officers transferred to Syria might manage it very much better than the Russians did, on the other hand, the Russians had no difficulty of two gauges, and the only trans-shipment in their case, that across Lake Baikal, was carried out by running long trains of cars on floats, as is done in New York harbor, or in the ferry from Stralsund to Sweden. Exactly how much rolling stock the Aleppo-Damascus narrow gauge and the Pilgrims' Railroad dispose of it is difficult to say. The Intelligence Department of the Allies ought to know this accurately, though one is far from confident that they do. But there seems to be no reason why the Teutonic and Turkish authorities should do conspicuously better than the Siberian railroad did. Let us, for argument's sake, suppose they do just twice as well; this would mean the transfer of two army corps a month, which would, in its turn, mean that at least six months would be necessary to assemble the half million men predicated by the Kaiser's press bureau, and, for a large part of this time, it would be necessary to provide three meals a day for the enormous armies assembled by hypothesis at Maan. Where these three meals a day are to come from it would be difficult to say.

But the initial difficulty of transporting this army is really less than the problem of supporting it adequately along a slender, vulnerable line of communications: highly vulnerable at half a dozen points, which we shall not try to indicate, by precisely the kind of attack which the Allies are in a position to make. We have omitted wholly the initial difficulty of training and equipping so large a force, a difficulty on which Lord Kitchener could comment eloquently. Yet that difficulty remains. Yet even if we suppose it surmounted, there remains the vital question of munitions.

To turn now to the other side of the question: For the Allies, the defenders of the Suez Canal, the difficulties of transport and support simply do not exist. They can run their troop ships and supply ships into the canal itself at both ends. Munitions are now abundant, and it is safe to

suppose that a sufficient part of Kitchener's army is available, with troops from Australia, New Zealand, and India to supplement it. But there are other, and very valuable, bases of supply.

The nearest is Abyssinia. The reasons which bind Abyssinia to the Allies are these: In the first place, Abyssinia is one of the oldest Christian nations, dating from about the time of Constantine the Great and the Council of Nicaea (325 A. D.), though the native tradition carries it back to apostolic times, to the meeting of the "man of Ethopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure and had come to Jerusalem for to worship" with Philip the apostle. The Christianity of the Abyssinians counts for much in this war, which, at least for the Mohammedans, is definitely a war against the followers of Christ. Further, Abyssinia has been from the beginning attached to the Eastern church, and has been for several generations in the closest ecclesiastical communion with Russia. The Christians of Abyssinia, like all Oriental Christians, passionately resent the present sacrilegious use of the plain of Golgotha by German drill-masters for the training of Turkish troops, destined to take part in an attack against Christian Powers. Again, the Abyssinians are bound to England by many ties besides that of geographical proximity to England's African possessions. Already, many times, English and Abyssinian troops have fought side by side against the Moslems of East Africa. The Negus of Abyssinia has some 300,000 fine troops, finely equipped with modern arms, resting, as did the armies of Japan, upon a strong feudal basis, and therefore naturally organized, which is something that could not be said of the Turkish hordes supposed to be gathered at Aleppo. And as against the precarious single track route beyond the Jordan, the Abyssinian army is within three days of Suez by transport, with all the Oriental merchant marine of England to carry them.

What has just been said suggests, perhaps, another invaluable source of supply: the armies of Japan. Under certain circumstances the Mikado's Empire is bound by treaty to help England in a war involving Asia, and we cannot suppose that the torpedoing of Japanese liners in the Mediterranean has rendered Japan less willing to fulfill this treaty obligation. On this head no more need be said.

There are, therefore, enormous and most formidable difficulties in the way of such a raid on the Suez Canal as the Kaiser's press bureau has predicted. But let us suppose these difficulties triumphantly circumvented. Let us further suppose that the Allies fail to cut the slender line of communications at any one of half a dozen vulnerable points, and that the projected expedition safely reaches and crosses the Suez Canal and enters into effective occupation of the whole of Egypt: would this be a vital injury to the British Empire? Would it of necessity be a blow so crushing as practically to compel England to make peace on Germany's terms?

The answer is quite simple: Egypt is no essential part of the British Empire—formerly not a part of the British Empire at all, but simply a protectorate under a native Sultan. Even that much it has been for a few months only, up to the time when Turkey entered the war. But in the years before that, in the centuries before that, England did very well without Egypt; should destiny so decree, she could do as well without Egypt again. The truth is that England has done infinitely more for Egypt than Egypt has done for England. Nor would the loss of the Suez Canal mean anything more formidable than a few days' delay in the mail service between London and Bombay. Therefore, in the strict sense, England might lose Egypt and the Canal to-morrow and not be seriously the worse for the purpose of the present conflict with Germany.

We come therefore to this: the Teutonic threat against Egypt involves an expedition subject to tremendous difficulties and perils, an expedition which, even if ideally successful, would be wholly futile for the real purpose which Germany has in view: the breaking of the chain of steel which is throttling her to death. That Germany should really contemplate such an undertaking, if she does contemplate it, shows one thing and one thing alone: a desperation which has no longer command of sane mental processes. It is a counsel of despair.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ANTWERP

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER

WHEN the war is over an inquest will have to be held upon many matters that preceded it before its history can be set forth in true perspective. In regard to most of these the time has not arrived for dealing with them. The information is incomplete, too many reputations are involved in the search for responsibilities, the final issue has not been reached. One incident, one passage of history, is alone complete. Nothing that has yet to happen can alter the text in which this episode, so distinct and separate in itself, so pregnant with importance as giving a stamp and character to the course of the war, may be set forth today as a sort of preliminary guide to future historians. The episode relates to and centers in Antwerp. But it possesses much more than a local interest and significance. Its study will serve also as an object lesson of the ignorant optimism, the complete and boastful unpreparedness, with which all Europe, it might be said, confronted the outpouring of the German avalanche in the summer of 1914.

We have had lately a great deal of criticism and defense in regard to the British expedition to Antwerp in October of that year, but it will be seen as the sequence of events establishes itself that this formed a very small part in a succession of blunders which after three years culminated in the great tragedy of the fall of the bulwark of Belgium's independence. Mr. Winston Churchill's so-called blunder was only the last and very far from the greatest of the many sins of omission and commission with which the British Foreign Office must be charged in connection with Antwerp. Nor can the Belgium Government itself be wholly absolved from blame in the matter.

Before commencing the main narrative it is desirable to restate one fact that appears to have passed out of

memory. The obligation on Great Britain to come to the aid of Belgium against invasion seemed likely on more than one occasion during the reign of Leopold I, and again in 1870 and 1875 during that of his son and successor, Leopold II, to be translated into effective action. On each and all of these occasions the assumption was that the British co-operating force was to proceed to Antwerp up the Scheldt. It is necessary to retain that fact in mind when the very opposite course pursued in 1914 comes to be described and considered. A change had taken place in the views of both the British and the Belgian Governments. The causes of the change were not the same in each case. The former was too deferential to Holland, the latter had too blind a confidence in the strength of Antwerp as a fortress. Between these fundamental errors of judgment the precious principle of the open road by the Scheldt to Antwerp was compromised and left in abeyance. The fall of Antwerp was the direct and almost inevitable consequence of the refusal to uphold and make good the Belgian co-sovereignty of the Scheldt in 1911.

Of course it goes without saying that Holland would deny that a co-sovereignty existed, but that was the very point that should have been submitted to the arbitrament of the Guaranteeing Powers, or better still of the states which paid their quotas to the freeing of the Scheldt in 1863. Until such a decision has been formulated we accept the view of Charles Rogier, Belgium's greatest statesman, who declared that Belgium had an admitted and visible right in "the division of the sovereignty of the river." Such at least was the view in both London and Brussels when on more than one occasion the possibility of British troops being sent to Antwerp was discussed. No one had the temerity to suggest that the Scheldt was to be closed as a route when the Belgians called for troops and munitions of war instead of commercial articles. What is more, no one thought it possible to do so in official circles at the Hague, until the matter was brought up in an indirect manner at the end of the year 1910.

The pro-German party in Holland, led by General den Beer Poortugael, then put forward a demand for the fortification of Flushing, and after many debates this proposal was carried in the Dutch Chambers and eventually several cupola forts, armed with 28 c. m. guns purchased at Krupps, were established in the sand dunes west and north of Flushing. These guns completely command the mouth of the Scheldt,

which is about four and a half miles wide. A new factor thus came into force. Whatever paper rights Holland might or might not have to revive her old usurpation to monopolize the navigation of the Scheldt, she had forged for herself a fresh weapon giving her the control of the river whenever force superseded law. How this complete change in the established order of things was tolerated by either Great Britain or Belgium remains one of the most convincing proofs of the small part that real statecraft plays in the work of Foreign Departments. The very fact that Holland had a natural right to fortify Flushing or any other part of her territory made it all the more necessary to emphasize the point that it could in no way affect Belgium's co-sovereignty of the Scheldt or fetter the freedom of access to Antwerp, and if that protest failed to receive assent at the Hague, then was the moment to have referred the whole matter to a European Conference. I have good reason for believing that the Dutch Government expected a protest of that nature, and it waited nearly a year before the works were begun. As a matter of fact if war had broken out in September, 1911, as seemed probable, Flushing was not fortified and the Dutch would not, because they could not, have opposed a British Armada sailing up the Scheldt.

Why did neither Great Britain nor Belgium protest at the right moment? The reason in the British case was simply the inherent reluctance of the Foreign Office to grapple with any troublesome question until it became imperative to do so. In this way troublesome questions often become serious difficulties, but it is the method of Downing Street which is open to the reproach that it can attend to only one thing at a time. But it is never at a loss for a plausible excuse in neglecting the other things. In the case of the fortification of Flushing, and its effect on the unrestricted freedom of the Scheldt as an open waterway, it excused itself on the ground that any intervention on its part would have thrown the Dutch people into the arms of Germany. The attitude of the Dutch themselves refuted this argument. The Dutch Liberals were strongly opposed to the fortifications and the Catholic Government was so convinced that the British Government would protest that it put off the commencement of the works for more than a year. If the British Government had only hinted at the intention of summoning a Conference on the freedom of the Scheldt the scheme would have been aban-

doned. This statement is not lightly made, and some day the historical proof of it will be published in Holland.

The reasons for the Belgian abstention from protesting or from an appeal to the guarantors were mixed. The Belgians too were fearful of alienating Dutch sympathies, but that was not their main reason for doing nothing. They were also in a sense not appreciated by any of their neighbors most desirous and most hopeful of maintaining a strict neutrality in the event of a European struggle. They believed that a mere show of preparedness would suffice to keep off intruders and to allow of their preserving the safe rôle of spectators of the storm raging round their frontiers. To justify that reward their neutrality had to be strict, loyal and even-handed. Their system of defense was directed to guard equally against either a French or a German encroachment. But German diplomatists insinuated that perhaps the greatest peril of all to Belgian neutrality would come from the side of England which under the Entente Cordiale had promised France her aid, and could find no other scope for rendering it than in the old battle-ground of Flanders. It was represented that the Belgian Government had an easy way of showing that its neutrality was impartial all round, even against England, by refraining from taking all ships in the way of protest against the fortification of Flushing. It fell in with the suggestion and ignoring " the changed circumstances thus imported into the question of the free navigation of the Scheldt " recognized the principle that Holland was free to do what she liked in her own territory—an unanswerable proposition in itself which evaded the main point at issue.

Although that was the moment of Belgium's greatest faith in the honorable intentions of Germany, the desire to strengthen them by what may be called a deferential and conciliatory attitude towards Berlin was not the sole or even the chief motive that guided Belgian policy in 1911 on the Flushing question. The Belgian Government had come to the momentous decision that, whatever aid it might accept in the event of invasion from its friendly guarantors, in other directions it would itself defend alone its fortresses. This decision was most unqualified and emphatic in regard to Antwerp. The old understanding, one might even say, the fundamental axiom of Anglo-Belgian co-operation, was thus abandoned. Whereon a British expedition might be landed on the

Belgian coast at the invitation of the Belgian Government, notice was given three years before the event that it was not to come to Antwerp. With that idea in their mind there is not much difficulty in understanding the tolerance displayed by the Belgian authorities to the proposed fortification of Flushing. It promised to place an obstacle in the way of a demand being made to which they had decided to give a negative answer, and thus to obviate the disagreeable necessity of saying no to a friend. To put the point briefly, the British Government did not protest against the fortification of Flushing lest it should irritate and alienate Dutch opinion; the Belgian Government followed in the same path because it seemed to obviate the possibility, or at least to reduce the chance, of a request being made to which it had decided not to accede.

The reasons which led the Belgians to decide that they would defend their own fortresses are not difficult to discover, nor could they be termed by the light of all the information before the war unintelligible or without justification. They had every reason to believe that, when the outer ring of the forts were completed as was done in 1913, Antwerp could put up a very good defense and stand a long siege. No one imagined that monster guns up to those of 16.8 caliber could be conveyed across country or transported on any railway trucks that could be conceived. The 6-inch guns in the Antwerp forts were considered to be quite good enough to deal with any guns the Germans were likely to be able to bring against them. The first reason thus was belief in the strength of the fortified position of Antwerp. The second was a neutral and commendable patriotic pride which prompted the desire to make Antwerp the place of a final national stand. At Antwerp the Belgians were convinced that they could make a very protracted resistance, and best prolong the defense of their country. That part they attributed to themselves. Their allies and friends could operate elsewhere in Belgium, but Antwerp was to be reserved for the national forces.

It must also be remembered that in the Belgian scheme of national defense Antwerp was to be the shelter of the Government, including the Sovereign, the Legislation, the Treasury and the national archives, and of a large part of the fugitive population. In other words it was anticipated that there would be very little available space within the

fortified position of Antwerp, and consequently a large British force could not be easily provided for. In old days the assumption had always been that Britain would send in the first place an expeditionary force of very limited dimensions, but the development of Continental armies had suspended that view, and the Belgian Government had to envisage the arrival not of a merely supporting but of a completely overshadowing British army. Looking at the situation before the terrible experiences of the present war had opened everybody's eyes, it was very natural that the Belgians did not like to think of being effaced in the defense of their great national fortress, in which their faith and confidence were then complete.

This was the exact situation on August 4, when the German armies broke into Belgium and King Albert addressed his request for help to France and England. In that document the King, while inviting and suggesting the co-operation of their armies with his own, expressly reserved the defense of the Belgian fortresses for the national forces, thus confirming on the eve of the struggle the views which, as has been explained in this article, had become part of Belgian military policy for some years previously. Nor, it may be remarked, was there anything in the opening passages of the war to show that their views were utterly mistaken. The first German attacks, unsupported by siege guns, on the Liège forts were repulsed, and until they were brought up there seemed every probability that at least the left bank forts might hold out for a long period. The smashing effect of the German siege guns was not fully realized until the attack on Namur, when it was altogether too late to make any fresh disposition, but the fate of its forts reduced to ruins without any chance of their guns making an adequate reply carried a mournful foreboding, to every intelligent Belgian acquainted with the true situation, as to what must happen at Antwerp if attacked in a similar manner.

The Antwerp door being thus closed to the British expedition, that through Ostend was held wide open, the Belgian Government made all the necessary arrangements for its reception at that port, and the military programme was drawn up on this assumption. It soon became clear that Ostend, even with the supplementary aid of Zeebrugge, would not do as the place of debarkation. Not merely is the entrance of such an intricate and restricted character that the neces-

sary rapidity could not be attained, but the port could not be used by the large liners in which the bulk of the British forces and their supplies were sent across the Channel. The Belgian Government was informed, on or about the 9th of August, that the British expedition could not be landed at Ostend or on the Belgian coast at all, and that it was coming through France. The first British soldiers to enter Belgium only crossed the frontier near Mons on August 21st! If Antwerp had been its landing place, as contemplated in the earlier plans, the British army would have occupied by that date a commanding strategical position on the flank and rear of the German armies advancing to attack the northern frontier of France, and many favorable opportunities must have presented themselves for attacking their narrow and exposed line of communications.

The Belgian Government transferred its seat from Brussels to Antwerp between the 15th and 17th of August. On the 19th the Belgian main army under King Albert retired to Antwerp before the overwhelming masses of the German armies (eleven army corps), and after one severe combat at Aerschot it was completely under the shelter of the forts on the next day. The Germans marched on to attack the Allied armies in the south, leaving a comparatively small force to hold the Belgian army in Antwerp. There were several sorties and many skirmishes, but for more than five weeks Antwerp enjoyed a respite. Some even hoped that the Germans would be content to mask it. It was not until September 25th that the arrival of considerable bodies of troops with a train of formidable sized guns including 16.8 howitzers warned the Belgian authorities in Antwerp that the crisis had arrived. It took forty-eight hours to place the howitzers in position, and on September 28th they began the bombardment of the two principal forts on the south side, Waelhern and Waure St. Catherine. These forts were much damaged on the first day, and more or less destroyed on the second. It became clear that the defense of Antwerp could not be protracted any more than had proved to be the case at Namur, Maubeuge, and other French fortresses.

The immediate object to be attained under these circumstances was to save the Belgian field army from sharing the fate of the fortress, and steps to this end were begun on September 29th, the very day it was discovered that two of the principal forts could not withstand the fire of the

German howitzers. The transfer of the base to Ostend with all movable stores was carried on at night and completed in the course of a week. During the nights of October 6th and 7th the army was moved to the left or west bank of the Scheldt, and began its retreat to Ghent and the coast. It was only just in time, as the enveloping German troops forced the Scheldt at Schoonaerde the same day and began to march northwards. The Belgian army was thus saved from being involved in the loss of Antwerp, and survived to become famous on the banks of the Yser.

The fortress of Antwerp or what remained of it was left to the defense of the permanent fortress garrison, a Belgian infantry division and three British naval brigades. Of the last named force one brigade arrived on October 3rd, and the two others on the 5th. They came by train from Ostend via Ghent and St. Nicolas, and their total strength was about six thousand men.

Before dealing with the British expedition to Antwerp a few essential dates and facts may be given. On September 29th it had become so evident that Antwerp could not be held that preparations for the extrication of the field army were begun. On October 2nd the Belgians retired behind the Nethè, all the forts south of it having been destroyed. On October 6th the Germans forced the extemporized position north of the Nethè, and between them and the city remained only the eight forts of the first or inner line. Immediately after this incident the army as described was withdrawn. More forts having been captured or silenced and the city itself suffering from the bombardment, the Military Governor decided to extricate a further portion of the garrison, and the Belgian infantry division together with the British brigades were withdrawn to the left bank late in the evening of October 8th. On the 9th the remaining troops were also removed, the pontoons were destroyed behind them, and the Governor retired to Fort Ste. Marie on the Scheldt below Antwerp. The formal capitulation took place the next day, October 10th. The troops that left on the 9th included the British brigades. On that day the Germans were coming up fast on the left bank of the Scheldt to complete the envelopment of the city, and for a certain distance the retreating troops were under fire. On their way to Selzaete the British hugged the Dutch frontier very closely, and whether by ignorance of the roads or by some blunder which has still to be

explained, some fifteen hundred of the British sailors and marines outstepped the frontier, were disarmed by the Dutch troops, and subsequently interned. This minor incident remains *sub judice* until a Court of Inquiry eventually establishes the different responsibilities.

Something must now be said about the British Antwerp expedition. On September 28th the Belgian High Command recognized that the defense of the Antwerp position was dubious; the next day they knew it to be impossible unless an Allied army could come up in sufficient force and drive off the besiegers. The Belgian official view of the situation at that moment is given in the following extract from the Report of the Belgian Commander in Chief:

> At the same time the Antwerp position had to be held up to the last possible moment, since by doing so the invasion of the country would be impeded and a junction with the French and British forces would be rendered possible, it was hoped, in time to enable the latter to prolong the Belgian line southward along the Dender. The situation was similar, it will be seen, to that in which the army had found itself when it was in position on the Gette; then also it had to hold on as long as possible with a view to a junction with the Franco-British forces, and there also it had in the end to retreat, owing to the junction not having been effected up to the moment when the danger became imminent.

The exact situation was accurately gauged in Antwerp, and inaccurately in London. The Belgian authorities, with the forts being smashed to pieces around them, knew that the fortress was doomed and that the only thing to be done was to save the army. The view in London was that the army should be sacrificed in order to hold the city a brief space longer. There can be no question where lay the greater wisdom. The aid contemplated to be sent from London was wholly inadequate for the work to be done. No one could have realized at the British War Office that the Germans had collected around Antwerp and on the Dender armies of not less than 200,000 men, or they would not have believed that a single division (the 7th) with some extra cavalry could have effected anything of importance outside Antwerp. Be the persons responsible for the so-called Antwerp Relief Expedition who they may, the war has not presented a more striking instance of the complete failure in London to grasp the real magnitude of the struggle in which the Allies were and still are involved. King Albert and his staff realized

the truth. They realized it all the more when they saw the so-called naval brigade sent to their aid—a plucky and enthusiastic collection of volunteers hastily got together, ill-organized, inadequately equipped, men so untrained in many cases that the operation of loading magazine rifles had to be explained to them during the sea voyage to Ostend. This was the unfortunate force sent to make good Mr. Winston Churchill's promise that effective aid was on the way from England. King Albert was wisely advised when he made it his first care not to hold on uselessly to a lost city, but to save his army. That army immediately after its escape contributed materially to the arrest of the German advance by holding the line of the Yser where 14,000 Belgian soldiers shed their blood. Shut up in Antwerp it could only have incurred the fate of Bazain at Metz, and much more speedily.

The question of Antwerp is far too serious a one to convert it into a controversy about personal responsibilities and reputations. The fact has been stated, and can be established by documentary proof, that long before the war the position of the fortress was compromised and undermined by subservience to Holland. That carried with it as a consequence the abandonment of all idea of sending succour to Antwerp by water. But the mischief was not restricted to the question of the defense of Antwerp. It extended to the whole problem of British intervention by land in support of Belgium. On the outbreak of the war the British Government had to go elsewhere to land its armies, and the consequence was that two months elapsed before the junction of the Belgian army with that of the British was effected in the last little corner of Belgian soil to escape the tread of the invaders. The Belgians at least had expected it to take place on the Gette by the middle of August!

Whether for good or ill the closing of the Scheldt, for that is what the tacit concession of Dutch claims implied, altered the whole character of the war from the British point of view. The deep water route open to ships of the largest tonnage not merely to Antwerp itself, but thereby reducing the distance from the Channel to the German frontier by one half, was thus placed outside bounds. The British Government went into the war with one of its hands tied behind its back. But it will be objected that we could not have used the Scheldt without offending the Dutch. I denied it at the time when the Flushing question was first raised in 1910, and I

had special reasons for knowing that at that time the Dutch expected an Anglo-Belgian protest and would have yielded to it. I denied it in September 1914, when the true state of things at Antwerp was exposed to me, and if a fresh British expedition to expel the Germans from Antwerp by naval attack were to become feasible I would deny then that the Dutch forts at Flushing would fire on the Union Jack. The Scheldt question neglected in 1910-11 will have to be regulated after the war is over; the Dutch people are far too prudent to take action that would entail its being regulated to their disadvantage. But even if against all provision the Dutch did oppose our steaming up the Scheldt, then I say, with personal regret, that the open hostility of Holland would be less injurious to our chances of success in this war than her sustained neutrality.

Lost opportunities do not recur, and the war has proceeded so far on other lines that it is not likely that Antwerp will assume during the present struggle the commanding rôle for which in other days she was supposed to be reserved. If we Britishers have never been in possession of that advantageous base there is a modified feeling of satisfaction in our knowing that it has not been of much use to the Germans. Time will show whether it affords any great support to their second line of defense in Belgium, for the great natural advantage of Antwerp was in lying open to the sea, and the sea is closed to Germany. It may also be stated that while Antwerp's position requires an immense garrison far larger than was allowed by the Belgians, there is no fortress in which the garrison could be more effectually bottled up unless it controlled the navigation of the Scheldt. It is for this reason that it may be said with some confidence that however the present struggle may go, the rôle of Antwerp for the moment is finished. It must be ranked with the "might have beens," and a future Tomini or Mahan may cite the events that rolled round its forts in 1914 as furnishing fresh proof of the acumen reached in Napoleon's aphorism, "the English like to make war in small parcels."

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

THE WAR AND THE BACK-TO-THE LAND MOVEMENT

BY E. G. NOURSE

"BACK to the land" is an attractive slogan, and the clever phrase-maker who amended it to read "forward to the land" made it all the more appealing. Real estate brokers, colonization agents, commercial club secretaries, have all played their variations on the theme, and each in words that glowed with beauty, throbbed with hope. From their pages a new dawn glows across the dusk of proletarian wistfulness. "Three acres and liberty"!—the very phrase pictures nothing less than the hope of heaven to the toiler in factory, mill, or shop. Little wonder that the Man in Overalls or the modern Bob Cratchett who slaves under a green-shaded electric bulb should yield to its seductions.

It had seemed of late that we heard less of this exhortation. But the war in Europe puts all the old problems in new postures, and several recent utterances give promise that we are to hear again the preaching of a landward crusade. Far be it from me to predict how rapid or how great a mobilization will take place when such a call to the colors shall be made. But one thing is evident: the sons of the city are not mere reservists of the army of the land. They may debate the summons, and are free to stay in their present callings unless persuaded that to enlist and serve would be to their advantage.

A glance back over the period of the earlier agitation reveals the fact that, outside of violent personal enthusiasms (and everybody knows at least one farm "fan"), the summons was pretty generally refused. In spite of the high and rising cost of living, and in the face of a mighty exhortation to forsake the city and make their fortunes on the farm, men persistently stayed in town. Those who engaged in painting

the lily may have derived profit or satisfaction from the task, but the census enumerators have not been able to discover tangible results of their endeavor.

To get at the facts of the matter we must go beneath its superficial manifestations. Of all the host who felt or feel the gnawings of land hunger, four classes are to be distinguished: those who yearn but do not go, those who move to the suburbs, those who go and return, and those who go and stay. The first class—the fireside farmers—do not swell the output of farm products. They increase the gate receipts at the land-show, the poultry-show, the dairy-show and the stock-show, and levy toll upon the seed-houses, poultrymen, and implement manufacturers, to whom they write for catalogues and information.

The second class limit their operations to a kitchen garden and a chicken coop. Their hand-raised radishes do not demoralize the truck-growing industry, nor do the disappointing performances of their costly Orpington pullets seriously upset the egg market. The cost of the suburbanite's living may be a little lessened, but it entails extra work. For those who are willing to make the effort, there are more fresh vegetables, eggs, and spring chickens on the bill-of-fare and more fresh air and exercise for the family.

Even from the other two classes of rural emigrants, the net additions to our agricultural population are much less than at first might appear. They create the illusion of progress by moving in a circle. The first group go to the country full of large hopes, only to find that profits do not come as easily with a hoe as with a pencil. Perchance the tyro farmer loses money alarmingly on his first experiments, or even if he makes some actual profit, it comes so much harder than the accustomed salary or pay-check that the game seems no longer to be worth the candle. Either nerve or resources may fail; there are even cases on record where the issue was settled by a strike of the women or the children. The sweet and simple joys of the country sour into mere loneliness, and an unimagined barrenness of days and nights —particularly nights. Many are the converts of the early exhortation who have already completed that enlightening but impoverishing round-trip from the shop or office to the farm, and back again.

But not even all those who persist in their intention of becoming farmers, and who actually remain in the business,

constitute a real addition to our farm population. Though a thousand city men become farmers there is no gain to the country nor loss to the city, if they merely replace a thousand farmers who sell or rent their farms and move to town. —filling the jobs abandoned by the rural emigrants and living in the houses they vacated. Some expansion into new regions has been going on, of course, as growth of transportation or development of irrigation systems, drainage projects, and dry-farming methods have made other areas productive. Sometimes a larger farm has been broken up into smaller tracts, so that two or several men farm where one man farmed before. Absolute growth in both area and numbers has gone steadily on, but it is in the figures showing relative growth that the really significant facts are revealed. The Thirteenth Census shows an increase of farm land of not quite five per cent, and improved land in farms of less than fifteen and a half per cent, while population increased twenty-one per cent. Cities grew three times as fast as rural districts. The percentage of our population to be found outside incorporated places of twenty-five hundred people or more, fell from 58.4 per cent in 1900 to 53.7 per cent in 1910.

If the men of 1908 and 1910 and 1912 could not be persuaded to volunteer for rural service, we may well ask ourselves whether the great events set in motion by the murder at Sarajevo justify a change in that determination. First we should examine the reasons for that earlier reluctance, before proceeding to the query whether the issue is altered in its fundamental aspects by the war in Europe. The preaching of a " gospel of the land " did not stampede men from trades and industrial callings into agriculture simply because they could not be persuaded that personal advantage lay that way. Let us examine the choice presented to them.

It goes without saying that the countryward movement could not gain even discernible proportions if its plea were that wage-earners of the town should go and become wage-earners in the country. Few indeed are the opportunities for hire in the country that offer more than thirty dollars a month, and the average is even lower. The three dollars or three dollars and a half a day in the harvest field, which the newspapers delight to play up, is but a short seasonal demand for itinerant workers at a hard task.

How much should be added to these figures to cover the item of board, it is hard to say. " Board " is an elastic term

and, while dreams of thick cream and tender fried chicken may materialize, the salt-pork diet and the bed in the hay are by no means unknown or even infrequent. On the whole, the allurements of country living cannot be expected to draw city wage-workers away from the union pay and the union hours, the food and drink with their accompaniment of sociability, amusement, excitement of the town, to work at wages in the country.

No, the prophet of rural salvation does not generally urge men to be born again as hired men, but as farmers, that is, farm proprietors. They are to exchange their wage-slavery, their servile punching of time-clocks and carrying out of orders, for the economic independence, the personal initiative, and the generous financial returns that are the natural and unfailing portion of whoever tills the soil. Since their work in mill, shop, store, or factory has been coming year by year to command less of the things that support life and make it enjoyable, it is urged that their problem of prosperity is to be solved quickly and easily by their becoming themselves producers of these things. Let them raise their own food-supplies, live better and more easily, and sell their surplus product at a fat price—and with the proceeds buy an automobile. For all farmers have automobiles and retire at the age of fifty, always with as much as $25,000 and generally about $100,000!

The logic is impressive. If only the facts were so! But the financial lure of the land has been exaggerated in two particulars. The ill-informed have magnified the farmer's earnings, first by counting in the profits derived from increase of land values, and second by ignoring the fact that gross income includes rent for land and interest on capital invested (besides upkeep and depreciation). When the best farm land could be homesteaded, the prospective farmer got one hundred and sixty acres of virgin fertility gratis, and anyone could embark in farming. And when such lands are sold to-day at two hundred dollars an acre, the owner naturally has a nice little fortune on which to retire. But how meagre were his earnings, how pinched was the living he was able to make from that land, during the 'eighties and 'nineties when corn went down to thirteen cents a bushel and wheat to thirty-eight cents, is another matter, but one which should not be forgotten at this time. Even though two hundred dollars be only a fair capitalization of the earning

power of that land now, the new buyer should take counsel with himself whether he can reasonably hope to duplicate the performance of the early settler so far as increase in land value is concerned. And if the promised lowering of the prices of farm products shall actually be brought about, will he be able or willing to labor on at nothing a year as that earlier army of the land were obliged to do? In any event, it is clear that the homesteader was, so to speak, speculating on a margin with little to lose, whereas the man who adventures into farming today must risk a considerable sum as purchase price—an amount which is generally full value of the land and too often more than a fair capitalization of its productivity, because the estimate is inflated by his great expectations of profit. Even if a man locates on one of the few areas of cheap land still to be secured from the Government, the railroads, or lumber companies, he must capitalize such land with ditches, drains, labor and waiting till their cost is little or no less in proportion to their financial productivity than that of the higher-priced tracts. Since the whole landward movement is, in effect, a bear raid on prices, it is hard to find a logical justification for large hopes of profit from increase in land values. That either returns from operation or speculative gains from land purchase are to be secured by so flooding the business as to depress prices of the product, passes belief.

As to the present standing of agriculture with regard to the rate of earnings from operation, our information has been enlarged and made much more definite and trustworthy in recent years as a result of numerous careful surveys undertaken under the auspices of our Department of Agriculture and our agricultural colleges, notably in New York and Minnesota. Their results fail to bear out the claims of those who rhapsodize about the financial opportunities in agriculture today. Of six hundred and fifteen farmers in one New York county one-third "failed to make hired-man's wages, one-third made wages, and one-third made more than wages." Nor was this in a county chosen because of the inferior character of its agriculture. A New Hampshire county showed more than half of the farmers making less than two hundred dollars per year as wages and profits. A well-known authority sums up the situation for the whole United States by saying that the average is probably "less than three hundred dollars, or about one dollar per day for the

farmer's labor. Besides this, the farmer makes interest on his capital and has a house and some farm products."

Yes, an income from his capital, to be sure, but one does not have to go into farming in order to realize an income from capital. The important aspect of the part played by capital in agriculture is not that it has exceptional merit as a source of income, but that without such an accumulation of capital, one is hindered from embarking in agriculture at all. Little the use of dreaming of that three-hundred-dollar labor-income unless one can scrape together the funds needed for the initial investment in some sort of farm plant. Again speaking in averages, the amount needed is a tidy sum, and one that grows apace with the development of the country. The value of farm property per farm in 1910 was $6,444, practically eighty-one per cent more than it was ten years before.

Even to become a tenant farmer, there are tools, stock, and working-capital to be provided, and though the prospective farmer can buy on part credit, he finds it a less easy matter to bring the farm enterprise to the stage of steady income than it is to go bare handed to the factory or to the high-stool position where the boss even buys the pens. The chafed wage-earner learns that there is a price-mark upon the farmer's seeming independence, and that he who embarks in business on his own responsibility must supply capital and assume risk.

The more one discounts the future by leasing land or mortgaging it to the limit, and by buying equipment on credit, the more inexorable is the demand for profits in the near future, for rent and interest must be met, and the note given to the implement dealer will be presented by the bank for payment. Contract obligations, so blithely assumed, arrive at their maturity without regard to the character of the season or the outcome of the crops. Likewise the family must be fed and clothed, seed and feed provided, until a flow of income is established. The weather is the farmer's bane as well as blessing; flood, drought, unseasonable frost, even a hail-storm on the eve of harvest, may spoil a season's work. These are facts not to be ignored in favor of the more pleasing fictions of the real estate agent. Of course we all believe in fairies—we even pride ourselves upon that belief, now that Peter Pan has called the matter to our attention. But to take one's wife and children down to Florida,

or even to that farm a hundred miles "up-state," may still be classed as an extra-hazardous venture for any man who has not a record of actual success in farming and a generous reserve of cash or dependable credit against possible emergencies.

There are individual cases, plenty of them no doubt, where a man who ought to be in the country finds himself immured in town. There are country-minded folk, and there are people with persistently city types of mind, and nothing is more distressing and destructive than for a man to be kept away from his natural element. Whatever removes the artificial barriers of habit, of unfamiliarity, false allurements, or social disesteem, is to be applauded. Such enlightenment makes for economic flexibility and fitness, by increasing the mobility of occupational groups and making movement easy from one to another. Some service of this sort the back-to-the-land propaganda has undoubtedly rendered, but its blunders are not less conspicuous than its successes, and its preachment stands much in need of being brought into line with the facts.

In the later history of free land, when men raised crops merely as an incident in the process of acquiring a farm, we may read plainly the evils of agricultural over-production. The abandoned farms of the East and the foreclosed mortgages of the Middle West were the natural but melancholy results of the greatest landward movement of our history. It achieved the low prices for which we clamor today, but made farming unprofitable, a hateful thing from which men and women, boys and girls, fled to the city. There trade, commerce, and industry flourished on cheap products, the cost of living was low and work plentiful.

But the present situation challenges further progress. Today's pessimism wails that that development has gone too far, that we have built beyond our powers to maintain. But can we accept such a judgment? Must we indeed abandon the outworks of civilization to mass our efforts at a central point where danger threatens? Are the yeomen unable to hold their own position?—and now, of all times, at the moment when more powerful weapons have been put in their hands and they have been better equipped than ever before for their conquest of the earth! For our agriculture to confess defeat just when large re-enforcements are in sight, when all the cohorts of science and invention are rushing to

its aid, would be not less weak than stupid nor less stupid than unnecessary.

Admitting that rising prices are a menace to our further achievement, we should yet spurn the humiliating proposal that we recall more of our population from the pursuits of commerce, manufacture, education, research—all the complete array of sophisticated callings, to go back and wrestle with Nature for the materials of subsistence. Such a movement would draft both men and money from places where they could ill be spared, and curtail our civilization to the dimensions of a mere pastoral existence.

To avoid this fate we need but to use what we have, to practice what we know. Thus equipped, we can surely solve this problem of our national life.

The one fructifying factor which has hitherto been lacking is economic organization. The remedy indicated is, therefore, the carrying over into agriculture of those very principles of organization which have made our industrial life what it is. Not a panicky rush of population, untrained, unequipped, unfit, from industrial to agricultural pursuits; but rather an application of those same principles of concerted and foresighted action, of regimentation of labor to put special fitness in its due place of opportunity, co-ordination of allied enterprises, careful cost-keeping and the consequent elimination of needless expense and wasteful methods, utilization of by-products, open-mindedness toward change and possible improvement. This is not to paint our industrial life as a picture of perfection, yet, admitting its failings, it cannot be denied that, by any reasonable standard of productive efficiency, American industrial life is at least an era ahead of American agriculture. Now, when the ratio of exchange between the products of agricultural and non-agricultural producers is becoming yearly more and more disadvantageous to the latter, it is time to inquire seriously how to turn to account in agriculture any lessons that have been learned in industry.

To urge the present war as a reason for a movement back to the land is to argue either that agricultural profits are enlarged and the prospects in farming made more alluring by reason of the fighting overseas, or that the disturbances abroad have an adverse effect upon our non-agricultural pursuits. Either one of these influences or a combination of both would tend to alter the ratio of economic ad-

vantage between farming and industrial enterprises. Every carload of eggs or flour or bacon bought in the United States to provision the armies lends color to the first of these hypotheses, and the European purchasing agent becomes an unconscious ally of the farm crusader.

Now as to the advance of certain farm prices, there can be no doubt that this means a substantial increase in farming profits; that it justifies an exodus from trade and industrial pursuits is much less evident. There is ground for reasonable doubt whether prices will maintain an upward trend commensurate with the first increase attendant upon the outbreak of hostilities. The pressure of immediate demand upon a wheat crop already harvested is one matter, and the price equation of the following year, after expected demand has been a factor in determining acreage, care, and so forth, is quite another matter. Likewise we must remember that Europe has dropped from one standard of living to another, much more abstemious, with a consequent curtailment in her demand. The self-denials of a nation fighting for existence may well include a substitution of black bread and potatoes for wheat bread, beef, beet sugar, and the like. The labor of women, children, old men, prisoners, and slightly disabled soldiers will very likely produce a sizeable crop this year upon the battle-free territory of even the warring nations. Certain goods not so readily reproducible must, of course, be imported, and those lucky enough to have such wares at a marketable stage will reap a handsome profit. Horses and mules, hides, and a few other goods of like sort may be taken as examples, but few persons indeed could be persuaded that they can make their fortunes by going back to the land to produce horses or leather for the armies of the present war. The new farmer will be affected rather by having to pay high prices for his teams, his harness, his fertilizer, some of his seeds, and his own living expenses.

Obviously an attempt to be very far-sighted in this matter reduces itself to heroic guessing, but the probable duration of the war will not be long enough to offer permanent inducements to the enlargement of American husbandry at the expense of other industries. And the immediate effect of peace will be to prune away the European demands to a minimum. For agriculture will be the first to feel the resurrecting touch of peace. Long before factories can be

rebuilt, equipped, and organized, long before trade can be re-established and commerce rehabilitated, the disbanded armies will have put their hands to the plough and made the earth to yield them sustenance. Of necessity these nations will apply themselves first of all to producing their own subsistence, and at once the boom of outside agriculture collapses.

The only reason which could justify a scramble after such temporary advantages as appear in American agricultural prices to-day would have to be found in a present severe depression in industrial callings and a gloomy prospect for their future. This, in spite of abundant local difficulties of readjustment, does not seem to be the case. Economically the United States is in the period of adolescence, in which it is passing from youthful extractive enterprises to the grown-up pursuits of industrial life. The European war brings the necessity for a momentous decision. Shall we turn back toward the ambitions of our national childhood, or press forward toward the settled vocations of a maturer future? The present moment presents both dangers and opportunities, and we must keep a steady regard upon the ultimate goals of national endeavor, if we are to escape the one and realize the full measure of the other.

The war problems of even a neutral nation demand not only wisdom but a strong infusion of "nerve" for their solution. When farm prices soar, and the readjustment of industry throws men of certain business and factory employments out of work for the moment, the call of the land can be made to sound very enticing. But the fundamental issues remain unaltered. If America is to realize the largest measure of her economic powers, it must be by concerted effort to upbuild our trade and industry and by an increase of economic organization and industrial efficiency in agriculture, not by a debouch upon the land.

E. G. Nourse.

ECONOMICS OF PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

THE study of the prohibition movement in its historical and political phases in the United States having been discussed in other issues of the REVIEW, it is now advisable that we concentrate for a space upon the economic questions which are involved in the possible success of the Hobson propaganda for national prohibition.

It is well to emphasize at this stage, too, that the present study relates the prohibition movement as it emerges in our politics today, not to theoretical prohibition, and most certainly not to *temperance,* but solely to the propaganda directed by ex-Congressman Hobson and the Anti-Saloon League for the adoption of a definite programme. The faulty side of the Hobson propaganda is made readily apparent in a study of its economic effects. Other prohibition movements have not sought to establish the proposed reform at the cost of confiscation of a large body of invested capital. The Hobson movement, however, makes no provision for compensating those who have invested money in the liquor industry. On the other hand, the moral legitimists responsible for its leadership have repeatedly gone on record as opposing compensation in any form.

The Hobson resolution which was voted on at the last session of Congress, and is to be pressed anew at this session, makes no mention of any step to be taken to meet the responsibilities of the Government to an industry whose profits it has shared for more than fifty years. The prohibition "rider" in the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill, which was defeated only by a narrow margin in the Senate a year ago, made no provision for compensating the men in the national capital whose business it proposed to destroy, and whose invested capital it proposed seriously to impair. Recently, in response to an inquiry, I was informed by the editor-in-chief of the official publications of the Anti-

Saloon League, the chief instrumentality through which the political power of the Hobson movement is exerted, that that organization is and always has been unalterably opposed to compensation.

It is quite apparent, therefore, that the Hobson movement is a movement without a programme for the solution of one of the outstanding economic problems to be created when its success is achieved. So one tangible fact which we must face in deliberating upon the effect of national prohibition of the Hobson brand is the partial destruction of invested capital in breweries and distilleries amounting to $771,000,000, together with the serious depreciation of capital, estimated at $421,000,000, which is invested in wholesale and retail distributing establishments.

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, a recent prohibition convert, who made the best speech during the debate on the prohibition amendment to the District of Columbia bill in the Senate a year ago, said in that debate:

> I think now and then that men in their desire to do good by law are dishonest. Some time ago one of the States of this Union—overnight you might say—passed a prohibition law forbidding the sale and manufacture of malt, or vinous, or distilled liquors within its boundary. Men in that State had hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in breweries and distilleries. Men in that State had just finished paying the State for their annual license, which was permission to sell for the next succeeding twelve months, and that State, which shall be nameless here, did not compensate the men for putting their distilleries and breweries on the junk pile; it did not even return to the men from whom they had collected the year's license the day before the law was passed the money which they had paid them.
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> "The highest form of morality cannot afford to steal, and it ought not to steal; it ought not to take money under false pretenses. If it does not take it under false pretense, if it takes it under a legitimate pretense, if by its own action it does away with the consideration for which the money was given, then it ought to restore it.

Senator Williams' utterance creates a wholesome atmosphere in which to begin a discussion of the merits of a proposal for compensation. It is well worth while to consider at the start that a moral question is involved in the Government's duty in the matter, and to note also the instances in which the American people have revealed a temper opposite to that which characterizes the prohibition leaders.

Perhaps the most admirable step of the sort was that taken by Sacramento, California, several years ago, in placing in operation a plan for the purchase and closing of objectionable saloons. This plan, which is prescribed by a city ordinance adopted in 1912, is outlined in the following letter I have received from G. C. Simmons, Commissioner of Public Health and Safety of Sacramento:

> Ten per cent of the moneys put in the City Treasury as license fees, by the saloons, is set aside as a Saloon Reduction Fund. This money is used solely for the purchase of saloons and we have before us at present four saloons offered for sale to the city. Under this plan the city appoints one man as appraiser, the saloon keeper appoints a man as appraiser, and these two appoint a third to act with them as appraisers. A report is made to the City Commission as to the value of the license and the fixtures and the report, when adopted, carries with it the right to purchase the saloon. Our fund for that purpose amounts at present to $10,527, which will probably be sufficient to purchase the four saloons offered. Our population in this city is above 75,000 people, and the number of saloons in the last three years has been reduced by purchases and otherwise to nearly forty.

The same principle was applied by a temperance organization at Middleburg, Pennsylvania, in subscribing a fund of $5,000 with which to purchase the only licensed saloon in that town.

The Virginia Legislature, while making no provision for compensating the owners of capital invested in the liquor industry preliminary to the operation of the State-wide prohibition law adopted in 1914, did recognize in some measure the validity of the principle involved, as well as the extent to which public opinion in the State was aroused against the outright confiscation of the saloon properties. This was done by postponing the operation of the State-wide law until November, 1916. By this postponement opportunity was rendered not only for the licensed liquor dealers to conduct their business through the period for which they had already been licensed, but to shift their capital, in so far as might be practicable in a short space of time, from investments in liquor-producing establishments and saloons. Practically all of the prohibition States have postponed the operation of their laws for a period of several months after enactment. This partial recognition of the obligation not to destroy the value of legitimate property outright has been characterized as hypocrisy by some of the most care-

ful students of compensation in the country. The view has been advanced that the attempt to escape responsibility by such a subterfuge as postponement is worse than a flat refusal to recognize that any such responsibility exists.

Not long ago in a conversation with one of the prohibition leaders in Congress I ventured the suggestion that his propaganda might be strengthened by a more careful consideration of the compensation problem. His reply was typical of many prohibition arguments on that subject. He insisted that no compensation had been provided for the Southern slave owners whose property rights in their slaves were destroyed by President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. Is not the suggestion tenable, however, that the genius of the American people was best represented not in the Emancipation Proclamation itself, but in the following joint resolution adopted April 10, 1862, by the Congress of the United States, at the suggestion of President Lincoln?—

> Be it Resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, that the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt the gradual abolition of slavery, giving such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such a change of system.

In Europe, at any rate, it has been an axiom that compensation be made to persons who suffer directly by a change of legislation. Mr. D. Clarence Gibboney, in a thoughtful address to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1915, when a local option measure was under consideration, discussed illuminatingly the compensation plans adopted in the nations of the Old World which have sought, through prohibition or other measures, to suppress the liquor traffic. Attention was called by him to the fact that one of the most important provisions of the Consolidation Act of 1910, embodying improved liquor legislation for Great Britain, assured to every saloon owner who had conformed to the laws, compensation for the difference between the value of his property with a license and its value without a license. This act also provided that "in the case of the holder of the license, regard shall be had not only to his liquor interest in the premises or trade fixtures, but also to his conduct and to the length of time during which he has been holder of the license; and the holder of a license, if a

tenant (notwithstanding any agreement to the contrary), shall in no case receive a less amount than he would be entitled to as tenant from year to year of the licensed premises."

Mr. Gibboney describes as a "square deal plan" the provision for compensation made by the General Assembly of the Swiss Confederacy when the abolition of the manufacture and sale of absinthe was decreed. This provision extended not only to owners and tenants of land on which absinthe was grown for distillation, but to the owners and leaseholders of absinthe factories, the paid hands on the farms where the product was grown, and the employees of the factories in which it was distilled. Russia in the present century established an imperial liquor monopoly by purchasing vodka distilleries and saloons in the Empire and prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor by private concerns. Thus, no problem of confiscation was involved in the issuance of the Imperial *ukase* by which the Czar established prohibition in 1915. The French Deputies in February, 1915, passed a measure appropriating $2,960,000 as reimbursement for taxes paid by the liquor dealers on absinthe in their possession and for the purchase of their stocks of absinthe, as a companion measure to the bill limiting the number of saloons and abolishing the sale of absinthe.

A basic consideration in the debate as to the obligation of the Government to consider the confiscation of property involved in its assumption of the power to prohibit the sale and manufacture of liquor, is the long dependence of the Government upon the liquor traffic for an important part of its revenues.

The first internal revenue act of the United States, which was approved March 3, 1791, levied duties on all spirits distilled thereafter. The tax was unpopular, however, for the States regarded it as an enroachment upon their prerogatives, and practically all duties were removed December, 1817. From 1818 to the outbreak of the Civil War internal traffic in intoxicants was wholly unrestricted and untaxed by the Federal Government. During this period a customs duty was levied on imported liquors, sometimes a small and sometimes a heavy one, but always sufficient to protect the internal liquor traffic from serious foreign competition. Since the enactment of the War Revenue Tax in 1862 and the early subsequent levy on liquors, the Government has

derived an increasingly great volume of revenue from the liquor industry. Aggregate collections in 1863 were $3,229,000. They jumped to $28,000,000 the next year. In the fiscal year 1914 the internal taxes produced $226,000,000 and customs taxes $19,500,000. The records of the Internal Revenue Bureau show that since 1865 the Federal Government has collected more than $5,000,000,000 revenue from the liquor business.

From the Government's long recognition of the legitimate existence of the liquor industry, it seems arguable that, if the people decide to abolish the liquor traffic as a means of promoting their general welfare, they should in fairness turn back to the industry a small proportion of the funds it has contributed to the support of the Government. In other words, the cost of establishing an institution for the improvement of the general condition of the people should be borne share and share alike, and not be saddled entirely upon the shoulders of a set of men who have invested their capital in a legitimate field of industrial activity.

It should be pointed out, however, that the problem of compensation, if a solution is decided upon, will turn out to be by no means a simple one. The fullest measure of fairness to the liquor industry does not require that the Government "buy it out," a procedure advocated by Senator Owen of Oklahoma, a prohibitionist, as the easiest means of settling the controversy. The rapid development of the industrial alcohol industry in the country since the outbreak of the European war has shown that distilleries may be used quite profitably in the production of other things than intoxicants. It is very probably true, also, that a considerable part of the machinery now used in breweries as well as distilleries could be used in other industries. Certainly the buildings themselves would still have some value. It appears, therefore, that the effect of national prohibition would be a serious impairment of the capital invested in the liquor industry and not, as many representatives of the industry have charged, an out and out violation of the Constitutional protection of a citizen against having his property confiscated without compensation. A Congressional commission would be able to determine the extent of this depreciation. The compensation of owners of retail establishments would involve a more extensive Federal inquiry, but the experience of the British Government has shown that it is practicable to

determine the extent of the damage done to a saloon keeper by the revocation of his license, and there is no reason to believe that the American Government would find the task more difficult.

Two economic problems of exaggerated importance which grow out of the establishment of the Hobson reform are the removal of a market for a very considerable volume of agricultural products and the deprivation of a number of more or less specialized workmen of their means of livelihood. Representative Goeke, who has made an original investigation of the economic effects of prohibition, furnished information on the first point in the following excerpt from a speech in the House of Representatives a year ago:

> In the course of 1913, corn and other farm products of the value of $113,884,568 were used in the manufacture of liquors. This amount does not represent the value of the products so used in the Chicago and other markets, but the actual sum received by the growers, based upon the carefully compiled reports of the Department of Agriculture published from time to time. The full significance of this amount can be best appreciated when it is stated that it exceeded the total combined crop values of the census year of Vermont, Maryland, and West Virginia; of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Florida; of Louisiana, with its great cotton and sugar interests; of New York, New Hampshire and Utah; or of Maine, Connecticut, Delaware, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and the two Dakotas.
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> The amount is made up of barley to the value of $55,236,641; corn, $30,924,335; hops, $11,155,215; rice, $7,288,786; rye, $4,604,476; wheat, $869,938; oats, $3,382; molasses, $2,056,626; fruit, $751,835; and secondary products of agriculture not included under the head of corn, $626,119. It is computed that in raising these products the farmers paid for labor a total of $13,485,460, a sum sufficient to employ 74,919 persons for six months, at an average wage of $30 per month.

One does not need to question these figures in order to differ with the opinion of many prohibition opponents that the withdrawal of this agricultural market would fall as a calamity upon farmers in certain sections. Indeed, the amount referred to is such a small portion of the annual value of our agricultural crop as to make it an unimportant factor. The European market for American agricultural products has been so greatly expanded recently, and it bids fair to remain open for such a long time to come—even after the war ends—that the farmer need have little

fear of any calamitous effect of prohibition in so far as the selling price of his crops is concerned. The indifference of the farmers to the economic loss involved for them in the establishment of prohibition is indicated by the fact that in nearly every rural section where local or State prohibition has been voted upon the farmer has supported the reform.

The labor problem connected with the withdrawal of the liquor industry from the American labor market also is unimportant compared with the other labor problems with which we have to deal. The United States Census figures for 1913 show that the liquor manufacturers employed 62,920 wage earners, to whom $45,252,000 was paid in wages. The prohibition advocates have not failed to harp upon the fact that the number of wage earners employed and the volume of wages paid by the liquor industry is exceedingly small when the value of its output is taken into consideration as compared with similar items for other important industries. It is pointed out in addition that by no means all of the 62,920 wage earners employed by the liquor industry are specialized laborers who might not expect to secure profitable employment in other industries. A recent investigator pointed out, in a magazine article, that the census returns show that there are fewer than 15,000 brewers, distillers, malsters and rectifiers in the United States. This figure is offered as comprehending all of those who would be deprived of employment in the event of prohibition. The other employees, the writer points out, are of a class of labor which is suitable for engagement in other industries, while the 15,000 who would have to find a new special line of employment compose a number only a little larger than the 10,000 artisans of various kinds in this country who are compelled annually to change one occupation for another. The writer very properly refuses to regard the shifting of so small a number of specialists as a serious labor problem. Perhaps the worst sufferers from the effect of prohibition upon employment would be the bartenders, of whom there are 100,000 in the United States, according to the census for 1910.

There remains the subject of taxation, which must be dealt with by the Government as a companion measure to prohibition. The present dependence of the Government upon the liquor industry for an important part of its revenue certainly justifies the demand, in behalf of all those whose at-

titude toward prohibition is unbiased, that the propaganda embody some adequate scheme of taxation to offset the depletion of the National Treasury which prohibition would bring about. The internal revenue from liquor in the fiscal year 1914, the year before the war came along to upset our taxation system, was $226,000,000, and the customs revenue from this source was $19,500,000, a total of $245,500,000. The importance of the ultimate effect of national prohibition upon our taxation system can best be realized when it is pointed out that the last annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows that the total annual income of the Government from taxation was approximately $700,000,000. Thus it appears that the Government relies upon the liquor business for about 35 per cent. of its taxation revenue. It is evident, then, that the establishment of nation-wide prohibition would compel a complete reorganization of our taxation system. The many perplexities of the present Administration and the Democratic leaders of Congress in their efforts to devise new sources for $112,000,000 of revenue, which the Secretary of the Treasury declares will suffice for the additional national defense expenditures, suggest but a mild picture of the woes that will fall upon the legislative branch of the Government with the advent of prohibition. The task of this Congress would be more arduous still if it were decided to reimburse the owners of liquor manufactories for the losses entailed by prohibition.

The State Governments would face a taxation problem of their own. The annual revenue of the States and smaller governmental units from liquor imports and taxes in 1914 was $79,000,000. Recent experiences of a number of prohibition States in raising revenues to meet the sums lost through the abolition of liquor taxes, notably the cases of West Virginia and Tennessee, furnish excellent object lessons for the other States, particularly the larger ones such as New York, which would lose $17,000,000 of annual revenue.

The difficulties heretofore outlined are put forward not as reasons entirely adequate for rejecting a proposal which holds out a definite promise that the nation shall be absolutely free of liquor consumption, but as practical questions which merit the consideration of all thoughtful citizens who now are seeking to reach a proper determination of the attitude they ought to take toward the Hobson movement.

L. Ames Brown.

WAR AND HUMAN NATURE

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL

If courage is required in the warrior, it surely is needed in the advocate of peace.

We all, naturally, tend to resent attempts to inhibit or discredit such of our modes of action as are due to inherited traits; and as men inherit from a long line of ancestry the instinctive tendencies that result in war, it is not at all surprising to find the vigorous among them taking a hostile attitude toward the apostles of peace. Suggestions that are made looking to the abolition of war are thus instantly met by scores of objections based upon their assumed impracticability; and it must be conceded that the pacificists have themselves not infrequently forged weapons to their own discomfiture by their unwillingness to face existing facts.

The courage of the thoughtful among them is sustained, however, when they read the histories of reforms. The idealist has ever found himself handicapped by the well-meant support of a mob of thoughtless enthusiasts. He has always found the practical objections to his propositions presented with exaggerated emphasis; but where his efforts have met with success the world has been surprised to find how suddenly the expected difficulties have dissolved away.

As the life of man is counted, it is but yesterday that war was the fully accredited pastime of men of ability and culture. As Zimmern says in his *Greek Commonwealth*, "it is hard to realize in these days, when fighting taxes the nerves and tires the limbs, but has lost most of its thrills, and all its animal excitement, what a fine sport it was in the days when men regarded it as the great and only game."

Fortunately for us this day is past, we may hope forever. Even those who ask us to relinquish our ideal of enduring peace join with us in agreeing that war is an evil; but they tell us that if we will but face the facts we cannot fail to see that it is a necessary evil. This position I think untenable.

The argument in favor of this view that is most often heard in our day is a biological argument. We are told that man's advance has been gained because he has been a fighting animal; and that having inherited certain instincts which lead to war we cannot look forward to its disappearance.

I have already examined the fallacies involved in this contention in my *War and the Ideal of Peace,* and shall not repeat myself here. There is, however, another argument aiming to show that war is a necessity to the existence of our civilization which is more serious, because it bases its contentions upon the analysis of the moral order. This position we find stated clearly by an influential writer in a late magazine article, as follows:

> We live in a continuous state of war. Our civilization cannot be understood save by recognizing that the appeal to force is something quite fundamental to it. . . . Beyond brute force lie, of course, the instruments of moral coercion, public or international opinion, religious influences, and the like. These are superior in moral value, and ultimately are creative and regulative even of the instruments of brute force. But, as I should maintain, they require for their development the favoring environment supplied by a political order that, when challenged, is found to be capable of securing itself by the successful employment of armed force.

The article from which I quote is, in the main, concerned with other contentions to which the criticism to follow is not intended to apply. I use it merely because it is a clear statement of the view I wish to consider, which is seldom put in a form that makes it worthy of analysis and criticism.

It appears to me that we are dealing here with a peculiarly subtle fallacy, which must be considered before we can discuss the argument satisfactorily. The child naturally assumes the existence of a human-like personality in connection with each object that attracts its attention; only by experience does it learn to make the distinction between the animate and inanimate; between the conscious and the so-called unconscious. The early man in like manner not only found difficulty in throwing off his attribution of human traits to objects about him, but habitually assumed the existence of personalities in connection with his objectified conceptions. Thus his tribe or clan came to be looked upon as a pretty definite personality to which he owed allegiance.

Nothing goes farther to show our close relation to this early man than the persistence of this notion of the tribe,

or state, or nation as a personality. It is evident that it is involved with our common conceptions of patriotism, and that it is tacitly assumed in many current discussions of the moral aspects of war. Had not Bismarck assumed the existence of such a national personality he could not have said with full conviction that " the right of the German nation to live and to breathe in unison undivided must not be judged accordingly to the principles of civil law." Did President Runge of Göttingen not make the same assumption he could not tell us that " there is a higher standard of justice for nations than for individuals." In both these cases the state is spoken of as a personality having moral standards of the same general nature as, although more authoritative than, those of individual men.

This notion, frankly accepted, has been developed by a certain group of philosophers, and has led to the Germanic conception of the state as a " superman " of which we hear so much today. This conception has, however, been subjected to such effective destructive criticism that I shall not consider it here. I wish rather to call attention to certain positions which are based upon an unrecognized acceptance of this notion of the personality of the state.

It may be well to note at the start that few, if any, psychologically trained thinkers of importance now-a-days will accept such a notion when it is clearly stated. They see that the existence of a moral consciousness of the form known to man is bound up with a very high grade of organization such as is altogether lacking in the state or nation considered as an organism. In other words, we have come to see that we must look upon states, not as personal existences, but as mere aggregates of individual personalities who have common traits and common aspirations; and among whom " governments " have arisen, and have become persistent, as agencies looking to the realization of these aspirations.

This of course means that what is moral for the individuals composing a state is in a general way moral for these individuals acting collectively; and our great difficulty lies in the fact that we have failed to moralize the collective action of states as we have moralized that of the individuals composing them. We all hold it to be immoral for the individual to encourage suspicion and hate, and covetousness and murder; but the average man does not hold it to be immoral to indulge in nationalized suspicion and hate, in na-

tionalized covetousness which leads to the commercial exploitation of the weaker peoples, in nationalized murder, which is war.

Now in my view this tacit assumption that the state is a personality, rather than a collection of personalities, is involved in the argument here considered. Only by making this assumption can we hold that we must look forward to the continuance of war because moral values "require for their development the favoring environment supplied by a political order that, when challenged, is found to be capable of securing itself by the successful employment of armed force." For this statement implies that, just as the average moral codes of the community must be impressed upon the immoral individual by the force represented in our judicial systems and police control, so the action of immoral personified states can only be controlled by brute force.

It is then noted that the restraint of immoral individual men is effected by national judicial systems which are super-individual, and that until these super-individual judicial systems were established the moral codes of the majority had to be forced upon the minority by brute force. And from this it is argued that as there can never be a *super-national* power capable of exerting control over the immoral personified states, whose ideals differ from those of the majority of states, war must necessarily occur, just as violent coercion of the immoral individual personality would exist today if no super-individual states had come into existence to establish the moral codes of the community.

If we attempt to avoid this unwarranted assumption, and think of the state merely as a collection of individuals having common traits and aspirations, it seems clear that, in general, what an individual may, or may not, do to another individual, a collection of individuals constituting a state may, or may not, do to another collection of individuals constituting another state. Thus it should be our aim to moralize the activities of the State on the same lines on which we have moralized the activities of individuals.

It would then appear that we are without warrant for the assumption that the possibility of war is a necessary factor of man's moral advance; for we may certainly look forward to a time when states will settle their differences without war, just as civilized individuals have learned to settle their differences without recourse to personal violence,—to a time

when a majority of the great Powers will have become what we may call " gentlemanly nations," who will act as individual gentlemen would. Let us see what might be expected to happen in such a case.

If some member of my Club should commit some act which annoyed me I should merely avoid him, unless his act appeared to me to involve a violation of his Club rights. In this case I should tell him so; and if he persisted in his act should refer the matter to the House Committee.

This Committee might decide that I was unwarranted in my complaint, in which case I might be disgruntled, but should again merely avoid meeting the offensive member.

If the Committee decided that my complaint was justified it would so notify the offending member, and in most cases he would at once mend his ways.

But if by chance we had admitted to the Club, in the person of this offending member, a man who was not a gentlemen, he might refuse to obey the order of the House Committee, and might continue his offense. What would happen then? It is certain that no one would consider that I, or the Committee, would be warranted in belaboring him, or in putting him forcibly out of the Club. He would merely be *ostracised;* and this so completely that he would either mend his ways, or would leave the Club.

Now let us assume that a large proportion of the " great Powers " had become gentlemanly nations, and had formed an international organization for their mutual benefit which we may call the National Club. Suppose then that some one of its members—we may without offense take it to be Germany—decided that it was to its advantage to establish a colony in South America.

The United States would at once call Germany's attention to the fact, formulated in the Munroe Doctrine, that such a project was distasteful to it.

If Germany were a thoroughly gentlemanly nation he would at once abandon his project; unless he came to the conclusion that Uncle Sam was a fussy old gentleman who was unreasonable in his request; and he might say that, as he had never thought Uncle Sam justified in the maintenance of this Monroe Doctrine, he proposed to continue the development of his colony. Under these conditions Uncle Sam would at once refer the matter of dispute to the National Club's House Committee:—the National Council.

That Council might decide that Uncle Sam was unreasonable, and might uphold Germany's contention. In that case Uncle Sam might take great umbrage; but he would not take steps to obstruct Germany in her scheme of colonization, for if he did so all the nations composing the National Club would ostracise him absolutely, politically and economically. He certainly would not attempt to fight the whole National Club as a body, nor Germany, who would be supported by the whole Club. He might resign from the National Club; but he would soon find such action to have been a mistake, and would speedily sue for re-election.

But on the other hand suppose that the National Council decided that Uncle Sam was justified in his contentions, and that Germany must give up his colonization scheme. What would happen? If Germany had become a completely gentlemanly nation he would acquiesce in the decision of the Council, doubtless with grumbling, and perhaps with more or less change of commercial attitude toward Uncle Sam, and possibly toward other members of the National Club. He certainly would not fight to maintain his position. He might resign from the National Club; but when the generation that had dictated such action had been replaced by a new one, he would soon find it desirable to apply for re-admission.

But suppose that the National Club, having made a false judgment as to the character of Germany, had admitted him as a member, he—*quod avertat Deus*—turning out to be not a gentlemanly nation. And, as such, let us suppose that Germany decided that he would proceed with his colonization scheme, notwithstanding the action of the National Council. Would it even then be necessary for Uncle Sam, or for the National Club, to fight Germany? Not at all. The nations forming the Club would one and all merely ostracise him utterly and completely, politically, economically and in every other way; and that would surely speedily bring him to terms without any resort to armed conflict. He would grumble mightily; he might even resign from the National Club, and proceed with his colonization scheme; and to this neither the Club nor Uncle Sam would raise warlike opposition. For his colony would surely be a failure if it were internationally ostracised; and when a new generation appeared upon the scene he would certainly abandon his colony and apply for re-admission to the National Club, a chastened but a better member.

It is easy to exaggerate the difficulties of instituting this international ostracism, but I believe (*pace* President Lowell) that they would all disappear in practice.

It may appear, at first sight, that I am here making use of a highly strained analogy. A gentlemen's club, it may be said, is necessarily constituted of specially selected individuals, and governed by the recognized and established rules of current social gentlemanly behavior; thus its problems are simplified to the greatest possible extent; while the problems raised by international relations are inextricably complex.

In answer to this it may be said, in the first place, that the National Club would itself be constituted by the voluntary association of the great Powers which had recognized their community of interest, and would thus constitute a specially selected group of individual nations. And the agreement to form such an association would of course imply that the peoples who allow their Governments to enter such a National Club had come to the recognition, on broad lines, of established principles of gentlemanly behavior, and had attained an appreciation of the fact that they must demand of their governmental agents international action in accord with these principles. Under such conditions the matters with which the governing body of the National Club would have to deal would without question gain greatly in simplicity; for they would be concerned only with problems raised by the action of national members, and not at all with the intricate questions of party politics within these nations which may have led to any nation's special act.

Again it may be held that in employing this analogy the assumption is made that there would always be a practically unanimous verdict by all but one of the national members against this one; and that such a situation would seldom occur; that on the contrary international party groups would more probably be formed within the National Club which would speedily lead to its disruption. The possibility of such a contingency must of course be granted. Similar situations have arisen in social clubs of gentlemen, and have resulted in their dissolution: but on the whole they have been so rare that no groups of men are led to hold that the formation of a club is absurd because in the nature of the case it would be short lived, and its activities without significance.

I do not wish for a moment to minimize in any way the

difficulties necessarily connected with the formation of such a National Club; nor to assume that no new and unforeseen difficulties would arise if once it were formed. But, on the other hand, I protest against the pessimism of those who magnify these difficulties so far as to reject altogether the suggestion that it is worth while to make the attempt to form such an international organization with the hope that it may reduce the chances of war.

It is the trend of such arguments to which I object; the belief they foster that if we consider the nature of man as he exists we are bound to join with those who hold that war is necessary to human advance, and therefore that we must look forward to the recurrence of wars in the future as they have recurred in the past. I see no reason to abandon the hope that the collective will of the people making up the great Powers may become a gentlemanly will; the hope that the great nations may become gentlemanly nations; and this perhaps at no very distant era as the life of the human race is counted. And I see no reason why then the great nations should not join together to form an international organization that would deal with national concerns in much the same manner that individual gentlemen in organizations of narrower scope deal with individual interests.

There would still exist lesser Powers that had not yet become gentlemanly nations, and these might need to be coerced from time to time to keep them from disturbing the peaceful progress of the people composing one or another of these gentlemanly nations; and to this end it might be necessary to maintain some relatively small military and naval organization. But as the orderly people of our great cities maintain a police force to restrain the disorderly, but do not commonly use it to adjudicate differences between individuals of the orderly class, so it appears to me not too much to hope that eventually the great nations bound together in a National League may find means to establish an international police which would be maintained to keep the disorderly nations from doing injury; and that without danger that this police will be employed to induce a conflict between members of the National League themselves.

The difficulty found in avoiding this assumption of the personal nature of the state is seen in another form of argument which aims to give a *quasi* moral status to war; claiming that valuable changes which have followed special wars

have been due to the wars themselves; and tacitly assuming, with no warrant whatsoever, that these results could not have been gained by any other instrumentality than war. Thus, we read in a late review in the New York *Nation:*

> It is unfortunate that praiseworthy desire for peace should be so blended in the minds of certain emotional advocates with hatred of abstract war, that they fail to admit that any desirable results may be attainable by force. Filled with zeal, itself a form of contention, they seem blind and deaf to example and argument. Nevertheless, our own country owes its independent existence, and its unimpaired unity, to two *righteous* wars.

We have here the assumption that we are justified in welcoming the coming into existence of an independent state as in itself an unquestionable advantage; much as we might rejoice in the birth of an individual man-child. The advantage connected with this independence would thus seem to lie in the fact that the new born state is a *quasi* personal state.

But if we look at the state merely as a collection of individuals the matter appears in a quite different light. I imagine all will agree that independence is an advantage to groups of individuals whose aspirations and aims are not represented in the existing state in which they are incorporated. But we surely may question whether independence in itself is an aim that can be urged on moral grounds.

Furthermore the instance of the United States, here given as an indisputable proof of the position maintained, is not altogether a happy one. For although we, who glory in the heroism of the founders of our republic, may be distressed in making the acknowledgment, nevertheless, as philosophically minded men, we certainly must find it difficult to maintain that the collection of individuals making up the state of Canada is less advantageously placed today than that collection of individuals which threw off the " yoke of England " and thus, gaining its independence, constituted the Federal Union of which I am a citizen.

So again, in the statement above quoted, we have the assumption that the unimpaired unity of a state—its mere size and strength—is in itself an unquestionable advantage; much as we might rejoice in the growth of an individual youth in stature and muscular vigor. It would thus seem to be held that the value of this unimpaired unity of the United States, which was gained at the awful price of the bloodshed of the great Civil War of 1861 to 1865, lay in the fact that the

quasi personal state gained unquestionable advantage by maintaining its bigness and power.

But if we think of the state merely as a collection of individuals having common aims and aspirations; and agree, as we have above, that national independence is properly desired by groups of individuals whose aspirations are not represented in the state in which they find themselves born; then it seems difficult to defend the use made of the strength of the North to compel the weaker South to remain part of a state which did not express the ideals of its people.

That the inestimable boon of the abolition of slavery was one result of this war is to be conceded. But it seems highly probable that, if the right of secession had been granted, the abolition of slavery would not have long been delayed; for the new Southern Confederacy would have been subjected to the same moral and economic pressure that has led to the abandonment of slavery by all civilized races.

I realize that I am here making statements that must be unpalatable to many readers. The defenders of war are constantly asking us who are pacificists to face the facts; and this I am here attempting to do, and asking them to do.

And finally let me say that, as a pacificist, I do not find that this facing of the facts leads me to abandon hope of the eventual advent of an era of enduring world peace.

The dawn of this era may not be as near as one might wish; but I protest against any view suggesting that the nature of man precludes the hope that such an enduring peace can ever be attained; or that places its consummation in a distant future, when man shall have been so thoroughly changed in his physical and moral nature as to have lost the characteristics we now hold to be noble and ennobling.

It disturbs me greatly to read from the pens of influential men such words as " no sensible man expects to abolish wars altogether," which we find in the otherwise thoroughly admirable article by President Lowell of Harvard in the *Atlantic* for September, 1915. I do not feel that it is just to say that I am not a sensible man, yet I fully believe that we may expect the eventual utter abolition of war; and that, if we adopt certain modes of international action, among them the course of procedure which President Lowell himself so forcibly defends, the ideal of enduring peace may perhaps be realized sooner than now appears probable.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

THE PLOUGH

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

He sniffed the clean and eager smell
Of crushed wild garlic, as he thrust
Beneath the sallows: and a spell
He stood there munching a thick crust—
The fresh tang giving keener zest
To bread and cheese—and watched a pair
Of wagtails preening wing and breast,
Then running—flirting tails in air,
And pied plumes sleeked to silky sheen—
Chasing each other in and out
The wet wild garlic's white and green.

And then remembering, with a shout,
And rattle whirring, he ran back
Again into the Fair Maid's Mead,
To scare the rascal thieves and black
That flocked from afar and near to feed
Upon the sprouting grain. As one
They rose with clapping rustling wings—
Rooks, starlings, pigeons, in the sun
Circling about him in wide rings,
And plovers hovering over him
In mazy, interweaving flight—
Until it made his young wits swim
To see them up against the light,
A dazzling maze of black and white
Against the clear blue April sky—
Wings on wings in flashing flight
Swooping low and soaring high—
Swooping, soaring, fluttering, flapping,
Tossing, tumbling, swerving, dipping,
Chattering, cawing, creaking, clapping,
Till he felt his senses slipping—
And gripped his corncrake rattle tight,
And flourished it above his head

Till every bird was out of sight:
And laughed, when all had flown and fled,
To think that he, and all alone,
Could put so many thieves to rout.

Then sitting down upon a stone
He wondered if the school were out—
The school where, only yesterday,
He'd sat at work among his mates—
At work that now seemed children's play,
With pens and pencils, books and slates—
Although he'd liked it well enough,
The hum and scuffling of the school,
And hadn't cared when Grim-and-Gruff
Would call him dunderhead and fool.

And he could see them sitting there—
His classmates, in the lime-washed room,
With fingers inked and tousled hair—
Bill Baxter with red cheeks abloom,
And bright black eyes; and Ginger Jim
With frecked face and solemn look,
Who'ld wink a pale blue eye at him,
Then sit intent upon his book,
While, caught a-giggle, he was caned.

He'd liked that room, he'd liked it all—
The window steaming when it rained;
The sunlight dancing on the wall
Among the glossy charts and maps;
The blotchy stain beside the clock
That only he of all the chaps
Knew for a chart of Dead Man's Rock
That lies in Tiger Island Bay—
The reef on which the schooners split
And founder, that would bear away
The treasure-chest of Cut-Throat-Kit,
That's buried under Black Bill's bones
Beneath the purple pepper-tree . . .
A trail of clean-sucked cherry-stones,
Which you must follow carefully,
Across the dunes of yellow sand,
Leads winding upward from the beach
Till, with a pistol in each hand,
And cutlass 'twixt your teeth, you reach. . .

Plumping their fat crops peacefully

Were plovers, pigeons, starlings, rooks,
Feeding on every side while he
Was in the land of storybooks.
He raised his rattle with a shout
And scattered them with yell and crake . . .
A man must mind what he's about
And keep his silly wits awake,
Not go woolgathering, if he'd earn
His wage. And soon, no schoolboy now,
He'd take on a man's job, and learn
To build a rick, and drive the plough,
Like father . . . Up against the sky
Beyond the spinney and the stream,
With easy stride and steady eye
He saw his father drive his team,
Turning the red marl gleaming wet
Into long furrows clean and true.
And dreaming there, he longed to set
His young hand to the ploughshare too.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

BY EDITH WYATT

In *Real Conversations,* Stephen Phillips is reported as saying to Mr. William Archer:

"The English nation is suspicious of anything in which the effort is not rendered obvious by partial failure."

The saying might apply as truthfully to that jealous American dislike of all counsels of perfection which is one of the meanest characteristics of democracy.

In this country the fame of Stephen Phillips has had a singular history—the history of a repute which may be said to have been hung for its good name. An observant American publisher once remarked that in his view prestige in letters followed somewhat indiscriminately the way of the Sun-Worshipers, from East to West. In this well-known course, the poetry of Stephen Phillips was admired in New York mainly because of its London vogue: and admired in Chicago mainly because of its metropolitan celebrity. Received here in this fashion less from an informed taste for the separate works of the poet than from a mere pastoral gregariousness, his several poetic productions were, at least so far as this observer has known them and their reputation, very widely praised for certain elements they never possessed—as, for instance, the power of creating character.

On the other hand, their extraordinary faculty in the use of fresh lyric form and rhymeless verse, passed unnoticed. The poet's most standardized and lifeless performance, *Paolo and Francesca,* has always been his best-known composition here. It is not surprising, then, that work which had never been really considered for itself should have been rapidly disparaged for us without reference to its actual quality by a London reaction apparently akin to that of the voter against the candidate ceaselessly known as the just.

"The complacency of the critics is so universal as to be

almost alarming,'' Edmund Gosse wrote of the English reception of *Paolo and Francesca* nineteen years ago. Undoubtedly the '' universality '' had already begun to alarm; and shortly afterward, when *Herod* had filled the largest theatre in London for nearly three months, paragraphers, it seems, according to the counsels of Mr. Archer and Mr. Phillips, had already begun to prophesy the speedy downfall of '' the poetic drama '' for no discernible reason whatsoever except the extensive success of the contemporary instance.

It is idle to assume that the world left its praise of *Paolo and Francesca* because the drama is a hollow, handsome thing, empty of realities. The world left in the same way its praise of *Herod,* also handsome, and not hollow—left it, in its characteristic, ridiculous, sun-worshiping and band-waggoning manner, chiefly from a reaction against too much giving of praise.

Such has been Stephen Phillips' history with the Sun-Worshipers—a phenomenon so striking that it must preface the only consideration of his contribution which concerns readers of poetry. What has the poet tried to do in his contribution? How far has he succeeded?

I

Obviously, one of the things Stephen Phillips tried to do was to create characteristic and expressive lyric forms—whether rhymed or rhymeless. In *But Yet,* in *Cities of Hell,* in *Thoughts in a Meadow,* in *Midnight, 31st of December,* he has spoken with an expressive, singing tone, his own and underived; in beautiful notes and silences, conceptions more intimate, more individual, than those of his better-known poetic dramas.

Such is the expression and conception of *A Gleam*—lines spoken by a husband to a wife concerning a daughter dead:

> I shall know ere the sun arises
> By a sudden stirring of thee,
> Or blind, slight touch in the dark,
> Or face upturnèd in quivering dream,
> That your heart like mine has gone home in the hush to its dead,
> Through dew and beginning birds.

Apart from the transcendental thought permeating his work—the thought that behind the visible world is the reality made by the mind—most of these conceptions have the ap-

peal of a very clearer simplicity. This is the appeal of *The Wound*—the speech of a bereaved human father in heaven who is uncomfortable among the happy, hymning souls about him and finds no pain to companion his, not even the suffering of Christ, who had never lost a child.

Brief, and finely unexplanatory, several of these poems concerning human fortunes have a plainness, a quiet air akin to Chaucer's, an English sympathy, very still and brave, very unsobbing and thoughtful before all pain in mortal fates. *The Wife,* by this distinguished touch of Saxon chronicle, tells wonderfully a hard tale,—one note of melodrama would have ruined the story of a woman starving in London with a little hungry boy and an ill husband. In desperation she goes out into the evening to seek money as a street-walker. Returned in the night with the bread her wage has brought, she finds her husband dead.

A striking charm in Stephen Phillips' more personal poetry is his mastery of the peculiar values of the sound of English. In the work of many makers of recent free verse there has been to my ear a somewhat static pose, an air as of rather literal translation into prose of verse originally rhymeless, no doubt, but plentifully melodious and active in the idiom and accent of other tongues. The English poet's admirable use of inter-line rhyme and of assonance, his ability to skip a stone, so-to-speak, along the widening ripples of open vowel-notes up to a poem's horizon-line, his sense of subtle changes in tone, must always be a keen pleasure to those readers for whom reading poetry is the imagination of living sound.

O, why in this breathing field, the meadow of Maytime,
A-flurry with silverous gusts;
Why, O my soul must thou still with a sadness behold it;
Strangely disturbed from far?

* * * * * * * * * *

If thou were the first that had breathed;
Then this brooding arch of the blue were beautiful merely,
Perfect the greenness of grass.
But, through thine eyes unnumbered dead ones are peering;

* * * * * * * * * *

And by ghosts is the blowing meadow-land unforgotten;
Memories deepen the blue.

And a child will sorrow at evening bells over meadows,
And grieve by the breaking sea.
O, never alone can we gaze on the blue and the greenness;
Others are gazing and sigh;
And never alone can we listen to twilight music;
Others listen and weep,
And the woman that sings in the dimness to millions is singing;
Not to thee, O my soul, alone.

This was a Stephen Phillips too little known in America. We heard rather the drums and tramplings of the conquests of his poetic dramas. His fame has received another odd twist, in the queer fashions of our land.

Never a writer of programme-music, Stephen Phillips printed his verse without explanation of its form. No explanation was needed. The form explained itself. In late years in America the most conspicuous use of free verse has been the use of the "Imagists," writers highly programmatic and controversial, who have produced a great number of compositions intended to appeal primarily not to the ear but to the eye of the imagination.

In France, in the hands of M. Charles Vildrac, free verse has been developed with a quickened sense and skilled practice of the graphic power of irregular melody and suggestive rhyme, developed with that distinct air of musical accomplishment so feared and so very groundlessly feared by numbers of American Imagists. But in America, always filled with readers extraordinarily "papery" in taste, and tone-deaf to the imagined sound of the words before their eyes, the leading development of free verse has been not at all a wider appreciation of the expressive power of words through their quick and living value as spoken language, not at all the development one would have expected from the countrymen of Poe and Whitman, but a species of omission from poetry of a keen and clear sense of the melodies, the harmonies and tonal values of imagined sound. Thus it has come about that because his work is remembered as musical, it is unconsciously assumed here—by almost everyone except some fair-minded visiting Gael, like Mr. Padraic Colum—that all Stephen Phillips' production is entirely conventional; and it is not and never could be generally admitted in our land that he composed numbers of excellent poems in verse original and free.

II

Of course one reason for this assumption is that the drumming and trampling was all done in iambic pentameter. Like the Imagists, Stephen Phillips has devoted a large portion of his effort to the classic return. Unlike them, he has chosen to return by the familiar road of blank verse. Ulysses, Nero, Nero's Mother, Iole—there is no need to catalogue instances.

In so far as pseudo-classic returns intend to attempt the art of human portraiture by imitating antique casts, it has always seemed to me that they fail, by the very nature of their effort. No one can draw from a cast and from a life-model at the same minute. To tell a new fable with familiar figures realistically treated under classic titles, as Bernard Shaw has done in *Androcles and the Lion,* is one thing. To make a copy of some of the persons—though not the acts—of the Odyssey, as Stephen Phillips did in peopling the action of his *Ulysses,* is another. In fictive power Stephen Phillips' poetic dramas have for me no value, and possess no living creature. A single talkative Newgate prisoner in De Foe's *Moll Flanders,* a single Sea Captain of Sarah Orne Jewett's, embodies a more solid human vitality for me than any figure I have ever encountered in the pages of the English poet's plays or pseudo-classic poems.

As a medium for the expression of ideas, rather than of character, the text of the plays and pseudo-classic poems often evinces a very skilful and beautiful use of the tonal materials of English.

Communicative and haunting are the echoes of a mortal's reasons for his love of a mortal woman, in *Marpessa*:

> Because Infinity upon thee broods;
> And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
> Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
> So long, and yearnéd up the cliffs to tell;
> Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
> What the still night suggesteth to the heart.

Memorable in *Ulysses* is:

> Here would I be, at ease upon this isle
> Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,
> What sward of parsely and of violet,
> And poplars shivering in a silvery dream,
> And smell of cedar sawn, and sandal-wood,
> And these low-crying birds that haunt the deep.

Admirably told is the poet's sense of Herod's anxiety before the news of the rise of the Nazarene prophet:

> . . . And all behind him is
> A sense of something coming on the world,
> A crying of dead prophets from their tombs,
> A singing of dead poets from their graves.
> I ever dread the young . . .

Manifestly speeches, the last two. Manifestly to be acted. Written by an actor, the poet's plays reveal, as their first aim, their dramatic intent. All else is subordinated to the action. In this endeavor the author, as he has told us, deliberately broke away from the traditional path in which English writers of lyric drama had so long followed Elizabethan guides. He sought a more unified and focussed execution in his productions. Leaving other qualifications quite unconsidered, it would, I suppose, hardly be denied that in this respect—in unified and direct presentation—Stephen Phillips certainly excels his predecessors in poetic drama—Tennyson, Swinburne, and Browning. Lesser as a poet, he was an abler master of the art of writing an acting play. In my own view, it was not the poetry but the drama of the lesser poet's effort which gave the plays their public success.

Perhaps mere honesty should compel here the statement that, from regarding the bestowal of one's interest on poetry as a recreation, I have never fully shared, nor even quite understood, the great, world-wide, medicinal movement for poetry: the concept that the more poetry people can be got to gulp down the better off they will be. Without entering into the question of the validity of this concept, it should be said that undoubtedly a main purpose of Stephen Phillips, second only to his intent of composing acting plays, was this design of using the drama as a means of pouring poetry down the throats of vast audiences. The fact that he did get them to take it in enormous doses for hours, for weeks, for months, has always justly been regarded as a fascinating and extraordinary achievement.

You realize the poet's firmness in the execution of this achievement much less in reading those portions of the plays which present fresh, English ideas, in attractive English verse, attributed to historic, foreign personages, than in the scenes which seem merely a species of rather dull and formal translation. Such is the scene on Olympus in the opening act of *Ulysses* when God after God and Goddess after God-

dess of the Homeric cosmogony comes on with all the old properties, the trident and the rolling thunder and the Olympic mirth and the caduceus and the aegis, and says again the kind of thing the last antique-cast-copier reported and always reports for the Olympian assemblage, until your chief impression is a hope that somebody who has to leave soon will rise and move that we waive the minutes of the last meeting.

This act might have been composed by Bernard Shaw's Britannicus, in *Cæsar and Cleopatra;* and much of the criticism written in the *Poetry Review* by Stephen Phillips seems created from the Britannicus elements of his mind—from formalistic references, and a tendency to construct a platform to speak from in the most unlikely situations.

But he had here, too, moments beyond platforms—moments catholic and relative. It seems only yesterday that we were hearing him quote side by side Heine's sympathetic saying, in his despair, that his only hope was that God would forgive him because it was His business, and Goethe's belief that death cannot be an evil because it is universal.

III

Everyone is thinking very gravely now of the great need of a common and sincere understanding among nations. In the last year and a half, as one singing voice after another has been stilled on the air in France, in Germany, in England, those of us who are especially interested in poetry and the fate of poets consider with an especial thoughtfulness what each of these has told us in his hours here—told us not only by the word of his song, but by the way of his singing.

All must wish the world to keep in its own integrity and variety the individual beauty of each of the little and large languages of the earth. What we need first for an honest Internationalism is an attempt to know the ways of other peoples. This can never be done by translating their songs; still less by making them over in our own image; or even by imitating them: but only by learning to understand them as they were conceived in the speech of their origin.

This is the only sincere Internationalism which poetry can further. To this end, each one who has understood how to use the peculiar genius and faculty of his own tongue has done a service to the world. Such was Stephen Phillips' service.

The mists, the sorrowing echoes of our speech, the cloudy passage of the sailing swan, the shadows of rippled waters, the mysterious reflections of eternity remembered and unascertainable, sang from the motion of his music:

I came at dawn on a river visited never,
Strange, yet unstrange,
For I could follow faithful the wind of that river
Away to sea.
I was driven late in the night to the house of a stranger,
Never that house had I seen;
Though I never slept in it, yet could I tell each room of it,
I knew my way.
At times a lonely face from a crowd looks out at me,
Startling me, wherefore?
That sudden, flitting face I remember dimly,
Dimly familiar.
They played me music at midnight, never yet heard by me;
Unheard, yet heard,
Ah, when?

It is one of the poems of his last printed volume—one of those quieter songs that seem to me to have the singing tone that will carry farthest through mysterious space.

For a poet, it is enough to have truly sung; and one may find fitting for the history of Stephen Phillips the word spoken by a brother poet of another fate:

Light and song and sleep at last,—
Struggling hands and suppliant knees
Get no goodlier gift than these.
Song that holds remembrance fast,
Light than lightens death attend
Round their graves who have to friend
Light, and song, and sleep at last.

EDITH WYATT.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

THE ADVENT OF THE "BALLET RUSSE."—"PRINCE IGOR" AT THE METROPOLITAN.—"THE WEAVERS" IN ENGLISH.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

AT last we have seen the illustrious *Ballet Russe*, which for almost a decade has been stirring mightily the waters of European culture by its revolutionary exhibitions of scenic, choregraphic, and mimetic art and music; so that, even in barbarian America, the names of its chief deities—Bakst and Nijinski and Karsavina and Stravinsky—have become almost as familiar as those of our own beloved gods and goddesses of the films. And now Serge de Diaghilev has brought his famous organization out of a tragically preoccupied Europe and has deposited it upon our bœotian shores.

It is a pity that this celebrated institution (for such it has virtually become) has waited so long before seeking to penetrate the thickets of American culture; for, as a matter of fact, it had already, vicariously, accomplished that not very troublesome feat. The organization, with its startling adornments by Bakst, its innovations in dancing and pantomime, its brilliantly successful blending of dramatic, musical, and pictorial art, has long been a thrice-told tale; from New York to Greater Punxsutawney, from Boston to Painted Post, the word has gone forth, so that there is no lecture-course which has not paid its tribute to the fame of the Russian Ballet. As a result, we have become a little wearisomely over-familiar with its rumored excitements and innovations. Representation and report and an excess of exegetical comment have done too much for it. We have become so habituated to the characteristics of Léon Bakst's decorative genius through their influence upon lampshades and women's fashions, and through their imitators in

our own theatres, that the vividness of their address to us has become considerably dulled. Much of the thunder of the *Ballet Russe* was stolen years ago by the designers of wall-paper and parasols, to say nothing of Mme. Pavlova and her associates.

But all this should discourage no one from witnessing for himself the performances of this incomparable organization—the simon-pure, blown-in-the-bottle *Ballet Russe* of Serge de Diaghilev, which made its debut a fortnight ago in New York. It is, indeed, a true congeries of marvels: a magical blend of color and sound and movement—a gorgeous phantasmagoria woven out of hues and patterns that have the insolent and audacious splendor of barbaric music, of music that is as heightening and enriching color, of pantomimic dance that is dramatizing, poetizing, kaleidoscopically beautiful: that sends the fancy into a Never-Never Land of exotic and magnificent dreams,—a fantastic fairyland peopled by a dazzling and deliciously incongruous host: Arabian princesses and courtiers out of Versailles, black, lustful slaves, nymphs and satyrs out of the Golden Age, Arcadian shepherdesses, Pierrots and priests, Russian peasants and Tartar warriors, monsters and demons and enchanters, and fabulous birds with miracle-breeding plumage—a wonderworld of strange excitements and romantic loveliness and terror.

It is not to be denied that there are sources of disappointment. In the first place, this is not precisely that *Ballet Russe* that Europe thrilled to and extolled: its two chief members, the inimitable Nijinski and the scarcely less matchless Karsavina, are languishing abroad. In the second place, Stravinsky's music, so far as it has been disclosed to us at the moment of writing (in *L'Oiseau de Feu*), is remarkable only for its skilful, effective, and calmly unconcealed adaptation to his particular uses of the style that Debussy has made notoriously his own. And yet, despite its shortcomings, there are rare experiences, unforgettable artistic adventures, to be enjoyed at these performances. You will find nowhere else just this daring and eloquent harmonization of rhythm and color, tone and design, the same seductions for eye and ear. Above all, you will find here that supreme æsthetic achievement—an imaginative extension of beauty.

Considering the fugacity and congestion of human life,

there is really only one kind of music worth listening to: and that is music written by a genius. There would appear to be little occasion for exhibiting this seemingly elementary platitude; yet again and again we are asked to listen to music for a dozen other reasons than because it proceeds from a creator of genius. When the Metropolitan Opera House opened its doors to Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* a few years ago, the public took Moussorgsky and his opera to its heart with prompt and persistent enthusiasm. What portent, from the standpoint of the Metropolitan, could have been clearer? *Boris* was a Russian opera—therefore, why not produce another Russian opera, that cakes and ale and public joy might continue in the land? Pursuing this apparently sagacious counsel, the Metropolitan selected Alexander Porphyrievich Borodin's opera, *Prince Igor,* and it was duly produced in New York in the last week of 1915. Its reception by the public and those unaccountable but negligible functionaries, the professional reviewers, was one of considerably modified rapture. The reason can be very briefly and baldly stated. *Boris* was Russian, and so, indisputably, is *Prince Igor;* but besides being Russian, *Boris* was also a work of genius, and *Prince Igor* is not. Now, inasmuch as no one outside of our resident Russian population and a few inconsequential æstheticians and "intellectuals" cares a perforated penny whether *Prince Igor* was written by a Russian or a Chinaman, but only whether its music is dramatically stirring or beautiful, it is scarcely surprising that Borodin's opera has proved to be, for the general public, somewhat less than a second *Boris.*

Borodin was not primarily a music-maker. He was chiefly a man of science—a chemist and a physician. He was by no means, musically, a dilettante, a mere amateur: he has written music for the concert-room which displays both imagination and originality. But there is neither imagination nor originality in *Prince Igor.* Borodin died before he was able to complete the score, and it was finished by his friends Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazounov. The result is far from impressive. In style, the music, which is consorted with what we believe to be the stupidest libretto ever concocted for the operatic stage, is a curious blend of sweetmeats from Italy and spices from the Orient. That is to say, half of the music is damned by its conventionally mellifluous *cantilena* and half of it is saved, in a measure, by its

vigorous Asiatic rhythms. In artistic interest, the opera does not begin before the Polovtsian Ballet at the close of the second act, and it stops when this is over.

"*Prince Igor,*" said Borodin himself, "is essentially a national opera, which can only be of interest to us Russians." Well, we are willing to let it go at that.

Mr. Emanuel Reicher's enterprise, "The Modern Stage," is now in its second season. He produced last Spring the *Elga* of Hauptmann and Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkmann.* Already this season he has given Björnson's *When the Young Vine Blooms* and Hauptmann's *The Weavers.* Björnson's play—a curiously flaccid and amorphous piece, mildly distinguished in style and as mildly amusing—has apparently been dropped out of the repertoire of the company. As for *The Weavers,* it is now a quarter of a century old; yet it belongs to our own time as essentially as if it had come only yesterday from Hauptmann's desk. That it deals with industrial conditions which, in their special relation to the miseries of the laborers in Silesia, no longer obtain, has nothing to do with the immutability of its appeal. "Organized efficiency" has done its work there, as elsewhere in Germany, since Hauptmann spilled his agonized pity for oppressed and suffering humanity into this poignant document of protest and revolt. But misery and injustice, oppression and hunger, industrial wrong and industrial wretchedness, are not yet quite eliminated from Browning's beloved and "best of all possible worlds" (would he call it so today, we wonder?); and so you can still watch, with unassuaged compassion, the slow and simple and grave procession of pitiful tableaux which Hauptmann passes before you in his five cumulative acts.

It would be idle to pretend that the play is pure gold throughout. It has its *longueurs*—not a few of them. Its movement is sometimes sluggish; it does not always escape dulness. Like many masterworks, in and out of the theatre, its rewards are not at every moment in proportion to its exactions. It is performed by Mr. Reicher and his associates with admirable skill and complete devotion—though in an English version that leaves a number of things to be desired.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMORIST[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We have Mr. Theodore Dreiser's word for it that Eugene Witla was charming—and indeed he must have been, with his black hair, his dark, almond-shaped eyes, his straight nose, his chin "shapely but not aggressive," his white and even teeth, which showed with a curious delicacy when he smiled. Eugene—who was troubled with anaemia and a weak stomach—was moody and artistic; moreover, he had emotion, fire, longings, that were "concealed beneath a wall of reserve"; for he was proud and shy and sensitive, and very uncertain of himself. Before he became metropolitan and commercialized, he affected a loose, flowing tie, a soft turn-down collar, and a brown corduroy suit, the coat cut with a belt, like a shooting-jacket. His hands were very thin and white, and he wore a black iron ring of curious design.

The trouble with Eugene was that he was dominated all his life by an idea. As Mr. Dreiser states it, this idea was "the perfection of eighteen." Put thus compactly, the utterance is slightly cryptic; but no one can read far in the history of Eugene's career without understanding it with entire clearness. The truth is that Eugene was pursued by an inescapable dream. The dream was Woman—Girlhood, rather: lovely and youthful Girlhood, preferably virginal, though this was not an indispensable requisite. "That blossoming of life in womanhood at eighteen!—there was no other thing under the sun like it to him." Mr. Dreiser's phrase for it is classically familiar: Eugene, he tells us, was in love with love, and so "there was no permanent faith in

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[1] *The "Genius."* By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company, 1915.

him for anybody—except the impossible she." But Eugene was an artist, and his *libido sexualis* was complicated by æsthetic needs and prepossessions. Like Idas in Mr. Phillips' *Marpessa,* he was "wounded by beauty"—that Ideal Beauty which has ever perturbed all poets and mystics of sensuous imagination. "You couldn't love any woman long," wrote poor little Ruby Kenny to Eugene when she saw that he was through with her—and Ruby was only an artist's model out of the Chicago slums, who could not possibly have read Plato or Rossetti or Havelock Ellis or George Moore or Mr. Yeats or even Mr. Dreiser,—all of whom have understood and expounded this matter. Long after he had begun to acquire experience and to precipitate tragedy, Eugene discovered the writings of Mr. Yeats. Perhaps he wondered at the similarity between himself and Michael Robartes, who, in loving a woman, loved not really herself, but rather an immortal and transcendent beauty of which she was the momentary and wandering incarnation. And what is this, Eugene (or Mr. Dreiser) might say to us, but a quest after that "divine beauty" of Plato, "pure and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colors and vanities of human life"?

It must be said for Eugene that he did his best to achieve this ideal, which he had himself candidly defined. "That is the one great thing in the world—the beauty of girlhood," he observed to himself as he watched young Frieda Roth standing against a lattice of spring leaves, with some house-martins flying above her against the morning sky. The world, he realized, said one life, one love. Could he accede to that? Could any one woman satisfy him? Could Frieda, if he had her? He did not know . . . "only this walking in a garden of flowers—how delicious it was!"

His propensities had been accelerated by seeing at a Chicago art exhibition a nude by Bouguereau. This picture spoke irresistibly to him of passion and beauty, "love of form, love of desire." Bouguereau, Mr. Dreiser tells us, "painted with a sense of the bridal bed in the foreground"; and so it was perhaps fitting that Angela Blue, whom Eugene met soon afterward during a visit to his home town, Alexandria, Illinois, was the girl whom he eventually married—though not without intervening adventures.

It must not be supposed that Eugene's marriage brings us within sight of the end of Mr. Dreiser's faithful and un-

sparingly detailed chronicle; nor, it need hardly be said, does it indicate the cessation of Eugene's tireless quest. His passion for Frieda Roth, to which we have adverted, was the first to follow his marriage; but we have no intention of lingering upon that, or upon his succeeding adventure with the married siren, Carlotta Wilson. We shall come to his climacteric affair with Suzanne Dale.

Eugene was now close upon forty, affluent, powerful, a darling of the gods. He had long since abandoned his flowing tie, his soft hat, and his " rather indiscriminate manner " of combing his hair. He had made his mark as a painter, and was now radiating glory as the " managing-publisher " of a vast magazine-and-book-producing business in New York. His salary was $25,000 a year; he had a motor-car, a valet, an apartment on Riverside Drive, and he always carried with him from $150 to $300 in cash, besides a small check-book; he rode freely in cabs, lunched at " the most exclusive restaurants and clubs," and consorted with Society upon familiar terms. Angela, though, was not quite so happily placed in what Mr. Dreiser calls " the highest circles," her one weakness being, we learn with profit, that she " lacked the blasé social air."

It was at this point in Eugene's career that he met Suzanne Dale. Suzanne, aristocratic and rich, was at the calamitous age—eighteen. She was radiantly healthy,— " she seemed to have the texture of the water chestnut and the lush, fat vegetables of the Spring." Eugene gave his heart to her at once. There was a midnight love-scene at a country house under a waning moon, amid the humming of insects, the chirping of tree-toads, the calling of birds; Eugene kissed and embraced her, calling her " Flower Face," " Silver Feet," " Myrtle Bloom," " Divine Fire " (Mr. Dreiser is a determined and incurable lyrist). Meanwhile Angela, thinking thus to secure his constancy, had allowed herself to become pregnant, and she was in this unpropitious situation when she discovered her husband's love-affair.

That Eugene's life seems about to fall in ruins as a consequence of the events that crowd upon him in the tragic finale of Mr. Dreiser's narrative, does not mean either that he reforms or that he regrets. Our last sight of him is under a windy November sky, gazing up through the falling leaves at the Milky Way, and thinking to himself what a

" sweet welter " life is—" how rich, how tender, how grim, how like a colorful symphony." And as he gazed, great dreams welled up into his soul. " ' The sound of the wind —how fine it is to-night,' he thought."

Mr. Dreiser's critics have expended much energy in their attempts to classify him definitively. He is a " realist," says the average appraiser. He is *not* a " realist," says Professor Stuart Sherman, casting a cold and shrewdly unsympathetic eye over our redoubtable fictionist, but a " naturalist." To those who have lost something of their early zest for critical categories, the matter will not seem of primary importance. It would perhaps be possible to defend the classification of Mr. Dreiser as a sentimental mystic who employs the mimetic gestures of the realist. Certainly he is an emotional historian with an extraordinarily acute sense of a certain fundamental aspect of reality: he is a master in his comprehension and delineation of sexual emotion. He has no taste; he is grotesquely humorless; his style is amazingly bad; in details of execution he is naïvely crude and uncouth. And yet, despite his rawness and banality and ineptitude, despite his pitiless prolixity, his frequent sentimentality, his stylistic vulgarities and platitudes, his commission of a thousand unforgivable offenses as a literary workman—despite all this, it is hard to read him without being engrossed, and persuaded, and deeply moved. " No ship," said a great artist and unconquerable foe of sentimentalism, " can set sail without pathos;" and Mr. Dreiser, deliberately or not, has freighted his huge and awkward vessel with enough and to spare of pathos—despite all he can do to spoil its effect, it is at times extreme. He gives you a sense of actuality; but he gives you more than that: out of the vast welter and surge, the plethoric irrelevancies of this cyclopean novel, emerges a sense of the infinite sadness and mystery of human life. But even if you do not feel this, you will agree that Mr. Dreiser's intellectual and æsthetic probity is evident upon every page: no more honest fictionist is writing today in English. He reminds one of Swinburne's indication of the excellence of Byron: " The splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

REMINISCENCES. By Lyman Abbott. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

A great virtue of the sermons which Dr. Abbott used to preach at the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn was that in an unusual degree they fused common sense with religious faith. There is a similar potency in most of what Dr. Abbott has written, and this is pre-eminently true of his recently published book of reminiscences. His life-story has the charm of a simply written narrative of personal experiences and impressions. It illustrates and sums up many of the important changes that have come over the spirit of American life in the last sixty years. It is a record of interesting work and an expression of sane views. Moreover, it contains a variety of anecdotes, always pleasant and sometimes highly entertaining. All this, however, does not sufficiently explain the hold which the story keeps upon the reader's attention and sympathy. The fact is that Dr. Abbott's reminiscences reveal an attitude towards life at once serene and intense, practical and religious, commonplace and mystical.

He relates that soon after he began to preach from the pulpit formerly occupied by Beecher a woman left the congregation and went to sit under DeWitt Talmage, explaining that Dr. Abbott's sermons so excited her that she had to hold on to the pew to keep from calling out a response. On the other hand, a stranger who went to hear Dr. Abbott preach is reported to have said that the minister "did not preach that morning, but just gave a little talk on religion." These curiously opposite views doubtless represent mere personal idiosyncracies; yet they may serve as symbols of two distinct qualities in his self-expression. To speak in extremes, his life-story is in one point of view as full of common sense as the "Rollo Books" and in another as stimulating as *The Imitation of Christ.*

Dr. Abbott's *Reminiscences,* then, is primarily the story of a religious life, but of a life in which religion, far from being a mere absorbing interest, is the vital spark. Religion pervades the whole man—his moral and intellectual judgments, his experiences and feeling, giving unity and consistency to the whole; hence it is never felt as dogma or as emotionalism.

As a child, Lyman Abbott, like many other children who think,

sometimes suffered from religious depression. "In the evening twilight, when the dusk was gathering and the melancholy frogs were croaking, I used to go to my bedroom and try to think of all the wicked things I had done during the day, and as that was not enough, of my mother in heaven and my father in New York, and of myself, a lonely, homeless, outcast boy, in the vain hope that conviction of sin would come. But it never came." The truth is that to Lyman Abbott as boy and man religion could never be a gloomy thing. The note of his whole life and the atmosphere of his reminiscences is not, indeed, a blind optimism nor a determined cheerfulness, but a sense of harmony arising from a reconciliation of all the elements of normal human experience—actuality, intellectuality, spirituality.

It is the actuality—the human interest and warmth, the clear practical vision—of the story that makes the strongest immediate appeal. Dr. Abbott writes of his childhood with mature appreciation and with a rare power of living over the past in its pristine freshness. He tells zestfully of his college days, re-creating the atmosphere of the University of the City of New York as it was in the fifties and giving vivid glimpses of the condition of the metropolis in those days. His life, though not distinguished by outwardly dramatic or striking incidents, has been full of varied interests. As a lawyer, in partnership with his brothers, as a minister of the gospel, as corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Union Commission, as an editor, he has always been in close and productive contact with men, with practical problems, and with the intellectual tendencies of his time. As a result, he is able to speak with uncommon directness and conviction of the industrial, the political, and the religious transformation which has occurred in America during his lifetime. His optimism is felt to be genuine, his point of view is seen to be not that of a specialist—not even of a specialist in religion or in journalism—but that of a man who has lived through the life of his time, surely, sympathetically, with adequate intellectual responsiveness and with adequate spiritual detachment.

These *Reminiscences* may be read with enjoyment as the diversely interesting record of a pleasant life-experience, and as a valuable commentary upon the history of recent times. But the special quality of the book lies deeper—in the conception of life which it expresses, in a comfortable union of the matter-of-fact with spiritual consciousness, such as few temperaments attain.

A Voice from the Crowd. By George Wharton Pepper. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1915.

In 1871 the Corporation of Yale College voted to accept the offer of Mr. Henry N. Sage, of Brooklyn, of the sum of ten thousand dollars, for the foundation of a lectureship in a branch of

pastoral theology, to be designated "The Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching." In 1915, the lectures upon this foundation were delivered for the first time by a layman—Mr. George Wharton Pepper. The inspiration which led the Yale Corporation to depart from the traditional rule in this matter was a happy one. Few utterances about the church or about the state of religion today are more sound or stimulating than the lectures of Mr. Pepper, now published in book form under the title, *A Voice from the Crowd.*

The value of Mr. Pepper's book lies less in his precise criticisms, or in his statement of special needs, than in his conception of the religious frame of mind from which all good preaching proceeds. What the layman demands of the preacher, according to Mr. Pepper's view, is not greater efficiency, greater eloquence, greater professionalism of any kind, but rather more consecration, more reverence, more spirituality. And spirituality is to be gained not only through solitary meditation but through human contacts. "To be Christlike is neither to be given over to mysticism nor cumbered with serving, but it is to make such constant draughts upon the life of God as can be assimilated only if we are spending ourselves in service." This is the conclusion of the whole matter in a nutshell. Mr. Pepper is not one of those who speak of the church as a decaying institution and try to account for its defects; his criticism is vital and constructive. But while he voices no complaint he undoubtedly expresses the real craving of the man in the pew—a craving perhaps not always fully understood by the man in the pulpit—for spiritual light and leading, for the word that is with power.

Only second to the need of spirituality in the pulpit is the need of intellect. Men may be turned away from the church as readily by a perception of argumentative feebleness on the part of the preacher as by a doubt as to his complete sincerity. Mr. Pepper effectively emphasizes the truth that precision and thoroughness are intellectual qualities, which the preacher should find indispensable. He reminds his readers that "if a man has genuine confidence in his solution of a difficulty, he will earnestly desire two things: first, that the difficulty itself be faced and appreciated by his hearers; and, second, that the precise difference between his solution and others be made clear. To misstate, either wilfully or from ignorance, an adversary's position and then to demolish the position as thus misstated is to win the hollowest kind of dialetic victory." The demand from the pew is not only for faith and goodness, but for intellectual honesty.

Considering his subject from many different angles Mr. Pepper in effect but develops in different ways the two requirements that are fundamental—the preaching of religion as a vital force, including both the element of godliness and the element of brotherhood, and the rigorous application of the laws of logic and common sense to subjects treated from the religious point of view. In his chapters upon

church unity and upon religious instruction the author enters, it is true, upon more debatable ground, and his conclusions to many readers will seem less convincing. Nevertheless, he argues in these chapters from the same standpoint as elsewhere: the standpoint of a man to whom religion is real; and his pleas for unity and for religious education will at least somewhat enlarge the views of readers who are indifferent upon these questions.

There are many laymen who will feel grateful for Mr. Pepper's clear and effective expression of the churchgoer's real desires and ideals. Without entertaining the spirit of unkindly criticism or sacrificing the essentially inspirational character of his book, the author describes with outspoken vigor certain ways in which the pulpit may become offensive to the pew. "I do not know which is worse," he writes, "to lavish upon an idol the worship due to God Almighty or to comport oneself toward the Lord of Hosts in a manner that would be offensive to a graven image." The thing could hardly be better said.

FORTY YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By Sir Edwin Pears. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1916.

In 1873 a young man named Edwin Pears went to Constantinople to practice law. In the spring of 1876 rumors began to come into Constantinople of a dark and ugly business in Bulgaria. Mr. Pears was at that time writing occasional letters to the London *Daily News* and it was through him that the truth concerning the Moslem atrocities in Bulgaria became known to the world. From that time until 1908, the letters of Mr. (now Sir Edwin) Pears have appeared in the *Daily News*, and the writer has come to be recognized as perhaps the greatest living English authority upon the affairs of Turkey and the Near East.

Sir Edwin's book of reminiscences, *Forty Years in Constantinople*, is a work of that invaluable sort in which the almost incommunicable knowledge and wisdom which comes of long association with a people finds expression through anecdote, through more or less casual comment, through the description of personalities, and through the frank and shrewd narration of events not easily understood without the touch of nature which only such a narrator as Sir Edwin can supply. The book is a gallery of character portraits, including a long succession of English and other foreign ambassadors and of Turkish notables. It is a mine of facts not generally known concerning the inner workings of Turkish politics. It is replete with bizarre anecdotes, tales illustrating the odd conjunction of the important with the ridiculous, stories revealing or suggesting motives personal or political of which the world outside of Turkey has known little. Most of all the book gives the reader an intimate

impression of the Turkish people from the point of view of one who has known them well and feels toward them an entirely friendly spirit.

What Sir Edwin has written is by no means formal history nor political philosophy. Nevertheless whoever appreciatively reads this book of his will obtain an insight into the spirit of Turkish affairs during the last forty years that could be obtained in no other way. The period covers the Russo-Turkish War, the revolution of 1876, the settlement of the Egyptian question, the Armenian massacres which occurred between 1894 and 1898, the revolution of 1908, and the curious counter revolution of 1909; on all of which the author sheds new light either by his statement of facts or by his discussion of the human factors.

To most readers—even to those who have some knowledge of Turkey—the revelation contained in Sir Edwin's book of the childishness, malignity, and cowardice that were characteristic of the policy of Abdul Hamid will come as a surprise. It is, of course, especially interesting to know what Sir Edwin thinks of the revolutionists who abolished the Sultan's evil régime, and it is encouraging to learn that he regards their efforts as having been honest and promising. At the same time the difficulties encountered by the Committee of Union and Progress—difficulties due in part to their attempting, after the manner of Abdul Hamid, to do everything themselves, and to the blindness with which they followed out the traditional policy of "Turkifying everything"—make a strange and interesting political study.

The chapter devoted to the situation in Constantinople just previous to the outbreak of the present war is one of the most interesting in the book. Here the cause of German influence in Turkey at that time is made plain as well as the disadvantage under which English diplomacy labored. It is tolerably plain, however, according to Sir Edwin's account, that the Turkish Government was hustled into war on the side of Germany against its will and in opposition to what was probably the prevailing sentiment of the people. The Turks, declares Sir Edwin, would have been "unanimously and heartily on the side of England and France had it not been known that we were in alliance with Russia," and even with this latter circumstance weighing on their side the German ambassador and his associates seem to have found it impossible through unaided diplomacy to overcome the reluctance of the Turkish people to engage in war on the side of Germany. The concluding chapter of Sir Edwin's book deals with the future of Turkey after the conclusion of the war and discusses the fate of Constantinople, advocating a view quite different from any of those most commonly discussed.

Concise and vigorous in style, combining breadth of view with shrewd insight into human nature, sparing of disquisition and compact in the relation of facts, *Forty Years in Constantinople* imparts

to the reader more of the writer's own special knowledge and point of view than do most treatises of its kind.

Six French Poets. By Amy Lowell. New York: the Macmillan Company, 1915.

"The sole excuse which a man can have for writing is to write down himself, to unveil for others the sort of world which mirrors itself in his individual glass; his only excuse is to be original; he should say things not yet said, and say them in a form not yet formulated. He should create his own æsthetics—and we should admit as many æsthetics as there are original minds, and judge them for what they are and not what they are not." So wrote Remy de Gourmont, one of the foremost *Symbolistes,* and his words may be taken as expressing the point of view or at least the practise of all of the six French poets whom Miss Lowell discusses in her recently published book. Whim, mood, individualism, reign supreme in the work of them all.

Against this individualism the classically minded lover of literature instinctively protests. He is sometimes provoked to say that individualism in poetry is synonymous with lunacy. If he is not only classically, but dogmatically, minded he may be led into a defence of the poetry that teaches as distinct from the poetry that merely conveys lovely impressions. If he is theologically minded he may denounce individualism in poetry as immorality—or as unmorality, which as an object of denunciation comes to the same thing. The use of such words as "sanity" and "immorality" in connection with the criticisms of poetry is, however, unfortunate. The truth is that the practically useful standards which these words express are too narrow to be applied to æsthetic questions, and the attempt to deal with art or literature from the standpoint of the alienist or the moralist has usually proved disastrous.

Certainly the poet may justly demand that his work be judged according to the purpose for which it was created. That purpose is primarily the creation of beauty; and since scientists, moralists, and philosophers have notoriously failed to supply a definition of beauty that shall satisfy everybody, the poet may with much color of reason assert his right to interpret beauty in any way that suits him, frankly undertaking to paint the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are, without regarding the ultimate importance of the question *how* things are.

In interpreting to American readers the work of Verhaeren, Samain, de Gourmont, de Régnier, Jammes, and Fort, Miss Lowell has done a real service to literature. One must be limited indeed who fails to appreciate the power of these writers as set forth through the comment, the discriminating extracts, and the appended

prose translations in her book. The author has wisely refrained from criticism of a profoundly analytical kind. For the most part she lets the poets speak for themselves, and the effect of her running commentary is chiefly to remove unpleasant prepossessions. Little more is needed. Once the reader has placed his mind in a sympathetic attitude toward the work of these undoubted geniuses, fascination follows. The striking impressionism of Verhaeren; the tender artificiality of Samain; the powerful suggestiveness of de Régnier, reporting the vision of the world which he sees from the gold casements of his onyx-pillared palace; the intoxicating sensuousness, verbal, musical, emotional, of de Gourmont; the childlike simpleness and surprising, quaint revelations of Jammes; the ingenuity, intensity, many-sidedness of the energetic Paul Fort—all these impress themselves deeply upon the mind that does not resist impressions.

Nevertheless, it is not unlikely that a perusal of Miss Lowell's book will leave the classically minded reader with a feeling of discontent. This feeling might perhaps be formulated somewhat as follows: If read in one way, the poems all seem to mean more than they actually do mean; they are overlaid with a troubling mysticism. Even Verhaeren's picture of the kitchen stove seems to claim the validity of vision. And if read in another way—if enjoyed simply as emotional experiences—the poems oppress one with a sense of futility: their beauty is nothing, a transitory feeling, a psychological affection.

Now the quarrel between the classically minded reader and the modern poet cannot be based upon moral or pathological grounds. It is of the same nature as the quarrel between the religious and the unreligious, between the monistic and the pluralistic philosopher. It rests ultimately upon a difference of intuition or of faith. The classically minded person is not necessarily devoted to the poetry that teaches; he simply cannot rid his mind of the conception that the universe is somehow rational. The " decadent " poet is not necessarily immoral or insane; he is simply an empiricist.

The lovers of the classic should frankly admit their inability to reduce this faith to dogma, or to define the ultimate goal of poetry. Yet they may cling to their faith and continue to believe that poetry, like metaphysics, has a rational though hidden end. To them it will never seem true that empiricism is a sufficient creed either in philosophy or art.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY

HOSTILE FOREIGN FEELING HELD BY THE PRESS TO JUSTIFY THE COURSE OF THE PRESIDENT

Poor President Wilson! "The most unpopular governmental head in the world," as Colonel George Harvey (the original Wilson man), just returned from London, plaintively declares.

Colonel Harvey particularly deplores the marked unpopularity of the President in London. Our German-American friends, who have been bombarding Mr. Wilson for pro-British leanings and jughandle neutrality, will have some difficulty in realizing that.

But the fact remains that the President has been the recipient of much abuse in the English press, ranging from the scurrility of the "yellows" to the more civilly phrased but effective intimations of recusancy, spinelessness and disposition to favor the Central Powers, on the part of the heavy respectables.

The *Daily News* thinks the Monroe Doctrine has gone by the board because of the President's nerveless complaisance to Germany:

"It is doubtful whether the Monroe Doctrine will ever be tenable again, experience having shown that the United States can no longer rely on political isolation founded on geographical detachment, which has largely lost its meaning. . . . If Germany were victorious in this war the United States' guaranties of the independence of the states of South America would not be worth the paper on which that doctrine is written."

The *Times* is of the same mind:

"The President has striven, and is still striving hard, with the full approbation of the masses of the people, to cling fast to the notion that the United States can continue to live its own life, uphold exalted ideals throughout the new world, and promote their realization in the old world without abandoning the splendid isolation she has so long enjoyed. The hard realities of the situation created by the war are beginning to show that the notion is no longer tenable with the firm assurance of even last year."

The *Standard* roars at the President for not plunging into the fray because of "the abominations wrought in the name of German kultur." So it goes—only much worse in certain sheets of the lesser sort, particularly a pictorial rag (a sort of vulgarized *Punch*) whose highly disrespectable name escapes us.

"He that is not for us is against us;" that is the general idea. Open partisanship, not detachment of mind and an honest effort at neutrality: that is clearly what is wanted. Of course, Col. Roosevelt's violent fulminations against President Wilson, and particularly his preposterous theory

that our Government was obligated to rush into the mêlée because of the violation of Belgian neutrality, are eagerly exploited.

President Wilson's supporters may reasonably claim that all this dissatisfaction on both sides with the quality of his neutrality is no bad evidence of the studied impartiality of his attitude. When the time comes for real peace talk (and the fact that the President has dispatched Colonel House on a second mission to take soundings is to our thinking about the most hopeful sign of the times), will President Wilson be acceptable to both sides as mediator? It will be a fair test of the real feeling abroad as to his disposition to be fair.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Colonel Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW brings back from Europe the interesting news that President Wilson is, next to the Kaiser, the most unpopular governmental head in the world. There is no feeling against Americans as a whole, says this acute observer, but there is real bitterness against the Administration.

This probably was not pleasant reading for a governmental head upon his honeymoon, but can we look for foreigners to be less critical of our President than Americans themselves? It is characteristic of the average American to brush technicalities aside and do what seems right. His passion is to do substantial justice and to see it done regardless of the letter of the law. He does not split hairs or attach undue importance to precedents; and he resents nothing else so much as to see guilt crawl out to safety through a legal hole. He knows that it is infinitely more atrocious to kill men than to send cargoes of contraband to prize courts. His mind seizes the essential right and wrong of questions, and he is impatient with persons who lose sight of moral issues in their quibbling over less important things.

The course of President Wilson has not pleased the people. Even those who defend it and see excellences in him know, deep down in their hearts, that he does not measure up to the situation—that he is far from the ideal executive for a crisis like this. No act of his has made Americans prouder of their country. No policy of the Administration has quickened by a single beat a minute the blood in American veins. No utterances of the President, since it was discovered that their literary finish was the most significant thing about them, has wakened a responsive chord in American hearts.

This is not to say that President Wilson's countrymen are unappreciative of his worth, his estimable qualities, his efforts and his desire to do for the best. Men concede these and commend him for them; but beneath their approval is the feeling that he has temporized, has tinkered the situation, and is such by temperament and training that he could not do otherwise. A sentiment not always uttered but often, as we believe, among the unvoiced thoughts of men, is that if the nation's executive shall happily be able to tide the country over to a time when some American of heroic stature can grapple the momentous issues which confront us, he will have done the most and the best that can reasonably be expected of him.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

We know that America and America's Government are not popular in Europe; we know that we are cordially hated by both sides because of our neutrality. We know, too, that we should become very popular on either

side with which we might line up. As it is, we are regarded as mean, selfish bystanders and are given no credit whatsoever for the regret and sympathy that we feel for all the war-ridden peoples of the Old World. Thus we find in a Sydney (Australia) newspaper the following bit of doggerel:

"They may talk o' eagles screamin'
And the glory o' the Yank,
But of scrap he's never dreamin'
So it's only gol darn swank.
He guesses some each morning,
And he calculates at night;
He's something big at fawning,
When the dollars are in sight.
He's a cross-bred Dago Yankee,
A Noo Yark Port-a-gee,
Right smart and awful swanky
Since the old men spilled the tea.
But he ain't done no shootin'
Since the junkers drowned his kids,
And folks think 'e wants bootin'
Cos he held his hand for quids.
He's a gol darn,
He's a gol darn,
But 'e ain't what we call white.
He's a gol darn,
He's a gol darn,
He's a gol darn Yankee skite."

No doubt we Americans, as a people, have our faults. We ourselves see these faults, see them quite clearly, but we are conscious likewise of being imbued with ideals and of possessing, in fair measure, human virtues.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

What Europe thinks of the United States may be important. But what we think of Europe is far more important. Europe is always in a state of either hating us or despising us. Occasionally a surface friendship is professed for the United States when our interests happen to run parallel to the interests of some European country or we are patronizingly permitted to do them favors; but there is no love for us over there, never has been and probably never will be. Nor is there any particular reason why there should be.

At the present time the cause for hatred is of infinite proportions. Blundering European statesmanship has plunged civilization into the greatest war of all history. American statesmanship has thus far succeeded in keeping us out of it without yielding any of our rights under international law. The belligerents are bleeding themselves to death. Future generations will be burdened with a load of debt that already staggers the human imagination. We are not bleeding to death. We are immensely rich and prosperous, and we are likely to be the commanding nation of the world after the European Powers have exhausted themselves in a war brought on by third-rate diplomacy. Naturally, feeling runs strongly against a

Government that thinks more about the welfare of the United States than it thinks about the interests of the countries that are at war.

In the circumstances we are unable to mingle our tears with those of Colonel Harvey or to lament the President's unpopularity in London. We should as soon think of lamenting his unpopularity with the Kaiser. The Declaration of Independence has never been repealed.—*New York World.*

Colonel George Harvey, who has been on a tour of observation in Europe, is back with the information that next to the Kaiser the most unpopular government head is President Wilson. We do not know whether he consulted the Armenians when he gathered the data for this judgment or not, but, leaving the Turk out of consideration, we have no difficulty in believing that Colonel Harvey can make a pretty good case for his opinion.

One does not need a journey in Europe to remind him that men fighting mad and supremely convinced of their own righteousness are likely to hold that all who are not for them are against them. Many Englishmen think that President Wilson ought to have turned the United States over to their aid, and in this they are encouraged by a no less distinguished American than Colonel Roosevelt. They regard the President's efforts to make England obey international law as a blow at the cause of human liberty and a favor to a "baby-killing" Kaiser. As Great Britain goes so go her Allies for similar reasons.

The Central Powers do not like the President, of course. He has not stopped the munition sales, he has opposed and balked their U-boat policy, he has sent Dumba, Von Papen and Boy-Ed home, and he is an Englishman heart and soul, according to all hyphenated patriots.

Of course, it would be better if the war-mad people in Europe would be calmly dispassionate in all things—but they won't. The next generation of Europeans may see these matters differently.—*St. Louis Republic.*

There seem to be a good many people who are disturbed, if not distressed, to discover that the United States of America is not just now very popular in European circles. There are many writers, among them Colonel Harvey, the able editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, a gentleman who ought to be greatly missed by *Harper's Weekly,* who are at great pains to spread the news. But really the key to the situation was, quite unconsciously, given by Mr. Rudyard Kipling months ago in a story, the characters of which united in the toast: "Damnation to neutrality." . . . We think that our unhappy fellow countrymen may profitably ponder the advice of *Life,* a strong pro-ally paper: "We should not take it too hard that Europe is not pleased with us. Colonel Harvey would have Dr. Wilson go abroad instead of Colonel House to learn what the European atmosphere is, but that would not help matters. This country may not properly regulate its behavior by European feelings in war time." That feeling is just now a bit superheated. That is a fact that it would be well to keep in mind. It should also be remembered that neutrals never have been popular in belligerent circles. The real question is whether we should have refused to be neutral. That is a fair subject for discussion.—*Indianapolis News.*

Colonel Harvey's word on this subject requires no stretch of credulity. It is corroborated by numberless expressions from other sources. Not that

it would be any other way with any President we might have had. It is the inevitable fate of the leading neutral nation that all its acts should be interpreted by one belligerent as favoring the other. The only way to satisfy either side would be to join it in the war. The impossibility of satisfying both sides in this way is obvious. But there is a fact of practical significance in Colonel Harvey's report and others of similar tenor. It is a fact that the United States, as virtual winner of the war in which Europe has done the suffering, is to become inevitably the envy, if not the object of hatred and contempt, of all nations. We shall hold the purse strings of the world and shall be frequently alluded to as the Shylock of nations. Great wars have grown from beginnings less significant than such sentiments as these. Considering all factors in our present and future relations toward the world Powers, the conclusion cannot be escaped that we will serve ourselves and our posterity best by carrying our honors modestly and providing ourselves substantially against the event of attack.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

There was a particularly sound observation in the latter part of Colonel Harvey's statement:

It has been intimated that what Britain needs to insure victory, the interviewer ventured, is a strong, dominating personality to dictate the conduct of the war.

"That is absurd," replied the Colonel. "There is no such personage in the world to-day. No Cromwells, no Napoleons. What applies to war also applies to science, literature and politics. There is no such outstanding personality alive. Therefore the military, economic and governmental affairs must continue to be administered by groups of able men. The Kaiser is the nearest approach to a dominating personality in this war. Not because he is a superman. He isn't. But simply because he is practically an absolute monarch, the head of the house of Hohenzollern, and he has achieved only pyrrhic victories."

The truth of this is so plain that it is a wonder there has been so much talk about "the big man" that is needed. Under modern conditions there is practically always a large division of authority and brains in connection with every large enterprise. In the making of modern war it is inevitable. We should stop talking in the terms of the past.—*Edmonton Journal.*

Colonel Harvey thought he was voicing a condemnation of the President. He was doing nothing of the sort. He was testifying to the fact that the President, above all things, has been true to the ideal of putting the interests of all of the people of his whole country before all other considerations. It would have been a lot of personal satisfaction, no doubt, for the President to have avenged himself for the slanders of the German press of this country by permitting himself to have been borne along with the wave of anti-Teutonic feeling that has been engendered. That he has not done so the attack of Colonel Harvey, the scathing comment of anti-Germans like Colonel Roosevelt, and the undoubted unpopularity of this Government in Great Britain, France and Russia testifies eloquently. And it is rather funny to see how eagerly the Republican press of the country is snatching at the words of Colonel Harvey. Four years ago not one of them would have admitted that the Colonel could have told the truth under oath.—*Muskegon Chronicle.*

We made no "attack"; we portrayed a condition.—EDITOR.

Colonel George Harvey, back from Europe, tells how much the folk over there dislike us. He refers particularly to the British who, he says, are more incensed at President Wilson than at the American people in general, but other of our citizens who have recently returned relate experiences showing that John Bull is more inclined to shake fists than hands across the sea. Our people traveling in other European countries report Americans equally unpopular wherever they go. Each belligerent nation seems to have the idea that our strict neutrality is assumed expressly in order to injure its cause. However, it is encouraging to know that one gleam of friendliness illumes, in contrast, the general gloom of hostility. The Belgians like us. Cardinal Mercier says so. Notwithstanding all we have done for them, as the cynic might say, they do not hate us.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegram.*

George Washington was not merely unpopular; he was hated, despised and abused in both England and France. So was Thomas Jefferson. So, naturally enough, in varying degrees, were James Madison and James Monroe. Ulysses S. Grant and Grover Cleveland sat in the same historic company. Perhaps the calm, patient statesman whose endurance of hateful, unfair, dishonest attacks at home and abroad in the name of "patriotism" and "humanity" presents in history the closest parallel to the case of Woodrow Wilson, is Abraham Lincoln. Let Colonel Harvey, when he returns to London, examine the files of any British newspaper of Lincoln's day. He will find that what was said of the Great Emancipator bankrupted the vocabulary of vituperation. We are not sure that that will console him for the harsh words he has had to hear of another President who has held America first in his heart, and not England, nor Germany, nor any other nation; but it ought to.—*Rochester Herald.*

It is really the personal rather than the political neutrality of the President that disappoints Englishmen. They do not maintain that our national position has been improper, or that American sentiment as a whole is not strongly with the Entente. They appear to feel that Mr. Wilson is playing politics with the blockade problem, that he is a moral as well as a political cipher in the vast trial of democracy, and they resent their inability to count him on their side, while convinced that he is equally aloof from their Teuton enemies. What they would like in the White House is a more humanly responsive president, a man of less controlled emotions and personality. But Mr. Wilson is as the Lord made him. If it is true that Mr. Wilson's prospects of ever acting as mediator in the peacemaking have practically vanished, the fact constitutes a personal criticism of Mr. Wilson. We do not say that it is deserved, but it is possible to believe that it might have been avoided.—*Pawtucket Times.*

Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is one of the most brilliant writers of the day. He possesses a singularly graphic style. In the January number of his magazine he begins a series of articles on his observations in England. It will be remembered that the day he recently landed from that country he made the wise remark that to have things right Mr. House should go to the White House and President Wilson should go abroad on a tour of observation. Now Mr. Harvey tells of various dinners and other conversations, of course, concerning the

great war, and it is mortifying to find how widely this country is disliked, the more discouraging since it is admitted that the great majority of Americans sympathize with the Allies. All this is highly interesting and informing. It should be read.—*Hartford Courant.*

Colonel Harvey's report that President Wilson is as unpopular in London as in Berlin or Vienna does not disconcert the *Fatherland* for a moment. "England dislikes him," it says, "because he has not as yet complied with the terms of Professor Usher's secret alliance." This discovery may go with Professor Muensterberg's important discovery that Colonel Roosevelt is at heart a pro-German, and the logical candidate for pro-Germans whose quest is for "anybody to beat Wilson." The same spirit was encountered by Colonel Harvey in England; if American voters are really convinced that both Britain and Germany find the President *persona non grata* they will, of course, make haste to find a man who is more in favor abroad.—*Springfield Republican.*

What, in such circumstances, is a man to do but look around to his own countrymen, all of whom, except certain Republican politicians who are seeking office of one kind or another, hyphenates who are swearing at him because he will not violate his country's neutrality, and a few captains of industry who are missing the subsidies they have hitherto been exacting from the people by way of a tariff tax, are pronouncing him to be a big American, courageous, wise and conscientiously sensitive to the well-being of his fellow Americans. Now if only the Austrians would say that Mr. Wilson is a Frenchman or a Russian the circle would be complete, and the President's Americanism would have to be admitted even by Mr. Roosevelt.—*Chattanooga Times.*

Having recently returned from the theatre of war, Colonel Harvey declares that in the opinion of the English people President Wilson is, next to the Kaiser, the most unpopular government head in the world. This opinion is doubtless shared by the people of the other belligerent powers —notably the Germans, who, instead of being appreciative, are supremely contemptuous of the patient endurance manifested by our Government in connection with the numerous and flagrant violations of international law on the high seas. Such is, always has been and always will be the feeling of high-spirited people toward a nation's executive who lacks the courage to maintain the honor and dignity of his country.—*West Jersey Press.*

When were we really loved in Europe? At the present time we are informed by cable that neither Austria nor England cares to be on unfriendly terms with us, though we have spoken pretty plainly to both of them. If any person other than Mr. Roosevelt were President we would in all probability have pursued just the same neutral policy that we have pursued since August 1, 1914, and which we will probably pursue no matter how long the war lasts or what political party is in power, caring little whether or not that policy pleases any country or all foreign countries—because a policy of strict neutrality is the only just policy. Colonel Harvey not only muses but also talks without "method."—*Providence News.*

The report by that discerning home-coming traveler, Colonel George Harvey, that he found President Wilson to be the most-hated man in England and

France, except the German Emperor, is only another demonstration that the President has had wonderful success in playing no favorites in the neutrality business. Hated in all the belligerent countries, and even by some of his own passionate countrymen, the President of the United States is still America's own. He is to be judged, also, by Americans, and not by Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans, inasmuch as his policy is made in America for America, no less.—*Springfield Republican.*

Colonel Harvey gives good and sufficient reasons why President Wilson is hated abroad. He says: "The people of France and England believe they are fighting for the United States as well as for their own countries." Naturally, then, they do not want the United States to interfere with any of their plans for starving out Germany. They simply want to control the seas to serve their best and most belligerent interests. This has been the whole trouble—all of the warring countries have found it impossible to see how the United States should look at the war except through their eyes. The President has preferred to view the war through neutral eyes.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

Colonel Harvey was astounded at the bitterness which he found in England against the President of the United States, but he says it does not extend to the American people. So far as can be judged by the expression of German-Americans, Mr. Wilson has succeeded in arousing equal bitterness among the Germans. Some may argue that this is good proof of genuine neutrality. Switzerland, Holland and Spain, however, have preserved an even stricter neutrality than has the United States and have retained the general respect of both sides.—*Buffalo Express.*

It would be a miracle indeed if President Wilson could please any of the belligerents without siding with them, because it is natural under such circumstances for countries to feel that those who are not with them are against them. And President Wilson as the head of the United States Government of course catches most of the censure. But so long as he strives to protect American interests and keep us out of the maelstrom of war, no American should find fault.—*Long Branch Record.*

All this is indication of the penalty that must be paid by one who would be neutral. We wonder how far it will go. When the test comes next fall, will the American people, or enough of them, forget their own interests and place the interests of Germany or England above those of the United States? The bitter and unpatriotic attacks in the Senate are not very encouraging. When men who should know better question the sincerity and honesty of their own Government, what is to be expected of the masses? —*Sandusky Journal.*

Colonel Harvey and Colonel Richard Harding Davis and all the other newspaper colonels who are so deeply concerned about British and French opinion that their own judgment respecting our duty is formed in London and Paris are the most bitter in denunciation of the German-American whose offense is that his loyalty is formed in Berlin. They see, as he does, the duty of America through the blurred spectacles of foreign opinions. In railing at his hyphen they refuse to see the hyphen in themselves.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

When Allies and Teutons all protest that the United States is not "for them," it is evident that the United States is, as it has proclaimed it would be, neutral. And when all the belligerents are bitter against the United States for its strict neutrality, there is all the more reason why there should be no question of the solidarity of the American people. The observant Colonel Harvey has found in Europe most convincing reasons why every patriotic citizen of the United States should stand loyally by his Government.—*Hazelton Standard.*

Assuming that the distinguished editor speaks verity, his tidings scarcely suffice to alarm—or even to produce lowness of spirits. For even if Mr. Wilson is intensely unpopular in Great Britain, he is equally so in Germany; and hence we have a "stand off," as it were, which, if having any striking significance at all, shows that the President has played and is playing the neutrality game according to the rules. No more satisfying evidence of the fact that the Administration is hewing closely to the line of an absolutely impartial policy can well be furnished than that belligerents on both sides should rail at it.—*Lynchburg News.*

Colonel George Harvey returns from Europe to tell us that, with the exception of the German Emperor, President Wilson is the most unpopular governmental head in the world. It is a remarkable declaration, and we are in no position to deny its accuracy.

But suppose it is true.

The very fact itself and the circumstances that make it a fact, if it be a fact, constitute a compelling reason why every American citizen should stand by their President.—*Houston Post.*

Not until the world has reached the happy state when gunstocks are but kindling wood and man is friend to man, whether a fence or a sea divide them, will Europe—or large parts of Europe—stop hating the United States. For that matter, however, European nations hate each other. There is more good feeling between the American nations than there will ever be between the Europan countries as long as the present system obtains in Europe.—*Chattanooga News.*

Editor Colonel George Harvey has discovered that President Wilson is intensely unpopular in Europe. The time was when such an announcement would have added popularity at home. At any rate, this may be taken as evidence of absolute neutrality. Harvey excepts Germany from this statement, but he leaves the doubt whether Germany likes Wilson or whether Harvey is ignorant of Teutonic sentiment—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

What Colonel Harvey reports as the case in Europe may be true, but we would despair of America if it could possibly be true as to any of her Presidents. A Democrat ought to agree with Republicans that even a Republican President is better than any foreign detractor, who neither approves our form of government nor regards the ablest man in it as a statesman.—*Wilmington Star.*

Because Mr. Wilson and his Administration have earnestly endeavored to observe the laws of neutrality and civilization, he is criticised and condemned by both sides among the warring nations of Europe. Time will demonstrate that he is undeniably right, and even those now rushing to

criticise him will be among the first to admit it when the heat of conflict has cooled their tempers and reason once more holds sway.—*Tifton Gazette.*

Colonel Harvey may not know a knock from a boost, but when he declares President Wilson the most unpopular government head among Europeans he pays him the high testimonial of attesting the genuine, simonpure quality of his brand of neutrality, on which the President prides himself and about which he is most solicitous at this stage of the world mixup.—*Knoxville Sentinel.*

If it be true, as Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW says, that on his recent tour abroad he found President Wilson the worst hated man in England and France except the Kaiser, more than ever Mr. Wilson is to be loved and admired for the enemies he has made. It's another convincing evidence that he has played the neutrality game fairly and squarely—has played no favorites.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

Colonel George Harvey returns from Europe and says that President Wilson is the most hated man in England and France, except the German Emperor. As the name of Wilson is not exactly popular in Germany and Austria, we may assume that the United States Government has been perfectly neutral.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Colonel Harvey, on returning home from England, is reported to have said that the British don't like President Wilson. If that is true there is no love lost. The American people have no especial love for the British, but they want to be fair with them, as with all the belligerents.—*Middletown Argus.*

Colonel Harvey, who has been in England, thinks the President of the United States ought to know how unpopular he is with the government heads of Europe. As if Mr. Wilson were foolish enough to believe that keeping this country neutral is a thankful task.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Colonel Harvey comes home bearing the sad news that nobody in Europe is pleased with President Wilson. The man seems to have committed the indiscretion of conducting these United States in the interests of these United States rather than in those of Europe.—*Hartford Times.*

Colonel Harvey says the British don't like President Wilson. The British don't love anybody very ardently, just now, whose engagements prevent alliance. Small blame to them, maybe, but no more to the President, as things stand.—*New York Evening Sun.*

It has often been difficult for some of our citizens to put America first. But that attitude is coming more and more to be the only test of loyalty, and no serious complaint will be made against the President while he continues to meet that test.—*Binghamton Press.*

Colonel George Harvey returns from Europe with the news that President Wilson, next to the Kaiser, is the most unpopular man in the world in London, but it is the American people that Mr. Wilson is trying to please, and not the British.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

Colonel Harvey, just home from Europe, tells us that, next to the Kaiser, President Wilson is the most unpopular governmental head in the world. And yet all that he has contended for is principles of humanity and justice.—*Altoona Mirror.*

Colonel Harvey for some three years now has never been keen for dropping neat little tributes in President Wilson's path, but this surely looks like one.—*Columbia Record.*

Perhaps Colonel George Harvey is right, and the British do not like President Wilson; but if the President is losing any sleep nobody has heard of it.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Colonel Harvey reports that President Wilson is unpopular in England. He will probably run behind in every English precinct at the next election. —*Detroit News Tribune.*

Colonel Harvey found America in disfavor abroad. This is the price of real neutrality.—*Troy Record.*

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

FOR THE QUIET OF THE STUDY

(*From the Boston Post*)

Probably as a Christmas present to the Administration Colonel George Harvey, the accomplished editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has gone abroad, and the President, the Assistant President and the Secretary of the Navy are allowed to pass their holidays in a peaceful serenity quite worthy of the season. For the sake of those at Washington we are glad, but for ourselves we trust the doughty Colonel will soon be back at his desk paying his compliments to all in his unique and brilliant fashion. We are of course interested in John Galsworthy, and Prohibition, and Oscar Wilde as a Critic, and the current issue of THE REVIEW is full of valuable and important articles, but we none the less miss the dash and élan of the "attack" to which we have become accustomed, and without Harvey the REVIEW is as *Hamlet* with the grave digger at the head of the cast, or as Paris must have been during those periods in the old days when Napoleon Bonaparte for one reason or another had turned away from the thrilling activities which made Parisian life just one dinged tingle after another. There are some things Harvey does so well that we like to "let George do it," and when he goes away we miss him.

We have a lurking suspicion that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will soon be giving our sprightly and diverting contemporary *Life* a run for its laurels in the matter of significant satire. Certainly since its editor, Colonel George Harvey, has begun to concentrate his energies upon its pages, instead of spreading himself out in numerous other highly diversified directions, there has come to be a very decided vein of pep, of the salt of wit and savor of satire, in these erstwhile scenes of solemnity to which we used to retire when we needed sleep. No journal of our own or other days that we recall has ever printed a more enlightening bit of engaging speculation than that to be found in the dialogue on "Patriotism and Profits" with which Colonel Harvey opens his November issue. It pricks with a sharply pointed pen certain bubbles of pretense and eagle-screaming "bunk" which a certain class of walrus-eyed promoters have blown in respect to the American loan to the Allies, and with a strong dramatic touch tells the truth about it in a climacterical outburst that we find truly impressive. If this piece of Harvey's had been written by Bernard Shaw it would be used by ladies' dramatic associations all over the country as a curtain raiser and possibly played by Arnold Daly in his vaudeville circuits; as it is, it is a thing to be read in the quiet of the study and to be thought about later in the silent

watches of the night, when we and our real selves have a chance to get better acquainted with each other.

AUTOCRACY BY INDIRECTION

(*From the Bridgeport Telegram*)

Colonel George Harvey, of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is terribly worried at the present time because this nation is a "one-man despotism," and its president, he thinks, can at any time plunge the nation into a terrible war, without first consulting Congress, or the Cabinet, or military and naval experts. Not even the Kaiser has this power, says Colonel Harvey, and the president of the United States shouldn't have it.

Colonel Harvey has certainly hit upon a rich gem in the collections of Useless Worries. As a matter of fact this nation cannot declare war save by act of Congress; and as for any overt act causing a war—it takes two to make a war. If no other nation can get into war with us except by such an elaborate process at home as Colonel Harvey would have us adopt here, then we must be safe. Or if we are not safe, then what would be the difference should we adopt those self-same safeguards here?

Colonel Harvey says that the Kaiser can't declare war, the King of England can't declare war, the President of France can't declare war, and the Czar of Russia cannot; but the fact remains, that all of those nations, somehow, have blundered into a terribly disastrous war, while our nation, with its theoretically wrong system, remains at peace, and will continue to do so until Congress decrees otherwise.

Colonel Harvey is a fine theorist, but the fact is that he wants us to discard a system that has proved to work for one that has proved it will not work.

[We perceive little, if any, cause for apprehension in the existing situation. President Wilson at the outset declared his intentions to keep this nation out of conflict, and thus far has succeeded in doing so, to the quite general satisfaction of the country. But the fact remains that he or another holding his place—Mr. Roosevelt, for example—might at any moment, by the turn of a hand or a phrase, so commit us as to render embroilment inevitable. It is the mere possession of such power by any one man that we regard as a menace which should be guarded against.—EDITOR]

ATMOSPHERIC

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

Colonel George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the man who started Wilson and then was asked by that gentleman to let go, as such support was no longer helpful, has just returned from Europe. No man in the country has the gift of saying more crisp and pertinent things than Harvey, and now, as he stepped off the steamer he told the reporters that President Wilson ought to be the one to go abroad and Colonel House should take up the White House duties. However, it is Colonel House who goes abroad, and of this mission the New York *Sun* says that there should be an "inspector of ambassadors" and sarcastically it suggests that Senator Martine, the New Jersey Senator placed in his position by Wilson, who no longer loves him, should introduce the bill to this effect. The *Sun* says:

"Since the beginning of the Wilson administration there have been altogether too many Mr. Inspector Fixits traveling abroad at the public expense as 'personal representatives of the President,' and exercising without warrant of law an abnormal and highly mischievous influence on the course of public events. The deplorable results produced in the single instance of Mexico are sufficiently fresh in the nation's memory to require no advertisement. If further diplomatic or extra diplomatic experiments of the sort are to be undertaken in Europe, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia or elsewhere, let the Senate have its say in the matter. Let the exportation and importation of atmosphere be carried on in the manner intended by the Constitution."

PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE

(*From the Boston Transcript*)

Colonel George Harvey says that the Central Empires are "playing fast and loose with the United States." It would be hard to tell what foreign Powers are not playing fast and loose with the United States. Even Hayti and Santo Domingo have been doing a little of that, and the calm of Carranza has been doing a great deal. And really, since there is no placing our Government for a month's time together on any foreign matter, it may be unreasonable to expect foreign Governments to do anything else. For the sake of the country's interests, it is to be hoped that the Administration will at last see its way clear to maintain a persistent and consistent course on this submarine question, and will not permit itself to be entangled in questions of detail to the sacrifice of general principles. One of the principles that we should stand out for is that of ordinary common humanity. Considerations of humanity are not to be put out of sight and hearing and thought forever merely because a merchant ship at sea, supposing that a submarine may be in the neighborhood, puts on all steam and seeks to get out of harm's way. They are not utterly neutralized by the fact that a passenger ship may have a gun on board—a gun which would be utterly useless except for a certain amount of protection against a piratical attack.

DENSITY

(*From the Knoxville Sentinel*)

Mr. Wilson reserved his intimate and confidential counsels for the ear of his taciturn and somewhat mysterious friend, Colonel House. Hence, we presume, Colonel Harvey's ill-natured and official suggestion to the President that he go to Europe to learn what the Europeans think of him, and leave Colonel House in the chair.

But Mr. Wilson has all that he can attend to looking out for the interests and welfare of the American people, and as President he would not be at liberty to adopt Colonel Harvey's suggestion, even if he had the consuming curiosity with which Colonel Harvey apparently credits him, to take that trouble to learn what these foreigners think of him.

It has never been the American idea to take our cue from the Europeans in shaping our international politics, and it is not a good time to begin when the policies pursued by these have engulfed them in the cataclysm of which we are the eye-witnesses.

[He thinks we meant it.—EDITOR.]

SAVING FACES

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

Colonel George Harvey, back from England, says that he has information from an official that seventy German submarines have been destroyed or captured, but that the news has been kept from the public. The only reason the colonel advances for this reticence on the part of the authorities is that England didn't want her people to know that Germany had so many submarines! That's a good, all-sufficient reason—a reason that may be called typical with the British censor. Germany knew how many submarines she had and she went right along building more as fast as possible, whether any were lost or not, but the real reason of the British silence, officially, was probably that some one was ashamed because Great Britain didn't have more submarines when the war began. There were faces to be saved, so the enemy submarines, officially, were not destroyed.

WHY?

(*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*)

A newspaper correspondent has given Colonel House the title of "Assistant President of the United States." We suspect that President Wilson will not like that.—*Albany Journal.*

Tut, tut! 'Twas Colonel George Harvey dubbed him so; and no matter what the President may think, its aptness was so obvious that the title has stuck.

[To the best of our information, neither the President nor Colonel House has objected to an appellation which all must concede is both accurate and complimentary. Why should they?—EDITOR]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COMPENSATIONS OF THE WAR

SIR,—The article by Sydney Brooks on "The New England" in your December number is profoundly suggestive for philosophic thinkers.

Every process and phenomenon in nature is either generative or degenerative. Every force in nature is either creative or destructive. Our best philosophers realize that not only England, but Germany and Russia as well, are going through a most necessary evolution of immeasurable dimensions; and, terrible as the cost may be, they believe it best that the struggle should be carried through to its logical end. Each of these great dominant peoples has been cursed by most fatal errors of ideal and philosophy. The error of Great Britain is social; that of Germany is political and social; while that of Russia is religious and social. But in their genesis they all have the same origin, present the same problem, and must have the same solution.

As in all historic past times, the priesthoods, with their monopoly of learning, have been most responsible for the errors and false ideals of society, so Christianity was in its beginning a concretion of many theories of former times, blended with certain new reactions from the more repulsive features of the phallic, or sex, worship of the Jews; and, like all blinded human reactions, these went to an opposite extreme that has been the most destructive of all priestly inventions. To this error may justly be charged all of the worst discords of society, from personal vice to the present war. I refer to the dogma of contempt for the gender sense, —the spring and source of all of the family loves and affections,—and the idea that all of the impulses, emotions and organisms of the gender sense and generative system should be despised, degraded and strangled. The great Catholic Church still teaches that celibacy is a nobler form of life than the marriage state. Nearly all of the Protestant cults also treat these fundamentals of life in such a way as to keep the minds of their believers filled with ideas of embarrassment, vice, immodesty, vile conversation, and degenerating habits.

So long as people live in actual contact of their feet with the earth, the healing power of the earth constantly tends to correct this destructive influence, but as the population condenses into cities and factory towns, this healing or recuperating influence is largely lost, and the increasing tide of degeneracy works its vicious effects almost unchecked.

Human scientists agree that not one in ten of the people now living in our large cities will ever have a normal virile grandchild unless these false

ideals of society are corrected, and the recognition and teaching of natural law in the processes of human life are made a part of our system of education.

This awful condition is almost as true, by the way, in our own country as in the cities of Great Britain and Europe. Our cities are a great consuming maelstrom that is draining the best blood from the country, and sinking it in vice, disease, and social discords. Among the sporadic products of this unnaturalness may be noted the discordant marriages and resultant divorces in our own country; the caste and antagonism of classes in Great Britain; the abnormal glorification of the nation and of war, and of contempt for the individual and for humanity at large in Germany; and the darkness of ignorance and superstition, drunkenness and official cruelty in Russia.

A useful statement of evils should point to their correction. In the law of nature, every thing in life is of the same divine origin, and entitled to perfect respect. If it has proved useless to preach that we were created in "the image of God," it is still true that each human is a concretion of all the substances and intelligences of the universe, and is thereby related in blood and psychic fellowship to every other human.

If we had a true philosophy of life, and a sensible system of character analysis, culture and education, we would teach every boy and girl, by individual analysis, the three vital problems of life: how to live; how to love; and how to labor. In other words, how to develop and preserve all of his physical forces; how to love so that his children will not be scrubs, and he will not need or want divorce courts—and, finally, so that he shall become an efficient factor in working out the function of the human race.

How to restore lost human respect is, then, the problem of all, and every change noted by Mr. Brooks as working out with such painful travail in Great Britain, and every change toward human brotherhood noted by good observers in the other fighting nations, will, we hope, work out such a better and more natural system of human relations as will make an end of war, and of national or racial hatreds,—at least among the higher nations of the Earth. But shall we dare to wish the war to end until all of those fatal ideals of life are melted in common blood, and the time is ripe for the Divine law of human harmony to exercise its dominion over the world?

In our Civil War we endured ten times as much misery, loss of life, and destruction of property in proportion to the white population as the British empire has to the present date, and yet we made more progress during those terrible four years in strength, in modernism, and in liberation from the religious and social superstitions of the dark ages than we probably had during the fifty years before. May we not hope that the warring peoples of Europe will be equally compensated for their sufferings by progress in democracy and humanity?

JOHN E. AYER.

SEATTLE, WASH.

IN PRAISE OF BROMIDES

SIR,—In the November REVIEW you join in discussing the most discussed of all undiscussable subjects. In your editorial, "The Decline and Fall of Culture," you write, to be sure, in "lighter vein," but that doesn't

prevent your drawing a deadly parallel between Winston Churchill, Richard Harding Davis and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, on the one hand, and Conrad, Galsworthy and Dostoievsky on the other. But I can't see the superiority of the latter trio as a protection of the American people against intellectual disaster.

Mr. Conrad is no more a bulwark of American culture than Mr. Churchill. He contributes no more to culture than does Mr. Churchill. Everybody knows he is a stylist, and that's why he has his public. His readers like to talk about his style. The Conrad style is a nuisance, as the Browning opaqueness used to be. If Browning Clubs hadn't come and gone, there would now be a Conrad Cult. There *is* a Conrad Cult, only it is concealed. People have caught on to the fact that Cults are not Culture. They deny the Cults but acknowledge the Culture. Cults are in disrepute. Culture not yet.

The mention of Conrad's name so close to Browning's reveals the comparative insignificance of Conrad's. With reference to Browning's name, Churchill's is quite as insignificant. But insofar as Mr. Churchill's books furnish the materials of culture—that is, knowledge of the ways of humankind—they are of equal significance with Mr. Conrad's in any discussion of the subject of culture. Any book that reveals facts of human life, both motives and actions, contributes to culture, which is a mental product formed of the most diverse materials, and the more diverse the better. A man's culture is what he makes out of all he has seen, heard, read, and done, and nothing less than all. The contribution which Mr. Conrad's books make is a knowledge of Mr. Conrad's style. It promotes culture just as much to be acquainted with the dullest style imaginable. Reading, as a means toward culture, is to be judged by the variety of experiences it presents, whether by the reader's contact and reaction or by the writer's power of realism and imagination. And not merely *variety* of experiences, but *quality*. And so I cannot see the superiority of Mr. Conrad over Mr. Churchill.

Conrad, Galsworthy and Dostoievsky represent the "cult of the modern" as truly as that other trio. Their readers are generally rather proud to be known as readers of Conrad, Galsworthy and Dostoievsky. If these writers are read humanly, for their own sakes, all well and good, but the moment they are read for their cleverness, their stylistic performance, their strangeness, their newness, their peculiarities, their startlingness, they lose much of their virtue as cultivators of culture. Then they are worth no more for that purpose than the dullest archaeologist. Not as much.

For culture is the capacity for sympathy and the exercise of sympathy, and sympathy is very human. Culture is not criticism. Culture is appreciation. And the culture that the majority of readers of Conrad, Galsworthy and Dostoievsky claim is claimed chiefly in the name of Literary Criticism.

Modern literature, as such, is no worse than old-time literature. But modern books, if you cannot read them with any feeling that you are in the company of eternal truth, are worse. If you say that the sense of eternal truth is hardly distinguishable, in some cases, from the recognition of the bromidic, I say that the bromidic deserves honor—which isn't an argument, but a statement. Every bromidiom has an honorable and many a one an

inspiring history. The trouble with numerous seekers after culture is that they don't know bromidioms for what they are worth. They are passed over as unimportant, like axioms. But it takes real thinking and real thoughtfulness to understand and enjoy anything so simple and fundamental as a bromidiom or an axiom.

ROBERT HILDRETH.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WAS PAUL A CHRISTIAN?

SIR,—Although I go to church three times every Sunday, like it, and believe in the power of the church for good, I am neither angry with Mr. Ellwood Hendrick nor do I pity his ignorance. His article *Saul of Tarsus* is an instance of how a man can put one or two good written thoughts in a mess of nonsense. I was glad to see in print on the page of a magazine as great as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW the words, "—if the world were to follow the advice of Jesus the Kingdom of God would be at hand." That is sensible and the kind of stuff this world needs. We need to practice and live the truths of Jesus and not dress them up for an hour's parade on Sunday only. But the world certainly does not need to be told that one of the greatest exponents of Christianity was in reality no follower of the Christ at all. One of old said of Paul: "Much learning doth make thee mad." Now comes forth a modern one who says: "Paul, much logic doth make thee a fool." There is just about as much connection between learning and madness as there is between logic and a fool. Paul was not mad and he was "no fool," Mr. Ellwood Hendrick to the contrary notwithstanding. Paul spent less time in establishing dogma than he did in making converts. To be a persecutor and then to bend one's back willingly to the persecutor is some change for one who was logical and consistent to the point of being a fool. For, according to Mr. Hendrick's theory, Paul was so logical that he fooled himself, or else we could not account for his earnestness. Paul talked constantly because he had experienced a salvation which gave him something to talk about, but he never was guilty of making any such a statement as: "Stand up and say you believe, and you are saved; fail in this opportunity, and you shall go to hell." "BELIEVE!" not "*say* that you believe," is the statement which Paul brings out one way and another, over and over. "Faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is to see the reasoning of my logic and to stand up and say you believe." No, the grandest theme of Christ and of his apostle is love. If love had always been the theme of Christendom, and all Christians had been willing to suffer and to labor for the sake of love, as Paul did, the Kingdom of Righteousness would have been here long ago. As I read Mr. Hendrick's article, I could not help but ask myself the question: "Why is it that some men who have come into possession of one or two great truths imagine that, in order to possess more truth, they must tear to pieces the character of some old hero of the cross, turn the Church over to the bats and owls, or treat all the creeds of Christendom as 'mere scraps of paper?'" Perhaps somebody may be able to give us an answer some day.

JESSE F. BENTON.

GARY, WEST VIRGINIA.

WE TEMPT TO LARCENY

SIR,—Just a line to let you know how much I have enjoyed my trial subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, so much so that I can not resist the temptation to become a regular subscriber! As an American sojourning in Russia these past eight years, I need just such a genuinely American patriotic tonic as your unique magazine so generously supplies. The only unpleasant feature about being one of your regular subscribers is that every now and then some dear compatriot of ours is apt to run away with the REVIEW even before we have finished reading it!

GEO. A. SIMONS.
(Superintendent of Methodist Episcopal Work in Russia)
PETROGRAD, RUSSIA

A REPUBLICAN BOUQUET

SIR,—Being a Republican, I hesitate to write you the second time in one year in approval of your editorials, but in "Patriotism and Profits" you say so much that I cannot refrain from sending this word of approval. The last paragraph contains what should be a sort of confession of faith of all true Americans, and you crown the entire article with glowing words when you say, "Go sell your bonds, my boy; but tell no lies."

Your editorial with the heading, "The Decline and Fall of Culture," is also worthy of a place in the front rank of such discussions.

SAMUEL H. THOMPSON.
BRISTOL, TENN.

WHY NOT ONE HUNDRED TIMES?

SIR,—Please mail to me the January (1916) number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as soon as convenient after it is published. We cannot do without it. It's the greatest thing of the kind on this planet. I have absolute confidence in Colonel Harvey. He is right 99 times out of 100. Now that he is back from Europe we shall be well and correctly informed about the great war. I would like to expose the fallacies of John Haines Holmes when he argues that Christ was a Non-Resistant. I was amazed when I read his article in the last number of the REVIEW.

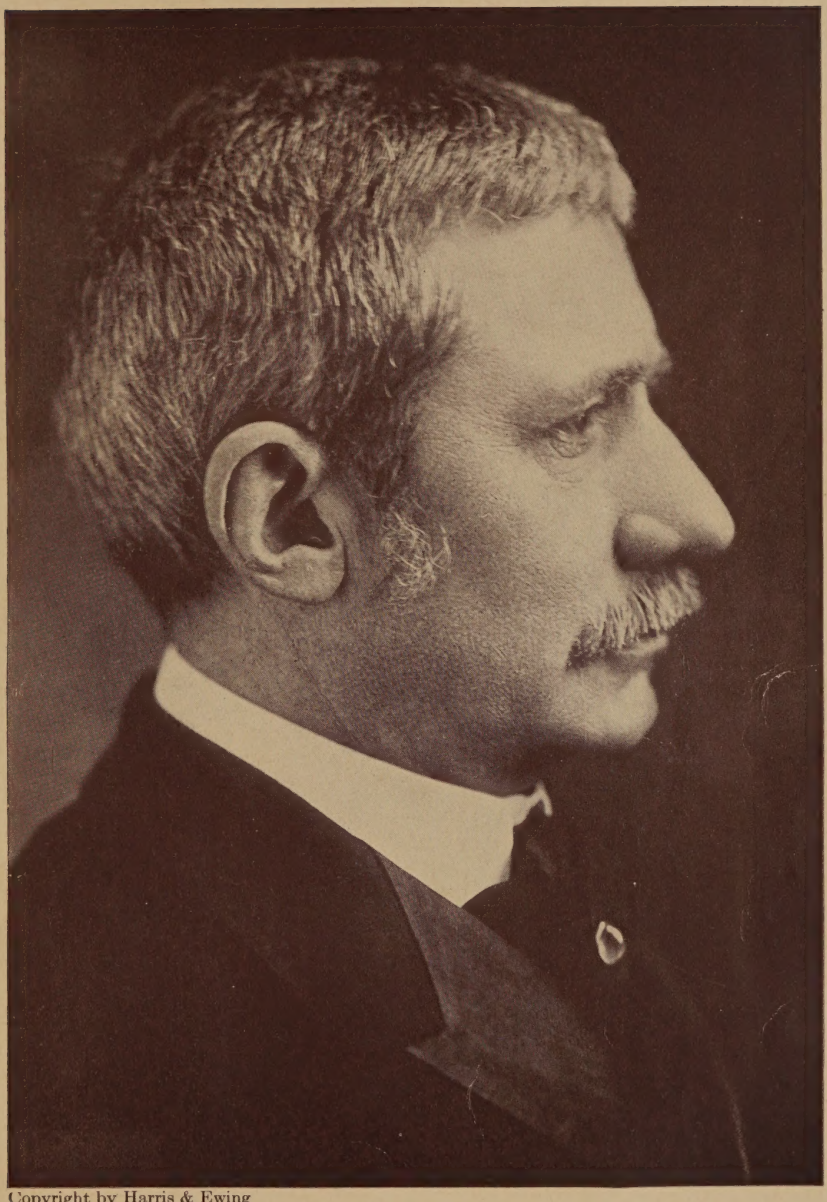
Yours with best wishes for the success of the greatest magazine of the modern world.

W. MITCHELL.
HERRIN, ILL.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO OBLIGE

SIR,—Having read you in the January number, I am moved to suggest that you issue an "extra." We cannot wait until the February issue.

H. McK.
ST. LOUIS, MO.



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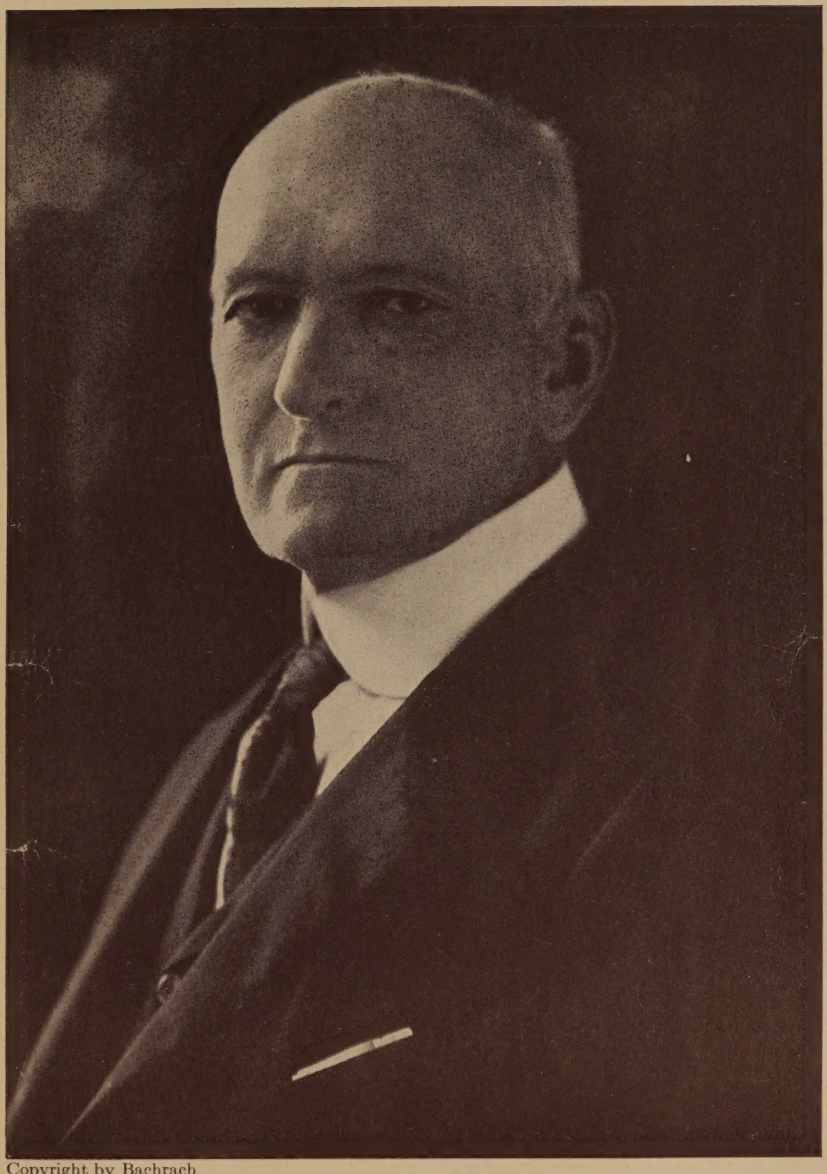

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1916

THE PRESIDENT AT SEA

BY THE EDITOR

"Does this Administration mean business or is it only talking in its sleep?"

That is the pregnant question which we propounded in the January number of this REVIEW and which still awaits a decisive answer.

Garrison goes; Daniels stays.

Garrison was and is an earnest advocate of measures providing adequate National Defense; Daniels is not and never was.

Where stands the President?

Addressing the Congress fourteen months ago, four months after the beginning of the great war, the President said impatiently, sneeringly, sarcastically:

> The subject is not new. There is no new need to discuss it. We shall not alter our attitude toward it because some among us are nervous and excited. We shall easily and sensibly agree upon a policy of defense. The question has not changed its aspect because the times are not normal * * * Let there be no misconception. The country has been misinformed. We have not been negligent of national defense.

One year later he urged the Congress to increase the Navy and, upon recommendation of the Secretary of War and the General Staff, to strengthen the regular army and to create a new National reserve force of no less than four hundred thousand men.

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Why this *volte-face?* The President himself explained in these words spoken in New York on January 27th:

Perhaps when you learned, as I dare say you did learn beforehand, that I was expecting to address you on the subject of preparedness you recalled the address which I made to Congress something more than a year ago, in which I said that this question of military preparedness was not a pressing question. But more than a year has gone by since then, and I would be ashamed if I had not learned something in fourteen months. The minute I stop changing my mind as President with the change of all the circumstances in the world I will be a back number.

While refraining from depicting the precise change of circumstances which had taken place, he presented the following illustration of reversal of opinion:

There is another thing about which I have changed my mind. A year ago I was not in favor of a tariff board. And I will tell you why: Because then the only purpose of a tariff board was to keep alive an unprofitable controversy. If you set up any board of inquiry whose purpose it is to keep business disturbed and to make it always an open question what you are going to do about the public policy of the Government I am opposed to it. And the very men who were dinning it into our ears that what business wanted was to be let alone were many of them men who were insisting that we should start up a controversy that meant that we could not let it alone. There is a great deal more opinion vocal in this world than is consistent with logic.

Whether or not the President meant to recall or to ignore his declaration at Indianapolis on January 8th, 1915, is not quite clear. He then said:

If by scientific treatment of the tariff they [the Republicans] mean adjustment to the actual trade conditions of America and the world, then I am with them.

And I want to call their attention, as they apparently have not noticed it, that the bill which creates the new Trade Commission does that very thing.

That commission is authorized and empowered to enter into and report to Congress not only upon the conditions of trade in this country but upon the conditions of trade, the cost of manufacture, the cost of transportation—all the things that enter into the question of the tariff—in foreign countries as well as the United States and into all those questions of varied combinations which affect international trade between Europe and the United States.

It has full powers which will guide Congress in the scientific treatment of questions of international trade.

Being by profession a schoolmaster, I am glad to point that out to a class of uninstructed Republicans, though I have not always taught in the primary grades.

It was a good joke on the sleepy Republicans and everybody laughed, never dreaming, of course, that later, as now seems to be the case, the "opinion" then expressed might drop gently into the category of those that are "vocal rather than consistent with logic" or even with fact.

But this was by the way. Continuing before his New York audience, the President elucidated his programme of Preparedness with notable explicitness. He appreciated the National Guard and believed it should receive encouragement and aid, but he feared that, under the Constitution, there was "no way in which that force can be made a direct resource as a National reserve under National authority." Therefore, he continued:

What we need is a body of men trained in association with units of the army. A body of men organized under the immediate direction of the national authorities. A body of men subject to the immediate call to arms of the national authorities; and yet men not put into the ranks of the regular army; men left to their tasks of civil life; men supplied with equipment and training, but not drawn from the peaceful pursuits which have made America great and must keep her great.

He added most significantly:

I am not a partisan of any one plan. I have had too much experience to think that it is right to say that the plan which I proposed is the only plan that will work, because I have a shrewd suspicion that there may be other plans which will work. But what I am for, and what every American ought to insist upon, is a body of at least half a million trained citizens who will serve under conditions of danger as an immediate available national reserve.

Far be it from us, as between friends, to attempt to distinguish between hedging and maintaining an "open mind," but the fact seems to be that then and there, rightfully or wrongfully, wisely or foolishly, consistently or inconsistently, loyally or disloyally, the President served public notice upon the Secretary of War that he did not regard his committal to the plan which he had proposed to the Congress, upon the Secretary's recommendation, as either final or binding. This attitude, to the best of our information, he maintained scrupulously, by the nebulous process, while

" taking counsel " with the toiling thinkers of the prairies.

Mr. Garrison resigned, of course; though not, as has been remarked, either impulsively or hurriedly. As early as January 14th, he had addressed to the President these pointed words:

> Those who are conscientiously convinced that nothing but national forces can properly be the basis of a policy of national defense, cannot possibly accept a policy based upon State forces. It not only does not in itself offer an acceptable solution, but acts to prevent any proper solution.
>
> If those who are thus convinced are faced with the necessity of declaring their position on the matter, they can only show their sincerity and good faith by declining to admit the possibility of compromise with respect to this essential fundamental principle.
>
> I am thus convinced.
>
> I feel that we are challenged by the existing situation to declare ourselves promptly, openly, and unequivocally, or be charged properly with lack of sincerity and good faith.

In a word, the judicial mind, unversed in the agilities of political ratiocination, given an admitted premise, could reach but one conclusion. Nevertheless, it was not until February 10th, when the President politely but firmly and formally enjoined him thereafter to " be kind enough to draw very carefully the distinction between your own individual views and the views of the Administration," that the Secretary felt impelled to appear no longer as the " seeming representative " of his chief. The propriety, even the necessity, of his action is beyond question. Convinced as he was that " forty-eight little armies " would be utterly helpless in a war such as the President had just been solemnly warning the country might be forced upon it over night, he could not have remained at the head of the War Department without becoming a virtual traitor to both his convictions and the Nation which he had sworn to serve and protect.

While deploring, in common with the entire Press and apparently all the people, the withdrawal from the Cabinet of its most competent and vigorous member, we cannot but feel that by clarifying the atmosphere it may make distinct an issue which might otherwise have been obscured. Now, as never before and as never could have been possible while Mr. Garrison and Mr. Breckinridge continued to hold the grateful sympathy of an apprehensive people, will President

Wilson and the Democratic Congress be held to a strict accountability for real preparedness. As the President truly and somewhat sternly said in his speech in New York:

> There is only one way that parties and individuals win the confidence of this nation, and that is to do the things that ought to be done. Nobody is going to be deceived. Speeches are not going to win elections. The facts are going to speak for themselves, and speak louder than anybody who controverts them. No political party, no group of men can ever disappoint America. This is a year of political accounting and the Americans in politics are rather expert accountants. They know what the books contain and they are not going to be deceived by it. No man is going to hide behind any excuses. The goods must be delivered or the confidence will not be enjoyed, and for my part I hope every man in public life will get what is coming to him.

Words more fitly spoken or more timely as of the moment we cannot recall.

Parenthetically, we may remark that the retirement of Secretary Garrison was delicately foreshadowed in this REVIEW in October last when, after noting the sudden appearance at the White House of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard in the capacity of unintimate adviser, we thoughtfully continued:

> We turn logically then from mere rumors to Mr. Villard's own self-authorized utterances over the signature "O. G. V." in the *Evening Post*. And the very first headline we chance upon is, of all things imaginable, "Rumors of Changes in Wilson's Cabinet." The member chiefly concerned is not, as some might hope, Josephus, but Mr. Garrison, who is coming to be known, somewhat to the rasping, we suspect, of Mr. Villard's tranquillizing sensibilities, as the "War Secretary." To the best of our information nobody, prior to the publication of this article, had suggested so much as a possibility of Mr. Garrison retiring from the Cabinet,—and Mr. Villard, of course, does not reveal the source of his inspiration. That some persons might be inquisitive along this line is readily imagined, but for ourselves we should regard undue insistence, in the delicate circumstances now existing and while the tension between Messrs. House and Villard continues unresolved, as the height of impropriety. Moreover, that which interests us most in O. G. V.'s speculation is the cleverness of its presentation and the subtlety of its suggestion. Mr. Villard's great and good friend, the Count von Bernstorff himself, could hardly have done better.
>
> After noting that "so far the Secretary has shown no disposition to look with favor upon the proposal [whose proposal?] that

he run either for Governor or Senator," Mr. Villard shrewdly observes:

> But a man who has made a popular success like Secretary Garrison cannot always control his future. Politicians, too, have a way of devising ingenious snares. Thus, what will the Secretary say next year if it is represented to him that the President must carry his own State, that the Secretary only can carry it, and that it is the Secretary's loyal duty to the party which made him and gave him his great opportunity here to enter the lists?

The inaptness of an intimation that the President may not be able to carry his own State, even with the efficient aid, recently pledged, of the Honorable James Smith, Jr., is so obvious that an inference of underlying purpose is unescapable. And listen further:

> What would he say if there is held out to him, in addition, the bait of an appointment to the United States Supreme Court in case he is defeated and the opportunity offers? Will he be beyond the flattery of the suggestion that in 1920 the party will be looking for a new national leader; and that the easiest way to the Presidency is to be a successful Governor of New Jersey, as President Wilson showed?

It was ever thus. "Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; again, moreover, to no avail, since the Secretary promptly bade the Tempter through the public prints to get behind him. Nevertheless, the seed is sown and *we shall await the harvest of the coming session with more than casual interest.*

And by a circuitous route the reaper came.*

While understanding and sympathizing with the reluctance of the President to become a back number, we must not overlook other, though perhaps less important, reasons for changing his mind with respect to Preparedness. These appear and disappear with extraordinary rapidity in his speeches to his bucolic counsellors. It was a kind of running debate designed apparently to win the approval of both sides. Speaking on the affirmative at various times the President said:

> We are daily treading among the most intricate dangers.
>
> No man in the United States knows what a single week or a single day or a single hour may bring forth.
>
> New circumstances have arisen which make it necessary for America to defend herself.
>
> We have interests that are being slowly drawn into the maelstrom of this tremendous upheaval.

* By wireless via Sayville to His Excellency, Ambassador James W. Gerard, Berlin: Fail not to heed the words of the prophet to the [also] sick and sore Hezekiah: "Keep thine *House* in order!"

There may at any moment come a time when I cannot preserve both the peace and honor of the United States.

Let me tell you very solemnly that you cannot afford to postpone this thing. I do not know what a single day may bring forth.

Apparently the law that governs the relations of nations with one another must at times fall silent and look on in dumb impotence.

Do you want the situation to be such that all that the President can do is to write messages, to utter words of protest? If these breaches of international law which are in daily danger of occurring should touch the very vital interests and honor of the United States, do you wish to do nothing about it? Do you wish to have all the world say that the flag of the United States which we love can be stained with impunity?

On the negative:

There is no sudden crisis. Nothing new has happened. I am not upon this errand because of any unexpected situation. I have come to confer with you upon a matter upon which it would in any circumstances be necessary for us to confer, when all the rest of the world is on fire and our own house is not fireproof.

Nobody seriously supposes, gentlemen, that the United States need fear an invasion of its own territory.

I have not come here to tell you of any immediate threat of definite danger, because, by very great patience, by making our position perfectly clear, and then steadfastly maintaining the same attitude through our great controversies, we have so far held difficulty at arm's length.

America was born into the world to do mankind's service, and no man is an American in whom the desire to do mankind's service does not take precedence over the desire to serve himself. If I believe that the might of America was any threat to any free man in the world I would wish America to be weak. But I believe that the might of America is the might of righteous purpose and of a sincere love for the freedom of mankind.

There was more to the same effect, but upon the whole the ayes seem to have it. Although "nothing new has happened" and there is "no fear of invasion," nevertheless since "new circumstances have arisen" and "we are daily treading among the most intricate dangers," a careful weighing of the evidence seems convincing that the President thinks something ought to be done by way of National Defense.

But what? While steadfastly maintaining "an open mind as to details," the President was gratifyingly explicit

on more than one occasion respecting the army. Again he declared, as in New York on January 27th:

> I want the Congress of the United States to do a great deal for the National Guard, but I do not see how the Congress of the United States can put the National Guard at the disposal of the nation; therefore, it seems absolutely necessary that in addition to the National Guard there should be a considerable body of men of some military training who are willing to pledge themselves to come at the call of the nation.
>
> What we wish is a definite citizen reserve of men trained to arms to a sufficient extent to make them quickly transformable into a fighting force organized under the immediate direction of the United States, subject to a definite pledge to serve the United States and pledged to obey immediately the call of the President when Congress authorizes him to call them to arms.
>
> The National Guard is a body of State troops and not a body of national reserves; because the Constitution makes them so, no matter whether we now think those are the best arrangements or not.
>
> We must lay down a programme and then steadfastly carry it out and complete it. There are no novelties about the programme, all the lines of it are the lines already established, only drawn out to their legitimate conclusion, and drawn out so that they will be completed within a calculable length of time.
>
> The plans now laid before the Congress of the United States are merely plans not to throw the life of American youth away. *Those plans are going to be adopted.*

Not at any time nor in any way, by tongue or pen, has Mr. Garrison himself set forth more succinctly that which he had come to regard as the "fundamental principle" of National Defense and which the President had "laid before the Congress of the United States" as his own, adding as "firmly" as when calling Germany to account for assassination, "So much by way of preparation for defense seems to me absolutely imperative now; we can do no less." True, he had already, on January 17th, as appears from the correspondence since published, in the course of "a delightfully frank conference" with Mr. Hay, expressed a willingness to consider the militia scheme and, on February 10th, reiterated that he felt "in duty bound" to keep his mind "open to conviction on that side," but again we are constrained to adjudge that, upon the evidences accurately balanced, the ayes have it and that the President still regards the Constitutional inhibition as fatal to the efficiency, as a National force, of the forty-eight little armies. Such, at any rate,

despite the obvious guesswork involved in the conclusion, is our tentative vocal opinion.

As to the navy, we are not so sure. We are informed, to begin with, that its actual strength "ranks fourth, not second," as we had been led by Mr. Daniels to believe, and that consequently "everything should be done that it is possible for us to do to bring the navy up to an adequate standard of strength and efficiency." Herein the President differed from the Secretary of the Navy who, in his annual report for 1914, "coveted the honor of initiating for America a movement which will make possible a reduction of fighting craft," but so far has discovered no such difference in "fundamental principle" as seems likely to induce his resignation.

The past at least is secure. "You are told," said the President, "that there has been some sort of neglect about the navy. *There has not been any sort of neglect about the navy.*" Later, however, he added:

> The vessels we have are manned by experts; there is not a better service in the world than that of the American navy; but no matter how skilled and capable the officers or devoted the men, they must have ships enough, and we are going to give them ships enough. *We have been doing it slowly and leisurely and good naturedly*, as we are accustomed to do everything in times of peace, but now we must get down to business and do it systematically.
>
> What we are proposing now is not the sudden creation of a navy, for we have a splendid navy, but the definite working out of a programme by which, within five years, we will bring the navy to a fighting strength which otherwise might have taken eight or ten years along exactly the same lines of development that may have been followed and followed diligently and intelligently for at least a decade past.
>
> There is no sudden panic; there is no sudden change of plans. All that has happened is that we now see that we ought more rapidly and more thoroughly than ever before to do the things which have always been characteristic of America, for she has always been proud of her navy, and has been addicted to the principle that her citizenship must do the fighting on land.
>
> But, ladies and gentlemen, do not forget that that is not all there is to this problem. Suppose that I knew that, back of the insistence of the United States upon its rights, was a great navy that ranked first in the world and a body of men trained to arms adequate at any rate to fend off any initial disaster to the United States while we were making an army ready. That would be only the beginning.
>
> There is no other navy in the world that has to cover so great an

area of defense as the American navy, and *it ought, in my judgment, to be incomparably the greatest navy in the world.*

Whether the President, in putting forth this amazing proposal, as the *World* apologetically intimates, was carried away by what Disraeli was wont to describe as "the exuberance of his own verbosity" or, as the *Sun* shrewdly observes, he was aiming to please German sympathizers by hinting at a purpose to wrest from England her sea power, we do not like to ask. We prefer to believe that he did not mean what he said,—and to let it go at that. The best we can make of it all is that the President blesses Josephus, very much as he blessed Mr. Bryan at the parting of their respective ways, and favors the building of more ships.

Whether or not we have succeeded in our patient endeavor to deduce from this mass of contradictions the President's actual attitude towards Preparedness will soon be determined beyond the possibility of doubt by his acts. The real question, bearing directly and powerfully upon both the forthcoming election and the pressing need of the Nation, is, we regret to say, one of sincerity. We gladly make generous allowance for the inconsistencies which so often characterize extemporaneous speaking. We recognize the difficulty of putting the most admirable of theories into practical operation. We appreciate the indispensability of compromise in building legislation. We have only contempt for that sheer obduracy which Emerson aptly designated as the hobgoblin of little minds. We rejoiced at the President's reversal of his position on National Defense.

But is his conversion complete? Is it permanent? Is it genuine? Is its genesis conviction or expediency? Those are questions which one would hesitate to raise in ordinary times, but these are not ordinary times. Mr. Wilson himself bears testimony from his own intimate knowledge that they are full of peril to the Nation. It was upon that assumption, we were told, that he went forth to arouse his countrymen to appreciation of their imminent danger. Over and over again he declared that his purpose was patriotic, not political. And yet no sooner is his tour completed than his partisans, headed by his chief newspaper organ, joyously acclaim his triumph—in what? In winning votes for Preparedness from recalcitrant members of Congress? Apparently not an additional one was secured. No; his success

lay in achieving personal popularity for himself and his family, in " capturing the public," in " discounting Bryan," in " spiking Roosevelt's guns," etc., etc.

Meanwhile, his own Secretary of War was gravely warning him that desertion of their common cause, involving repudiation of a fundamental principle definitely espoused, would constitute a breach of " *good faith* " and " *sincerity,*" —and when his suspicions were confirmed not only the Secretary himself but his equally high-minded associate refused to serve longer. Surely these are disquieting symptoms which, in the face of National peril and upon the eve of a National election held to fix National authority for the next four years, cannot be ignored.

Even more significant and disturbing to our mind is the retention as the head of the great Navy Department of a pottering country politician under whose administration the navy, according to the President himself, has fallen from second to fourth place, whose stupidity at this moment is delaying the mere *beginning* of the dreadnoughts authorized *two and a half years,* whose chief present boast is of his economy in reducing the allowance for *ammunition* $12,000,000, without even consulting the Board of Ordnance which had called for it as a necessity, whose suppression and mutilation of official reports have kept the truth from the people, whose treatment of competent and faithful officers is a reproach to the country, whose fad is *disarmament* and whose god is *Bryan.*

Garrison goes; Daniels stays.

What are we to think?

" A vote for Wilson, a vote for Daniels "—Daniels for four more years as guardian of our first line of defense!

What are we to do? What *can* we do if confronted by that dread proposition?

" I shall not discuss the navy tonight," said the President pleasantly in his New York speech, " because I don't want to go to sea."

But is he not " at sea " ?

If he thinks not and would have others think not, we implore him, for the sake of all whom he would serve, himself, his party, his country and his God, to take his frost-bitten ear off the ground and stand up and *lead,* as Garrison begged, to trample his pride under foot and *fight,* if need be, like a man—like the man he used to be.

ON REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

The preliminary campaign for the election of a President of the United States will be inaugurated on March 7th, when the partisan voters of Indiana will assemble at their respective primaries and choose delegates to the forthcoming National conventions. The Democrats will designate representatives favorable to the renomination of President Wilson and the Republicans will name advocates of the nomination of the Honorable Charles W. Fairbanks. New Hampshire will elect delegates on March 11th, Minnesota on March 14th and North Dakota on March 21st and eight more commonwealths, including the great States of New York and Illinois, will take like action during the month of April. The climax of the preliminary campaign will be reached on June 7th, the date fixed for both Republican and Progressive conventions in Chicago, two weeks precedent to the assured renomination by the Democratic party at St. Louis of President Wilson.

The ensuing struggle for ascendancy will not only involve issues of greater import to the Nation and the people than at any time since 1860 but also, we fear, may be characterized by bitterness and passion such as has not been witnessed since the days of Andrew Jackson. It is but natural and probably inevitable that the aroused temper of a warring world should be reflected in the course of an election more distinctively international in character and effect than any other ever held in the United States.

The most striking circumstance bearing upon the quite tentative situation now existing is the complete confidence of all most intimately concerned. Those charged by the President with responsibility for continuance of the Democratic party in power are firmly convinced in both mind and heart that nothing less than abrupt termination of the war can imperil Mr. Wilson's chance of re-election. Peace and Prosperity, supplemented by appropriated Preparedness, they regard as an irresistible slogan,—and there is much in history to justify their faith in the reluctance of the American people to swap horses or even donkeys while crossing a stream.

The leaders of the opposition, on the other hand, feel no less certain that only a fair measure of unity is requisite to success, while full amalgamation would effect an over-

whelming triumph. This predication is based upon the fact that, if the votes cast for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft in 1912 had been combined, Mr. Wilson would have lost at the polls by 1,311,544 and would have received in the Electoral College only 152 ballots against 379. This, too, may be regarded as reassuring by those who for one reason or another are dissatisfied with the conduct of the present Administration.

For ourselves, in view of the unprecedented condition of affairs now existing and of unforeseeable happenings that may take place, we perceive but little basis for confidence in either hypothesis. It is quite clear to our mind that neither the partisan " ins " nor the partisan " outs " have sufficient numerical strength to win beyond peradventure. And if, as we suspect, the result will be determined finally by the increasingly large body of patriotic citizens who, especially in a time like this, place their country far above party or prejudice, the fact is more than gratifying; it is alive with promise for democracy at the very instant when monarchism as a more efficient machine seems most threatening to what we of America have come to regard as civilization.

We may not forecast, then, at this early stage; but we may speculate, possibly to advantage, with respect at least to the preliminaries of the momentous contest which so soon is to absorb our minds, our energies and our patriotic fervor.

One severely practical question arises immediately: Can the elements comprising the Opposition be united effectively? And the answer, in so far as paramount issues are concerned, is unhesitatingly affirmative. The sharp line of demarcation between Republicans and Progressives drawn by Mr. Roosevelt in his famous Columbus declaration has been blotted out by its author. While not admitting definite and final abandonment of the radical proposals then enunciated, Our Colonel now not only concedes but insists that they be set aside as of minor importance in the face of more pressing problems. It may be assumed safely, moreover, that with the exception of a negligible number of sentimentalists represented by Miss Jane Addams, the Progressive rank and file are in accord with their leader. Indeed, so many have already returned to the Republican fold, as indicated by the various bye-elections, that probably not

more than one-fourth or at the most one-third of the four millions of the recalcitrants of 1912 remain unaccounted for.

Meanwhile, the chiefs of the Republican party seem to have learned their lesson. Mr. Aldrich, the most powerful and most incorrigible of the reactionaries, is dead, Mr. William Barnes has stepped aside, Mr. Penrose no longer scoffs at the Progressive sentiment of his State, Mr. Taft's animosity does not go beyond Mr. Roosevelt,—and Mr. Elihu Root, who thrilled the country with his eloquently liberal speech at Albany, and Mr. Murray Crane, who redeemed Massachusetts by demanding the election as Governor of a man renowned for his independence, stand forth as the broader-minded, more enlightened and more tolerant leaders of the old organization. Agreement upon a statement of principles under such conditions is readily attained.

The one problem that confronts the Opposition is that which, somewhat oddly, does not affect or even concern the party in power, namely, the selection of candidates. And this task, since no Progressive except Mr. Roosevelt is mentioned in connection with the Presidency, narrows in turn to the Republican party. Can a ticket be constructed, along with a platform, that will serve the two essential purposes of eliminating the possibility of a third menacing candidacy and of winning the support of those independent citizens whose action may prove to be decisive? That is the question, the very interesting question in a political sense and the very vital question as it affects the future of the Nation, that must be answered at Chicago three months from this very week.

The solution, although far from easy, is rendered less difficult by the certainty respecting the outcome of the Democratic convention. The Opposition already knows precisely what and whom it will have to face before the great popular tribunal. So completely has the President possessed his party, it will be in fact Wilson, that's all,—Wilson, his record; Wilson, his foreign policy; Wilson, his Mexico; Wilson, his diplomacy; Wilson, his Congress; Wilson, his party; Wilson, himself, no more like Jefferson than like Cleveland, but more agile than Van Buren, more canny than Tilden, more daring than Jackson. However the balance may be struck when the time shall come to weigh the good against the ill of the present Administration, there is and can be no question of either the intellectual or the

wilful supremacy within his party of the Democratic candidate.

This fact, no less than the unexampled condition of public and more particularly international affairs, calls for discrimination on the part of the Opposition not unlike that of the colored preacher who, at the time of the Charleston earthquake, implored his Maker to " Come and help us, and come yo'self, o Lord; don't send yo' Son; this ain't no work for boys! " Time was when a Rutherford B. Hayes could be elected or at least inaugurated President by the Republican party,—but not now, when the world is aflame and the country is aroused to the need of its best brain and fullest experience at the helm, not merely for performance at home but for the influence of an international reputation abroad. With all due respect, then, for the many excellent qualifications of Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Smith, Mr. Estabrook, Mr. Brumbaugh, Mr. Hadley and of all other favorite sons or sons-in-law whose aspirations may have escaped our attention, we pass unhesitatingly on to Mr. Cummins, who is lamentably weak east of the Alleghenies and to Mr. Burton, a man of parts but wholly of negation and consequently quite out of the question as the rival of a personality so vividly affirmative as Woodrow Wilson.

That Mr. Justice Hughes could obtain the nomination we have no doubt; that he would be elected is a common belief in which we do not unreservedly share; that he should not and will not become the candidate we are confident. There might—indeed, there may—come a time when the services of some particular one of the five million individuals qualified might be required as President, or temporarily even as Dictator, to save the Nation. Such a condition or something approaching it, we fear, exists in England today, and if the like obtained in our own country we should not blanch at the desperate remedy. But no peril of so great imminence now confronts us and, if there did, there is no ground for belief that Mr. Justice Hughes's qualifications to meet it, as compared with those of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Root, Mr. Roosevelt or of many others, are pre-eminent. The only conceivable reason for forcing the nomination upon him would be " to beat Wilson " and to gather the offices into the Republican basket. His acceptance of such a nomination, unanimous or not, thus ignobly made, would constitute a flat betrayal of trust, as interpreted from his own reiter-

ated declarations. While wishing earnestly that Mr. Justice Hughes might see his way clear to say simply, with General Sherman, "If nominated, I will not accept and if elected I will not serve," so far from questioning his sincerity, we consider it a virtual, though perhaps a necessary, impertinence to even mention his name in connection with the Presidency at this time.

There remain Mr. Root, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Borah and Mr. McCall,—equipped for the filling of the requirements enumerated in the order named. Governor McCall's strong grasp upon public questions, his profundity as a scholar, his breadth of vision and his sturdy independence, no less than his long service in Congress and his demonstrated ability to win Progressive votes, clearly establish his availability. Senator Borah stands easily at the head of the younger statesmen developed within the Republican party, as second, in intellectual capacity, only to Mr. Root, and in strength of purpose, in fidelity to American ideals, in liberal thought and in oratorical power as second to none. If Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt must be set aside upon grounds of expediency, as a consequence of the antagonism engendered by the bitter contest of 1912, Borah and McCall or McCall and Borah, as determined by considerations respecting the West or the East as the chief battleground, would make the most effective appeal to the entire Opposition. But neither the Governor of Massachusetts nor the Senator from Idaho has profited from the great experience in international affairs of the former Secretary of State or the former President and in a comparative sense both are practically unknown in foreign capitals.

All resolves, then to the two questions: Would the three and a half millions of regular Republicans who voted for Mr. Taft condone the offense of Mr. Roosevelt? and Would the million and a half of remaining Progressives forgive Mr. Root for his part in the proceedings at Chicago? That Mr. Root personally would support Mr. Roosevelt we are certain. That Mr. Roosevelt would support Mr. Root we have good reason to believe. If anyone is qualified to speak with surety for their respective followers, he is not within the range of our acquaintance.

While to our mind the Republican party would stamp itself a coward by refusing, at this crucial time, to nominate for President Elihu Root, the foremost statesman now

living in this country or in the world, we fully recognize the strength in union. Despite the fact that he overshadows all others combined, President Wilson cannot be the sole factor on the Democratic side. Linked with him inevitably and most conspicuously will be Colonel Edward M. House, maker of Cabinets, confidential adviser and Ambassador-at-large in full charge, without official responsibility, of foreign affairs, and Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, who hangs like a millstone about the neck of his patient but apparently helpless patron. Against this Democratic trio, either of two combinations would seem to be more effective than any other that could be devised, to wit:

I

For President,
ELIHU ROOT

For Vice-President,
WILLIAM E. BORAH

For Secretary of State,
HENRY CABOT LODGE

For Senator from New York,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

For Senator from Massachusetts,
SAMUEL W. MCCALL

Great courage in grave times is good politics!

II

For President,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

For Vice-President,
WILLIAM E. BORAH

For Secretary of State,
ELIHU ROOT

For Governor of Massachusetts,
SAMUEL W. MCCALL

"Nec sibi, sed toti gentium se credere mundo!"

From the New York Evening Mail—1908

1904 *U. S.—"He's Good Enough for Me!"*

The most bewildering of the many applications of Homer Davenport's famous cartoon we have ever seen, appears in a paper called *Harper's Weekly,* as presented herewith. Our Colonel himself remarks with a grin that it " most emphatically shows an Uncle Sam who would *not* like to have

From Harper's Weekly—1916

1916 *T. R.—"He's Good Enough for Me!"*

me behind him,"—which we suspect is correct. May it not be possible that, in a busy moment, Brother Hapgood got the wrong man behind that particular conception of our venerable Uncle?

DOES PREPAREDNESS MEAN MILITARISM?

Prophecy may be past. Prevision is not. There are men still able to judge the future by the past. There are those still who are sufficiently prudent and foresighted to make preparation for the exigencies which experience teaches us to expect. The words of Washington, Hamilton and their contemporaries, concerning the necessity of military strength, have been cited a thousand times. But such counsels did not die with them. In our own time we have had equally clear sighted men who have continued that same service of admonition and exhortation. Thus only a score of years ago it was said:

> It is idle to say that the rules of international law are more humane, or that they are better understood, or that they are better protected by treaties, than they were a hundred years ago. The rights of neutrals have depended in the past, and will depend in the future, in every life and death struggle between nations, whatever treaties may say, upon the exigencies of the hour. Our naval and military prestige, and our wonderful physical and material resources, are no doubt quite sufficient to cause any statesman, not under stress of some controlling necessity, to think twice before provoking us to war. But who can believe that in the midst of a desperate struggle any great naval Power would, for fear of retribution at some future day, imperil its existence by taking account of the rights of a neutral Power which was for the time being unable to maintain them? We do not need a maritime force as large as that of Great Britain, or even France; but our navy should always be so formidable that no Power could ever deem it wise, even for a moment, to offend against the right of our flag upon the seas.

Those were the words of Hilary A. Herbert, uttered while he was Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Cleveland's second Administration. There were those at that time who considered him an alarmist and a militarist. There are doubtless those to-day who thus esteem him. To such we commend the consideration that his words have been justified by the progress of affairs to a marvellous degree; so perfectly that his words could not have been more accurate if they had been uttered after, instead of a score of years before, the event. There is nothing that this war has made more unmistakably clear than that the methods of warfare are no more humane, and the rights of neutrals are no more secure, than they were a hundred years ago. Indeed, they are actually less so. A hundred years ago there was no practice

of sinking unarmed passenger ships without warning and without giving an opportunity for saving the women and children who might be aboard. A hundred years ago there was no such flagrant violation of neutral rights as that which Belgium has suffered.

Mr. Herbert's refusal to believe that a great Power would imperil its own existence for the sake of respecting the rights of others has been notably warranted, in a peculiarly direct and specific manner, by the German Government. It, or its chief official spokesman, has frankly admitted that the rape of Belgium was wrong; but has insisted that it was necessary under the law of self-preservation. We may or may not believe that such was the case. Most of us will certainly not believe it. But all the same the policy of the German Government stands confessed: that is, to disregard and violate the rights of neutrals whenever it seems necessary to do so for Germany's security. That is precisely what Mr. Herbert reminded us of, twenty years ago.

The trouble with those who refuse to listen or to credit such warnings is that they confuse rational preparedness for defence with aggressive militarism. The two things are in fact entirely distinct in character and in aim. It may be that militarist nations are prepared. It is quite certain that not all prepared nations are militarist, either in spirit or in practice. The most perfectly prepared nation in Europe, for self-defense, is Switzerland; and it is the least militarist. A similar state of preparation prevails in Australia and New Zealand; but it would provoke Homeric laughter to suggest that those great radical democracies are victims of oppressive militarism.

A current cartoon, much exploited by extreme pacifists, is entitled, "A Dangerous Pet." It represents in one part a playful, apparently harmless kitten, labelled "Preparedness," receiving the caresses of its mistress; and in another part it shows the same creature, now a full grown tiger, savagely rending the prostrate form of her who had cherished and caressed it; the brute being labelled, "Militarism." It is superficially striking. In fact and in essence, however, it is either grossly ignorant or a wanton perversion of the truth. The cartoonist, and those who agree with his view, ignore the radical difference between offense and defense, between aggression and protection. A nation with no standing army at all would be a menace to peace and would

deserve the reproach of militarism if its purpose were at the first opportunity to attack its neighbors and wage wars of conquest. A nation in which every man is a soldier and in which an enormous standing army is maintained, is not subject to the reproach of militarism and is not a menace to peace if the sole purpose of that preparedness is simply to defend itself against attack.

It is a shallow argument, too, and a most humiliating confession—rather, perhaps, a libellous aspersion—to say that we are not to be trusted with military training and equipment, because the possession of arms and the knowledge how to use them would tempt us to become militaristic, and to become an aggressive conquerer among the nations. That is equivalent to saying that no boy should undergo physical training in a gymnasium for the development of muscular agility and strength, but should remain a weakling lest the possession of strength should make him a swaggering bully and brawler. In the case of the individual, we give instruction, training and equipment, all capable of being perverted to evil uses; but we trust to the effects of moral instruction and training to incline him to use those gifts aright.

Surely it should be no less possible to cultivate in the nation as a whole a similar moral sentiment which would constrain it to employ its military efficiency aright and not to prostitute it to sordid or tyrannous purposes. We are not prepared to admit the United States to be in danger of becoming another Frankenstein; or even to deserve an appellation similar to that of the Indian chief, "Young Man Afraid of His Horses." We are not a nation afraid of our soldiers, afraid of our army and navy; and we shall not be. The military power is constitutionally subject to the civil, and will always be so. No matter how greatly our army and navy are expanded, they will still be insignificant in comparison with our industries and commerce. No matter how generally or how thoroughly our citizenry may become trained and accustomed to arms, they will always be dominated by the interests and pursuits of peace. No matter how much military instruction may be given in our schools and colleges, the instruction in the arts of peace will always immeasurably exceed it. In such circumstances it would be self-stultification to say that we could not keep preparedness as the potential servant of the peace-loving nation without letting it be-

come transformed into a militarism which would be our master and tyrant.

We believe it to be possible for a nation, as for a man, to be strong without being brutal, to be armed without being a brawler, to be prepared to defend its own rights without being irresistibly impelled to attack the rights of others.

THE HYPHEN MUST GO

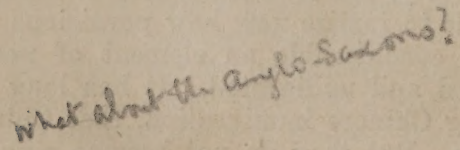
It is high time for us to require that aliens coming hither to live shall become Americans. We are confronted with the development of faction based on alien interests, fomented and maintained by great masses of foreign-born or closely foreign-descended citizens, whose naturalization has been technical and legal but not spiritual and vital—in brief, the Hyphenates. They have come hither to live, to enjoy American opportunity, and to exercise American sovereignty; but they are not content to be known simply as Americans, and are not willing to become thoroughly Americanized. They wish to retain their former national designation, and to cherish and cultivate here their old-country ways and manners, and also their friendships and hatreds. Above all, they are actuated in their political action as American citizens by regard, not so much for American interests as for the welfare of the old country.

It is time, high time, to stop all that. It is time to insist that there shall be no dual citizenship and no divided allegiance. It is time for us to insist that the great mass of all that come hither shall become naturalized. At present there are hundreds of thousands who have not become citizens, and who apparently have no thought of so doing. Of some important nationalities among our immigrants less than fifty, or even forty, per cent. have become naturalized. We ought to be able to realize now how pernicious it is to have among us so considerable an element of persistent aliens, unassimilated and undigested. It has long been a reason for opposing Chinese immigration, that Chinese do not become citizens. But they do not become citizens because our laws forbid them to. On the other hand, we have here hundreds of thousands of aliens of other nationalities, who are legally eligible to citizenship, but who by their own choice refrain from naturalization. It is an evil which we should speedily correct by law. It would be quite legitimate

and doubtless effective to condition the number of immigrants admitted each year from each country upon the proportion of those already here who had become citizens.

There is, however, something more required than the formal taking of the oath of allegiance; even though it should include a specific renunciation of every vestige of the dual citizenship which has been too largely held. The alien should in some way be endowed not merely with citizenship papers, but with an American mind, American sympathies, American ideals, and with so large a degree of American detachment from Europe that European affairs would no longer have more than academic interest for him. That is asking much, but it is not asking too much. If America is worth coming to, it is worth paying for; even the price of complete renunciation of the old country.

At present there are in the United States numerous leagues, associations, societies and what not, with hyphenated names and devoted largely to the work of keeping alive and potent in the hearts of their members an affection for the old country and an interest in its welfare sufficiently strong to control their political action; so that they will vote for or against this or that, not because they are Americans but because they are aliens, and not because of American interests and welfare but because of the interests and welfare of the old country. There ought to be some method of preventing such a spectacle as we have witnessed in this country for months past, of numerous bodies of citizens denouncing the President and Government of the United States simply because they let their policy be directed solely by American interests and not by the interests of some foreign Power. American citizens must be Americans, pure and simple. The Hyphen must go.



THE NEEDS OF OUR NAVY

AS PERCEIVED BY THE FOREMOST BRITISH EXPERT

BY ARTHUR H. POLLEN

Mr. Daniels's programme is not an effort to produce a complete new navy. It makes addition to an existing navy. The ships commissioned and now in use will, nearly all of them, be essential portions of the navy it is designed to have in 1922 or 1923. It is an admission that the existing navy is deficient. Its promulgation is tantamount to saying, "We have not enough battleships, we have no battle cruisers, and we ought to have some. Our submarines, destroyers and scout cruisers are too meagre in numbers—too small and too weak in design." A new standard of naval strength is being set up. Certain obvious questions, then, arise for discussion. Are the additions now proposed to be made of the right sort? Are they being added in the right proportion? In other words, will the completed navy, with these new units, be a symmetrical, well-balanced, efficient force? Finally, if the answers to these two questions are generally affirmative—viz., that the right types are being added and in the right proportion—will this new, symmetrical, well-balanced force be adequate for America's needs?

It is the last question that is the most important. It is the only one of which the lay public can judge adequately. Landsmen, however close and intelligent the interest they take in naval affairs, can only in exceptional instances understand all the complicated matters that have to be decided before any new type of ship is finally resolved upon. A large number will be capable of judging—if they have followed the course of the present war closely—of the sort of proportion that should exist between the capital units in a fleet, and the light and subsidiary craft. But here again, to form a judgment of value, a close study of war and naval

principle is indispensable. But whether the new navy will suffice for America's needs, this any educated man can, with the right data before him, answer. To some extent, of course, the answer depends upon the answers to the first and second questions. It is proposed to spend half a billion dollars on completing the naval force. If the result of carrying out the proposed scheme should be a top-heavy or a lop-sided force, if by spending the money on better types of ship, or good types in a better proportion, a perfectly balanced force will result; then, though the proposed navy might be inadequate, the more wisely selected force might suffice. But, without pausing to consider this alternative, let us push our inquiries as to the third question a little further.

The military power which a nation needs, either on land or on sea, is settled for it by its circumstances and its policy. If Great Britain lost command of the sea,—that is the certainty of being able to use it as the high road of its supplies, —the country holding an adverse command could impose its own terms of surrender on us in about six weeks' time. For practical purposes, we should be starving. We should be utterly defeated by hunger or the threat of hunger in a far shorter period than it would take to organize an invading expeditionary force, to land it, and conquer even the smallest portion of our territory. Any country wishing to defeat Great Britain in war need, therefore, only follow the perfectly simple prescription of building and maintaining a navy that much more powerful than ours as will suffice to insure the British Navy's defeat. The fall of England follows automatically. To every Englishman, then, the answer to the question, "How strong a navy does Great Britain need?" has, for some years, been comparatively simple and plain. We look round the world, we note the general grouping of the Powers, we calculate the naval strength of those likely to be opposed to us in war, and we provide a fleet adequate to engage the navies that might combine against us.

For example, at the beginning of 1914 we had of battleships and battle cruisers of the modern type, 21 in commission, 5 due for completion during the year, 5 building and 3 projected. Germany, Austria and Italy had of ships of the same class 18 built, 9 building and 4 projected. Our total, therefore, was 34 ships against the 31 of the Triple Alliance. Could we have counted upon France as our ally,

we could have added the whole of her fleet to our total. The Russian fleet, being confined to the Black Sea and the Baltic, would not have assisted us against the Triple Alliance. But even without French assistance, we were in superior force to the whole of our possible enemies. Further, the conditions of the Triple Alliance being what they were, it had for some years been obvious that Italy would never join in a war of aggression waged by Germany and Austria against us, and it was quite certain that we should not force Italy to fight against us, by declaring an aggressive war against her partners. Hence our superiority was easily greater than 34 to 31. And as some thousands of miles separated the home headquarters of Austria and Germany, and as we were astride of the communications, our duty was really almost limited to maintaining an adequate balance against Germany.

Now this was a matter on which the opinion of the man in the street was as good as that of the sailor statesman. In spite of much confused thinking and wrong-headed argument, the man in the street fully realized that command of the sea, in the last resort, must be won and held by the side that possessed the largest number of the strongest naval units. Both in the number of our capital ships and in the power of their armaments, we have been compelled by public opinion to maintain a high percentage of superiority over Germany. At the outbreak of war our superiority in numbers was 40 per cent.; and comparing the striking power of these ships by the combined weights of a single broadside from each, our gunnery superiority was 60 per cent.

Has America in this matter any guide as unmistakable as was ours? Mr. Daniels's statement is quite silent on the subject. It is not a matter on which the foreigner gets very much enlightenment from such American writings, official or unofficial, as reach us on this side. And it is obviously not for him to suggest what the standard of American naval strength should be. And yet it looks like putting the cart before the horse to discuss the character and composition of the new navy without knowing first what it is for! The fleet America needs is the fleet that its circumstances and policies require. It is clear that there is no choice in the matter. Either American circumstances and policy determine the strength of the navy, or the strength of the navy will determine American circumstances and policy. Put

into plain English the words "circumstance and policy" mean this. From what Powers do you expect trouble? Mr. Gardner and the General Board seem in this matter to take quite a definite and intelligible line. They say that the American navy should be equal to the most powerful which any other nation maintains. The most powerful navy is the British. It has maintained its standard of strength for purely defensive purposes. It has been built to prevent being altered, to Great Britain's disadvantage, the existing balance of power in the world. It stands today for the sanctity of international contract, for the liberty of small nations, for the right of Christendom to resist unscrupulous aggression and the public denial of justice, humanity and law. All these are fine things. The United States stands for them also. It would be to the world's benefit if they put themselves in a position to stand for them with effect. But, clearly, if it needs a navy up to the British standard to enable America to play Great Britain's *rôle* in this respect, then Mr. Daniels's programme is utterly inadequate.

The strength, then, of the navy that America requires must be dictated by the combined strength of the nations whose hostility to American policy and American ideals there is reason to fear. It is a question not for naval experts but for statesmen to settle. When it is settled, the equivalent of the navy required may, to a great extent, be determined by arithmetic. Relative battleship strength is the first point, though it is not the only one. When a list has been made of the Powers that may become enemy, add their battle fleets together, estimate what their strength is likely to be at any future date, and provide the battleship strength necessary for meeting it. With two final observations I shall leave this part of the subject. The General Board and Mr. Gardner want a navy equal to the strongest maintained by any single Power. If this is an intelligible, it is also a large and costly policy. But remember that it is not so costly as failure to have adequate naval strength when the time of trial comes. Secondly, if you want a *successful* naval war, provide a force at least 40 per cent. greater than that you are likely to meet. If you want an *exciting* naval war, provide one which is approximately equal. But a navy which is smaller in numbers and less in power than that of the probable opponent is demonstrably worse than useless. It is useless because there seems no

rôle at all for an inferior fleet. It neither protects nor enables you to attack. And it is worse than useless, because to possess a great fleet which is not great enough to fight successfully is a waste of treasure and effort and men in time of peace, and a source of bitter humiliation in time of war.

Let us now pass to the second question. Does the new programme provide a well-balanced fighting fleet? To discuss this we must take something in the programme as a basis. And naturally we shall take the strength in capital ships, because, as we have seen, command of the sea ultimately depends upon these and upon no other form of naval force at all. Mr. Daniels proposes to build so that in 1922 or 1923 America will possess 27 battleships and 6 battle cruisers. What relation will the other fleet units bear to this force, judged first by the standard which the peace theory laid down as desirable, and next by that which war has shown to be vitally necessary? The other fleet units are cruisers and destroyers. Until recently cruisers have been of a score of heterogeneous types, ranging from 2,000 to 13,000 tons, with armaments running from 4-inch to 12-inch guns, and with speeds all the way from 19 to 30 knots. Expert analysis and criticism have long since shown that the armored cruiser is a bastard unit. It has neither the armament nor the protection of the battleship, nor the speed of the scout and the commerce protector. The career of von Spee does, it is true, show that a squadron of such ships in the Eastern Pacific, disposing of a broadside of twelve 8-inch guns, could detach from the main seat of war anything from four to six times its strength until that squadron was immobilized or destroyed. But this is the only instance in which the armored cruiser has influenced the war at all. No doubt every armored cruiser that Great Britain possesses has been commissioned and in use since the war began. But they have been little other than more costly and slower substitutes for the faster, lighter, and cheaper cruisers that do not exist.

In naval war there are two purposes which cruising ships fulfill. The first, which makes the greater demand upon their numbers and activities, is the protection of trade. But the second is hardly less important. The capacity to use fleets of capital ships with effect depends not entirely but very largely upon the degree to which the admiral is served with cruising ships. If there is one thing plainly written in the

history of naval war it is that scarcely ever have the admirals using the capital ship squadrons had a sufficiency of lighter craft at their disposal. In our two great wars against Revolutionary France and Napoleon our admirals sent up an unending complaint of the deficiency of their equipments in this respect. Yet in 1793 we had 135 cruisers commissioned in the Royal Navy. By 1809 this number had risen to 684. In 1796 we had brought our ships of the line to over 100; we already had seven cruisers to each two ships of the line. But in 1809 the ships of the line had hardly increased at all. The proportion of cruisers then to capital ships had practically doubled. In the year of Trafalgar they were five to one. But so great were the demands of trade for protection that neither Nelson nor any of the fleet commanders had at any stage of the campaign a sufficiency of frigates.

What was the British Navy's standard of cruising strength before the war began? In 1914, as we have seen, the British Navy had, built and building, 34 capital ships of the first class. Again, built and building, we had 38 armored cruisers and 89 light cruisers; or 127 cruisers in all. Of these, 46 possessed a speed of between 19 and 21 knots; 32 had a speed of between 22 and 23 knots; 33 had a speed of from 24 to 26 knots; and 16—most of which were still building—had a designed speed of 30 knots. Thus the total ratio of cruisers to capital ships was a little less than four to one. Of slow and more powerful cruisers the ratio was about one and a half to one; of cruisers from two to three knots faster than the battleships, about one to one; of cruisers from three to five knots faster than the battleships, about the same; and of cruisers about 50 per cent faster than battleships, about one to two.

In a modern fleet the destroyers discharge, like cruisers, several functions. They can be used for scouting, for commerce protection, especially against submarines, for protection of battle fleets from submarines, and for the delivery of torpedo attacks on enemy fleets in action. Built and building in 1914, we had 240 destroyers, or 7 to every capital ship. Thus, of all light craft put together, it is fairly accurate to say that for every 2 battleships we had 3 slow cruisers; 2 cruisers 10 per cent. faster; 2 cruisers 25 per cent. faster; one 50 per cent. faster, and 14 destroyers. Of the destroyers, roughly one and a half were capable of a speed

of 25½ to 27 knots, and the other half of a speed of 30 to 35 knots. How does Mr. Daniels's proposition of light craft to capital ships compare with this, which was Great Britain's peace standard?

The completed American Navy is to consist of 27 battleships, 6 battle cruisers, making 33 capital ships; 10 armored cruisers, 13 scout cruisers, 5 first-class cruisers, 3 second-class cruisers, and 10 third-class cruisers—a total of 41 cruising craft. Of destroyers there will be 108. The proportion of cruisers to capital ships, then, instead of coming up to the British standard of approximately 4 to 1, would actually be less than 1.25 to 1, and the proportion of destroyers to battleships, instead of being 7 to 1, would be a little less than 3½ to 1.

If, then, the British peace standard was right, there will be a deficiency in the American Navy of nearly 120 cruisers and 100 destroyers. It may be quite truly objected that more than one-third of the British cruisers were either of obsolete types, like the armored cruisers, or of a speed which modern conditions make almost useless—that is, of less than 22 knots. It can be urged with justice that 20 fast cruisers would probably more than do the work of these 46 slow ones. But if this is said, then I must object that 28 of the 41 American cruisers would be in exactly the same case. And if these are obsolete already, they will not be less *démodés* five or six or seven years hence. Of the British cruisers, after all, 32 had a speed of from 22 to 23 knots, and 33 a speed of from 24 to 26 knots; 16 were designed for 30 knots. So far as I know, against these 81 cruisers of over 22 knots, America in 1925 will possess only 13.

But a comparison of the proposed American Navy with what was the peace standard of the British Navy does not state the case against Mr. Daniels's programme as strongly as it can be stated. All instructed naval opinion in England had for many years proclaimed that the ratio of fast light craft to battleships had been allowed to sink to dangerously low proportions. The sixteen 30-knot cruisers laid down only just before the war were a belated effort to conciliate this very damaging criticism. The extent to which we have suffered in the war from the lack of cruisers of this type can be judged from the following facts: From the outbreak of war to the present moment, so far as is known, not a single German cruiser has left its home ports and joined

any squadron abroad, or been able to put itself upon the high seas. At the outbreak of war the *Leipzig, Emden* and *Nürnberg* were with von Spee in the Eastern Pacific; the *Dresden* and *Karlsruhe* were in the neighborhood of Mexico or the West Indies; the *Bremen* was in the Atlantic; the *Königsberg* was in the Indian Ocean. A few armed merchantmen were ready for work on the South American trade routes. Of the cruisers the *Dresden* and two armed merchantmen prolonged their existence by taking refuge in the tangled waterways just above Cape Horn. The first was destroyed. The armed merchantmen interned themselves. The *Karlsruhe* ended mysteriously. The *Königsberg* was driven up the Rufigi. Only the *Emden, Leipzig, Nürnberg, Dresden* and *Cap Trafalgar* were brought to action. Between them they inflicted damage on British shipping by direct capture of not less than £6,000,000 sterling. Had von Spee detached the *Leipzig, Nürnberg* and *Dresden* from his squadron the first moment he sighted the battle cruisers in Port Stanley, Heaven knows how long it would have taken before all the three of them were immobilized or sunk, or what damage they might still have done. And the damage they did is not to be measured only by the ships and cargoes they captured and destroyed. The cost of underwriting, and hence the cost of freights from South America to Europe, were gravely affected. The total cost of these cruisers to us can hardly be placed at a lower figure than £8,000,000 sterling. It is a sum that might have been reduced by half or more. Four million pounds would have given us a round dozen of cruisers better armed and faster than any of these. They might have ended the *Karlsruhe* and *Emden* before their depredations had gone far. And these would have been of incalculable war value apart from completing this particular job. It is only a single instance that goes to prove that the ratio of non-battleship strength to battleship strength, instead of being too high, was undoubtedly too low in the British Navy.

The deficiency of fast light craft became still more evident when the rude experience of war wakened our Admiralty up to the fact that it had entirely failed to provide adequate protection against submarines. Before the submarine attack on trade began, the objectives of these much discussed and little understood units of naval force were the ships of the Royal Navy and the transports plying be-

tween England and France. No unit of the first importance of the Royal Navy was successfully attacked by submarines at all. And almost no unit of any importance amongst the transports was hit or damaged. Of the warships that were lost, hardly one fell in conditions that would have seemed permissible had the capacity of the submarine to attack fleets been adequately analyzed before war began. When the three *Cressys*, the *Hermes*, *Hawke* and *Niger* had been sunk, the principles of defense came to be better understood. In effect, our 240 destroyers proved adequate for the maintenance of the requisite flotillas for dealing with the German fleet if it came out, and for the protection of the fleet and the transports. But when the attack on trade began there was no margin available. I cannot then doubt, supposing that we lumped all the cruisers and destroyers together, and say that we possessed at the beginning of the war a proportion of about 11 other craft to each battleship, that that proportion was far too low. It was too low because so large a number of the units had not the speed requisite for modern conditions. But apart altogether from this, had the provision been 50 per cent. higher, it would not have been excessive. The saving in the protection of trade might more than have equaled the outlay necessary to provide it.

As a criticism, then, of Mr. Daniels's programme, one is tempted to suggest that its weakest point is the inadequacy of its light craft, and certain special conditions arising out of the naval situation in America seem to lend additional point to this criticism. The naval enemies of Great Britain could both of them be cooped up. Within one hour of the declaration of war the German Navy was completely blocked in, and the Austrian Navy no less. But if America finds herself in a naval war it will be quite impossible for her to slam the door of the fleets hostile to her with the promptitude and completeness with which these two doors were slammed by us. Her enemies will be able to put everything afloat to sea before she can turn a screw to stop them. The only difference between our case and yours is that the British sea trade is much greater. But that, after all, touches only part of the case. And it should be added that the United States has a coast line almost incalculably greater than ours, and she may have to fight on two fronts and not on one only. It would seem, then, if the ratio of light craft to battleships

was too low at 11 to 1 in the British Navy, and should have been 15 to 1, the ratio of America would certainly not be much too high at the latter figure, and should certainly not fall short of the former.

And now to the first of my questions: Is Mr. Daniels proposing to add the right kind of units to the American Navy? This is rather difficult to discuss without going into a series of technical matters which perhaps the majority of readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW might find tedious. But certain things leap to the eye. It is noticeable, for instance, that the cost of the unit battleship is to be $18,800,000. The cost of the *Iron Duke,* the flagship of the Grand fleet, was under $10,000,000; the cost of our battle cruisers of contemporary design, that is the *Lion* and *Queen Mary,* was approximately equal to that of the *Iron Duke.* The American battle cruisers, I observe, are to cost $17,500,000, or $1,300,000 less than the dreadnoughts. When all allowance is made for the increased cost of material, these seem to be prodigious figures, and one supposes that this great increase in cost must reflect some great increase in size, protection, armament and speed. It has been stated here that the Bureau of Construction and Repair does not propose to adopt a bigger gun. It seems incredible that a greater number of guns should be put into the new battleships than is already put into the latest class which America is building. Where, then, is the extra money going? Greater speed, of course, is costly, and greater armor protection still more costly, because it adds to the size and strength of hull and increases the power necessary to attain to any given speed. Do the events of the war make any case for increasing the speed and protection of battleships? Surely not. There has been no fleet engagement, and the only time that dreadnoughts met, viz., when Sir David Beatty chased the German battle cruisers across the North Sea, the circumstances were in no way parallel to those of previous fleet actions, nor do they suggest anything that is likely to recur. Undoubtedly they advertised speed, but they threw little light on the question of armor. The naval constructor, then, must be in a difficulty. No one knows from experience whether higher speeds will prove of value when both sides want to fight—whether larger guns are worth the sacrifices they extort, whether thicker armor is a necessity. All one can say with confidence is that so far very little new light has been thrown on the

principles which have governed battleship construction to the present time.

In 1913 the British Admiralty decided to arm our new capital ships with the 15-inch guns instead of the 13.5. It was an advance in projectile weight from 1,400 pounds to approximately 2,000. It involved a diminution in the number of guns carried. What the arguments were on which this change was brought about the British public has not been told. The only information it has on this subject is exceedingly disquieting. It is that the experts disagreed and that it fell to Mr. Churchill to decide this knotty point himself. It was he, and not the seamen, who had settled the matter! In his farewell speech in the House of Commons he informed us of this staggering fact, as if the rightness of the decision could be taken for granted. He entirely failed to perceive that the fact that it was a lay decision was almost conclusive as to its being wrong.

From almost every point of view it seems bad policy to diminish the number of guns that a capital ship carries. There is only one argument to counterbalance the objection. The heavier the shell, the flatter the trajectory and the greater the constancy or accuracy of the gun at great ranges. The standard of exactness in knowledge of range is determined by the flatness of trajectory. If to hit with a 6-inch gun at 12,000 yards you must know the range within 40 yards, to hit with a 15-inch gun you need not know it more nearly than to 150 or 200 yards. In other words, you may be allowed an error four or five times as great and yet hit. But more than this, the 15-inch gun will probably make three times as high a proportion of hits to rounds fired as the smaller weapon at this range. If the 15-inch gun was preferred on the ground that a higher standard of marksmanship could more easily be obtained with it than with the 13.5, then there was a good military reason for preferring it. But there would have to be something in the ease of obtaining the higher standard of marksmanship to compensate for the loss of volume of fire.

Most landsmen—and some seamen—judge of naval weapons not by what they *can do* in practice but by what *they are* in theory. They are more impressed by the torpedo than by the gun, because a torpedo strikes a ship under water, while the gun strikes it above water, and they know that the damage inflicted by the smallest torpedo may be

much greater than that effected by the largest shell. And as between different sizes of guns they conclude that the bigger the shell and the greater the range to which it carries, the more effective the gun must be. They ignore the only thing worth remembering. It is that guns are made to *hit* with. Unless a larger gun promises more hits it is not worth changing.

There is, then, so far as the public knows, no reason for supposing that if American seamen stick to the 14-inch rifle they are making any mistake in so doing. It is possible that the 15-inch would give better results at ranges from 16,000 to 19,000 yards. But surely inside those ranges the difference would not be material. Probably the cost in the increase of capital ships is mostly due to an increase in speed. High speed is of undoubted value. But it is of less value if it is in a few ships of the fleet and not in all. It might not be worth raising the price to obtain only this. But the choice in speed, like the choice in the size of guns, is emphatically a matter for experts to decide. It will be dangerous if public opinion pushes them to larger and costlier ships, if this leads to a diminution of numbers in seeking a higher standard of individual power.

The most interesting features in the American programme are the battle-cruisers, the 10 scout cruisers, and the submarines. With regard to the type of battle cruisers what has been said in the matter of battleships applies still more strongly here. If you are likely to engage an enemy that possesses this form of craft, it is necessary for you to possess them too. But the ships must be individually faster and more powerful. If they are not, you may be just as well without them. The battle cruiser really is a luxury of the rich Power. Germany's battle cruisers have been perfectly useless to her. They made a certain amount of sport for Sir David Beatty a year ago, but they have never, in the North Sea, attempted and have never achieved any military result of the least importance. The only battle cruiser that has done good service to Germany was the *Goeben,* that dodged the British squadrons in the Mediterranean and brought Turkey into the war, and she should have been sunk long before she reached the Dardanelles. The four left in home waters might just as well never have been built. Indeed, had Germany constructed five dreadnought battleships to take their place, the outlay would have been about the

same—for over here the fast battle cruisers cost at first more than dreadnoughts—and she would be in a far better naval position. For the war opened with our having 22 dreadnoughts in commission, and had Germany preferred battleships to battle cruisers, she might have had 21. Her chances in a fleet action would have been much better if our superiority in capital ships had been represented solely by a single battleship and the four battle cruisers that were in home waters.

Of the proposed scout cruisers, what strikes one most—as in the case of battleships—is their enormous cost: $5,000,000 each! The latest British type of light cruiser, the *Arethusa* and *Calliope,* displace 3,800 and 3,520 tons each, according to the publications given out before the war. Their cost has not been published. But I should be surprised if either type exceeded $2,000,000. The weakness of these ships is their armament—three and two 6-inch guns and six 4-inch. The ideal light cruiser armament would appear to be five or six 6-inch guns. No gun that is any smaller gives sufficient results—as is shown by the fact that the German 4-inch shells never did any harm to those of our ships that have engaged them. But, on the other hand, it is bad policy to increase the weight and size of the ship unduly. Speed and high speed are of course badly wanted, but when it comes to $5,000,000 a ship it looks as if the new scout cruisers would be more like the armored cruisers of a former date—unduly fast, or unduly armed, or unduly armored. To do this is to fall into the error of sacrificing numbers to speed and strength. The cruiser is primarily a scout and commerce protector. If its strength and speed are adequate for meeting enemy cruisers, it is all that is needed. And for this a 6-inch gun should suffice. Surely it would be better economy in this particular to spend the money on larger numbers. For, as we have seen already, it is the numbers of fast craft that is the most conspicuous lack in the programme as it stands. As to destroyers we have no details, but here again speed, radius of action and armament are all vital factors.

The most questionable element in the American programme is the very large provision of submarines. Fifty fleet submarines and 85 coast submarines, which are to cost in all nearly $80,000,000, make a vast hole in the half billion that it is proposed to spend. As it is in many respects the most striking, so in another it is the most difficult item to criti-

cise. The special circumstances of this war and the very extraordinary circumstances which preceded it, have given the submarine an entirely false importance in the public eye. Essentially the submarine is a variant of the destroyer. Once within attacking range of an enemy it has what the destroyer has not, the power of delivering a daylight attack, remaining itself almost unseen. But invisibility is not a new attribute. The torpedo boat and the destroyer possessed it at night. Their speed enabled them to deliver the equivalent of unseen attack in the dusk. Except that the submarine's invisibility is more complete, it is the destroyer's inferior. It has less speed, it is less strongly armed.

But its invisibility does give it a function new to naval war. It has the capacity to pass through waters which are absolutely commanded by surface ships—because it can pass them submerged and unseen. Fleets otherwise powerless to enter commanded waters can now enter them with this form of craft. Thus the German submarines have been at large to a limited extent in the English Channel, and with extraordinary freedom in the North Sea, in the Western Atlantic and in the Mediterranean. They have gone, in point of fact, where no German surface ship could have gone at all. British submarines similarly have penetrated the Sea of Marmora and the Baltic. The first and most striking fact about the submarine, then, is its capacity to enter into and operate in waters that are adversely commanded.

But once in those waters the power of the submarine is extraordinarily limited. Indeed, its capacity to enter those waters can also be limited. The use of nets, of mines and of patrols—especially when assisted by aircraft—these at any focal point which submarines coming or going must pass, can do much to obstruct their free passage. The narrower the waters, the easier their control by these means. And even in comparatively open waters great destruction can be and has been done by surface craft upon them.

But, apart altogether from the dangers to which the submarine is exposed, what is its value when it is at work in hostile waters? It has two weapons, the torpedo and the gun. It can carry but few torpedoes—few, that is, compared with the number of rounds of gun ammunition that it can stow away. The torpedo, too, is an uncertain weapon at the best of times, particularly uncertain when aimed while the submarine is submerged. Wherever it is possible,

then, the captain of the submarine has done his work with his guns. But as a gunned ship the submarine is the weakest thing afloat. Hence its guns can be used only against unarmed craft. It dare not approach any armed ship on the surface at all. If it has to approach an armed ship submerged, its speed of approach is greatly limited. The highest submerged speed does not exceed the half-power speed of the slowest warship. Hence high speed and a high standard of vigilance in ships which are armed makes them altogether immune from submarine attack except in the rare cases when, by pure chance, their course takes them within the submarine's striking radius. It was thus, it is supposed, that the *Formidable* was destroyed on New Year's Day, 1915. It was thus that the *Lusitania* fell—if the fact that she was within a yard or two of the course she had taken every time she had ever crossed the Atlantic can be described as chance and not as folly. The point, however, is that if the ship is armed the submarine must keep submerged, and if it keeps submerged its maneuvering speed is low, its capacity to get within striking distance very limited, and its weapon very uncertain. If the ship it intends to strike is both at speed and accompanied by destroyers or fast craft, the area of danger to the submarine and the intensity of the vigilance are increased, and the danger from submarines becomes altogether negligible.

The success of the submarine against the merchantman is to be explained by the fact that merchantmen being unarmed, the submarine has been able to deal with them as any other armed surface ships would do. The speed of the modern big submarine is higher than that of any but a score or so of the fastest liners, and a single 12-pounder is quite sufficient armament to subdue a merchantman if the merchantman is unarmed itself. If submarine attacks on trading ships become recognized as legitimate by civilized nations, then all merchantmen will be armed, and their case will approximate that of the warship.

But the most remarkable failure of the submarine in this war is its incapacity to do the one thing which even those who thought least of its capacity took for granted. It has entirely failed in its function of coast defence. The German submarines have been unable to defend either the ports of France, the coast of Gallipoli, Salonika, Valona, or the coast of Egypt from the allied battleships and transports. The

explanation is simple. It has not been able to interfere with the transport and disembarkation of troops because these operations have been carried out in waters superficially controlled by the fleet to which the transports belonged. What the submarine could do in defending a coast in waters superficially controlled by its own side will probably never be proved. These are not the conditions in which intending invaders send their armies across the sea. Had the Germans been mad enough to try to land a force in England, I have no doubt that British submarines, acting without any fear whatever of destroyers or other fast craft, could have accounted easily for every transport that got past our battleships, our cruisers and our destroyers. But I have, if it is permissible to say so, still less doubt that any transports would ever have got past!

The root of the matter seems to be this: If you command the seas with surface craft the *rôle* of the enemy submarine is limited to being a somewhat inefficient guerilla. It can waylay peaceful merchantmen, just as the highwaymen of old in England held up travelers, and "bad" men in America have occasionally held up trains. But it has not taken any such toll of British shipping as the privateers took in olden days, and, like the privateers, it has been absolutely incapable of interfering with military communications where the surface is efficiently commanded. In this matter the British submarines have entirely eclipsed the German. Both in the Sea of Marmora and in the Baltic, our successes against transports have often been greater in a single week than the German submarines' against our transports in the whole campaign.

A foolish and most unfortunate statement of the British Admiralty in January, 1915, had attributed to submarines an importance that they never possessed. It was said that the British fleet desisted from the attack on the Germans at the Dogger Bank because of the presence of under-water craft. I am persuaded that no British Admiral could ever have made this excuse—and survived. If enemy submarines are observed at sea, it will no doubt be necessary to avoid passing within range of them. But a suddenly discovered minefield or a well-planned torpedo attack from destroyers each would have exactly the same effect. It would impose upon the commander of a battleship squadron a sudden, and perhaps a large and violent, change of course. But it would

be no excuse for flight. If such an excuse were admitted it would be tantamount to saying that submarines could sweep the sea!

What is the application of these considerations to the American programme? I suggest that the principles to bear in mind are these: The more certain you are of commanding the sea against your adversaries, the more useless submarines will be to you. If you command the seas you will not want them for coast defence. If you do not command the seas they will not defend your coasts. They will not help to win command of the sea. You will hardly want them for attacking the enemy's trade, for you are too far from the focal points of any enemy's trade to be able to maintain submarines upon them.

Take it for all in all, I suggest,—while Mr. Daniels's programme shows no sign of the idiotic absurdities about submarines that have been put forward on this side,—that, nevertheless, it has been influenced by the great effect the submarine has had on the public and professional imagination. And this leads me to my concluding point.

It is impossible to get any large change of policy carried in this country unless public opinion is instructed and educated in the issues and principles involved. The same conditions no doubt prevail in America, and may prevail to a still greater extent. But it must be remembered that the details of naval programmes are not fit matter to be settled by public acclamation. The scale of the programme is certainly so. The objects for which the navy is to be built are so, but the details manifestly are not. If the American statesmen and the American public can agree together as to the standard of strength that their navy ought to attain, there is only one sound way of insuring that that strength is attained and at the smallest sacrifice. It is to leave the details to be decided by the best expert opinion that your navy can produce. Remember that you want experts on a great many subjects. Remember also that to put yourselves into the hands of an individual expert is not the only way, and seldom the best way, to secure the best results. The general knowledge of a great service like the American Navy is more extensive, and its judgment is saner, than that of any single man, however gifted he may be. Remember, too, that the criticism of those who *use* the things that are provided is far more valuable than the suggestions of those that *make*

them. The programme is quite silent as to expenditure on methods—and yet the methods of using weapons are of far vaster moment than the size or power or cost of the weapons themselves. The provision of a navy is certain to be bungled if it is not guided by the best strategical and tactical brains you have. And the strategical brains will be misled unless they have mastered tactics, and the study of tactics cannot begin until the art of using weapons has been brought to perfection.

If the occasion of a great naval programme were made the occasion for organizing a well-proportioned naval staff—not a staff for executive administration, but one for dealing with all naval problems from the point of view of right theory and scientific practice—then a result would be produced far greater and more valuable than can be got by any mere provision of inert and costly things. It is, after all, on the men, and not on the ships, that you rely. See that they have the ships — guns — methods — plans—preparations—training, *that they ask for.*

ARTHUR H. POLLEN.

THE NEW AMERICA

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

During the past twenty years it has been my privilege to pay frequent and occasionally prolonged visits to the United States. Whenever I have felt that a new America had arisen of which I was unaccountably ignorant, I have made a point of coming over to look at it. Such a habit, if persistently indulged, involves, I find, crossing the Atlantic about once every two years. That is the usual interval required to humiliate a European into confessing that his knowledge of the United States is full of interstices, or, at least, since the fundamentals of American life are by now pretty well established, that he has lost touch with its surface manifestations, and needs once more to be on the spot, if the new questions and the new men of whom he vaguely hears and the new atmosphere of which he is tantalizingly conscious are to be rightly understood. At no period, perhaps, of American history have such confessions been less avoidable than during the past two decades. It asks an effort that seems almost to be rather one of the imagination than of the memory to visualize the America of 1896, to recall the issues that were then so engrossing, to reconstruct the social, the economic, and the political circumstances which gave them their interest and importance, and above all to recapture the mental angle from which they were approached. But amid all the whirl of changes that to any one who today sat down to catalogue them would seem in retrospect well nigh fantastic, changes some of which have cut deeply and even convulsively into the spirit and outlook and conditions of America, the returning visitor from Europe has never once felt them to be beyond his powers of assimilation. He has never once been obliged to own to himself that America had outstripped his comprehension, was no longer recognizable, and had

evolved policies or attitudes that defied his efforts to grasp them. It is only now that I feel myself a stranger in the country I have unceasingly studied for so many years. It is only now that it eludes and bewilders me, that I fail to get my bearings with anything like the old promptitude and certainty, and that my sensations are those not of renewing a familiar and delightful acquaintance but of exploring very gingerly an uncharted sea. But I am not alone—and the fact at once consoles and staggers me—in this avowal of confusion. Americans themselves hardly appear to know where they stand or what their country is really thinking or whither, if anywhere, it is consciously pressing. The President in his December message to Congress, one of the best-written documents that has ever come from an official pen, spoke of the violence of the German-Americans as a thing that only a little while ago would have seemed incredible. To me almost the whole of America seems incredible; and even from those of its citizens whose judgment I have most been accustomed to lean upon, I fail to extract the usual clear and incisive guidance. In Europe, or at least in the belligerent nations, we know our own minds with the terrible precision of monomaniacs. War is a great simplifier, and in England as in France and Germany all emotions are compressed to a single point and run along just one track. Sane and neutral America appears by comparison a veritable Clapham Junction of intricate interlacings and perturbations among which the traveller gropes his way with a growing sense of mystification. I had positively forgotten, until I landed once more on Manhattan Island, what a chaos of conflicting aims and sentiments and moods is that condition which we label peace; and I had altogether failed to anticipate with how great a force of paradox and irony the spectacle of discord and indecision it presents would strike upon one fresh from the fused unity, the concentrated resolutions and purposes, of nations battling for their life. Almost in the last few weeks have I been tempted to declare that there is not only a different America but a new America, and that my feeling of strangeness in its atmosphere is due to the fact that the present phase of sentiment through which the United States is passing is something for which its history affords no precedent.

I have been tempted, I say, but I have not yielded. Much, no doubt, of the difficulty that an Englishman feels

in adjusting his focus to the thought and life of America today arises from the unhappy circumstance which makes New York practically his only port of entry. To come from England to Manhattan Island, from a country strung up as never before in its annals to the heroic pitch, full of the spirit of sacrifice and endurance and in daily touch with the grimmest facts of life and death—to come from such a country and to land in New York is to make a change indeed. For New York, always a feverish and pleasure-loving city, is today simply drunk with money. Even during the height of the steel boom of twelve or thirteen years ago when every train from the West seemed to bring fresh carloads of brand-new millionaires, the metropolis was not so openly reeling with dollars as it is at this moment, when the gayest " season " of its history is drawing to a close. It almost appals an Englishman to find there in full swing the old rotten life that we in England have put completely behind us. And it appals him still more to reflect that a bare two years ago he was leading, if one allows for the extra intensity that New York throws into all its activities, very much the same life himself. One despairs of ever being able to convey to one's American friends how completely the war and its conditions and consequences have become not merely a part of, or a side-issue to, but literally the whole of British existence. They are so dominant, have so utterly swallowed up everything else, that no other form of life, least of all the trivial carelessness of peace, seems normal or even credible. I catch myself in New York, if I enter a lighted room, instinctively reaching out to draw down the blinds lest a Zeppelin raider should note the glare; and of all the sights that crowd in upon me that of multitudes of young men who are not in khaki strikes me as the strangest and the most repellent. It may be one more proof of our demented state, but it is the bare fact that not for anything would we in England change places with you in America or part with the waste and misery of the war to receive in return the " blessings " of such a peace as yours. Stay-at-home Americans simply cannot enter into or even conceive the atmosphere of the belligerent nations in this struggle; and conversely, so long as it lasts, a visitor from any one of the countries at war will continue to be shocked by the atmosphere of America as something unnatural to the point of being grotesque.

In New York the fact and the vastness of this chasm of sentiment assail the visitor with the sharp finality of a bayonet thrust. Louvain and Rheims are among the stricken victims of the war, but New York is its supreme and gilded tragedy, and has, I fear, neither the sense nor the soul to know it. Americans must by now have heard of the English charwoman whose husband was at the front and who was drawing her weekly separation allowance. She was asked what she thought of the war. 'What!" she replied. "A pound a week and no 'usband! Why, it's 'eaven! It's too good to last!" There is something in New York's attitude towards the war which reminds one of this simple soul—something, but after all, I gladly agree, not very much. I do sincerely believe that there are thousands and scores of thousands of New Yorkers to whom their unavoidable enrichment by the war brings a very mingled sort of satisfaction and who would readily sacrifice all they have gained for the sake of an ideal or a principle. Nor do I forget the splendid contributions of money and gifts the citizens of Manhattan Island have made to the Allies. It would be a very shallow view that would picture New York as merely dining and dancing on behalf of the causes for which the Allies are dying. I know the city better than that. I know that its present dementia of getting and spending, its mushroom millionaires, and the excitements of the curb market, have not dulled its ear to the noble appeal; and I know, too, that the metropolis is, and always must be, a little world to itself, an intensely self-absorbed and self-conscious world; that almost any other spot is more really representative of the nation; and that to land on Manhattan Island, now as ever, is to have left Europe without having quite succeeded in reaching America.

But even when all allowances are made, New York remains for an Englishman a somewhat disconcerting introduction to the United States in these cataclysmic times. In the same way if he visits Washington he will find plenty to intrigue and amuse him, but will hardly be any better placed for discovering the real opinions of the American people. His amusement will proceed mainly from the spectacle of that small, isolated, curiously un-American society attempting to walk on the egg-shells of a dispassionate neutrality. The problems of conduct befitting the capital of a neutral country engage the attention of Washington now-

adays even more than the problems of precedence. Butler wrote of one of his characters in *Hudibras* that

> He could distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.

Washington is at least as great an adept in the refinements of neutral behavior. And as the city, today as always, is a huge whispering gallery,—a city not, as Mr. Henry James described it, of conversation, but of chatter, in which everything becomes public property in a couple of days at the outside,—this scrupulosity of speech and bearing is, no doubt, one of the necessities of the situation. Another and a not less inevitable consequence is that Washington should be the residence of a large number of people whom one can only describe as pro-Ally-Buts. That is to say, they will whisper to one, "Of course, I am a pro-Ally, but——." The "But" in some cases means, quite rationally and intelligibly, that their official positions will not permit them to declare their real sentiments. In other cases it means that they are afraid not of hurting themselves but of offending others—it is a suppression of convictions in the interests of peace and politeness. In all cases it is a symptom of the trials besetting the country which erects an official policy of neutrality on a basis of genuine but unavowed partisanship.

That the sympathies of the great mass of the American people are with the Allies in this war I never doubted when I was in England, and I doubt still less now that I have revisited the United States. It could not be otherwise. The American nation would have parted with almost all its fundamental characteristics if it did not range itself in hope and sentiment on the side of democracy and against absolutism, on the side of the principle that every nation, however small and however weak, has the right to live its own life, and against the principle that a single jack-booted Power is to rule and pervert civilization in the interests of a military oligarchy. If Americans as a whole were not instinctively against Germany they would have ceased to be Americans. I have heard of pro-Germans of American birth and parentage, but I have yet to convince myself by actual contact that such anomalies exist. The longer the war lasts, the more clearly, I conceive, do Americans realize that a Teutonic victory would menace every ideal they cherish and every interest they possess. The admirable qualities of the German immigrant, the heavy debt which the United States,

beyond perhaps any other nation, owes to the example of German educationalists, the generous respect which Americans are ever anxious to pay to learning and intellect, and a very natural, sincere and half-pitying admiration for the efficiency and self-sacrifice with which the German people have flung themselves into this struggle—have not concealed, have hardly even disguised, the fact that between the genius of Germany and the United States there exists a very real conflict of ideas and aspirations and between their policies and tendencies a not less real antagonism of interest. One need not labor the point. It is implicit in the very soul and spirit of America and rooted in all her conceptions of herself and her mission in the world; and to come to the United States is to fortify well-nigh impregnably the impression one had formed at a distance, that the heart and feelings of America are where every Englishman would expect and desire to find them.

I hold by that. If one is inclined at moments to be irritated with the unrestrained prodigality of New York's pursuit of pleasure; if one hears with something like incredulity that west of Chicago there are large areas where the war is of comparatively little popular interest and where the average, busy, self-complacent citizen makes little effort to understand what is going on in Europe; and if the results that inevitably ensue from the adoption of a neutral policy strike one now and then as having a certain quality of anæmia, one is none the less able to discount all this by reflecting that on the main question America is absolutely sound. But that in some ways only heightens the Englishman's sense of bewilderment. It takes time before he can strike even approximately a balance between official neutrality and popular feeling. It takes time before he can reconcile the very palpable determination of the American people to keep, if possible, out of the war, with their sincere anxiety to see the Allies prevail. And even when he has resolved to his own satisfaction this central perplexity there still remain many minor but cognate issues that baffle and elude him—issues on which he discovers some of the shrewdest native judges of American opinion to be absolutely at variance. I have frequently in the past few weeks put to my American friends such questions as these: "Is America more anti-German than pro-Ally?" "Is America more anti-war than it is anti-German and more pro-peace than it is pro-Ally?" The

oracles profoundly differ, but my own rough conclusion is that at present at least nine-tenths of the American people gratefully subscribe to President Wilson's policy because they believe it has saved them from being drawn into the war. They are convinced supporters of his programme of neutrality, but a small, though I think a growing, minority among them are beginning, not quite logically but very naturally, to wish it had been a different kind of neutrality, one more consonant with the national self-respect, one that would have raised and not lowered American prestige in the eyes of the world. The number of men one meets, especially in the East, who are genuinely distressed by the attitude of the Administration during the past eighteen months, who are equally saddened and infuriated by the sense of opportunities lost and crises mishandled, and whose pride and conscience find nothing to satisfy them in the figure their country has been made to cut throughout the war, is prodigious. And the number of women who have been stung to a yet more fiery scorn is, as one might expect, even greater. But I cannot accept these unabashed rebels against the Presidential injunction to be neutral in speech and thought as representative of all America. I do seem to catch in their utterances the authentic accent of an older America, an America I was personally more familiar with, but it is not in my judgment the America of today. So far as I can see, the supreme desire of the country is to remain at peace, and this desire is as yet more potent than any desire to see Germany vanquished or the Allies win, or than any desire to exact the full penalty for the injuries and affronts that the Central Powers have heaped upon the American Government and upon American citizens. And what I further feel is that this attitude, if I have correctly appraised it, denotes a very considerable change from the spirit and temper that would have governed American policy and feelings at other times and under other leaders.

There indeed one lays bare the very heart of the trouble that lies in wait for the Englishman who revisits at this juncture the United States. He feels as though all the assumptions on which he had builded had broken down, as though two decades of admiring and sympathetic study had been as good as wasted, as though a new America had suddenly arisen of which he knew and could predict nothing. That feeling, no doubt, is at bottom unsubstantial and erro-

neous. Yet it comes very naturally to one who in 1896 found the majority of the American people ready to go to war with Great Britain almost for the dropping of a hat; who lived in the country during the Spanish War; and who witnessed and shared in the stir and strife of Mr. Roosevelt's Administrations. Such a one would remember an America that was prompt and sometimes overprompt to resent any injuries to its citizens; an America that was quick, perhaps even too quick, on the trigger whenever it felt that its honor or dignity had been insulted; an America that, if anything, was rather belligerently given to making international mountains out of molehills. The contrast between that America and the one that now confronts the returning visitor is one that, whether real or not, seems so to him. What, he is inclined to ask, has become of the old virility, the old ardent fund of idealism and humanity, the old capacity for clear-edged decisions and sharp action, the old irrepressible spring of outraged Americanism to meet and punish aggression? What has become of the America of Washington and Lincoln or even of Cleveland and Roosevelt? Is it dead or does it merely sleep? Have prolonged and ineffective silence and inaction in the presence of the infamies that have filled Mexico for four years and all Europe for a year and a half induced in the American people an insensitiveness, a callousness, that makes them accept any outrage, even when they are its chief victims, almost as a matter of course? Has materialism so colored their outlook and their consciousness as to make them think first of all of their skins and pockets and to put wholly away from them anything that menaces their prosperity or calls upon them for personal self-sacrifice? Is America really so vast, so incoherent, so much a medley of unassimilated peoples as to be incapable at a crisis of genuinely national compactness either in feeling or in policy? Or is it that the great mass of the American people do not yet understand what is happening in Europe, and persist in denying that it touches them at all vitally and in hugging to themselves the delusion that in any event their invulnerability is secure? And if the answer to these questions—or to such of them as seem to reflect on the patriotism and common sense and spiritual robustness of the American people—is, as I profoundly believe it to be, mainly in the negative, then how comes it that their impulse to make the American flag and American citizenship respected, their

hardy sense of nationality, their former unhesitating vigor in accepting a challenge and chastising the wrong-doer, and their once famous passion for freedom and democracy, have not found clearer expression at Washington during the past few years?

It is such questions as these that an Englishman in the United States of today finds himself revolving. And they are prompted not merely by what has happened in Europe since August, 1914, but by what has been going on in Mexico for thrice as long. I was reading a few months ago in a New York paper the impressions of a tour across the Continent to the Pacific Coast undertaken by Mr. J. D. Whelpley, a competent American observer. "So great," he wrote, "has become the horror of war as exemplified in Europe that any idea of armed interference in Mexico by the United States is viewed with loathing. 'Let them fight it out among themselves. We are not going to send our fathers, husbands, brothers or sons to be killed or maimed by a lot of squabbling Greasers,' is the way they put it." The course of American policy since Diaz fell has been entirely in accordance with this attitude. The United States Government has seen Mexico ground into anarchy by civil war. It has seen American citizens murdered and their property destroyed. It has seen European residents, for whose safety it can hardly disavow responsibility, similarly maltreated. It has seen the Mexicans tearing up treaties, defiling the Stars and Stripes, and insulting Mr. Wilson's personal representatives. And all this it has borne with a patience to which there is no parallel in modern history, a patience that seems only to increase the more it is abused. Never once, apparently, has the President seriously considered the remedy that almost any other ruler would long ago have enforced—the invasion and occupation of the country. Some of his fellow citizens have found fault with his policy and its consequences; but, unless I am wholly mistaken, the great majority of them answer all such criticisms by reflecting with a sense of overwhelming gratitude that he has kept the peace. And it is with the same conclusive retort that they vanquish the opponents of Mr. Wilson's methods of dealing with Germany and her Allies. In the last eighteen months the United States Government has suffered at the hands of the Central Powers a series of unexampled outrages and it has suffered them with an equally

unexampled meekness and forbearance. There are Americans—I meet them everywhere, and they are just as common in the United States as in Europe—who all but foam at the mouth when they recall the silence of their Government in the face of the rape of Belgium, that luckless "too proud to fight" impromptu, and the whole spirit in which the Administration has handled the *Lusitania* and other incidents. But I am persuaded, I am indeed convinced, that the vast bulk of the people of this country smother whatever dissatisfaction they may feel with this or that detail of the President's policy in one comprehensive and all-justifying formula: "He has kept the peace."

This passion for peace, at any rate in its present intense and pervasive form, is a phenomenon of such recent development that only observations taken on the spot can gauge its magnitude. It is impossible to convince Americans abroad of its depth and fervor and extensiveness. I will even venture on the assertion that no American who has been out of the United States during the past two years can by any effort of the imagination appreciate it. I have discussed the war and the policy of the United States with scores, I dare say hundreds, of Americans in Europe. With hardly an exception I have found them ashamed of their Government's attitude, disgusted by it, and above all amazed at it. They feel utterly alien to and unable to comprehend the popular spirit of which it is the manifestation. Yet American pacificism, while aggravated by the war, is not the product of the war. It is, as I see it, a far older growth than that, and draws its sustenance from a much more complicated variety of conditions. In the first place, you have in the United States a country that is not only physically isolated but is relieved from the constant external pressure of powerful neighbors. Fortune and the accident of her geographical position and surroundings have exempted her from the animosities and rivalries which convulse that older world on which her people look down with a more or less pitying contempt as an institution whose main utility is to serve as a foil to the singular blessedness of American conditions. She is aware of no specific enemies to guard against, no definite or even probable crisis to prepare for, no opposing standard by which to measure her naval and military equipment. Of all that follows when two Powers of nearly equal strength and of possibly conflicting interests live

within striking distance of one another, she knows next to nothing. A diplomatic dispute with another Power, conducted by either side upon the implication of force, is of all experiences the one most foreign to the normal routine of American existence. When you have mentioned the Monroe Doctrine you have pretty well indicated the sum total of the average citizen's interest in external politics. The description of the Americans as "a nation of villagers" still holds good in the sense that their local consciousness is far more intensive than their national, and still more than their international, consciousness. Deeply ingrained in the popular mind is the conviction that Europe has one set of interests and America another; and the "man in the cars," self-centred, preoccupied and remote, knowing nothing of the fierce juxtapositions and imminent contentions of Europe, and assured of the unassailable strength of the United States, still, I suppose, regards the wars of the Old World with a mainly spectacular interest, as a sort of drama provided for his diversion. Millions of Americans have never seen the sea; with a great capacity for idealism, their time and thought are necessarily absorbed by the needs and opportunities of material development; the unprecedented mixture of races which is spread over their vast areas, in an atmosphere of tranquil security, makes it difficult, perhaps impossible, for them to attain to the unity either in sentiment or in action of a France or an England; and an unrealizing attitude of mind towards the issues of world-politics is the natural fruit of their aloof, their seemingly invulnerable, conditions.

To me, I confess, there has seemed and there still seems a much more significant question to be resolved than whether America will enter the war. It is whether America will enter the world. Since she chased the Barbary pirates off the sea the United States has been virtually a recluse among the nations. She has signed Hague Conventions, but with the distinct and public proviso that their enforcement is no concern of hers. She has attended European Conferences, as at Algeciras, but only on the understanding that they commit her to nothing. She has written in the past fifteen years innumerable despatches on the developments in the Far East, but she has never once seriously contemplated backing up words by action. Outside the radius of the Monroe Doctrine the Americans neither have nor wish to have any foreign

policy whatever. Some thought they had developed one when they bounded out of their long innocuous isolation, felled at a stroke an essential member of the European family, freed Cuba, occupied Porto Rico, and strewed the Pacific with stepping stones from Hawaii to Manila. But they were mistaken. The past decade and a half have completely disenchanted Americans with the fruits of Imperialism. Question the average citizen of the United States today, and you will find him either a monument of indifference or an encyclopedia of cloudy misinformation as to all that is happening in America's insular possessions, and as to the international and strategic problems that their retention propounds. The white man's burden, so far as Americans are concerned, has become the white man's boredom; and as the Senate has recently shown, if there were any way of disposing of the Philippines without seeming to lose face too abjectly, both Congress and the majority of the American people would welcome it and follow it with something like enthusiasm. They have failed even to achieve that vague pride of ownership and responsibility which among the masses of the British people does duty for Imperialism; and the glamor of being an Asiatic Power and of ruling over tropical dependencies has utterly faded.

The truth is, I believe, that what dominates the thought and sentiment and policy of the American people is still that quiet home-keeping instinct of theirs. The questions that really affect them are still American questions. For all practical purposes the national self-engrossment is hardly less complete today than it has been any time during the last hundred years. The operative opinion of the Commonwealth still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign Powers, still quotes and abides by Washington's warning against permanent and entangling alliances (whilst altogether ignoring his emphatic advocacy of " temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies "), still shrinks from any course that threatens " complications," still clings to the policy of isolation as the one that most adequately squares with the needs of American conditions. That this attitude must in the long run prove untenable; that the United States cannot indefinitely preserve the immunity from the conflicts and problems of Europe and the Far East which has served her well during the century and a quarter of her material upbuilding; that she is destined to be drawn

with a constantly increasing celerity into those clashes of policy and ambition that formerly she could afford to look upon with an almost complete detachment—all this, which seems axiomatic to a dispassionate onlooker, is still not only disputed but denied by the great majority of the American people. They hold, I should judge, that America's true destiny and most useful task is to develop on the American continent a distinctive and ideal type of civilization, to eschew war, militarism, and all the burdens and the deceptive glories of the older world, and to inspire mankind by the spectacle of a nation given up solely to the pursuit of liberty and justice and the arts of peace and equal rights for all. That is unquestionably a fine ideal. But it is an ideal that in its implications of aloofness and self-sufficiency is incompatible with the ambition, which none the less Americans avowedly cherish, to play a commanding part in the future ordering of the world; to end not only this war but all wars, and to start civilization on a new and saner path. What, however, Americans do not yet seem to realize is the conditions on which alone this honorable ambition of theirs can be fulfilled. It cannot be fulfilled unless they for their part get rid of certain inveterate prepossessions, readjust their political focus, and accept responsibilities they have hitherto and deliberately declined to assume. It is difficult, for instance, to conceive any League of Peace, any possible reconstitution of the world on an international basis, from which the necessity of enforcing decisions from time to time by common action shall be excluded; and if the new dispensation is to comprise the United States it can only be on condition that Americans are prepared to co-operate on equal terms with the citizens and Governments of other countries, to shoulder their part of the common liabilities, and to contribute their proportion of naval and military power to the general stock. However slight or however onerous the task of maintaining a lasting peace may afterwards prove, Americans can take no effective hand in it so long as they confine themselves to expressions of good will and pacific protestations and, for the rest, wash their hands of Europe.

I have wandered, however, somewhat from my point, which was that of setting forth the circumstances which have made America pre-eminently the land of peace. One of them unquestionably is the brutality of modern war. The spectacle that Europe presents has frankly horrified and

sobered them. There is little trace in the United States of today of the rather bellicose heedlessness which Americans used to inject into their international disputes. On the contrary there is nothing they desire more fervently than to keep out of the present ghastly struggle. They regard Europe as rattling madly back into barbarism, while they themselves are the sole depositories of sanity and civilization. They feel the waste and horror and criminality of it all with a physical intensity all the more stark for being devoid of the ennobling consolations which support the actual belligerents. They peer down at us in our European shambles, pitying us as the victims of dynastic ambitions, diplomatic plots, and an anti-democratic dispensation, and thanking their stars that in America they are exempt from the conditions which have produced so measureless a catastrophe. To remain outside the orbit of its ravages there are few sacrifices of what in the old phraseology used to be called "national honor," or "national self-respect" or "national interests" to which, I imagine, they will not consent. They see no obligation of honor or self-respect more stringent, and no interest more compelling, than that of discouraging this war madness and enlisting sentiment on the side of reason and legality. The great bulk of Americans, in my judgment, simply do not believe that the present conflict, whatever its upshot, touches their national security or endangers their power to hold fast to their own ideals of government and society. They have been brought up to believe in the irresistible strength of the country, in the completeness of its separation from the feuds and ferment of the Old World, and in the wisdom of the tradition that has prescribed for them a policy of non-interference as the logical corollary to their fortunate geographical remoteness. That they should forfeit these advantages for any cause less urgent than the existence or safety of the Commonwealth seems to many millions of Americans a counsel of suicidal insanity. It is not a social or a political accident but a deep spiritual conviction which makes Americans look askance on militarism and all its accessories. There is a type of mind that still associates the love of peace with effeminacy. But the Americans are among the highest spirited, the most robust and adventurous people on this planet; and it is worth noting that the aversion from war is most pronounced in the West and Middle West, where life is simpler and hardier than in

the East, and where all the conditions make for an unusual abundance of enterprise and physical vigor. In that spacious unhampered seclusion of theirs, in a society where women and the churches have taken into their own hands the decision on all questions of ethics, and among a people of such varied extraction and scattered over so vast a territory, the reaction against war develops under more favorable circumstances than obtain or are even imaginable anywhere else. That it is assisted by a great deal of half-baked metaphysics of the Bryanite order, by an excess of feminine sentimentality, by too much easy-going individualism and too little sense of the State, and by the incessant importunities of business, is no doubt true enough. But whatever may be the impulses behind it, I find that the dominant, almost the exclusive, bent of American aspirations today is away from war and force and towards conciliation and legality. And I ask myself whether this may not portend a gradual widening of the respective angles from which the United States and Europe approach the problems of international politics and whether in these matters the Old World and the New may not soon be moving on different ethical planes, with a different set of standards and values. Who knows, on the other hand, but that the unique patience with which President Wilson has confronted the foreign problems of his Administration—a patience that to many of his countrymen appears ultra-Christian in its charity—may not eventually become the established rule of all international conduct? Who can say that the steady and unceasing revulsion of the American people against imperialism, external adventures, and the whole doctrine of militarism may not communicate itself to other nations and be accepted as the universal guide?

But while pacificism cannot but strike one as the outstanding fact of American life and thought at this moment, and while there is much in the permanent conditions of the United States to foster its growth, I think also it is in some respects an accidental phenomenon. I do not for instance doubt that even today a suspicion that that extremely elastic formula, the Monroe Doctrine, was being flouted or infringed, would make every American grope for a rifle. The force of the peace sentiment in the United States depends, I should say, at any given moment largely upon the nature of the questions that are on the carpet; and in this war, it

would seem, the American people, or most of them, have pretty well decided that the issues which are being fought out are primarily European and not American issues. But it depends also, and even more largely, upon another and more shifting factor—the views and personality of the particular President who may happen to be in the White House. The more I attempt to weigh this consideration the greater is the importance I find myself attaching to it. One of the features of the American governmental system which the events of the past eighteen months have most deeply and palpably underscored is the enormous and almost autocratic power of the President and the extreme significance of the Presidential ego at a time of crisis. When Americans talk to me of the dangers of " secret diplomacy " as one of the causes of this European conflagration and when they inveigh against a dispensation which allows an individual or a class or a clique to throw a whole country into the cockpit of war, I am tempted, while agreeing with them, to ask whether, after all, matters are so very different in the United States. Certainly I cannot away with the impression that American policy during the past three years in Mexico has been preponderantly a one-man policy and the product far more of a single brain and a single temperament than of Congressional discussion or popular insistence. So, too, with the course of American diplomacy since the beginning of the great war —it was initiated and devised and has been consistently controlled, to the best of my knowledge, by nothing one-tenth as much as by the opinions, the disposition, the instinctive ways of looking at things of President Wilson and his interpretation of the public mind. In general, indeed, I do not know of any country in which the executive has a more liberal license in formulating the conduct of foreign affairs, in which it is easier to impose a policy by a mere *ipse dixit* or in which official diplomacy proceeds in a closer atmosphere of reserve, with less interference from the national legislature, or with a wider assumption on the part of the people, than it is for the White House to show the way. A terrible —of late it must have been an almost unbearable—responsibility is thus thrust upon the President, and the manner in which he meets it is the resultant of the traits and predelictions, the sympathies, outlook and training that have made him what he is.

That is what I had in mind when I said just now that the

supremacy of pacificism in the United States today denotes "a very considerable change from the spirit and temper that would have governed American policy and feeling at other times and under other leaders." May it not be that those words "under other leaders" are in great part the clue to the mystery? The Americans are a malleable people and eminently responsive to the touch of a firm hand. Implicit, indeed, in all one's speculations on American affairs is the conviction that at any national crisis the people will always stand by a President who gives them a lead. It is a question far more of character and individuality than of Constitutional prescription whether he guides or follows, whether he moulds opinion or merely echoes and transmits it. He can always, if he chooses,—or rather if his mind and nature have the qualities of certitude and command,—fashion for himself the weapon which the people place in his hands, and determine not alone its temper but the manner of its wielding; and I find it difficult not to believe that had Mr. Roosevelt been in the White House at the outbreak of the war, not only would matters have gone very differently, but the spirit of the land under the reflex action of his personality would today be nearly the opposite of what it is. What policy he would have followed is, of course, a mere matter of guesswork, but it seems a moderately safe assumption that it would not have been the policy which has actually been pursued. Mr. Wilson's views and temperament, his poise and circumspection, his abhorrence of the employment of force except after much painful self-communion and under the stress of sheer necessity, and his revulsion from the militarist school of thought appear to me to have been factors of the utmost moment in shaping the attitude of the country. They acted on the national nerves like a sedative. Everything he did and said was said and done to restrain and not to excite; and in the result he has, in my judgment, at least nine-tenths of the country arrayed on his side in trust and thankfulness. But I feel too that Mr. Roosevelt, had he been President, would also have gathered around him the substantial and enthusiastic support of the people—say, seven-tenths of them—in loud approval of a policy they now condemn and animated by a spirit which, whether nobler or otherwise, would assuredly have been different from that which they now display. I am half inclined, in other words, to think that what gave the de-

cisive twist to American thought and policy was the chance that the war broke out when a man of Mr. Wilson's instincts and character was in the White House, and not a man of Mr. Roosevelt's.

I would not, however, wish for a moment to appear to be deploring that chance. For the past eighteen months, indeed, I may claim without presumption to have done rather more than any other Englishman to explain to my countrymen Mr. Wilson's policy and difficulties and to defend the action of the American Government against the many misunderstandings to which it has been exposed. Neither in Great Britain nor in any of the Allied nations is there any desire that America should depart from her neutrality except under the compulsion of purely American interests. We welcome American sympathy; we have amply availed ourselves of the opportunity secured to us by the command of the sea to draw upon American resources; but we stand in no need of American naval or military assistance, and we want indeed nothing from America except what America may care spontaneously to give. Prodigious as would certainly have been the political and atmospheric differences had a Rooseveltian and not a Wilsonic President happened to coincide with the outbreak of the war, it is by no means certain that all of them would have been to the advantage either of America or the Allies. At any rate an Englishman feels no difficulty in speculating on the subject as a matter of impersonal interest to himself and his nation but of irresistible fascination to the student of American politics and of the psychology of the American people. It is a point —this accident of the presence in the White House of a President of one type and not of another—that to my mind acquires fresh weight the longer it is pondered; and many of the developments and manifestations that I have dwelt upon as seemingly indicative of a new America may really be explained by the fact that there is a new President at the head of it.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

For more than a year the American people, and particularly the Congress, have been urged to make more serious preparation for National Defense. Voluntary organizations, composed of patriotic citizens, solicitous of the welfare of the country, have advocated measures for its greater security. The public interest has, however, been by no means universal; partly because we have a traditional belief in our immunity from foreign aggression, partly because there is among us a wholesome dread of militarism, and partly because we have been officially assured that the question of National Defense is merely academic, the army and navy of the United States being sufficiently strong and well equipped to furnish us adequate protection in any circumstances likely to arise.

Within a few months the situation has produced great disquietude. The continued disturbance along our borders, resulting in the death of considerable numbers of American citizens in Mexico and assaults on our troops upon the Mexican frontier, has not abated. New complications upon the high seas have arisen involving the safety of American travelers. Grave questions of national honor and duty have deeply impressed the people, and all thoughtful men throughout the country have had their attention turned to conditions which the more far-seeing had long apprehended as likely to exist.

In an unprecedented fashion, the President, himself finally convinced that our national defenses are inadequate, in order to overcome the apathy of a Congress, more interested in measures of its own than in providing for the defense of the nation, or still believing that it has no duty to

perform, has in person gone to the people with eloquent appeals to press the Congress to give him the support he had previously considered unnecessary.

It is still uncertain whether that support will be accorded. The emergency that was particularly in the President's mind when he made those appeals, may, in the meantime, have disappeared. In this case, the demand for an increase in our military and naval strength may be less insistent; or—for such changes in American policy are not unknown—it may cease altogether.

It is timely, therefore, to consider what should be the permanent and unalterable policy of the United States, and the means available to carry it into execution.

It would be a reprehensible course if, after stirring the soul of the nation regarding its possible perils, it should be left to some other, and perhaps less favorable occasion, to emphasize our duties. It is a sufficiently humiliating commentary on the negligence of American democracy, that it should have been found necessary for the President of the United States to leave the seat of government at a moment of critical diplomatic negotiation, and appeal to the country for the popular support in giving him a mandate and the means of action in sustaining the honor of the nation and performing the duties of his office as its constitutional guardian. If it is still a matter of doubt whether, in like circumstances, the President should feel able, without a specific appeal, to perform those duties and to rely upon unanimous support, there is occasion for grave anxiety regarding the future prestige of the United States among the nations of the world.

There is, then, good reason for continuing, apart from special conditions, the discussion of National Defense. Do we need it? Can we afford not to have it? Shall we be able to secure it in adequate measure?

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to answer all of these questions. It is designed solely to concentrate attention upon the proper answer to the first; for every intelligent man quite naturally feels that he must first settle in his own mind that something is in danger,—in short, that there is something for which we as a people are responsible, and which it is our duty to defend.

Nothing is easier than to dismiss as groundless fears some of the suppositions that have been put forward as

reasons why we should at once organize a great army to be kept on a war footing.

I cannot believe, for example, that we are exposed at this time to the danger of any immediate attack upon our territory. There is no invincible armada turning its prows toward our coasts, or at this time preparing to do so. I do not believe that there is any nation that has it in mind to organize a band of conquistadors to restore piracy on the high seas, or to sally forth in quest of new colonies, to be taken by force from a civilized people; and I consider it detrimental to the cause of national defense to advance such arguments.

What we have to fear is, that sometime, somewhere, there will arise a dispute over the rights of our citizens, or the rights of the citizens of other countries within our jurisdiction or sphere of influence, which we shall not be able to settle amicably, unless we are strong enough to be really formidable, and to make our words and our standards of conduct universally respected.

Such an occasion may occur regarding the safety of American life and property in ill-governed countries; or on the high seas; or respecting the rights of innocent commerce; or the right of other nations to establish naval bases and erect defenses in territories in proximity to our own; or movements upon those waters where we desire that in future there shall be no warlike operations.

The fundamental question is, therefore, how far are we prepared to go in protecting the lives and property of American citizens or in prohibiting such operations on land and sea as are likely to endanger them in the future?

If we desire to avoid the hostility of other nations, we must make it evident that what we aim at is defense and not aggression; that we have no imperial designs; that we have no spirit of conquest, spoliation, or vindictiveness; and that we stand unitedly upon the solid platform of recognized international law as the protector of human rights.

We do, undoubtedly, differ from some other peoples in our belief that there are human rights, inherent and inalienable, for which every American citizen may justly claim the protection of his Government. That is the corner-stone of our democracy. Our whole edifice rests upon it, and we cannot permit it to be questioned. We cannot concede that there is only *one* duty—the duty of the individual to the State.

We must uphold the doctrine that the State has a duty to the individual, and to every individual,—be it man, woman, or child,—within our borders, and beyond our borders, especially upon the sea, which is our common highway. We demand no special privileges there, we pretend to no dominant authority there, but we claim the right to safety and to justice there, and everywhere where we are expected to call men friends.

And here is where our doctrines are most likely to bring us into conflict with others. We cannot allow the law of war utterly to destroy the rights of peace. We cannot allow new conditions of warfare, which may increase the burdens and dangers that must be endured by belligerents, to annihilate the time-honored privileges and safety of neutrals. We shall find it very difficult to call by the name of "friend" any nation which, in its desire to conquer, shall insist upon taking means to do so that involve the certain destruction of innocent American lives or the needless interruption of innocent American commerce.

We shall, of course, distinguish between the assault upon life and the sequestration and even the destruction of property; for the reason that property losses may be made good by the payment of indemnities, while the loss of human life can never be indemnified. In neither case, however, can the absence of direct hostility or intention to injure serve to excuse an injurious act. International friendship, as well as private friendship, implies not only the absence of an intention to injure, but a disposition to avoid injury by employing every means of protection.

It would, however, be ungenerous not to remember that unusual, and even abnormal, feelings, such as may lead to momentary moral irresponsibility, are often excited in time of bitter warfare. These feelings may explain, but they can never justify, a disregard for the rights of others; and it is the custom of all civilized nations to offer protection, even to their enemies, against such expressions of feeling in moments of violent excitement. That is the whole significance of the laws of war, carefully elaborated in the interest of humanity, in the full consciousness of the insufficiency of self-restraint when men are struggling for their very existence.

We cannot, therefore, whatever the emergency may be, freely consent, or consent under constraint, that the right,

knowingly, not to say purposely, to take innocent life where it can be avoided, be written, even by implication, into the law of nations. International law is, it is true, still in the process of formation; and every great precedent is considered as changing it, when it becomes a matter of common consent, even though the consent be tacit. International law should not rest upon personal feelings, or good or evil intentions, or the exigencies of a trying situation. It should rest upon just and defensible principles, which are fit to govern the conduct of civilized nations toward one another.

It is in view of this fact that the right of protest or remonstrance always exists. Without it there could be no true society of nations. International law is made by the weight of international opinion, and it is the right of every sovereign state to countenance or to discountenance any procedure and especially any innovation affecting the law of the future.

I have said that we shall find it difficult to speak of "friendship" where, for any reason, a Government insists that a new form of power confers a right to destroy, knowingly, innocent and undefended non-combatants upon the high seas. New forms of international law may be necessary with regard to the transportation of passengers and contraband of war upon the same vessel, and there may be room for the discussion by an international conference, in the interest of an equitable adjustment of belligerent and neutral rights at sea, upon this point; but it would be a delinquency to permit that there shall be a recession to that condition of lawlessness which all civilized nations have endeavored to prevent.

On the contrary, if changes are to be made, they should be in the direction of rendering war more difficult and peace more secure. It is precisely because international law is in the process of formation, and because we should have a voice in determining the direction in which it should be developed, that pending decisions are of interest to us. It is interesting to recall that the highest standards of international ethics that had ever been written into treaties are to be found in the Treaty of 1785 between the United States and Prussia.

In that celebrated convention (long cited as a model of its kind, but which expired, with the exception of Article XII, by its own limitation, in 1796), occurs the following:

Article IX

When any vessel of either party shall be wrecked, foundered, or otherwise damaged on the coasts, or within the dominion of the other, their respective subjects or citizens shall receive, as well for themselves as for their vessels and effects, the same assistance as would be due to the inhabitants of the country where the damage happens. . . . The ancient and barbarous right to wrecks of the sea shall be entirely abolished, with respect to the subjects or citizens of the two contracting parties.

Could anything be more friendly and fraternal than this engagement? Could anything be more promising for the future? And again, in

Article XII

If one of the contracting parties should be engaged in war with any other Power, the free intercourse and commerce of the subjects or citizens of the party remaining neuter with the belligerent Powers shall not be interrupted. On the contrary, in that case, as in full peace, the vessels of the neutral party may navigate freely to and from the ports and the coasts of the belligerent parties, free vessels making free goods, insomuch that all things shall be judged free which be on board any vessel belonging to the neutral party, although such things *belong to an enemy of the other;* and the same freedom shall be extended to *persons* who shall be on board a free vessel, *although they should be enemies to the other party,* unless they be soldiers in actual service of such enemy.

Could there be any higher respect for neutral rights than this? And yet this article, revived by the Treaty of 1828, is regarded as in force to-day.

Article XIII

And, in the same case, if one of the contracting parties being engaged in war with any other Power, to prevent all the difficulties and misunderstandings, that usually arise respecting the merchandise heretofore called contraband, such as arms, ammunition, and military stores of every kind, no such articles carried in the vessels, or by the subjects or citizens of either party, *to the enemies of the other,* shall be deemed contraband, so as to induce confiscation or condemnation and a *loss of property to individuals.* . . . But in the case supposed of a vessel stopped for articles of contraband, if the master of the vessel stopped will deliver out the goods supposed to be of contraband nature, he shall be admitted to do it, and the vessel shall not in that case be carried into any port, nor further detained, but shall be allowed to proceed on her voyage.

And this article is also regarded as in force today. I have cited these articles, not for the purpose of establishing any present rights of the United States, but merely to illustrate the spirit of justice and humanity that inspired these treaties; the first of which was signed by Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams, and registers the high-water mark of neutral rights upon the sea.

They show what those two Governments then considered right, and fit to be made into the Law of Nations. That law may not have developed as it was then hoped it would, but the principles of international morality have not changed, and above all the just requirements of friendship.

Can we, or can the other contracting party to this ancient and solemn engagement, wish to recede from the moral standard set up in that treaty; which recognized the immunity of innocent private property and of all non-combatant persons, even though enemies, upon the sea?

I do not overlook the fact that these treaties relate only to life and property on neutral vessels. Nor do I here attempt to establish the existence of a common law of nations which protects innocent life on all non-combatant vessels, even though belonging to an enemy; for this cannot be called in question. What I maintain is, that reason and conscience support the standard set up in the treaties I have cited: that innocent life and property ought always to be respected on the world's highway, the great seas and oceans which, for scores of reasons, innocent and hitherto unsuspecting travelers—men, women, and children—must traverse, during war as well as peace.

And what I am solicitous about is, that we should not, for fear of any consequence,—not only in the interest of American citizens, who carry our business into every part of the world, but in the interest of civilization itself, as dependent upon a just law of nations,—fail to make a firm stand, and do our part, in impressing upon all mankind the intrinsic value of innocent human life, and its right to protection by all Governments.

David Jayne Hill.

THE STRENGTHENING OF LATIN AMERICA

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

In view of the changing relations to us and to the rest of the world of the great continent to the south of us, there are here suggested certain map changes, advanced in the hope that from the betterments already achieved by Pan-Americanism, even greater benefits may be realized in the future for the hemisphere which to Pan-Americans means home. It is clear that the fixed policy of the United States is forever to refrain from taking any territory from any of our fellow-republics. No such alterations in the map are in prospect, nor should they ever be possible. But is it not probable that certain changes will take place in that portion of the map belonging to Latin America, not changes born of aggression, but those making for the real strengthening of existing Governments by combinations thereof?

Why should we not seek to draw aside the curtain behind which lies the future? Perhaps it might be we ourselves who, by some act of national altruism, could initiate such combinations as would make them of greater strength for our neighbors—our friends. Monroe, by his famous pronouncement of 1823, attempted to protect us from all danger of entanglement in European politics, but he stopped at forbidding future European colonization here, whereas the Venezuelan crisis of 1895 so splendidly handled by President Cleveland proved that existing European colonies were as pregnant of trouble as future ones. British Guiana existed in Monroe's day, and yet England's desire to extend the borders of that colony at the expense of its neighbor, Venezuela, precipitated the very situation against which the Monroe Doctrine was set up. If Monroe was right, and right he undoubtedly was, then his doctrine should be ful-

filled and this hemisphere purged of existing colonies as well as protected against future ones.

And this is a most opportune moment for us to offer to pay Denmark, Holland, France and England for their colonial possessions in the New World, since never before have they been put under so great a financial strain as to make such payments welcome. This altruistic offer to free all Pan-American soil from European domination would ring especially true when coming from the nation which had already expended millions to free Cuba. Of course Canada would not be included in this suggestion, for the very good reason that she is in an entirely different case from all the other colonial possessions in the New World because she is self-governing, speaks the language of the mother country, and (most important difference of all) can have her complete freedom at any moment she desires. Thus she is entirely different from the other colonies.

With those who urge that European colonies in the Americas are better off than they would be if free, I have no patience. Do such people know that in all the three Guianas, a territory the size of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, there are less than 200 miles of railroad? Compare that with the 588 miles in Venezuela, next adjoining them, or the 614 miles in Colombia, and also compare the poor schooling facilities or none at all that characterize the three Guianas with the 1,700 schools of Venezuela or the 5,000 of Colombia! In British Guiana, the most advanced of the three Guianas, there are 10,000 whites, 126,000 East Indian coolies, and 115,000 negroes, all brought there for what purpose? To advance the colonization of this hemisphere, or to exploit the land for its European masters? This East Indian coolie traffic was started in 1838 by John Gladstone, father of the great English Prime Minister. The French have brought many Siamese and Chinese into French Guiana, and the Dutch many Japanese into Dutch Guiana. French Guiana is chiefly known for its penal settlements, in one of which Dreyfus languished so many years. The annual foreign trade of the French islands steadily declined from 1882 to 1907—that of Martinique from 67 to 34 million francs annually, and that of Guadeloupe from 68 to 29 millions. The population of the Danish West Indies steadily decreased from 43,000 in 1835 to 31,000 in 1901. Compare figures like the foregoing with the steady upward progress of free Latin America, and

it puts European colonial systems in a bad light, at least as practised on the soil of the New World.

All this European control of Pan-American territory should be eliminated, and it is our duty, following in Monroe's footsteps, to initiate the movement. Furthermore, the cost of the operation would not be excessive, as almost none of these colonies are able to pay their own way, and their only value as military bases would be in case their European owners wished to attack us, so ridiculous a hypothesis as hardly to be figured in the purchase price.

Suppose that either by a money purchase or by offering in exchange the Philippine Islands, we could eliminate Europe from all her colonial possessions to the south of us and also her interference with our control of our Panama Canal, would we not, by gaining freedom for colonies and canal, not only make a substantial contribution to true Pan-Americanism, but also materially improve our own chance for continued tranquillity in the future? Does not this provide a reasonable and honorable solution of the vexed Philippine problem?

But if all these colonies should be freed from their European masters there at once arises the interesting problem of what is to be done with them—are they to be started as independent republics or are they to be joined to some neighboring commonwealth? If the alternative of making them all independent should prevail, can we blind ourselves to the fact that some of them are really too small for such a lot, and also that in no case have their European masters equipped them either politically or by the physical development of their territory for any form of self government? If it be suggested that all such freed land be turned over to some adjoining republic, would not the prospect of such territorial largesse arouse unfortunate discussion (to say at least!) as to which country had the better right to them for either historical or geographical reasons? Either one of these possible adjustments would, if sweepingly adopted, cause unnecessary difficulties. Let us see if there is not some safe middleground along which there can securely proceed an orderly rearrangement of geographical lines which shall not only benefit the liberated colonies, but also at the same time strengthen existing Governments in South and Central America. Because this is a Latin American problem, we must begin by adjusting ourselves to their point of

view, or at least do so as far as we possibly can. Unless we try so to do, we may evolve a plan that will suit us, but one which almost surely will fail to meet with the approval of the very people most concerned. Starting therefore with a determination constantly to consider the South American viewpoint, what better plan can we Anglo-Saxons devise for the major portion of the freed territory, the three Guianas, than to help them to further the statesmanlike project of Bolivar, the liberator of the northern part of that continent from the Spanish yoke? Why should not we, by our gift of the freed Guianas, powerfully help to reconstitute the New Granada or greater Colombia of his dreams—a splendid confederation of the Guianas with Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador? The flags of those three last republics are so similar as to bear striking testimony to their historical relations in the past, and further, would make very easy the selection of the national flag of this new and powerful republic, so much more powerful in combination than are all of the integral parts as separate states.

Nor can the lack of railway intercommunication be fairly urged as an argument against such an assembling of the parts into a whole, because the united country would enjoy a continued sea front on the Caribbean Sea, and, through the Panama Canal, along the Pacific Ocean. This continued littoral would provide the same sort of sail and steamship connection and cohesion that is provided for Chile by its longer Pacific shore line. Back from the sea there still exist the old Spanish cart roads, connecting up all this inland country, and it is surprising to learn how much they are still used by the Indians to transport their wares such long journeys as that from lofty Quito down across Colombia and on to interior Venezuela. If the reader will take up some modern map he will be surprised to see how many large rivers, feeders of the Orinoco, that great artery of Venezuela, extend westward far into Colombia and Ecuador, thus providing still another and a cheap channel of communication between those districts.

If there should arise a conflict of claims among the capitals of the existing republics for the honor of obtaining the seat of the new federated government, a solution could be found by turning to the writings of sundry statesmen of those very countries, where are to be found suggestions of some neutral inland and central point so situated at the

junction of interior lines of communication as to please all by its ready accessibility. Such a point would be San Fernando de Atabapo, in western Venezuela. It was of this town that Humboldt (reporting trips made by him from 1808 to 1814) says:

> San Fernando de Atabapo stands near the confluence of three great rivers (Orinoco, Guaviare, Atabapo). Its situation is similar to that of St. Louis . . . at the junction of the Mississippi with the Missouri and the Ohio . . . In proportion as the activity of commerce increases by these immense rivers, the towns situated at their confluence will become centre points of civilization.

He predicted so correctly the future of St. Louis, that this great geographer may yet prove right about San Fernando de Atabapo. However, any such minor questions as the location of the capital would fade into insignificance beside the realization of the New Granada of Bolivar's dreams, a stately republic with a population of ten and a half millions, with a commanding position on the Caribbean Sea, and a shoulder on the Pacific—a considerable nation with much more voice in the family of nations than have the divided states of Bolivar's house as they now stand. In passing, it is important to notice that all these northern peoples, so assembled under one flag, could not fail to recognize our altruism in rendering that assembling possible by our purchasing the release of the three Guianas. If it obtained us no other advantage than regaining us the good will of Colombia, it would be well worth while.

Another possible readjustment might be the allocation of French Guiana, the most easterly of the three, to Brazil, thus completing on the north the eastern coast-line of that republic, while Dutch and British Guiana would go to complete the north coast republic of their neighbors on the west.

While speaking of Brazilian boundaries it is highly appropriate to remark that no consideration of the map of South America would be complete without a reference to that great Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Rio Branco of Brazil. During his long tenure of office he devoted himself unceasingly to the adjustment of boundary disputes between Brazil and her neighbors. Because she joins boundaries with every other country of the continent but Chile and perhaps Ecuador, his labors in closing up so many disputed questions contributed greatly to guarantee peace by elminating many long-standing elements of friction.

I well remember it was generally remarked that the delegates of the different Central American states to the 4th Pan-American Conference at Buenos Aires in 1910, were, if considered as a whole, in every way equal to the delegations sent there by any of the larger republics of the mainland, strong as some of the latter undoubtedly were. If the Central Americans had represented one larger instead of so many smaller states, they would have had even a larger voice in the councils of that convention than they enjoyed.

Every well-wisher of the Spanish-speaking republics will agree that just as such a confederation would strengthen the political and economic position of the northerly states of the mainland, so a similar combination of the Central American republics would also benefit them and lend importance to their federation. The stronger all such groupings of republics become the less they are apt to fear and therefore distrust us, and anything which tends to diminish that distrust is of great value to all concerned. Furthermore, the stronger such groupings become, the better able are they to take their part in causing the territory of this hemisphere to be respected by outsiders.

And how can we best help to bring into being such a Central American Federation? Could any argument on its behalf coming from us be more effective than the obviously altruistic one of offering to add to its united territory that of British Honduras if and when the plan of freeing all these foreign-owned colonies shall have been effectuated? This offer could be made conditional on the argeement of the other republics to unite into a Confederation which should receive this additional territory. In this connection, because one of those states, Nicaragua, has already accepted the principal of the so-called Platt Amendment (by a signed treaty not yet ratified by our Senate) which gives the United States certain rights in regard to the relations of Cuba with the outside world, it is our duty frankly to speak of the terms of that document, for such an article as this would be incomplete without its inclusion. It is common knowledge that this amendment was drafted by Elihu Root while Secretary of State, but bears the name of Senator Platt of Connecticut because it was he who introduced it into the Senate. The portions affecting the foreign affairs of Cuba are as follows:

Article I. The Government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign Power or Powers which will

impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign Power or Powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes, or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island.

Article II. The Government of Cuba shall not assume or contract any public debt to pay the interest upon which, and to make reasonable sinking-fund provision for the ultimate discharge of which, the ordinary revenue of the Island of Cuba, after defraying the current expenses of the Government, shall be inadequate.

Article III. The Government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba.

Inasmuch as Nicaragua has accepted the principle embodied in this Platt Amendment, its entry into a Central American Confederation would necessitate negotiation concerning that amendment with the new combination. As British Honduras would probably be offered by us also protection by this amendment, it might be that under these new circumstances and in consideration of our freeing British Honduras, the other states—Honduras, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama and Slavador—might care to have the new and greater republic acccept our co-operation in this regard. It is a matter for negotiation, but that it must be faced can not be overlooked here.

The West Indian islands now belonging to nations of Europe would, if purchased by us, lie in very different case from the other colonial possessions similarly released by us from their foreign owners. The territory on the mainland could, as we have just seen, be added to existing republics adjoining them and thus serve the threefold purpose of strengthening those republics, improving their own condition by the practise of self-government, and lastly, advance the cause of Pan-Americanism by showing added proofs of our altruism toward it. But there would be no free territory directly adjoining the purchased West Indian islands, and furthermore they are important defensive points which it is our duty to hold, because it is our duty to the whole hemisphere to neglect nothing which may defend for all of us the free use of the Panama Canal. For this reason, if for no

other, we should retain under our flag such of those Caribbean islands as we may acquire by purchase except the two or three lying close against the coast of Venezuela, which should be given to that country. But in the freeing of the Falkland Islands from English rule, no such geographical reason or defensive duty obtains as in the case of the West Indies, and those Falkland Islands should therefore be restored to the Argentine Republic.

What we have said thus far disposes of that portion of map alteration which could be furthered by our gifts of newly freed territory. We now turn to an entirely different state of affairs, existing at the other end of the continent, in the temperate latitudes, where climate is aiding progress in many ways, of which immigration is not the least important.

What is the state of affairs that we shall find existing among those forward-looking peoples? Already there has been recognized the value—the world-significance—of combining units to form a whole on external questions. Already this realization of world-tendencies has taken shape in certain political engagements entered into by Argentina, Brazil and Chile by means of several recently signed treaties which together result in what is popularly known as the A. B. C. Alliance. Those treaties are doubtless serving a useful purpose because they make for a better understanding between the contracting nations. Nevertheless, it is to be doubted if those treaties will in the more or less distant future prevent a changed alignment in that part of the world, a more natural combination, based on common language, climate and racial tendencies.

How long can there be deferred in that part of the continent a confederation which the rapidly increasing ties of railroad and river connection between republics having the same language and institutions as have Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay, would seem naturally to make of them? The Andes that so long kept Chile and Argentina apart are already conquered by one railroad and soon will be by others, and so will prove no more of a political barrier between those peoples than does the lofty Sierra Nevada range which separates California from the rest of the United States. There are not a few who believe that if and when a political union is effected between Chile and Argentina, the former, though placed as is Cali-

fornia in our union of States, will be rather the Ohio of the combination, which means that the statesmen of what is now Argentina will have to look to their political laurels in the new confederation lest the Chilians snatch them away!

As for Bolivia, the two railways now connecting her with Chile, and the new line from La Paz, her capital, to Argentina, will prove strong arguments for Bolivia's joining a confederation having all its political elements in common with hers.

Just as Bolivia would be linked with a combined Chile and Argentina by three great railway arteries, so Paraguay has its capital, Asuncion, already connected both by railway and by steamship with Buenos Aires, the majestic metropolis of all South America. That enormous artery of trade, the River Plate, is so much greater than any of our own rivers that it is difficult to make our people understand what a highway of commerce it affords from Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, stationed at its mouth, all the way up to Asuncion and beyond, a huge physical argument for the union of Paraguay, Uruguay and Argentina. One has only to live a few months on either bank of this great river to learn of the close affiliations already existing between Buenos Aires and Montevideo, as well as between the nations of which they are the capitals, ties not only of commerce and race, but also of frequent intermarriage.

The more one comes to know of the people and conditions of that part of the world, the more irresistible becomes the conclusion that some such combination of their Spanish-speaking republics will ensue. This alliance between Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay is a natural one, and would bring into being a united and majestic nation of eighteen million souls, a balance in their temperate latitudes to the great Portuguese-speaking republic of the tropics: Brazil, with her twenty-one millions.

Perhaps there is here sketched nothing but the dream of a dreamer, but at least it seeks to advance the political importance before the world of his friends in the southern continent.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

SOUTH AMERICA AND INVESTMENTS

BY PERCIVAL FARQUHAR

THE times are fraught with lessons in all fields of national activity; and, for the United States, one of these lessons is that materials taken from abroad for agriculture, industries and general consumption should not be dependent on trade routes and conditions which it may not be in our power to keep open and unfettered by restrictions; for example, in the case of tin from the Straits Settlements, rubber from the Straits Settlements and Ceylon, burlap and manganese from India, and so forth.

To carry out the obligations involved in the Monroe Doctrine, which can now be considered to have taken on new life and development and to be more firmly grounded than ever, we are compelled to keep control of the sea roads to the countries of South America, which means keeping them open for our commerce also. This requires a sufficient fleet, coaling stations, forts, etc., along these routes, including the Panama Canal, for which purpose we have the element in our favor, existing nowhere else, of traversing waters of friendly republics equally interested with ourselves.

South America is one of the great natural fields for American investment. The others are Russia and China; but in addition to the question of trade routes, with Russia there are to be considered eventualities of the war, and with China the possibility of Japanese domination.

Does not all this point to the fact that, to suffer the least national derangement in our commercial and industrial life in case of war, we should as far as possible concentrate in South America our foreign investments, obtaining from it the raw material, supplies and articles not produced here or obtained at better advantage from abroad; and, on the other hand, supply South

America with its imports, for which its purchasing power, now large, will grow with the development resulting from this policy on our part?

The notable investments in South America will naturally be in railways; public utilities in cities; hydro-electric developments; properties whose products are consumed in the United States; and Government, state and municipal bonds; representing, according to past experience, approximately the order of safety.

For instance, the bonds of the Costa Rica Railway have for years been quoted at 95 per cent. to par, while the Costa Rica Government bonds were standing at 25 per cent. to 35 per cent., and the railway and Government securities of Guatemala show similar price relations. Even in great countries with stable Governments, like Argentine and Brazil, the national Governments were on a 5 per cent. basis at a considerable margin below par, while the gilt-edged railroads sold their bonds on a 4 per cent. basis at near par.

The individual states and municipalities, being without diplomatic relations, and for other more cogent reasons, have been compelled generally to issue their securities on a lower plane than the Federal Governments. Particularly has this been the case with municipalities, owing to a tendency to extravagance in public improvements and the difficulty usually experienced in the Western hemisphere of properly governing municipalities. This is mitigated in the United States by a limit of indebtedness to a small percentage on the total property values,—a limit difficult of application to South America, where there is no direct taxation on property values. The present long crisis, beginning with the Balkan War, in the autumn of 1912, has brought a salutary change in the scale of expenditure, private and governmental, resulting in balances of trade, increasing in Argentine from $59,777,000 in 1913 to $320,000,000 in 1915, and in Brazil from minus $11,279,000 in 1913 to about plus $108,000,000 in 1915; while governmental expenditure in Argentine decreased from $187,000,000 in 1913 to $165,000,000 in 1915, and in Brazil from $224,706,000 in 1913 to about $145,000,000 in 1915.

When the South American Governments shall have balanced their budgets under present conditions, their situation will be unusually sound and healthy, as the countries themselves are being strengthened by their large and increas-

ingly favorable annual balances of trade and their business adjusted to less use of credit, while the outstanding commercial and industrial indebtedness is largely liquidated. State and municipal loans must, however, be scrutinized with especial care and each case judged on its own merits.

Railways in Latin America have the inestimable advantage of concession contracts with the Governments defining the respective rights and obligations. In the United States railways were built under general State laws without contracts, and as a consequence the Government's power of interference in all matters, including rates, is limited only by what the Courts may consider to be a reasonable return on the investment of the most favored railways, condemning those less favored to a lower return or none at all.

In the case of iron ore, Brazil has the largest known deposits in the world—70 per cent. practically free from phosphorus. The State of Minas Geraes alone is estimated to have 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 tons at about 300 to 400 miles from the sea-coast, and bodies of iron ore exist in other states of Brazil. Our Eastern mills, whose expansion should take on a new phase with our increasing export of steel and steel products, can use this ore to advantage as well as Europe, which needs it for mixture with its low-grade and high phosphorus ores.

Brazil, now the largest producer after India of manganese, sends almost her entire output to the United States, which is planning to increase greatly its consumption in order to replace shipments from India interfered with by the war.

The largest deposits of nitrate of soda in the world are in Chile,—in fact the only known large deposits. The demand of the Allies for ammunition now largely counterbalances in tonnage the loss of the German market, which before the war took 70 per cent. of the output of the Chilian nitrate fields. The United States, to insure its supply of nitrates in case of war, would be compelled to establish great water-power and other electric factories to make artificial nitrates from the air at a larger permanent cost of the product than the Chilian nitrates, were the trade route to Chile (including the Panama Canal) not certain to be kept open for us.

In time of peace as well as in time of war, our country is likely to be one of the world's largest consumers of nitrates. While we had large unoccupied areas of rich land,

there was no necessity to tone up the production of the lands already under cultivation, but now we must turn to them for increase of our production. On the poor soil of the Eastern States, or the partly worn-out soil of the Central States of the United States, the effect of the use of nitrates is magical in the output per acre. It might be that our banking system would find a way to make advances to farmers for nitrate, to be repaid out of the greatly increased season's crop, as has been the custom of the banks in another country.

Our largest supply of tin, that of the Straits Settlements, already severely embarrassed through the present inadequate transportation and high freight rates, and likely to become more so with the closing of the Suez Canal to traffic, is also the object of Government control as a war measure. Is it not clearly to the interest of the United States to turn to Bolivia as the source of its tin, a country containing rich tin ores capable of supplying the world and now producing 18 per cent. of the total output? There are no tin smelters except in Europe, but the first ones in the United States are now being built.

American investment might find it to its advantage to turn to the large tracts of rubber-bearing land along the navigable rivers of the Amazon valley, expanding their output by greater development. At present rubber is gathered only from within two to three miles of the river banks, the hinterland being untouched, so that the production can be increased indefinitely. The Amazon valley can be made a certain source of supply of the best quality of rubber for all our present and future needs, with a short sea trip to the United States.

The cattle-breeding lands of the world, elsewhere than in Latin America, have so narrowed through the encroachments of agriculture that the world's consumption of meat, constantly increasing, has surpassed supplies from those sources. The reserves of wheat production—Canada and Siberia—are too cold for cattle breeding, and the unoccupied ranges of Australia and South Africa receive too little rainfall to make them good cattle ranches, so that they are likely to be called on for further production on a large scale only after South America's well-watered pastures are filled. The immense region of Southern Brazil, Eastern Bolivia, Paraguay and Northern Argentine is now the only large unoccu-

pied territory eminently adapted for cattle breeding; Argentine—excepting the Northern portion—and Uruguay being well occupied with cattle ranches, so the development of cattle breeding and the substitution of ranches taken for agricultural purposes must fall chiefly on the area mentioned.

American cattle breeders who have had to go out of the cattle business through the rise in the price of their land and the encroachments of agriculture, are offered a profitable field for investment and for their activities in South America. Packing-houses have already been established by American interests at Buenos Aires, La Plata, Montevideo, and São Paulo (Brazil), and are in contemplation at other places. The United States has become an increasingly meat-importing nation, and there is no other place in the world beside South America which can give us the largely increased supplies of meat required.

Keeping the trade routes open, under all conditions, on both the East and West coasts of South America, including the Panama Canal, which is a condition sine qua non of the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, will prevent the shipping lines owned by the American Republics being disturbed in time of war, but it does not supply the present lack of shipping. Besides the handicap of our own Governmental regulations, the insuperable obstacle in the past to the establishment of American shipping lines has been the lack of sufficient tonnage of return cargo to the United States, as we ourselves have been exporters and not importers of wheat, corn, and, until lately, of the meat products, constituting the bulk of South American exports, as cocoa and rubber give a relatively small tonnage.

This situation will be entirely changed by bringing to the United States Brazilian iron ore, manganese, meat products; Argentine meat products, wool, flax, quebracho and extract of quebracho; Chilian nitrates and copper concentrates, and Bolivian tin concentrates for smelting in the United States. These will then furnish such a huge tonnage moving this way as to require not only the expected large increase of our exports of general merchandise to South America, but also a heavy tonnage of American coal to counterbalance it.

It may not be generally understood that it is the heavy tonnage of British coal exported, 97,719,000 tons in 1913,—

about three-fifths of the tonnage of Britain's total exports, carried at times suiting the convenience of her steamship lines and affording them at the same time a sure and cheap supply of their own fuel,—which has been a determining factor in her preponderance in the ocean-carrying trade. The entry of America on a large scale into the coal trade of South America is likewise one of the main factors in the building up of a great American mercantile marine, and, until we have built it up, all calculations regarding raw materials and other supplies from South America as well as exports thereto are subject, as at present, to derangement at any time by happenings over which we have no control.

The mobilization of American securities by the British Government may furnish $1,250,000,000 to $1,500,000,000 of exchange, postponing for about nine months the necessity of finding further means of providing exchange to cover the balance of trade for munitions and supplies for herself and for her Allies. As long as the Dardanelles remain closed, Russia will be unable to export to advantage her grain and other products, so that her enormous requirements for munitions imported create a heavy adverse balance of trade which she can only meet through England's financial support. If the war should continue indefinitely, a further solution will be required for the exchange situation next autumn, and this can come about only through the sale of other properties which the only possible purchaser, the United States, might care to buy, pointing naturally to South American securities, of which England alone is estimated to own upwards of $3,000,000,000. In helping Europe to meet her needs in this way, we shall at the same time give to ourselves the most favourable form of investment to be made in South America in taking proven properties without the risk and delay usually attendant upon investments in new fields. Europe must realize that it is for her advantage that we consider this situation now; as otherwise, should a crisis arise requiring immediate action, our bankers and public might not be prepared with the necessary information on which to act.

PERCIVAL FARQUHAR.

CAPITALISM AND SOCIAL DISCONTENT

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

In these days when capital is being destroyed on an enormous scale in the European War, some fundamental ideas are gaining recognition by the mere logic of events which in the piping times of peace would have taken great pedagogical effort and much time to enforce. Unconsciously, the upheaval of industry in the belligerent countries is tied up in every one's mind with speculations as to the diminution in the supply of capital now and in the immediate future after the end of the war.

The fundamental problems for the laboring men, however, will not only remain, but their pressing importance will be intensified by all that is happening in the war.

In some way the belief has won a wide support that the empty-handed young workman is, and must remain, outside the sacred precincts of industrial success because he is denied the hope and possession of capital. Or, as it was expressed by an intelligent student: "What hope is there, under the present industrial system, for the disfranchised classes?" No doubt, the supposition that the laboring force is practically cut off from the possession and advantages of capital is the basis for the fundamental tenet of Socialism that the State should control all capitalistic instruments of production in the common interest.

The evolution of capitalistic forms has gone on since early times almost in geometrical progression until we have reached the amazing variety and efficiency of those of the present day. In a time of only rude forms of primitive capital the surplus left for savings was but small; and, in addition, the prevailing violence of the times gave little security to what was saved. But capital grew more rapidly as capitalistic forms increased. It is sometimes asserted

that those of small incomes have no margin from which capital can be saved. The mere fact of the steady and marvelous growth of capital as the race has developed out of meagre, primitive resources is the final answer to any such claim. Capital has become an essential and powerful agent in production, separable from labor, exchangeable among men by loans, practically unlimited in supply, except as it may be limited by the saving propensities of mankind and by the materials (*e.g.*, wood and iron) out of which the concrete forms of capital may be made. Indeed, modern civilization, the everyday present well-being of the race, would be wholly impossible without the efficient aids which man has already created in the multifarious forms of capital.

Capital serves to discount long-continued processes of production. Since we can obtain more goods by the aid of capital than without, we move forward, by inventions touching specialized processes, to adopt methods absolutely impossible without more or less durable forms of capital. Thus satisfactions which meet varied wants become more abundant and cheaper only as industry is able to use more and more capital,—that is, only as production becomes more capitalistic. The only limit to this development, as has been said, is the self-control and ingenuity of the human mind. Hence, not only does capital change the relation of man to his environment and to his ability to satisfy increasing wants, but it enables him to create a system of industry involving an extensive quality of coöperation and division of labor (as against primitive individualism), which would be wholly impossible without it. This is the outcome of capitalism.

We thus come to see capitalism as a highly beneficent influence in the economic world. It has enlarged the comfort and range of consumption of the poorest toiler on the earth. That truth is unmistakable. Then why is it that in the labor literature of our day "capitalism" is used as a term of reproach, or objurgation? What really resides in the hopeless lament that the laboring classes are, in respect of capital, "disfranchised"?

Capitalism probably has the connotation in the minds of those who thus express themselves that it is responsible for the separation of mankind into employers and employees, into masters and servants. Why is it that in the world of industry some men are employers and some are employed?

To some of those who have lately come from nations having privileged classes, where many are born to wealth without effort of their own, it may seem that all capital is unjustly owned by its possessors. But apart from inheritance, gifts by privilege, and robbery, the enormous mass of modern industrial capital has come into existence by a personal process of saving, by abstention from personal consumption in order to get it for productive uses. The origin of capital has both a psychic and a physical element. Given a strong desire to save, the amount of capital accumulated will vary with the margin from which savings can be made; or, given the margin, large or small, the amount saved will vary with the ability to realize the future. Anything, therefore, which will increase the power of the future over the present will, other things being equal, increase the amount of capital.

The creation and legitimate possession of capital, consequently, requires certain personal qualities,—willingness and imagination enough to weigh a future gain over against a present indulgence, self-control, patience, persistence, foresight, and prudence. Those who have these homely virtues become the possessors of capital, and hence employers of others; while those who have them not, and own no capital, must seek those who have capital; and hence are employed by others. The separation into the two great classes of the employers and the employed is thus due to differences in human qualities; differences, however, of a kind which can be removed by training, environment, and the development of character and civilization. Moreover, is it not a beneficent order of things by which material success—which appeals strongly to many who are deaf to ordinary moral and religious appeals—is set forth as a reward for the exercise of many of the simplest virtues? Indeed, one of the fundamental weaknesses of Socialism is that it promises to its votaries the possession of capital through the action of the State, without any personal sacrifice on their part and by removing the very stimulus to character and virtue laid upon them by the existing system of society—more or less faulty though that system may be in other ways.

We are logically forced to the conclusion, therefore, that there is no limit to the supply of this immensely powerful and necessary factor, capital, except the total increase of wealth over maintenance, and the willingness to save. There is, then, no possible monopoly in capital. By the spread of

intelligence and science the total wealth from which savings can be made is increasing, precisely because new forms of capital are being constantly devised which are ever enlarging the productive forces of mankind. To this process there is no end. There is, also, no monopoly of the powers of men to labor or to postpone consumption. It is a matter to be decided only by the individual himself. He is not restrained or "disfranchised" by any power outside himself. If a young man with limited skill and intelligence ignorantly marries without having saved anything and immediately begets a large family of children, of course he finds it hard to save on a very small income; and hence he may regard the man who has already accumulated capital as a monopolist to whom he must go for employment. The situation, however, is one of the laborer's own creating; the fault is not in the existing system of society, nor in any limitation to capital, which can be saved by any one who is willing to comply with the rules of the game set by the character of human nature and our external environment. In short, the improvement of the position of the poorer laborer is largely dependent on internal ethical growth and self-control. The remedy is, in the main, not social, but personal.

Such being the essential reasons why some men are employers and others are employed, why some men have capital and others not, the very natural ambition of those who have meagre incomes to enlarge them has created what we have come to describe as "social discontent." It would be very unfortunate if those having little did not wish to have more of this world's goods, in order that they might be freed from the deadening effects of monotonous labor without the hope of a decent and cheerful environment. Therefore, "social discontent" is not a thing to be decried; but a thing which, if it did not exist, we should wish to create and stimulate as a means of establishing the very motive for progress in those who sometimes have no ambition and think they are "disfranchised" (in the industrial sense). Thus given the motive, how may we state the means to the given end? We are all agreed in wishing for larger incomes for those in the harder walks of the unskilled; but the really difficult thing is to come to an agreement upon the means of reaching the end desired by us all.

Perhaps the one instrumentality for increasing the shares of workingmen which has become sacrosanct in the

labor world is the union. Is this a means likely to accomplish the desired end? Let us examine this means dispassionately, and solely with the aim of testing its probable efficacy for raising the standard of living, and for increasing the consumption, comfort, and enjoyment of the lower range of laborers.

The laborers are urged to regard "trade-unions as the means through which to work out their economic salvation."[1] Not only are unions to provide "just wages," but to bring about an equitable distribution of wealth:

> Trade-unionism stands for the constructive development of society, it seeks the more equitable distribution of wealth in order that all our people may develop to the extent of their highest and best possibilities.[2]

To such an extent has this type of mind gone in insisting on the union as the one agent at hand for bringing about a rise of wages and the progress upwards of the laboring classes that its vision is obscured for any other means—and this mainly on the ground that the union is the only practical means by which to reform an inequitable system of distribution. Tremendous energy has been put into the cause of Unionism in this behalf. That unions have an important place in our economic life no one doubts; but to suppose that the union is the solution of the problem of equitable distribution no one, in his economic senses, believes.

Elsewhere I have tried to emphasize the point—not new by any means—that unions are characterized by the basic principle of monopoly of labor. Their whole economic purpose is to try to raise wages at a given time and place by limiting the supply of labor obtainable by employers. To this it has been replied that "a labor-union is not a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade"; that no decision of the courts has declared that, under the anti-trust act, an organization of workmen "is an unlawful monopoly." Of course not; nor is any lawful organization. The real point at issue is: Does this or that particular combination of laborers commit acts in restraint of trade? If it does, it comes under the penalties of the act, as in the case of the Danbury Hatters.

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[1] John Mitchell: "The Economic Necessity of Trade-Unionism," *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1914.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 169.

Moreover, in reply to the truism that unions are based on the principle of monopoly, a somewhat irrelevant reply[1] is given that a distinction should be made between organizations formed to control the prices of commodities such as the necessities of life (referring, of course, to the so-called trusts), and those "formed for the purpose of defending and promoting the interests of the wage-earners" (meaning, of course, labor-unions). This is obviously an appeal to the feeling of humanity which should not regard human beings as if they were inanimate goods. Of course labor stands in a different category from goods, and the conditions affecting their supply are entirely different: on that we are all agreed. But that distinction is irrelevant to the point at issue. There are organizations of men known as producers "for the purpose of defending and promoting their interests," and there are organizations of men, known as laborers "for the purpose of defending and promoting their interests." Both are organizations of men; and both are subject to the same law regulating the actions of men, if either should attempt to restrain trade. It is sophistical to speak as if one group were affected by law and the other not.

This sophistical reasoning goes farther. It is claimed that the Anti-trust Act was never intended to apply to organizations having no capital stock, not dealing in products of labor, and not organized for a profit. It can make no more difference whether an organization violating the law has capital stock or not than whether a violator of the peace has blue eyes or brown eyes. It can make no difference what a combination ostensibly deals in, or whether its profits are large or small; the real issue must always be, has it violated the law of the land? Why then should any one be pained to find unions included under the provisions of the Anti-trust Act? They could not be included merely as organizations, no matter what their purpose, if they did nothing objectionable under the law. If the members of a union are proved to have restrained trade there is no reason why they should not be regarded as violators of the law as well as any other persons or organizations.

Since the formative principle of a union is a restriction of employment to its own members, the attitude of labor leaders to it is highly important. It bears on the large

[1] John Mitchell, *supra*, p. 164.

question of the proper means by which the workingmen may better their position. This attitude is briefly summed up as follows:[1]

> If it eventually should be held that labor-unions as such are monopolies in restraint of trade and thus subject to dissolution by order of the court, no greater disaster to the orderly, rational and constructive development and progress of the wage-earning masses will have occurred.

Obviously no union whose acts are lawful is in danger of dissolution. "Trade-unions," it is claimed, "strive for peace based upon industrial righteousness."[2] The inference is that whatever, in the eyes of the Unionists, is "industrial righteousness," whether forbidden by law or not, should be allowed to unions without danger of dissolution. Who is to decide what it is? The union is to remain peaceful, provided there is allowed to it what it itself interprets to be "industrial righteousness."

Quite apart from the abuses of union organization (which are separable from the legitimate services of unions), the economic function of the union is what most concerns us. Taking it at its best, can it produce the results claimed for it?

As has been said, the essential principle of it is the monopoly of labor. It can accomplish its aim of raising the wages of its members only by the limitation of competitors. If the whole supply of labor were under control, then the union could produce a complete monopoly and fix price; but since this is, humanly speaking, impracticable, there can be attempts at fixing price only by artificial monopoly. The reason of this failure to function as a perfect monopoly is obvious. The supply of labor through births cannot be controlled by unions, as now conducted. If the supply of workers is certain to come forward for physiological reasons quite irrespective of union policy, it is useless to assume any power by unions to fix prices of labor through control of supply. And yet that is the central theory of Unionism.

Are unions indeed the only means at hand to accomplish "the orderly, rational and constructive development and progress of the wage-earning masses"? The statement

[1] John Mitchell, *supra*, p. 163.

[2] *Ibid*, p. 162.

made in John Stuart Mill's day still remains true, that the extraordinary progress made in industrial output and efficiency of production for many decades has not been accompanied by a corresponding enlargement in the income and consumption of the wage-receiving classes; because numbers have increased as production has advanced, and a larger total dividend has been spread over more divisors, giving to each laborer a not much larger quotient than before. If this be true, the future progress of the laboring population depends upon something more than fractional advances in their wages. Is it not beginning to dawn upon the real friends of labor that betterment cannot be permanently or even sensibly advanced so long as men are merely receivers of wages? The union, however, assumes that all depends upon the matter of wages. And yet, looking back, can any sympathetic friend of labor be satisfied with the gains which the workers of our race have won through the mere receipt of wages?

The central reason why the union is not a means competent to solve the problem of an inequitable system of distribution is that it confines its attempts to control the price of labor to a means of controlling supply which is really illusory. Moreover, the price of anything is also affected by whatever touches the demand for it. The thing to be acquired must have such qualities as will excite in the demander a belief that it will satisfy his need. Granting the need, and the ability to pay, the price will be affected by the utility of the thing to be marketed. Other things being equal, the greater the efficiency or utility of labor the greater the demand for it. This is one reason why skilled labor may command higher wages than unskilled. Does the union aim to develop efficiency and utility in labor, in order to obtain higher wages? Not usually.

Another economic difficulty has been blinked by those who rest their hopes alone on wages, and try to connect the wages to be paid with the value of the product turned out. Even some respectable authorities fail to see that two separate processes of valuation are going on, each independent of the other, both in time and in conditions of demand and supply. The bargaining for wages to workmen goes on at a time before the goods on which they are working have been produced; and labor leaders are right who insist that the supply of labor and the demand for it are affected by all that

characterizes human beings on the one hand as distinct from those that characterize inorganic matter on the other. The supply of labor comes forward as a result of the strongest instinct in human beings; and the demand for labor can come only from those who can pay for it (*i. e.*, with funds saved). On the other hand, the finished product is priced at a time after the bargaining for labor has been settled; and the supply of goods comes forward in answer to an offer of purchasing power, and under conditions influenced by efficiency of production, the condition of the arts, inventions, divisions of labor and the like. The price-making process, therefore, is clearly distinct in time and conditions for labor on the one hand, and goods on the other. The obvious conclusion from this admitted fact, then, is that methods of raising wages must be of a kind to affect the pricing of labor, and are more or less remote from those affecting the pricing of goods.

The upshot of the whole matter is clear in logic and in experience. Permanently to raise wages of any group of laborers, we must raise their productive power, or their utility, to the demander. To do that is to place them, by natural monopoly, in the class of the skilled, where their numbers are more or less limited relatively to the unskilled. In other words, supply is directly affected to the permanent advantage of those included. Thus the artificial monopoly of the union (which mistakenly aims at restriction of supply without an advance in quality) is avoided.

More than this, the mere receivers of wages, in bargaining for a definite wage before work is undertaken, thereby contract themselves out of risk. If the pricing of goods goes wrong and a loss to the employer results, the claim of the receiver of wages is unimpaired. But as the wage-getter is thus freed from all risk he is also cut off from all exceptional gains. The factor assuming industrial risk is the one that obtains all exceptional, or differential, gains or losses due to unexpected changes affecting the price of goods. In a young country like the United States a well-established business gains in volume by the mere growth of population and industry. Moreover, the resources and opportunities of such a country are but partly known, and are constantly opening to the enterprising man who can control capital. These new enterprises, since accompanied by more or less risk, if successful, bring in exceptional gains. In addition,

the land of the new country rises in value as it is more densely settled; in fact, most farmers of the last generation have gained less by raising crops than by the rise in the price of land.

Consequently we are obliged not only by experience but by economic analysis to face the fact that the improvement of the wage-earning masses can be gained only by a policy quite different from the one accepted in the past, and which forms the essence of Unionism. To rise to a higher level the laborer must get some of the advantages possessed by the employer and the risk-taker, and thus obtain some of the inevitable differential gains characteristic of a new and growing country. In short, the true remedy for a healthy "social discontent" is more capitalism. Heterodox as this advice may seem, the more it is pondered the more practical, effective and successful it will prove.

The differences marking off the possessors of capital from those who have none are due, as already pointed out, to differences in training and in human qualities. There is no monopoly in existence to prevent any person from acquiring the power to weigh a future gain over against a present indulgence, to get self-control, patience, foresight, prudence, thrift, and good judgment. No one has been thus "disfranchised." If a person has these qualities, he inevitably becomes a possessor of savings, and is thus a capitalist. The qualities which come with the saving of capital will also work to restrict imprudent marriages and the birth of more children than can be properly fed and educated. In short, by directing attention to the development in the laborers of certain essential qualities, and calling upon all the educative forces of philanthropy and organized society to aid in that purpose, we shall answer "social discontent" by some permanent gains to industrial efficiency and wages, and bring to the support of the wage-earning masses the wide-reaching influences of capitalism.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

IS PROHIBITION AMERICAN?

L. AMES BROWN

In a speech at the dedication of the Imperial Naval Academy at Murvik, in 1910, the Emperor of Germany said:

> The next war, the next naval encounter, will require of you sound nerves. These are undermined by alcohol, endangered from youth up by its use. . . . Then the word will be, strong nerves and cool heads. *The nation which drinks the least alcohol will be the winner.*

In August, 1915, after a year's devastation of the world war, "the next war," when America had learned of the Imperial *ukase* establishing prohibition in Russia, the prohibition of absinthe in France, and the stringent regulatory measures adopted in England, as means of increasing the efficiency of these nations, the German Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg, gave an interview to an American newspaper correspondent, from which I quote the following:

> 'Is prohibition of the sale of liquor an active issue in the United States?'
>
> 'Yes, your Excellency, we have many States in which the sale of intoxicants is forbidden. Recently the question of adopting a constitutional amendment was brought up in Congress and received very considerable support.'
>
> 'Most interesting,' said the Chancellor. 'A movement of that sort would make no headway in Germany. The people would regard it as an absolutely unwarranted interference with their personal liberty.'

In this connection, let it be noted that, so far as the outside world has been informed, the chief measure affecting the consumption of alcohol adopted by Germany since the outbreak of the war is an order limiting the quantity of hops which may be used in the manufacture of beer. Practically all the German regulatory measures are solely for economic reasons.

The foregoing exhibit of facts is put forward at the opening of this paper as indicating the attitude of the most efficient Government in the world toward prohibition as a means of promoting efficiency. It seems well worth while to emphasize the viewpoint of this high authority on efficiency in introducing a discussion of the chief new element in the American prohibition movement. I mean the efficiency propaganda. That is the element which, above all others, has produced the important motive power we observe in the American prohibition movement today, which has procured for it extensive support from the capitalistic portion of our people, and which, in a sense, is responsible for its differentiation from that earlier prohibition movement so completely repudiated by an intelligent group of States in the decade following 1860. While the propaganda of prohibition still is pre-eminently a moral one, and while it is still the moral side which is relied upon for support in many of the States, the conclusion is inescapable, from a study of this propaganda, that the extra-religious support which vitalizes it today has been gained through its attempted assimilation of the gospel of mental and physical efficiency which now stands so firmly embodied in our national character.

Study the propaganda as it is now being carried forward. Its new elements relate to the material benefits to be derived from prohibition—the percentage of workingmen's wages, percentages of increase of wealth, destruction of money spent for drink, decreases in industrial accidents, removal of the drain upon workingmen's compensation funds, and a general capacitation of the man who works. These have become the principal items in the prohibitionists' appeal to industrial capital. These are the things which may enable some of us to forget certain fundamentals of our Government—States' rights, individuals' rights, democracy—in asking the Federal Government to perform the parental function of insuring that we be led out of the way of temptation.

War places such premiums on efficiency! We have noted that here in America. We are striving hard to learn this lesson well. Few of us but have felt a new inspiration to cast aside the superfluous and make better use of the strength in us. Are we to be more prone than heretofore to ignore some of the fundamental lessons to be drawn from a consideration of the Hobson propaganda?

Let us note that this movement for efficiency through prohibition impugns the efficiency of the form of government upon which we have relied since America embarked upon this great adventure, having the hopes of all liberty-aspiring peoples aligned with her. The control of alcohol must be centralized, the prohibitionist tells us; in this instance we must turn, unless our ambitions be thwarted, to a more efficient form of government control than is offered under the present balance of powers between the States and the National Government. The typical American will be slow, however, to forget the lessons of the growth of our liberty, nor will he be willing, for a purpose not well weighed, to abandon anything of the progress we have made. He is not likely to overlook the fact that, in asking the Federal Government to compel moral and physical well-being through prohibition, the country will be turning back to the older idea of government to which the democratic ideal offered its thrilling challenge some two centuries ago.

Beyond peradventure, Germany has applied this older idea of government more efficiently than has any other nation in modern times. She has at once the most efficient and at the same time the most centralized form of government which now exists. Unrestrained by ideals of democracy, she has been enabled to furnish an object lesson of the highly centralized government which has caused some among us to wonder if our essentially different form is capable of as great usefulness. But even Germany has held back from that centralization measure now advocated in the United States. Despite the estimate of abstinence as promotive of war efficiency, expressed in the Kaiser's Murvik speech, the German Chancellor tells us that his Government would not dare propose prohibition.

Undoubtedly, when the future student of the philosophy of government begins to make a critical analysis of political developments of our times, he will regard many of them as peculiar anomalies. He will wonder perhaps at the willingness with which the American people have accepted the extension of a system of government by commission. Doubtless, other governmental changes are in store for us which he will reduce to the same irreconcilable category. National prohibition, if it comes, however, will be regarded as preeminent in this category. It cannot fail to be regarded as a movement fostered in the electorate through the ignoring

of one of the fundamentals of that plan of government to which all of our characteristic political commitments supposedly are reconciled.

The Constitution of the United States embodies the principle of governmental Americanism. It is not merely a set of laws providing how our statutes shall be drafted. It is a set of principles, or, more exactly, the principle of our Government, and as such must be an organic whole. It cannot be a patchwork. Its various parts must co-ordinate in order that it retain its vital character. It cannot retain this character, this unity, if there are to be written into it provisions for the nullification, as regards certain phases of our national life, of those older fundamentals embodied in it at a time when it composed a unit of thought.

Another point at which the prohibition movement of to-day diverges from democratic ideals of government is the commingling of the Church and politics which it has brought about. The separation of the Church from the State, the establishment of a civilization in which there should be not only religious independence, but also governmental freedom from the influence of religious institutions, was one of the main intentions of those who launched America upon her destiny. In no earlier period of our history have the American people tolerated an extensive, open effort of any church, or of any set of churchmen, to sway the course of our politics or the policies of our Government.

An able exposition of this principle was embodied in an editorial written by the present Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels, several years ago, when a church organization in North Carolina projected a movement to minimize the annual appropriations of the State Legislature for the support of the State University. It was captioned, "No State Church—No Church State," and so ably did it present the danger of an extended series of activities similar to those this set of churchmen had directed against the State University, that the movement disintegrated.

As late as January 12, 1916, a peculiarly impressive instance of the participation of clergymen in the Anti-Saloon League's campaign in New York was furnished by the issuance of a call from the League's headquarters in New York City "to the clergymen of New York State," signed by some eighty New York clergymen and conveying this request:

The passage of similar legislation (referring to the advocated State measure) has been greatly facilitated in other States by what is known as a ' concerted discussion ' on this specific issue on one day, simultaneously, throughout the State. We, therefore, join in requesting that you unite with the churches generally throughout New York State in bringing this matter to the attention of your congregation on Sunday, January 30, 1916, to the end that they may write or petition their representatives in the legislature to grant this relief to the people of this and other cities in the Empire State.

The prohibition movement throughout the nation started as a semi-religious movement. The pulpit has been the prohibitionists' stump. The campaign in many States has been conducted largely from the churches. Most of the pre-eminent leaders in the national movement, as well as that in the States, have a " D. D." affixed to their names. One of the big instrumentalities in forcing members of Congress into line to vote for the Hobson resolution was not only the fear that they would be denounced from the accustomed sources of political anathema, but the certainty that they would be " preached against," that they would be denounced by clergymen as payees of the Whiskey Trust, and that this stigma, just or unjust, would be impressed upon their characters as understood by the mothers and other non-voting individuals in their Congressional Districts in a measure not open to any other sort of political castigation.

The philosophy of government is not the only vantage point from which interesting questions are discernible for the student of Americanism. Careful consideration of the American character, with its pre-eminent individualism, will disclose a new inconsistency in the development of prohibition. This relates to the form of the morality to be achieved. A doctrine of salvation through the removal of temptation, of righteousness made possible by lack of opportunity for sinning, such as the prohibition movement represents, never has been typical of the American character. Rather have we believed that the " robust tone " of our national character was achievable only through the resistance of those elements which assailed it. American character has no negative quality. Established superiority to hardship and temptation has been its most admired attribute. The philosophy of sinless isolation has had few protagonists among us.

One way to a sinless life lies through the cloister. Some close resemblance to this is borne by the prohibition of

temptation. Both have the same idea of enabling human nature to escape temptation, and neither will produce character of that fibrous sort which Americanism has come to typify.

So practical are we become, however, that we give less thought to the means by which an admirable end is to be achieved than heretofore. Social service openly antagonizes the principle that the ability to overcome temptation is a necessary element of well-being. In our day there is a growing disposition to accept ideals of social service which will lead, through legislation as well as other instrumentalities, to the protection of the weaker ones by an enforced avoidance of the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest. The line of cleavage between prohibition of intoxicants as a character measure and the impulses which dominate us today is not as distinct, therefore, as in the earlier history of the nation.

The prohibitionist endeavors to reduce the philosophy I have stated to an absurd conclusion by asking whether one disapproves of the prohibition of narcotics. Frequently one hears a prohibition debater state that the prohibition of narcotics and that of alcoholic beverages differ in no essential points. It is to be observed, however, that the drug habit never has laid its hand upon a percentage of our people comparable to that which uses alcohol in some form, and that the odium which attaches to any sort of indulgence in narcotics never has been applied to the restrained use of intoxicants. The two temptations differ in this: that any sort of indulgence in the one results in disintegration of character and a measure of disgrace, while only the loss of self-control involves these results in the use of intoxicants.

Confidence in Americanism, in the ability of the composite mind of the nation to guide to a better destiny, demands progress in the matter of drink reform. The American people are turning steadily to the question of temperance and there is no doubt in my mind that the next few decades will see some startling advances made in this direction. It may be that the people will decide that nation-wide prohibition is not the remedy we should apply to intemperance, but will choose measures more consistent with our fundamental ideals and more responsive to the varying conditions of public sentiment in different localities. We have a compelling interest in mental and physical efficiency, and

never was there a higher degree of resolve to promote this interest than exists in the nation today. It is to expected, for one thing, that important steps will be taken to brush aside the obstacles placed in the way of political and material progress by the saloons and saloon keepers. The city saloon as an institution has disclosed itself oftentimes to be an influence inimical to political well being. It has mingled too freely in politics and exerted a too-intimate control over the political affiliation of foreign-born citizens and others of the laboring classes. The wrongs which are by-products of saloon operation may be remedied, and inevitably will be remedied, through an awakening of the civic consciousness to their existence and their harmfulness. Temperance, too, will be achieved by education and by modifications of the regulatory measures already devised, or new ones may seem better to meet the needs of future conditions. Some of the newer prohibition States have recently given evidence of vigor in the enforcement of the State laws—although in the main by statutes partially limiting consumption—which may hold out a promise for future improvement. Progress may be made along this line. The one fact in which I have most confidence, however, is that the nation will not attempt the unnatural and impossible act of making a clean sweep of drinking by a single change in law. American temperance will be achieved, if at all, by a growth toward it, slow perhaps, but well ordered, and certain of no recession from the advantages gained. This will be true if we preserve our characteristic conservatism in dealing with big questions and our characteristic stubbornness in relinquishing the good which we achieve. Whatever be the course of the great temperance movement, of which the Hobson movement is but a single and, in comparison, an unimportant manifestation, I am sure that no intellectually honest citizen will feel that harm has been done in making an unbiased presentation of the faults in the Hobson movement, which are discernible in the light of the fundamental principles that always have guided our progress.

L. Ames Brown.

LIFE THE TRAVELER

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

When I was a boy and studied astronomy at school I thought of Kepler's *radius vector* as a real thing that played an important part in celestial mechanics. Later, in following Darwin's theory of animal evolution, I found the same tendency in myself and in others to objectify natural selection and regard it as a positive agent or principle that controlled and determined the origin of species.

Darwinians are prone to imply that Nature selects as man selects, by positive interference. Even so great a natural philosopher as Weismann speaks of natural selections as a positive force. He says in so many words that it "is the cause of a great part of the physical evolution of organisms on the earth—the guiding factor of evolution which creates what is new out of the transmissible variations, by ordering and arranging them, selecting them in relation to their number and size, *as the architect does his building stone, so that a particular style may result*"! (The italics are mine.) Natural selection, then, according to this ultra-Darwinian, is something that knows what it wants from the first, as the architect does when he begins his building, or as the breeder does, say, when he sets out to produce a pouter or a tumbler pigeon.

In his work on Heredity, Weismann proceeds further to illustrate his conception of the positive character of natural selection in originating new species, by comparing it to a traveler on a journey. His traveler proceeds from a certain point on foot by short stages at any given time and in any direction—the direction being determined by the lay of the land, and by its features of mountain, wood, and stream, and other obstacles. He will take the line of least resistance. But if he is a real traveler, and not a vagrant, an aimless

wanderer in the wilderness, will he not be going somewhere, aiming at some predetermined goal? Some purpose, and not the lay of the land, set him traveling; he will keep, in a general way, a given direction. His course will be modified more or less by the obstacles he encounters, but these obstacles will not keep him going, nor determine his goal.

Will the organizing impulse, set aimlessly wandering in the wilderness of inert matter, and taking only the line of least resistance, finally attain to all the beautiful and wonderful living forms that people the earth? Will it evolve the fish, the bird, the mammal, and finally man? Do we find anything in the constitution of the primary elements that foreshadows these things? Or in organized matter itself? Could we infer the bird from the reptile? or man from the unreasoning brute?

Even if we accept Weismann's conception of natural selection as like unto a man on a journey in a pathless wilderness, do we not still want some explanation of why he has undertaken the journey and what his ultimate goal may be? A man lost in the woods or in the desert wanders blindly on in a circle and gets nowhere. Could evolution ever have arrived at man had not man, in some way beyond our power to grasp, been potential in the primal organizing impulse? And so of all other forms? But Weismann's traveler does not know where he is going, but he goes where "the most tortuous and winding route leads him." There is no intelligence in the matter, there is only blind groping. Then Weismann's traveler starts on his journey as one of the very low forms of life, and by sheer luck, and by blindly running the gauntlet of all the countless hazards of the long geologic ages, he ends as man. Other forms on the same journey, through the law of probability, end as reptiles, or birds, or butterflies, or quadrupeds. It is all a chance throw of the dice. A stream of water starting on the mountainside takes the easiest way and reaches the river or the lake or the sea. It is all a matter of physics. Whether it flow north or south or east or west depends upon the lay of the land. All its loopings and doublings are, in a measure, accidental. But it ends as it began, a stream of water and only that. But the stream of life begins in definite forms, and, as it flows on, changes perpetually and increasingly into higher and more complex forms. Its physics and chemistry are the same as that of the stream of non-living bodies, its elements are the

same, but changes and transformations take place of which non-living forms know nothing. Of course the fortuitous plays a part in the course of the living as in that of the non-living, but it plays an entirely secondary part. The seeds that fall upon rocky or barren places do not sprout, and they fall where the chance winds or floods drop them.

We may never be able to make a logical statement about this something here hinted at, but that there is no controlling purpose in organic nature, that the eye, the heart, the brain of man, are mere molecular accidents, like a profile in the rocks, or a face in the clouds, is unthinkable. Natural selection does not work on dead things, and it does not beget life, and in the origin of species it can only play a secondary part. As has been said, it may, in a measure, account for the survival of the fittest, but not for the arrival of the fittest.

Natural selection is only a name for a weeding out or eliminating process, and were it not for the inherent tendency to development which organisms possess, coupled with the variations that result from environmental influences, natural selection would have nothing to go upon. It is the conflict between the push of life and the obstacles which it encounters that results in the survival of the fittest. The prime factor in the origin of species is this aboriginal push or organizing tendency, the modifying factor is the stress of the environment. Are we not compelled to look upon organic nature as a whole, and to say that it knows from the first what it wanted, and the means to obtain it? Could any struggle for life of the lower organisms have resulted in the higher forms had not these forms been in some way predicated in the lower? The German biologist and philosopher makes this struggle creative. It does not merely bring out inherent capabilities, it begets those capabilities *de novo*. Natural selection is all potent. "No leaves or flowers," he says, "no digestion or system, no lungs, legs, wings, bones, or muscles, were present in the primitive forms, and all these must have arisen from them according to the principle of natural selection." Natural selection invented and perfected the wonderful piece of mechanism we know as the human body. The kidneys, the liver, the lungs, the heart, the brain, the eye, the hand, the double circulation,—all the result of chance, or the hit-and-miss method of the blind irrational physical and chemical forces!

Why these forces left some forms so low down in the

animal scale, and carried others so much higher up, does not appear. Natural selection has shown great partiality. Weismann admits that "these primitive forms were in a certain sense predestined to development." The traveler was predestined to get out of the woods and reach his goal, but only in case he had a goal, and knew in what direction it lay.

Does not the plasticity of living forms, this power of adaptation, their capacity to profit by fortuitous circumstances, imply something super-mechanical and super-chemical that natural selection could neither give nor take away?

Behold an army on a forced march; see the weak and incompetent fall out and drop by the wayside. That is natural selection—the survival of the fittest; only the strongest and the least handicapped reach the goal. The only positive things are the plans of the commanding general, and the impulse that sends the troops forward. Darwin himself never looked upon natural selection as a cause, or in any sense a directing agent, but as a name for a process—a sifting process that lead to the survival of the most fit. Darwinism makes no account of the evolutionary impulse—the constant push of life that lies back of, and makes possible, this drama of creation. Development implies an inward tendency to development—something that profits by development. The myriad of living forms could only arrive under the pressure of an organizing tendency in living matter. Natural selection may trim the tree, but it does not plant it, nor make it grow, nor prescribe one form to the pine and another to the oak. Do we not have to think of all these things as involved in the mystery of the evolutionary impulse itself? What that impulse is, in the terms of the rest of our knowledge, or whence it comes, and how it adheres to matter, is one of the fundamental mysteries.

More than any other man of our era, Charles Darwin is responsible for the tremendous growth which biological science has made in our time. No matter whether his theory of natural selection as an adequate explanation of the origin of species stands the test of time or not. It aroused men's minds to the feasibility of the subject for scientific investigation. The questions Darwin put to Nature were all fruitful and stimulating. Whether he got the right answers or not, he showed men how to question and cross-question her, and showed that she was not so dumb as we had thought. Dar-

win loosed the whole animal world from its moorings in the theory of the fixity of species, and set it afloat on the sea of change. His solution of the origin of the various forms is bound to be greatly modified, maybe negatived altogether, but he did a mighty service to biological science in simply raising the question of their instability, and in calling attention to the natural grounds upon which their stereotyped characters may be questioned. Life is so fluid and elastic, so various and adaptive, that, on *a priori* grounds, one would say that species are not rigid and fixed. Darwin's proof that they are not is overwhelming, and his provisional explanation of how their origin was brought about is stimulating if not convincing.

Darwin made no attempt to grapple with the question of the nature and origin of life itself, but only with the evolution of the many forms of life. He was not a laboratory naturalist, but a student of the drama of animate nature as it is enacted on the earth's surface. He held to the special and miraculous creation-theory of his fathers, but limited it to one or more forms. Out of this beginning, he thought, through the fortuitous operation of natural selection, all the myriad forms of life have been evolved. This is Darwinism in its simplest terms—a miraculous beginning of life, but a natural unfolding.

Darwin formed his ideas of natural selection upon artificial selection, but the two are fundamentally unlike. There is an active agent involved in the one case, which has specific and limited ends to attain, and hence which thwarts the tendencies of nature. But what is the active agent corresponding to man, in the other? Natural selection is the name for a process set going and kept going by the push or evolutionary impulse. It is natural rejection as well. It is not an arbitrary interference with the course of Nature, like artificial selection. It is not the name of a force or of an active principle, as seems so often implied, but an explanation of the survival of the fittest, or the best equipped, for the natural competitions of life. Artificial selection is man at the helm guiding the vessel; natural selection, on Darwin's own theory of fortuitous variation, is like a fleet of vessels unequally equipped, all drifting with the wind and tide, and only the most staunch and sea-worthy ones by good luck reaching some port.

When Darwin declares that " if organic beings had not

possessed an inherent tendency to vary, man could have done nothing" in modifying species or in developing new ones, he unwittingly takes the process of evolution out of the mechanical or automatic series, and places it in another and higher order; he recognizes the original push of life which is the central thought of Bergson's *Creative Evolution.* Variability is certainly a characteristic of living bodies to an extent and in a sense that it is not characteristic of non-living. Creative evolution is only the principle of growth illustrated by the whole biological series; there is the inherent tendency to grow, to develop, which is characteristic of all life. It may be true that the initial variation is caused by slight changes in the conditions of life, yet the variations could not be initiated in a non-growing, a non-vital, a non-developing body. Darwin had a vision of spontaneously varying organisms, the form their variations should take determined by outward conditions, or contingent upon them, but the inward push and plasticity of life is implied in his theories. He saw a world of living forms arise and people the earth under the action of natural selection, but natural selection working on an ever-growing, expanding, irrepressible self-renewing vital impulse. Natural selection can do nothing without variation, and variation springs from an inherent tendency to vary. Outward conditions determine in the same way the course and the form that water from a fountain shall assume, but it plays no part in the pushing and flowing properties of the water itself. Darwin took pains to say that "there is no innate or necessary tendency in each being to its own advancement in the scale of organization," but is not the innate tendency to vary the first step in this advancement?

If the unfit arrives, it is cut off by the stress of the struggle for life, but it is unfit only so far as it is malformed or feeble; the unfit in any other sense never arrives. I saw a two-headed trout recently in a collection of several hundred thousand fingerlings. It was a year old. It was unfit to survive, and in a state of nature would soon have perished, but it had been isolated and carefully looked after. Artificial selection had preserved it. How long it can thus be preserved against natural selection is a question. Pouter and fan-tailed pigeons are preserved by artificial selection against the working of natural selection. Nature's interest lies not in such extreme forms, but in forms nearer

the mean—the rock dove, the wood pigeon, the fan-tailed pigeon, and the like. The myriad forms of fish in the water, of birds and insects in the air, of quadrupeds and bipeds on the land, are all equally fit to survive, and do survive, because each has its full measure of life, and finds its place in the total scheme of life. If the invertebrate gave rise to the vertebrate, or the reptile gave rise to the bird, or the lower mammals gave rise to the higher, it was not because the former were unfit to survive; they did survive, and still survive: but because the evolutionary impulse is inherent in the first forms of life, and was stimulated, rather than stamped out, by the vicissitudes of time. Is it thinkable that man could have arisen from the man-like apes by the mere clash and friction of an irrational environment alone? Is one man superior to another by reason of outward conditions, and the discipline of life alone? Is the secret of Plato or Paul or Shakespeare or Lincoln in the keeping of pans and pots? Man arose from his humbler ancestors because the manward impulse, in some way beyond our ken, was inherent in the evolutionary impulse. Man was potential in the monkey. He might never have arrived had the race of monkeys been cut off, say in Eocene times. But it was not cut off, and here we are, and rather ashamed of our forebears. One has to say that all other forms of life, down to the flea and the cockroach, were also potential in the life impulse—the enemies of man as well as his friends.

The three-toed woodpecker evidently gets on as well as the four-toed; the downy as well as his larger and more powerful brother, the hairy; the creepers and the nuthatches, with their slender beaks, as well as those with more powerful beaks; animals without legs, as snakes, as well as animals with legs; and the bipeds flourish as well as the quadrupeds; birds without the power of flight also flourish; animals with horns succeed no better than animals without horns. Natural selection works in each species, weeding out the weak and the imperfect, but the competition among species has only the effect of clinching and developing the species, not in originating new ones.

The key word of evolution is organic effort, the inherent impetus of life. No conjuring with merely mechanical forces can, in my opinion, account for the upward or aspiring tendency of organic nature. Life struggled out of the fish into the reptile, and out of the reptile into the bird, but left these

forms still flourishing behind it. According to natural selection these unfit forms ought all to have gone out. The fish is as fit to survive as the reptile, and the reptile as fit as the bird and the mammal, and the mammal as fit as man; the invertebrate as fit as the vertebrate. The individuals of these species that do not survive are cut off by accident largely, then by reason of low vitality, or a scant measure of life. The competition with other living forms plays only a secondary part. I fancy that all the animals of any and every kind that are well born, that is, with a normal life endowment, thrive equally well and survive equally well, except so far as accident enters into the problem. If food is scarce, they go hungry together, until those enfeebled by age, and other things, are eliminated.

The variations which lead up to the formation of a new species are so insensible, they stretch over such a vast period of time, that their survival value from generation to generation is and must be very slight. Take the case of the horse, for instance:

The development of the horse seems to stretch over a period of at least three millions of years, or from the eohippus of Eocene times, an animal less than two feet high, and probably weighing less than one hundred pounds, to the horse of late Tertiary times, the pliohippus, much like the superb creature we know to-day, five feet high, and weighing ten or twelve hundred pounds. If this animal increased in height only one quarter of an inch in ten thousand years, he would be six feet high in less than two million years. So if we allow him 3,000,000 years to develop in, his increase in height must have been even less than one fourth of an inch in ten thousand years. Think of it! Our horse of today might be increasing or diminishing in size at that rate and the fact never be noticed during the whole period. In weight the same: one eighth of a pound in one hundred years, and he would weigh fourteen thousand pounds in less than two million years, a rate of increase that our scales would hardly detect in a century of time. The transformations of the other animals have probably been equally slow. Science would feel safe in saying that a flying fish never becomes a bird, but can we conceive how slight the change would have to be in every one thousand years to bring it about in geologic or biologic time?

Where does such an estimate leave natural selection?

Of what survival advantage to the eohippus could the gain of an inch in height in forty thousand years, or of one pound of weight in four hundred years, amount to? Such an application of mathematics to the problem of evolution leaves us with the conviction that there is something else at work besides natural selection. Could natural selection work on a capital of a gain of the one one-hundredth of an inch in height in four hundred years? There must have been an inherent tendency to increase in size and to all the various modifications—a primal push, as Bergson urges. With man it has no doubt been the same. His evolution has been so infinitely slow, that the mechanical conception of it is utterly inadequate. It is very likely that his line of descent in Miocene times was through a small animal form probably no larger than a new-born baby.

Or take the case of the elephant: these forms changed and enlarged under the discipline of their environment—the augmenting force or impulse within always meeting and filling the changing needs from without. The size of the channel of the stream kept pace with the increasing size of the stream. The stream branches or divides when some obstacle intervenes; but the obstacle does not account for the new branch, but only for the form it takes and the direction it flows. The four-toed horse was evidently just as fit to survive as the one-toed, as is evinced by the fact that it did survive for millions of years, but it eventuated in a series of progressive forms because of the push of life meeting and utilizing the changing outward conditions.

Life got out of the sea upon the land and developed lungs instead of gills, and legs instead of fins, not because the competition in the sea drove it out, but because of this primal push and aspiration to new forms.

Life is so flexible and adaptive, the table which Nature spreads for her creatures is so varied and bountiful, that the most delicate and minute forms survive as well as the large and powerful, and finally outlast them. Size and strength count in the arena where they are the determining factors. If other things did not count, the vast army of lesser creatures, with man at their head, would not have been here. The early gigantic forms did not prevail. The savage and powerful carnivorous animals do not exterminate the weaker herbivorous. Professor Bailey well says that " The minor things and the weak things are the most numerous, and they

have played the greatest part in the polity of Nature." "The whole contrivance of Nature is to protect the weak." Rather, I should say, Nature has a thousand contrivances to protect the weak and defenceless.

Henri Bergson's conception of the creative energy as struggling with matter, hampered and delayed, and often defeated by it, subject to what we call chance or contingency, like us mortals—taking half a loaf when it cannot get a whole one, seems to be a fruitful conception in explaining the condition of life as we see it, past and present, on this planet. There has been a steady struggle and progression toward higher forms from the first. The creative energy shows itself to be very human, very fallible, often vacillating and short-sighted. Indeed, man is the image of his maker in this respect. God has gone on with his work very much as man goes on with his, blundering, experimenting, but doing the best he could. I spent an hour in a medical museum recently and was nearly made sick by what I saw there, such failures, such monstrosities, such miscarriages of life, such deformities, such evidence of pain and agony —men no more exempt in this respect than pigs or monkeys, children impotent to be born, or brainless, or with only one eye—what did it all mean? It meant, if it meant anything, that the life impulse, or life energy, was subject to the accidents and uncertainties of time and chance, before birth as after, and that we are part of a system of things that seems struggling to a goal, but is delayed in reaching it, and, furthermore, that the goal is not an end in itself. The Eternal seems to indulge his creative energy just as an artist does for the sake of self-expression—the joy of creation. The cosmic energy seems to have no other end than this. It fills the world with life just to see it struggle and develop. The earth is a canvas of living pigments, or a page of living words, or a score of living chords, and the picture or the poem or the symphony is for the joy of self-activity. The picture is in high lights and low lights, it is shaded with suffering and pain and failure.

The Eternal made man in his own image: man is the same mixture of failure and success, the same groping, blundering, unrepentent creature, finite, but a mirror of creation.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE SPIRIT OF A STATE

BY JOHN M. THOMAS
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On the fourth of March, 1791, just one hundred and twenty-five years ago, the independent republic of Vermont was received into the American Union. This event marked the first addition to the original thirteen States, and the first token of the expansion of America to the West. For it is to be remembered that there was a time when Vermont was the Western frontier. All through the years of its foundation and settlement it was regarded as the far, forbidding West. The feel of the West—consciousness of the possession of immense spaces, of marvelous fertility, of unexampled economic opportunity—came over the early settlers of Vermont.

To realize the mind of any people as they settle a new country, one must consider its contrast with the region from which they came, not its qualities in relation to territory which has since been opened for settlement. The men who made Vermont came from Connecticut and Western Massachusetts, and largely from the hill towns in those regions. They felt themselves in God's new country of boundless wealth and promise—the same feeling that has come over the western pioneer in every stage of his march to the Pacific.

Vermont was the first Northwest, in the manner of its settlement and in the character of its population. It was opened for possession just when the American people began their rapid march toward the Pacific. It took nearly two hundred years of American settlement to reach and people the valleys of Vermont. Southward the progress had been fully as slow, and the ragged line of settlement hugged close to the summit of the Appalachians. After the revolution

began the great migration—the outstanding fact in American history—which peopled the vast convex of the continent from the Western slopes of the Alleghenies to the foothills of the Rockies. From Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay to Southern Vermont the advance of settlement was scarcely a mile a year. The settlers were few; Indians held the country, and the soil was forbidding. The forests were clogged with vines and brush and it took a man a lifetime to clear thirty acres. On the prairies a strong plough and four horses changed virgin soil into fertile farm in one season. There the frontiersman's advance was twenty to thirty miles a year. It was this physical fact which enabled the nation to take possession of the vast mid-continent in a fourth of the time which had been required for the conquest of the Atlantic slope.

The territory of Vermont is not prairie, but it far surpasses lower New England in agricultural possibilities. In the Connecticut and Champlain countries and the innumerable narrow but fertile river-beds of Vermont, the New Englander first came in contact with the rich American soil. He managed to wrest a living from the sand dunes of Massachusetts for the love of God and the dislike of Episcopacy, but when he caught the breath of heavy laden fields, he thrilled with the possibilities of the wealth of a virgin continent, as first the West opened before him.

The pioneers of Vermont were the advance guard of the American army of the conquest of the West. They did not come for religious purposes. They were satisfied both with religious and political conditions in the older communities. But they wanted more land and richer fields. They were not pushed out: they were invited in. It was not undesirable conditions behind them, but attractive opportunities before them, which were the impulse of the movement. In all the settlements of the maritime Atlantic plain it was not so much the desirability of the new region which effected the change of home as the dissatisfaction of the immigrants with conditions, sometimes economic, sometimes religious, sometimes political, in the countries of the old world. But the opening of Vermont was the beginning of a new movement with a new motive. The vast continent had begun to beckon. Generations had come at last which could turn their backs definitely and forever on the old world and who felt their fortunes bound up solely with the new. Then was begun the

real conquest of the continent, and in this conquest the men who made Vermont were in the forefront and opened the highway for the great horde which followed them, the vast army, larger than ever an emperor commanded, of the American Western pioneers.

The settlement of Vermont has its kinship, not with Jamestown and Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, but with the extension of American territory over the vast interior. The original Vermonter was not the weak successor of John Smith and John Alden, but the precursor of the Western frontiersman. Ethan Allen and Daniel Boone were brothers in spirit, brothers of a new race, the stalwart men who subdued the continent and wrought for America its home. It is a far cry from the Pilgrim fathers, with their Cambridge learning, their psalm singing, and their missionaries to the Indians, to the Green Mountain Boys, with their buckskin breeches, their rude, brusque speech, and their beech seal for Tories, but across all the miles of forest and prairie the Green Mountain settler is own brother to the cow-boy of the plains and the trapper and fur-trader of the Rockies.

The early Vermonters were pioneers of pioneers—the ambitious, discontented, radical element from a community rooted and nourished in radicalism. The American wilderness had already begun to do its work with them. Their clan had been trained for one hundred and fifty years in the conquest of the forest. They knew the manner of the god of the land. They knew its game and how to hunt and fish. There was no need for thousands of them to starve, as at Jamestown, while experiments were being made in trying to grow European crops in the European way. They had learned the new life necessary for the new world and they pressed into its heart with the eagerness of men who were creating a new civilization.

Such men are always democratic and lovers of freedom in the extreme. They had no other idea than that they were complete masters in all affairs in the lands they had bought and paid for, and which they had won from the wilderness by severest hardship and toil. They carried individual and community liberty to such a length that it impressed conservative and cultured observers from the seaboard region as the veriest anarchy and disorder. When Timothy D. Dwight, ex-President of Yale College, traveled in northern New England at various times from 1798 to 1810, he noted the radical

and unconventional ideas of large portions of the inhabitants and characterized the Vermonters as "Arabian troops," "lovers of disorder." Their tendency to go into politics he especially deprecated. His judgment of the inhabitants of the new region doubtless represents fairly the opinion of the more cultured communities. He thought the people of Vermont restless, ambitious, cunning, talkative, skilled in land-jobbing. The noise of the men in the taverns talking politics until late at night disturbed his rest, and he lit his candle to record in his note-book that "first settlers are usually those who have met with difficulties at home."

Undoubtedly from his point of view President Dwight was a fair and impartial observer. But as a seaboard man he could not understand nor portray sympathetically the new style of manhood which the American wilderness was creating, just as later the East could not understand Abraham Lincoln. It was the seaboard man again who remarked, in the person of Benedict Arnold, that Ethan Allen was "a proper man to lead his own wild people, but entirely unacquainted with military service."

The Hudson and Champlain valleys, the sea-level highway from the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence, seems to form a natural unity of all American territory to the east and to include Vermont with New England. Vermonters are blood relatives of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hamshire, and filial homage binds us to their fellowship. A thousand ties, in culture and thought, in religion and education, in commerce and industry, unite us with the parent States, and we glory in our New England heritage and proudly claim our part in New England eminence and worth.

Nevertheless Vermont is not duly appreciated nor rightly understood until she is accorded her place both as to the last-born child of New England and the first bold emigrant to the West. It was the West in Vermont which President Dwight failed to appreciate. Our people were too rough for him and there was too much of the frontier about them. But it was the "wild people" of Ethan Allen who represented the New America, the America which was to become the American nation, rather than the cultured theologian or the gentleman soldier of the older communities. Two years after the Declaration of Independence, Massachusetts banished sixty graduates of Harvard College among some three hundred Tories, and the roster of the English sympathizers

is declared to read like "the beadroll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and upbuilding of New England civilization." The "wild people" never sold out their country. They made her what she is, subduing the continent for her home, and in conquering forest and prairie they created the type of man who was to stand before the world as the representative of the new continent—tall, sinewy, strong, keen in wit, droll in speech, piercing to the heart of a matter with shrewd, discerning instinct, quick to pick a quarrel where his rights were concerned and never ready to lay it down till the last ball had left his rifle, generous in service for the common good, believing in the Declaration of Independence as his very gospel and not as a bit of French philosophy for a political purpose, his face to the empire in the West, whither his restless spirit led him on until he had stamped his institutions and his character on the nation whose home he had won.

In the history of America the East has always been a fixed term. It has denoted, and still denotes, the Atlantic seaboard, Europe facing and Europe thinking, conservative, commercial, manufacturing, tending to quiet, ordered ways, guardian of old-world culture, nursery of American literature, American learning and American thought. So long as America was confined to the fringe of colonies on the Atlantic, the nation remained economically dependent, European in thought and culture. The nation was made by its expansion toward the West. Its real independence—intellectual, spiritual, and personal—was achieved in the conquest of the wide spaces of the mid-continent. The American genius was wrought on the ever-receding frontier.

The first stage of the march in the conquest of the continent was accomplished by the men who made Vermont. Her glory is not alone in Plymouth Rock: it is far more on the prairies and beneath the Rockies, where the spirit that awoke first in the Green Mountain valleys has made America great. Vermont, first inland State, first proved the power of expansion in the American people. She was the first State which was never a colony, never in bondage to any man. Her closest kinship is with the free American pioneers, not with the old-world colonists. The men of Vermont started for the West, and if they did not get far, they got far enough to catch its spirit.

JOHN M. THOMAS.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Since in the end it taught me a good deal, and since the reader too may find it serviceable, let me start by shortly rehearsing my own experience with *The Merchant of Venice.*

I came first to it as a schoolboy, and though I got it by heart I could not love the play. I came to it (as I remember) straight from the woodland enchantments of *As You Like It,* and somehow this was not at all as I liked it. No fairly imaginative youngster could miss seeing that it was picturesque or, on the face of it, romantic enough for anyone, as on the face of it no adventure should have been more delightful than to come out of the green Forest of Arden into sudden view of Venice, spread in the wide sunshine, with all Vanity Fair, all the *Carnival de Venise,* in full swing on her quays; severe merchants trafficking, porters sweating with bales, pitcher-bearers, flower-girls, gallants; vessels lading, discharging, repairing; and up the narrower waterways black gondolas shooting under high guarded windows, any gondola you please hooding a secret—of love, or assassination, or both—as any shutter in the line may open demurely, discreetly, giving just room enough, just time enough, for a hand to drop a rose; Venice again at night—lanterns on the water, masqued revellers taking charge of the quays with drums, hautboys, wry-necked fifes, general tipsiness; withdrawn from this riot into deep intricacies of shadow, the undertone of lutes complaining their love; and out beyond all this fever, far to southward, the stars swinging, keeping their circle—as Queen Elizabeth once danced—"high and disposedly" over Belmont, where on a turfed bank—

> Peace ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
> And would not be awaked,

though the birds have already started to twitter in Portia's garden. Have we not here the very atmosphere of romance?

Well, no. . . . We have a perfect *setting* for romance; but setting and atmosphere are two very different things. I fear we all suffer temptation in later life to sophisticate the thoughts we had as children, often to make thoughts of them when they were scarcely thoughts at all. But fetching back as honestly as I can to the child's mind, I seem to see that he found the whole thing heartless, or (to be more accurate) that he failed to find any heart in it and was chilled: not understanding quite what he missed, but chilled, disappointed none the less.

Barring the Merchant himself, a merely static figure, and Shylock, who is meant to be cruel, every one of the Venetian *dramatis personæ* is either a "waster" or a "rotter" or both, and cold-hearted at that. There is no need to expend ink upon such parasites as surround Antonio—upon Salarino and Salanio. Be it granted that in the hour of his extremity they have no means to save him. Yet they see it coming; they discuss it sympathetically, but always on the assumption that it is *his* affair—

> Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
> Or he shall pay for this.

and they take not so much trouble as to send Bassanio word of his friend's plight, though they know that for Bassanio's sake his deadly peril has been incurred! It is left to Antonio himself to tell the news in that very noble letter of farewell and release:

> Sweet Bassanio: My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

—a letter which, in good truth, Bassanio does not too extravagantly describe as "a few of the unpleasant'st words that ever blotted paper." Let us compare it with Salarino's account of how the friends had parted:

> I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
> Bassanio told him he would make some speed
> Of his return: he answered "Do not so;

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio.
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your cheerful thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there":
And even there,[1] his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand: and so they parted.

But let us consider this conquering hero, Bassanio. When we first meet him he is in debt, a condition on which—having to confess it because he wants to borrow more money—he expends some very choice diction.

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,

(No, it certainly was not!)

How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance.

That may be a mighty fine way of saying that you have chosen to live beyond your income; but, Shakespeare or no Shakespeare, if Shakespeare means us to hold Bassanio for an honest fellow, it is mighty poor poetry. For poetry, like honest men, looks things in the face, and does not ransack its wardrobe to clothe what is naturally unpoetical. Bassanio, to do him justice, is not trying to wheedle Antonio by this sort of talk; he knows his friend too deeply for that. But he is deceiving *himself,* or rather is reproducing some of the trash with which he has already deceived himself.

He goes on to say that he is not repining; his chief anxiety is to pay everybody, and

To you Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;

and thereupon counts on more love to extract more money, starting (and upon an experienced man of business, be it observed) with some windy nonsense about shooting a second arrow after a lost one.

You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;

[1] Let the reader note this "there," so subtly repeated that we see the man turning on the spot and on the word together.

says Antonio; and, indeed, his gentle impatience throughout this scene is well worth noting. He is friend enough already to give all; but to be preached at, and on a subject—money—of which he has forgotten, or chooses to forget, ten times more than Bassanio will ever learn, is a little beyond bearing. And what is Bassanio's project? To borrow three thousand ducats to equip himself to go off and hunt an heiress in Belmont. He has seen her; she is fair; and

> Sometimes from her eyes
> I did receive fair speechless messages. . . .
> Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
> For the four winds blow in from every coast
> Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
> Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
> Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
> And many Jasons come in quest of her.
> O my Antonio, had I but the means
> To hold a rival place with one of them,
> I have a mind presages me such thrift
> That I should questionless be fortunate!

Now this is bad workmanship and dishonoring to Bassanio. It suggests the obvious question, Why should he build anything on Portia's encouraging glances, as why should he "questionless be fortunate," seeing that, as he knows perfectly well, but does not choose to confide to the friend whose money he is borrowing, Portia's glances, encouraging or not, are nothing to the purpose, since all depends on his choosing the right one of three caskets—a two to one chance against him?

But he gets the money, of course, equips himself lavishly, arrives at Belmont; and here comes in worse workmanship. For I suppose that, while character weighs in drama, if one thing be more certain than another it is that a predatory young gentleman such as Bassanio would *not* have chosen the leaden casket. I do not know how his soliloquy while choosing affects the reader:

> The world is still deceived with ornament,
> In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
> But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
> Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
> What damned error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it, and approve it with a text.

—but *I* feel moved to interrupt: "Yes, yes—and what

about yourself, my little fellow? What has altered you that you, of all men, start talking as though you addressed a Young Men's Christian Association? "

And this flaw in characterization goes right down through the workmanship of the play. For the evil opposed against these curious Christians is specific; it is Cruelty; and, yet again specifically, the peculiar cruelty of a Jew. Then, as I see it, an artist at the top of his art would have opposed to this cruelty mansuetude, clemency, charity, and, specifically, Christian charity. Shakespeare misses more than half the point when he makes the intended victims, as a class and by habit, just as heartless as Shylock without any of Shylock's passionate excuse. It is all very well for Portia to strike an attitude and tell the court and the world that

> The quality of mercy is not strained:
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. . . .

But these high-professing words are words and no more to us, who find that, when it comes to her turn and the court's turn, Shylock gets the money by being allowed (1) to pay half his estate in fine, (2) to settle the other half on

> the gentleman
> That lately stole his daughter,

and (3) that

> He presently become a Christian.

(Being such Christians as the whole gang were, they might have spared him *that* ignominy!). Moreover, with such an issue set out squarely in open court, I do not think that any of us can be *satisfied* with Portia's victory, won by legal quibbles as fantastic as anything in *Alice in Wonderland*; since, after all, prosecution and defence have both been presented to us as in deadly earnest. And I have before now let fancy play on the learned Bellario's emotions when report reached him of what his impulsive niece had done with the law, and the garments, he had lent to her. Indeed, a learned Doctor of another University than Padua scornfully summed up this famous scene to me, the other day, as a set-to between a Jew and a Suffragette.

Why are these Venetians so empty-hearted? I should like to believe—and the reader may believe it if he will—that Shakespeare was purposely making his Venice a picture of the hard, shallow side of the Renaissance, even as in *Richard*

III. he gives us a finished portrait of a Renaissance scoundrel ("I am determined to be a villain"); of the Italianate Englishman who was proverbially a devil incarnate. He certainly knew all about it; and in that other Venetian play, *Othello,* he gives us a real tragedy of two passionate, honest hearts entrapped in that same *milieu* of cold, practised, subtle malignity. I should like to believe, further, that against this Venice he consciously and deliberately opposed Belmont (the Hill Beautiful) as the residence of that better part of the Renaissance, its "humanities," its adoration of beauty, its wistful dream of a golden age. It is, at any rate, observable in the play that—whether under spell of Portia or from some other cause—nobody arrives at Belmont who is not instantly and marvellously the better for it; and this is no less true of Bassanio than of Lorenzo and Jessica and Gratiano. All the suitors, be it remarked—Morocco and Aragon no less than Bassanio—address themselves nobly to the trial and take their fate nobly. If this be what Shakespeare meant by Belmont, we can read a great deal into Portia's first words to Nerissa in Act V. as, reaching home again, she emerges on the edge of the dark shrubbery—

> That light we see is burning in my hall.
> How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

—a *naughty* world: a world that is naught, having no heart.

It were pleasant (I say) to suppose this naughtiness, this moral emptiness of Venice, deliberately intended. But another consideration comes in.

Any school manual will recite for us the "sources" of *The Merchant of Venice.* Briefly, we all know that it intertwists three plots of intrigues; and we need not vex ourselves here with their origins, because they are nothing to our purpose. We have:

Plot I. The story of the Jew and the pound of flesh.

Plot II. The story of the caskets.

Plot III. The intrigue of the exchanged rings.

To this summary I but append two remarks: The one, obvious to anybody, that Plots I. and II., the pound of flesh and the caskets, are monstrous and incredible; the pound of flesh business starkly inhuman, the casket business scarcely more plausible when we examine it. Be it granted

that, as Nerissa says, "holy men at their death have good inspirations" (sometimes!). Yet this profound reason scarcely covers Portia's father, since in point of fact his device gave his daughter to a lucky fortune-hunter. Ulrici, like Portia's father, had a good inspiration; *he* divined that Shakespeare "showed consummate art in introducing one improbability, that of the caskets, to balance and, as it were, excuse the other improbability, that of the pound of flesh"! The third intrigue—that of the exchanged rings—is mere light comedy.

For my other remark: In Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse,* an invective against stage plays by a playwright turned Puritan, published in 1579—when Shakespeare was a boy of fifteen and before he had written a line—there occurs an allusion to a play called *The Jew,* and described as "representing the greediness of worldly chosers and bloody mind of usurers." These coincident phrases—"The Jew," "The greediness of worldly chosers," "the bloody mind of usurers,"—indicate a play on the very lines of *The Merchant of Venice,* and tell us, as well as such casual evidence can, (1) that Shakespeare was refurbishing an old play, (2) that the two themes of the pound of flesh and the caskets had already been combined in that play before Shakespeare ever took it in hand to improve it.

Reading this into Gosson's allusion, we see Shakespeare tackling, as a workman, an old piece of work which already included two monstrous, incredible stories. Even if we rule out Gosson, we see Shakespeare about to combine in one play these two monstrous, incredible stories, *plus* a third which is an intrigue of light comedy separate from both.

It does not matter to which alternative we incline. With either of them Shakespeare's first task as an artist (as any artist will tell us) was *to distract attention from the monstrosities and absurdities in the plot.* I shall return to this.

For the moment I postpone it, to consider another necessity. Every artist knows, and every critic from Aristotle down, that the more you complicate your plot—the more threads you tie together in your *nexus*—the less room you leave yourself for invention and play of character. That is A.B.C.; and it is almost A.B.C. that with three entanglements in hand—one inhuman, two incredible, one fantastic—and three hours to do your trick in—you almost exclude your chance of working seriously upon character.

Shakespeare had two outlets only, and he took full advantage of both. I rule out Antonio, who, as I said, is merely static. He is made, and rightly, the pivot of the action (and drama is by its very name dynamic). But the pivot is inert; he himself scarcely lifts a hand.

There remain Shylock and Portia, who do the work.

I am going to say very little upon Shylock, who, to my thinking, has been over-philosophised and yet more drearily over-sentimentalised. Charles Kean or Macklin began it. Irving completed (I hope) what they began. Heine, himself a Jew, tells how in a box at Drury Lane he sat next to "a pale, fair Briton who at the end of the Fourth Act fell a-weeping passionately, several times exclaiming, 'the poor man is wronged'"; and Heine goes on to return the compliment in better coin, with talk about "a ripple of tears that were never wept by eyes . . . a sob that could come only from a breast that held in it the martyrdom endured for eighteen centuries by a whole tortured people."

That is all very well. Few of us doubt that Shakespeare often wrote greater than he knew; that he is what we can read into him. But the point is that he started out to make Shylock such a cruel, crafty, villainous Hebrew as would appeal to an audience of Elizabethan Christians. The very structure of the plot shows *that.*

But every author knows how a character of his invention will sometimes take charge of him; as every reader must recognize and own in Shakespeare an imagination so warm, so large, so human, so catholic, that it could not, creating even a Caliban, help sympathising with Caliban's point of view. So it is with Falstaff; and so with Shylock. As I see him, he takes charge of his creator, fenced in by intricacies of plot and finding outlets for his genius where he can. Shakespeare so far sympathises that, even in detail, the language of Shylock is perfect. I think it was Hazlitt who noted the fine Hebraism of his phrase when he hears that his runaway daughter has given in Genoa a ring to purchase a monkey:

> Thou torturest me, Tubal! It was my turquoise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for *a wilderness of monkeys.*

Let us open our Bible for comparison, say, at the first chapter of Isaiah:

And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city.

Supposing ourselves lodged in a garden of cucumbers, what could we more appropriately overlook, beyond its fence, than a wilderness of monkeys?

It is curious to reflect that Shakespeare most likely had never seen a Jew in his life.

Let us turn to Portia, the only other character on which the bleached fence of the plot permits Shakespeare to display his strength in characterising. Hazlitt says, "Portia is not a very great favourite with us. . . . Portia has a certain degree of affectation and pedantry about her, which is very unusual in Shakespeare's women." Pedantry, or a touch of it, she *must* have in the trial scene. It is a part of the plot. But—"affectation"? Let us for a moment dismiss that importunate trial scene from our minds and listen to these lovely lines, in which she gives herself, utterly, without low bargaining, as Shakespeare's adorable women always do, out of confessed weakness springing to invincibility:

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum to me
Is sum of something: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn: happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
My self and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring—

This, by the way, is the first we hear of the ring; and we may observe how cunningly Shakespeare foists on us this new card, a moment after he has finished with the caskets. For though he runs three plots in *The Merchant of Venice,* he runs but two at a time. Indeed, he does not actually get to work on this plot of the ring (or, rather, of the rings) until Act IV., Scene i., line 426, at the very moment again when the pound of flesh plot is played out and done with. But *here* we are prepared for it:

> I give them with this ring:
> Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
> Let it presage the ruin of your love,
> And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

"A girl's fancy?—a caprice?" we ask ourselves, noting a thought too much of emphasis laid on this trifle. Yet, after all, if Portia choose to make it a token of the much she is giving, why should she not? So we let it pass, to remember it later on.

But when we consider the body of this speech of Portia's (far more beautiful, with the reader's leave, than her more famous one on the quality of mercy, line by line flowing straight from a clean heart) and compare it with Bassanio's trash about his debts, surely our instinct discriminates between things that poetic language can, and things it cannot, dignify.

I regret to add that William Collins, author of the *Ode to Evening* (a poem which I worship "on this side idolatry"), uttered, comparing him with Fletcher, the most fatuous observation pronounced upon Shakespeare by any critic, living or dead or German. In his Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer he actually wrote:

> Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
> The next in order as the next in name.
> With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
> Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
> Each melting sigh, and every tended tear,
> The lover's wishes and the virgin's fear,
> His every strain the Smiles and Graces own:
> *But stronger Shakespeare felt for men alone.*

A man who has said that deserves, on either side of the grave, the worst he can get, which is to have it repeated. Portia, indeed, is the earliest portrait in Shakespeare's long gallery of incomparable women. We can feel her charm at

the full only if we get the Trial Scene back to its right focus. We then see what was amiss with Hazlitt, for instance, when he grumbled over "a certain degree of affectation and pedantry about her . . . which perhaps was a proper qualification for the office of a civil doctor." He had the Trial Scene in his eye. Now all star actors and actresses tend to exaggerate the significance of this scene, because it gives them an unrivalled occasion to exploit, as Portia or as Shylock, their personalities, their picturesqueness, their declamatory powers—Shylock, whetting his knife on his boot, Portia publicly outmanning man, yet in garments decorously ample. Worse, far worse!—it has become the happiest hunting-ground of the amateur.

There ought to be a close time for this scene. I grant it to be the crisis of the action. But it has been sentimentalised and sophisticated until we can scarcely see the rest of the play; and I, for one, long hated the rest of the play for its sake.

Here I take up and continue the personal confession. Some four or five years ago I had to stage-manage *The Merchant of Venice*. This meant that for two good months I lived in it and thought about little else. Having once achieved the difficult but necessary feat of getting the Trial Scene back into focus, I found a sense of the workmanship growing in me, and increasing to something like amazement: in the midst of which certain things new to me emerged and became clear.

Of these I beg to offer my report.

(1) To begin with, for purpose of the report—though in fact and in time it came about last of my little discoveries—Shakespeare was working upon that old play alluded to by Gosson, which combined the two incredible stories of the pound of flesh and the caskets. He started with his hands tied.

(2) He started, as in such hap every artist must, with one paramount object—*to distract our attention from the monstrous absurdity of the story*. Now let us mark with what ingenuity he does it. All artists know it for an axiom that *if you are setting out to tell the incredible, nothing will serve you so well as to open with absolute realism*. Then, with this axiom in mind, let us consider the first scene of this play. There is nothing about any pound of flesh in it! Still more astonishing, while the adventure to win Portia

is propounded and discussed, there is not a word about caskets! By the end of the scene Shakespeare has impressed on our minds:—

(*a*) that we are dealing with people as real as our selves;

(*b*) that Antonio, a rich merchant, has so deep an affection for young Bassanio that he will forget all business caution to help him;

and (*c*)—first and cunningest of all, *when later we look back,* that this man of affairs, rather deeply involved, gets very anxious without knowing quite why. The reader goes on to note how it increases Antonio's hold on us when he shakes off all his own melancholy at the first hint of helping his friend.

As for the pound of flesh, we next observe how Shylock in Scene iii. slides it in under cover of a jest. By this time Shakespeare has us at his mercy; all the characters are so real to us that we have no choice but to accept all the incredibilities to come. And meanwhile and moreover all the stage for those incredibilities has been set, though we can hardly believe that the trick has been done in four lines—the first and the three last of the Act; in Antonio's opening confession:

> In sooth I know not why I am so sad,

and in Bassanio's other premonition, as with a start of fear—

> I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

"Come on," Antonio reassures him heartily—*he* is the cheerful one now, forgetful of self and his own premonitions—

> Come on! in this there can be no dismay:
> My ships come home a month before the day.

(3) Launcelot Gobbo is patently own brother and twin to Launce of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and I think him no improvement on Launce. But if we follow back that hint and turn the pages of the earlier play, we soon begin to rub our eyes. Inured as we are to Shakespeare's habit of economising his material, of turning old plots, tricks, situations to new uses, his "rifacciamenting" (if I may coin the word) of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in *The Merchant of Venice* is audacious. For a sample, compare the two early

scenes in which the two heroines discuss their lovers; while, as for the main device of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—the heroine in mannish disguise—in *The Merchant of Venice* there are but three female characters, and they *all* don man's clothes!

(4) "This is a play," wrote Hazlitt, "that in spite of the change of manners still holds undisputed possession of the stage." It does yet; and yet on the stage, sophisticated by actors, it had always vexed me, until, coming to live with an acting version, I came to track the marvellous stage-cleverness of it all, when, in revulsion, I grew impatient with all judgments of Shakespeare passed on the mere reading of him. This had happened to me before with *The Taming of the Shrew*—a play noisier in the study than on the stage; strident, setting the teeth on edge; odious, until acted; when it straightway becomes not only tolerable, but pleasant, and not only pleasant, but straightforwardly effective. In particular, I had to own of *The Merchant of Venice* that the lines which really told on the stage were lines the reader passes by casually, not pausing to take their impression. It fairly surprised me, for an example, that Lorenzo's famous speech in the last Act—about the music and the moonlight and the stars—though well delivered, carried less weight than four little words of Portia's.

(5) And this brings me to the last Act, so often discussed. It became plain to me that Shakespeare had made at least one attempt at it before satisfying himself; as plain as that, if we resolutely hold the Trial Scene back to focus, this finish becomes the most delightful Act in the play.

That Shakespeare tried other ways is made evident by one line. Upon Lorenzo's and Jessica's lovely duet there breaks a footfall. Lorenzo, startled by it, demands—

> Who comes so fast in the silence of the night?
> A friend [says the voice].
> A friend? What friend? Your name, I pray you,
> Friend?
> Stephano is my name; and I bring word
> My mistress will before the break of day
> Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
> By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
> For happy wedlock hours.
> Who comes with her?
> None but a holy hermit, and her maid. . . .

Nothing loose in literature—in play or in poem—ever caught Dr. Johnson napping. "I do not perceive," says Johnson, in his unfaltering accent, "the use of this hermit, of whom nothing is seen or heard afterwards. The Poet had first planned his fable some other way; and inadvertently, when he changed his scheme, retained something of the original design."

But the Fifth Act, as Shakespeare finally gives it to us, is lovely past compare, even after professionals have done their worst on the Trial Scene. Nay, whatever they did or omitted, the atmosphere of the Doge's court was thunderous, heavily charged; after all, a good man's life was at stake, and we have hung on the lips of the pleaders. We have to be won back to a saner, happier acceptance of life; and so we are, by gracious, most playful comedy. It is all absurd, if we please. The unsealing of a letter telling Antonio, to make joy complete, that

> Three of your argosies
> Are richly come to harbour suddenly,

is unbelievable.

"You shall not know," Portia adds—

> You shall not know by what strange accident
> I chanced on this letter.

No; nor anyone else! It is absurd as the conclusion of *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Yet it is not more absurd than the ending of most fairy-tales.

And while all this has been passing, the moon has sunk and every thicket around Belmont has begun to thrill and sing of dawn. Portia lifts a hand.

> It is almost morning. . . .
> Let us go in—

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

A War Play by Mr. Hall Caine.—"Goyescas," a Spanish Opera by a Spaniard.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

One knows, of course, that England is ultimately to win the war; but we, for our part, did not know until the other day why it is that she has not already won. The reason is this: the council chamber at Downing Street is too near the nursery. How is the Cabinet to deal effectively with the momentous problems of the great conflict if little Peggy's nightmares are allowed to disturb the deliberations of her father, the Prime Minister—not to speak of their necessarily distracting effect upon the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the other equally august members of the Cabinet who foregather there? And besides, if you are waiting at midnight for The Enemy's answer to your ultimatum, it must be unsettling to have to consult with Peggy's aunt—in the very council chamber itself—about the question of engaging a governess for Peggy. It is idle to talk invidiously of American laxness and amateurishness in the conduct of affairs of State when such things can go on in the very heart of the British Government.

If you have any doubt that they really do go on, just as we have described, all you have to do is to visit the New Amsterdam Theater any night or matinée and observe the disclosure of them in Mr. Hall Caine's new war play, *Margaret Schiller*. Mr. Caine might reply, of course, that, like the famous mongoose of the classic fable, this is only an "imaginary" Downing Street. But our perturbations are not to be so easily set at rest: do we not know, all of us, how unfaltering a realist is Mr. Caine, how delicately precise

and sedulous an observer, how unseducible a transcriber of the actual? Surely these things, as they reveal themselves to us in his play, must be; and other things, too, equally disquieting.

What, you ask yourself, is wrong with England? Here is Sir Robert Temple, Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, harboring in his household, as governess for his little daughter, a girl whom he knows to be not only an "enemy alien," but an adept at treachery and a mistress of deception, who has obtained a place in his family for the sworn purpose of doing him injury. But Mr. Caine would no doubt remind us that even a Prime Minister may have a heart; so, when Margaret Schiller falls on her knees before Sir Robert, overcome by his magnanimity, and exclaims, with impassioned earnestness, "Your sweet child shall be as sacred to me as my heart's blood," you are wholly and willingly convinced—as who would not be, hearing these noble words uttered in the melting and tear-drenched tones of the beautiful Miss Elsie Ferguson?

So Margaret stayed on at Downing Street, and improved the occasion by falling in love with Sir Robert (who was, we hasten to say, a widower), while conspiracies thickened about them.

Was it the Prime Minister's fault, or was it the fault of the Secretary of State for War, or the fault of the gentle Commissioner of Police, that, while the street entrance to the Government's official residence was carefully guarded, the garden at the rear was open to invasion by an "enemy alien" (Mr. Caine is scrupulously tactful in his references)? Whoever was to blame, you note that an "enemy alien," in the person of Margaret's fiery young brother, is able, with her assistance, to invade Downing Street from the rear, with murderous designs upon the Prime Minister. But Margaret, persuaded of the need for sacrifice, stops with her own body the bullet that is intended for her hero, Sir Robert; and, it being Christmas Eve, you hear the "waits" singing carols in the distance as the curtain falls. So, after all, it is Tragedy that Mr. Caine has given us—Tragedy that, you might say, has its roots partly in the nursery and the need for governesses, and partly in British tolerance, British softness.

It is all very illuminating and very sad; and through the

sadness and the gloom and the murky convolutions of it moves the enamoring apparition of Miss Ferguson, like a sorrowful dryad in a London fog—very lonely and appealing and ill at ease, you fancy, at finding herself in such strange and unaccustomed surroundings; for the pseudo-sentiment of a Hall Caine melodrama is not for her and her distinguished and lovely art. You would as soon expect to walk into Carnegie Hall and discover Mr. Kreisler fiddling "My Mother Was a Lady."

To write an opera upside-down might justly be regarded as a considerable artistic feat; yet Enrique Granados and his librettist, Fernando Periquet, who in their Spanish lyric-drama, *Goyescas,* accomplished this exciting performance, have received less credit for it than is their due. Richard Wagner, it will be remembered, wrote the *Ring* poems backward, and then proceeded, in his humdrum way, to set them to music. Mr. Granados and his colleague were content with no such pedestrian essay. Their method was incomparably more adventurous. To begin with, Mr. Granados composed some piano pieces suggested to his fancy by contemplating the paintings of Goya; but thereafter the history of his creation becomes, to our wayfaring intelligence, so cloudy and extraordinary that, to guard against the dissemination of error, we shall let his co-worker, Mr. Periquet, recount the brief but remarkable story (the italics shall be ours, for attention).

"Granados," Mr. Periquet tells us, "had seen Goya's paintings and sketches at the Prado, and they inspired in him music [for the piano]. One day we talked of taking these ravishing melodies to the stage. We lacked a plot. This was my task, in the fulfillment of which I put all my soul. . . . Goya, as an epoch, means sentiment, loves and passions, and, socially, a strange melting of all classes, something like a presage of democracy. . . . The question resolved itself, therefore, into presenting this social mixture as an environment to tragic love affairs. . . . As soon as the plot took shape in my mind I unfolded it to Granados, who received it as his own. Then I wrote the book, using the meters of the Spanish romance and seguidilla, *not intending that the musician should set my verse to music,* but that Granados might let his fancy roam over the scenes and stories I had built of my rhymes. So

was his charming score composed, *without words,* in the most absolute freedom, while seeing in his imagination a gorgeous pageant of Goyaesque figures. . . . When the last note of his music was set down, there fell on me a hard but unshirkable task, a painful tour de force. . . . I had to make new words for the music! . . . What I wrote for Granados' music were not, could not be, verses. The speeches of the characters had to follow, note by note, the maestro's fantasy. . . . At times, given a group of notes, it seemed impossible to express the musician's thought in an equal number of syllables—he wanting to keep to his original idea, I despairing of finding its expression within the counted number of syllables." Is it any wonder that, as Mr. Periquet confesses, they used to quarrel over it like schoolboys?

Only those who know Spanish better than we do (and we do not know it at all) are entitled to estimate the difficulties overcome by the much-tried Mr. Periquet in fitting his syllables to Mr. Granados' notes; our own privilege in the matter is exhausted when we say that the music of this opera is singularly undramatic, singularly lacking in variety of accent: in that precise and intimate relationship between the dramatic moment and its musical projection which is attainable when the music is born of the text, but which is not attainable when words have been fitted to tones by so abnormal and procrustean an operation as that undertaken by the authors of *Goyescas.* That, in the case of this opera, drama and music go hand-in-hand even as amiably as they do is sufficiently wonderful; but it is not possible to doubt that their union would have been infinitely more felicitous had they come together in the ordinary hallowed way; and so we shall not soon cease to regret that Mr. Granados did not wait before composing this score until he had Mr. Periquet's text before him in its final form.

A musician of inspiration might have made us forget the unfortunate effect of this operatic maladjustment; but Mr. Granados is not that. He has spoken disparagingly of an earlier and more famous opera than his own, which, though not written by a Spaniard, is concerned with Spanish scenes, characters, and emotions: in other words, the *Carmen* of Bizet. The music of *Carmen,* in Mr. Granados' view, is not characteristically Spanish—we gather, indeed, that he regards it rather lightly. Well, we shall

not contend that *Carmen* is irreproachable; but, since Mr. Granados himself has seen fit to drag it in, we may venture to use it as a touchstone for his own production. Let us remark, then, that *Carmen* has certain traits which *Goyescas* should have, but has not. *Carmen,* despite its occasional musical vulgarity and its more than occasional sentimentalism, exhibits almost continuously a complete and impressive fusion of speech and song: in its musico-dramatic utterance it is precise, pointed, and veracious. *Goyescas* exhibits nothing of the kind. Bizet wrote with his eye on the object at every moment. Mr. Granados did not. Wherever his eye was, it was not on his text, for the elementary reason that the text was not there. Mr. Granados might have made up to us for the defective articulation of his lyrico-dramatic structure had he been able to endue it with at least an exterior loveliness and distinction; but this he could not do: for his is a fifth-rate musical mind dealing commonplacely with its material. He is essentially a writer of vivacious and characteristic dance-music, with enough skill and routine as a composer to enable him to produce a score that is by no means contemptible. But when he has to deal with drama and emotion at their highest—when, in other words, there comes a searching test of his capacity for expressive musical speech—he can produce nothing better than the kind of thing we get in the passage between Rosario and the nightingale, the love-duet at the window, and the final moments of death and lamentation: that is to say, a superior order of salon-music, gracefully sentimental in melody, and prettily harmonized in the fashion of the day before yesterday: a kind of tonal rose-water sprayed over the dramatic situation.

We have no intention of denying a certain excellence to this unimpeachably high-minded creation of Mr. Granados and his librettist: it is earnest, it is refined, it has engaging moments, and no doubt it is veritably and impeccably Spanish. But we cannot help wishing—if Mr. Granados will forgive us—that it had a few of the shortcomings which he seems to have detected in *Carmen.*

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

APOLLO ON TOUR[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is clear that Rupert Brooke has become a tradition—a tradition touched with the bright glamour that so soon envelops those who (in his own abiding phrase) go "rose-crowned into the darkness." Less than a year has passed since the dead poet was carried to the summit of the island of Scyros and there placed—records his friend Henry James—"in such earth and amid such beauty of light and shade and embracing prospect, that the fondest reading of his young lifetime could have suggested nothing better." That was no longer ago than April, 1915; yet for those who know only the projection of his extraordinary personality in his own pages, no less than for those who knew him in the flesh, it is singularly difficult to write of Rupert Brooke in a vein quite free from an elegiacal lyricism.

You may have been, for a time, indisposed and deterred (no doubt ungenerously) by the tide of rhapsodic commemoration that has poured upon us in an unceasing flood since that torchlight burial by the Aegean; you may have wearied a little of the threnodic chorus with its strange medley of lamenting singers, from the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill to Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. Henry James. You may have churlishly persuaded yourself that the sentimental stops were being somewhat too lavishly drawn: that these memorial quirings were over-rich in emotion. You fancied that Brooke himself, reading them in

Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,

no longer an "exile of immortality," would have said rebukingly, as he once remarked of the exuberance of Ameri-

[1] *Letters from America.* By Rupert Brooke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1916.

can mortuary advertising, that they " made death impossible for a refined man." And yet, in the end, one capitulates, like all the rest. It is not possible to read the poems, to see the pictured face (surely, as Scott said of the face of Byron, " a countenance to dream of "), and now to read the notes, just published, of his wander-year in America and the South Seas, without succumbing, uncompromisingly and gladly, to the spell of this fabulous being.

Observe Apollo on tour: did ever poet travel and report with so rich and sensitive a gayety, so humorous an ardor, so blithe and ironic an alertness, so winning, so disarming, a susceptibility, naïvely unaware though at times it is? He is perhaps least resistible when he is most engagingly strabismic. What one amongst us would have been willing to suggest to this radiant creature, with however gentle a deprecation, that the elderly Harvard graduate who thought Matthew Arnold was still alive is not completely typical of our university alumni, or even of the no doubt sufficiently vulnerable sons of Harvard?

Our itinerant Apollo made other notable and rewarding discoveries in this much-discovered land. His friends had given him a none too encouraging report of it. " *El Cuspidorado,*" was the excellent phrase devised for it by an Oxford friend. " It's Hell, but it's fine," an artist had told him; while the unvarying comment of " ordinary English friends " was even more eloquently compact when he told them of his intended visit to us: " My God!" Mr. Bartholdi's torch-bearing goddess in our Upper Bay was an agreeable surprise to him; for, " standing nobly," despite her " clumsiness," she was better than his hopes. It did not take him long to perceive our prime excellences. They are five. Our females? Our hotels? Our atmosphere? These are not among them. Our jokes and our drinks (" which curiously resemble each other "): these are the best. The others are our fish, our architecture, and our children's clothes. As for American women, Apollo was unconquered: their faces are " not very feminine "; and, while many are handsome, beautiful and pretty ones are rare.

In the matter of the national visage, indeed, our poet is positive and clarifying. We have developed two classes, and only two: the " upper-middle " and the " lower-middle." The " upper-class head " is long, often fine about the fore-

head and eyes, and very clearly outlined. The eyes have an odd, tired pathos in them, as if of a perpetual, never quite successful effort to understand something (for example—let us suggest—the type of Colonel Roosevelt). This type of head has, as its most characteristic feature, a small, tight mouth, closed downwards at the corner, and a lower lip very slightly protruding. It has little expression about it, and no curves—" there the Puritan comes out." No other nation, it seems, has a mouth like this. Let us turn, now, to our other type, that of the " lower-middle " class. Here we find a mouth wider and more expressive; but the forehead is meaner, the eyes hard; the whole face, however, is " rather more adaptive and in touch with life." And here there floats before our vision a composite of this type—the blended and harmonious visages of the Great Commoner, Mr. Edwin Markham, the Rev. Mr. Sunday, and Mr. Percy Mackaye—prophets and lyrists of The People, every one. But of all our faces, there is " one unfailing characteristic "—*smoothness:* " Why do American faces never wrinkle? Is it the absence of a soul?" It is, dear Poet, it is. But (let Boston, bereft by Mr. Brooke of the tradition of Harvard culture, take heart of grace) " this is less true of the Bostonian than of the ordinary business American," in whose life " exhilaration and depression take the place of joy and suffering."

Our poet came upon still further surprises. In our American tram-cars (as inspected in New York) there is, at the end of the day, no English spoken; all is polyglot. To the exercise involved in negotiating our open cars, by the way, Mr. Brooke attributes our vital energy and good health—to this, and to our habit of drinking, between meals, water. Further, we Americans walk better than the English—and here our poet celebrates a condition of sartorial enfranchisement which, we confess, had stolen upon us unaware: this is " the land of belts." The suspender of homely and robust tradition is now among memory's misty wraiths: hence we walk more freely, with " a taking swing," and " almost with grace."

Finally, we are given a symbolic image of ourselves, as a sculptor, seeking to figure this Republic in stone, might carve it for the ages. Here it is: " A young man in shirt-sleeves, open-faced, pleasant, and rather vulgar, straw hat on the back of his head, his trousers full and sloppy, his coat over his arm. The motto written beneath will be, of course,

This is some country"—an image at which even our late compatriot, Mr. James, blinks a little uncomfortably in his Preface to the Letters: "We long," says Mr. James, "to take him by the hand and show him finer things."

At a Harvard-Yale baseball game, our poet, having noted that "the Boston crowd" is curiously English, suddenly felt, as he watched the players and the "rooters" and the cheer-leader and the shouting crowd, "very alien and very, very old." Yet his subsequent reactions to Montreal and Quebec and Ontario and Niagara and the Canadian Northwest, and, lastly, to the South Sea islands, quite obviously cured him of his sense of ancientness. Here he is at his lovable best, with all his forces in delectable play—his jocund sweetness, his flashing swiftness of view, his invincible buoyancy, his high spiritual valor, his wit, his perpetual and subduing charm. Here the self-consciousness, the rawness and slightness, of the earlier chapters are gladly forgotten, and we face the golden and conquering lad of the Tradition, "proud, clear-eyed and laughing": we perceive, beyond dubiety or suspicion, that he must indeed, as the devoted Mr. James can say of him, "have reaped at every turn the harmonizing benefit that his presence conferred." And always, as you would know, the touch of the poet is unmistakable and necromantic. How rare in its loveliness and emotion is his final lament, in this land without memories or ghosts, for the haunted soil of England! We and the Canadians have no ghosts, is his accusation: our forests, our wild places, are "wind-swept and empty." "You may lie awake all night and never feel the passing of printless feet . . . Americans, so active in this life, rest quiet afterwards. . . . The dead do not return."

Do they not? Are we a land without ghosts? Perhaps it is so. . . . Yet, in a New England that one recalls, in a South that one remembers, we know old houses, and ruined gardens, and deserted forgotten places of orchard and wood and hillside, once loved and cherished, where now are only stillness and a brooding memorial beauty; and these are not empty, nor forgotten of the dead.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE MILITARY UNPREPAREDNESS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Frederic Louis Huidekoper. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

It is doubtless difficult for an advocate of military preparedness in these days to express his convictions with impeccable moderation. To be sure, if those who urge upon us the need of a larger and better equipped army and navy sometimes represent the American people as more profoundly immersed in a fatuous sense of security than is actually the case, they are not wholly to blame: the peace advocates "have gie'd them fair excuse." Nevertheless there is something repellent in any discourse that savors of *ex parte* pleadings. "As a child," writes Mr. Frederic Louis Huidekoper in his book, *The Military Unpreparedness of the United States,* "he [the American citizen] is taught from school books the authors of which have extolled to the skies the prowess of our 'citizen soldiery' and have painted in glowing colors the brilliancy of American military successes, while they have glossed over or suppressed with studied care the blunders and fearful cost in life and money which have characterized our past wars." This is hardly fair to the authors of modern text-books of history. In such books there is little "extolling" or "painting in glowing colors," and surely there is no deliberate suppression of truth. Not many voters, it may be presumed, have suffered in youth an impairment of judgment consequent upon a diet of history over-sugared with patriotism.

On the whole Mr. Huidekoper's treatise would be rather more persuasive if it did not now and then make the reader feel that he must be rather stupid to warrant his being belabored with arguments so weighty, so emphatic, and so often reiterated. It would be a pity, however, if Mr. Huidekoper's treatise should fail to secure wide popularity either because of its argumentative manner or on account of its somewhat formidable length and detail. The book contains much sound argument as well as many pertinent facts that are not elsewhere accessible to the majority of readers. No other work dealing with military preparedness in the United States is more informing in regard to the status and history of the army than this of Mr. Huidekoper's; no book designed for non-military

readers discusses the broad questions of military policy so comprehensively and intelligibly.

In two essential respects Mr. Huidekoper's point of view is entirely justified. The first of these is the less obvious and of the less immediate consequence. Nevertheless, it is a real and important consideration. There is undoubtedly room for a treatise, suitable for lay readers, dealing with the military history of the United States. Without such a treatise, a part—though not perhaps the most important part—of our national history—remains obscure to all but the expert. For it is scarcely feasible for the general historian to write adequately of our wars as military events, or to discuss at length the pros and cons of military policy. The historian, indeed, must presuppose in his readers an elementary knowledge of civil government, international law, and economics. These subjects are somewhat carefully taught, in connection with history or apart from it. In regard to military matters, however, the knowledge which most persons bring to the reading of history is not even elementary—it is made up largely of childish conceptions. Again, Mr. Huidekoper is certainly right in insisting upon the need at the present hour of a clearly defined plan of preparation. It is precisely because the need of such a plan is felt that his book will be widely read. The fact is not that Americans are now so apathetic upon the subject of national self-defense as to require rhetorical arousing, but rather that they are already aroused to the point of desiring extensive and sanely presented information on military questions.

In matter, if not always in manner, Mr. Huidekoper's book hits the mark. As a history, supplying an analytical view of every important military event from the colonial period to the close of the Philippine war, it possesses a value that will endure long after the issue of preparedness now before the country has been definitely and—it may be hoped, thoroughly—settled. The light which the author throws upon the conduct of our past wars will be appreciated by every reader of history who is not content with superficialities. Nor are Mr. Huidekoper's careful discussions of military matters too technical for readers gifted with intellectual curiosity and a moderate degree of patience. The whole subject of military policy and administration is easily understood in outline and in illustration; it resolves itself into questions of common sense and of arithmetic.

The lessons which Mr. Huidekoper draws from the experience of the United States in former wars are mainly those which have been more or less expatiated upon of late, with varying degrees of insistence upon particular points, by writers who treat of preparedness from the expert point of view. The Regular Army, it seems evident, has invariably been too small to assure success in any considerable military operations. Never once has the Army been prop-

erly organized, or so constituted that when war approached it would be automatically expanded to the requisite strength. No proper reserves have ever existed, and in consequence the Army has almost invariably been compelled to accept such recruits as offered themselves. Moreover, in no case have measures been taken to increase the Regular Army until the eve, and frequently after the beginning, of hostilities. As a natural consequence, far too much dependence has always been placed upon raw troops, and until the Philippine war no proper standard was set either for militia or for volunteers. Mistakes even more deeply rooted in ignorance, or in unwillingness to face facts, are, in the author's opinion, the persistent failure of Congress to realize that where a choice is offered men invariably prefer to enlist in that organization in which discipline is most lax; and the "total inability of Congress and the American people" to perceive that the Army of the United States must be placed unreservedly under the control of the Federal Government. To these fundamental errors must be added the uniform neglect to provide *beforehand* for the requisite equipment of the number of troops likely to be called into service during the war. Finally, the lesson of the past, the one which the author reiterates and most heavily emphasizes, is the fact that "the policy of the length of enlistments has uniformly been the very incarnation of folly." More than once, as a result of the failure to prescribe that all enlistments shall be *for the war,* dependable forces have had to be discharged; generals in the field have been forced to act in opposition to military judgment; and the safety of the country has been jeopardized by the depletion of armies at just the time when troops were imperatively needed. These contentions are backed by a presentation of historic facts that seems not only conclusive but fairly exhaustive.

But in addition to the lessons of history, there are the lessons of common sense. The Act of May 27, 1908, specifically prescribed that "the Organized Militia shall be called into the service of the United States in advance of any volunteer force which it may be determined to raise." This is the rock of offense that seems to loom largest in the eyes of most military experts. Mr. Huidekoper denounces it as "one of the most flagrant pieces of folly ever injected into the military legislation of our country," and adds that "so long as it remains on the statute books there need be no hope of our possessing a sound military organization suitable to the stress of war." Reason requires, thinks Mr. Huidekoper, that the militia should either be nationalized or, if it is to remain under State control, that it should be "appraised at its true value" and relegated to the last line of defense.

In Mr. Huidekoper's opinion, however, it is not enough to correct legislative mistakes of this nature or to make wise supplementary laws for the administration of the army. The author is

a thorough-going advocate of preparedness. The plan which he proposes calls for four lines of defense, consisting of an enlarged Regular Army, a body of reserves, a body of United States volunteers, and the Organized Militia or National Guard. In this way, it is thought, a force of at least 1,200,000 men, of whom 670,000 would have had training in the Regular Army, would be provided. This plan, it is true, involves a relatively short term of active service with the colors for each member of the Regular Army and a relatively long term of service in the reserves—a feature sometimes objected to by military writers on the ground that it tends to impair the efficiency of the Army by making it a school for recruits. This, however, is a point for discussion among experts. For the general reader the interest of the discussion will lie in the apparent feasibility of Mr. Huidekoper's plan in its broad outline, and in the author's conservative estimate of the number of troops necessary to defend the country.

Mr. Huidekoper's volume is a cyclopaedia and source book for the advocate of preparedness; but it is far more than this. It is, as has been said, a valuable military history—a record and critique, moreover, of military legislation in the United States from the War of the Revolution to the present day. As an exposition of military needs it probably expresses better than any other single work the consensus of opinion among military men regarding the land-forces of the United States.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE: AN INTERPRETATION. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1916.

No political idea is more deeply impressed upon the minds of most Americans than that which is represented by the words "Monroe Doctrine," and yet this familiar idea, when an attempt is made to analyze it, usually turns out to be what the psychologist Weininger called a "henid," or pseudo-idea. The truth, as expressed by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, is simply that "the Monroe Doctrine is not an utterance or a series of utterances, but a frame of mind, the nature of which is from time to time described in the generalizations of those who are in a position to know the facts and also to gauge the temper of the country. . . . The number of Doctrines since 1849 is about the same as the number of Secretaries of State."

Professor Hart's treatise upon the Monroe Doctrine is a clarifying discourse; it will reveal to many readers their own actual belief, transforming what has been a mere "henid" into a true conception. The book shows, indeed, what the country as a whole has always believed, separating the essential from the accidental. In effect, then, Professor Hart does two things: he traces the trans-

formation of the Monroe Doctrine through forms that are better described, in some cases, as "Monroeless," or "Monroevoid," and he states the residual truth that exists more or less disguised in them all.

As a keen and subtle exposition, Professor Hart's volume will prove fascinating to students of history—to all, in fact, who enjoy the feeling of easy intellectual mastery over a complex subject. Something, to be sure, must be allowed for a certain tediousness inherent in an exhaustive inquiry, scientific in method; yet it may be said that few books constructed on the analytic plan are more readable than this of Professor Hart's. Terseness and vigor of phrase, with a certain homely directness of speech, enliven the discourse and serve to bring abstractions home to the mind.

The original Monroe Doctrine, first announced in 1823, served a temporary purpose. By 1826 the immediate danger was over, and the Doctrine might have been retired but for the fact that the conditions out of which that danger came continued. There was obviously still a need—as there is today—of a principle regulating the conduct of European Powers in America. In the succeeding period the Doctrine underwent changes scarcely consistent with a strict interpretation of its language or its spirit. By 1853 it became proper to speak of a doctrine of American Supremacy. "The spirit of the country was honestly for expansion, and against recognizing too many rights of weaker neighbors." At the end of Buchanan's Administration the original Monroe Doctrine was "out of service." It had been weakened by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which both recognized England as a partner in the Isthmian Canal project and admitted the principle that all European Powers were entitled to share in the use and protection of the canal. On the other hand, the radical and aggressive policy of Pierce and Buchanan, of Cass and Douglas, amounted to a travesty of the Monroe Doctrine. These men "meant to drive out the existing and acknowledged colonies of European Powers; then they hoped gradually to annex the weak and disturbed Latin-American States." The Doctrine of Secretary Seward led to the same conclusion as that of Secretary Cass—annexation as the penalty for anarchy and misrule. The chief difference appears to lie in the fact that Seward's Doctrine was frankly "Monroeless." From 1869 onward strong and definite lines of policy in foreign affairs have been struck out by American statesmen, and to these policies the original Monroe Doctrine has been usually attached merely as a sort of pendant. The Cleveland-Olney Doctrine, asserted in connection with the dispute between the United States and England over the Venezuela boundary question, strikingly shows the futility of the attempt to justify the action of 1895 by the principle of 1823. "One is tempted to apply to Secretary Olney's argument," writes Professor Hart, "the Oxford undergraduate's account of a football game: 'It would have been just as good

a fight without the ball; the ball was only in the way.'" Later instances add force and clearness to the contention that American principles have readily altered their form in response to changing world conditions. The doctrine of the Two Spheres, for example, has become an anachronism since the conquest of the Philippines.

Professor Hart's chapters upon "The Roosevelt Doctrine and Its Successors," upon "The Latin-American Doctrine," "The German Doctrine," "The Pacific and Asiatic Doctrines" reveal the extent to which the United States is necessarily involved in world politics, and point out the difficulty of stating the American position in a manner that conforms to present facts and affords safe guidance for the future. When the views of Latin America, and of European nations are taken into consideration, when the foreign responsibilities which the United States has undertaken and may still undertake are freely viewed, nothing appears more certain than that the Monroe Doctrine does not in any smooth and satisfactory fashion fit into the general situation. In the Monroe Doctrine we possess no convenient solvent for the difficulties incident to our foreign relations. On the other hand, it is equally evident that the doctrine still associated with the name of Monroe expresses a frame of mind to which Americans are extremely likely to adhere.

Conservatively to define this frame of mind becomes, then, the important task. In his "doctrine of permanent interest" Professor Hart offers a kind of minimum Monroe Doctrine which seems true to the historic and actual facts and reasonably representative of American intentions for the future. This doctrine asserts the principles of self-government in America and of the territorial completeness of the two Americas. It declares American protectorates allowable. It commits the United States to the responsibility of preventing "certain causes of trouble between Latin American and European and Asiatic States," and without forbidding attack for just cause, reserves to the United States the right to determine in every case the justice of the quarrel. It also prohibits the building up of colonies upon American soil. Finally, the doctrine of permanent interest announces the intention of the United States to consult the strongest and stablest Latin American States, without, however, entering into any arrangement by which the decisions of the United States could be overruled by votes or combinations of other Powers.

By a process of reasoning as delicate and incisive as the work of a sculptor, Professor Hart frees the American doctrine from its obscurities and irrelevancies and causes it to stand out in its bare essentials. The whole treatise is a task of definition carried out with surpassing skill. The conclusion seems irresistible: either the United States must adopt and defend the doctrine substantially as defined, or it must give up the traditional American doctrine altogether.

VISION OF WAR. By Lincoln Colcord. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

It is at least a debatable question whether any man ought ever to seek to rival the poetic effects attained by Walt Whitman. Mr. Colcord's experiments in this direction do not incline one to maintain the affirmative. Writes Mr. Colcord, for example:

I went out into the night of quiet stars;
I looked up at the wheeling heavens, at the mysterious firmament;
I thought of the awful distances out there, of the incredible magnitudes of space and silence and eternity;
I thought of man, his life, his love, his dreams;
I thought of his body, how it is born and grows, and of his spirit that cannot be explained.

Now this is not merely like Walt Whitman's verse in that it is unrhymed and unmetrical; it is imitative. In choice of epithet, in the attempt at bigness and elemental impressiveness, and (elsewhere) in colloquial mannerisms, Mr. Colcord's poetry impresses one for the most part as derivative.

Unmetrical, unrhymed verse is a splendid vehicle for ardor and vision; it is also a fatally accommodating vessel for mere rhetoric. The latter predominates in Mr. Colcord's prose rhapsodies. At times there is in these poems a vein of gleaming imagination or a strain of lyric intensity, but, in general, rhetoric flourishes at the expense of inspiration, and the affectation of plain prosiness jars where there is little real contrast between poetic beauty and mere baldness.

It is, of course, unfair to compare Mr. Colcord's work with the poetry of the Old Testament, yet his Biblical earnestness makes the comparison hard to avoid:

Ye who think yourselves wise, shall perish through ignorance.
Ye who think yourselves benevolent, shall perish through greed.
Ye who think yourselves strong, shall perish through weakness.
Ye who think yourselves virtuous shall perish through sin.

Since such passages as this inevitably remind one of really lofty and eloquent Biblical admonitions, it is not surprising that the reaction is perhaps not altogether what Mr. Colcord intended.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

LORD ABERDEEN ON COLONEL HARVEY

(From the New York Tribune)

SIR,—If Colonel George Harvey wanted to "start something" when he wrote "England Today" for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, he must be congratulating himself on his success. Wherever men do congregate to discuss the position of the United States, present and future, in the affairs of the world, the mention of some point or other in Colonel Harvey's article seems to have become inevitable.

Unfortunately, the voice of competent Englishmen is not enough heard in confirmation or refutation of the colonel. A week ago, however, one of the morning papers printed a letter from an Englishman whose opinion differed greatly from that of Colonel Harvey, and who expressed himself with a reasoned calmness that carried conviction and must have delighted many of us who consider good will between America and England essential for the good of both countries.

A few days ago I had occasion to hear the views of Lord Aberdeen, former viceroy of Ireland, on Anglo-American relations. A sentence from the much discussed article had been quoted:

"No outcome of this war could be more calamitous to civilization than a possible estrangement through misunderstanding of the two great English-speaking peoples."

The words are put into the mouth of a Tory editor and are supposedly spoken at a British dinner table. Lord Aberdeen was asked whether he agreed. May I venture to quote his answer and his arguments as faithfully as my memory permits:

"I have read and admired Colonel Harvey's able article, but I think it should be read with knowledge and insight, to escape possible misinterpretations.

"Conversations such as the one there recorded take place every day in England. They are friendly conversations, held in a friendly spirit, among people who belong to the same race, Americans and Britishers. If they reach the pitch of a heated discussion they are nevertheless no more and no less than a family disagreement, without any sinister meaning whatever.

"Fundamentally, Americans and Britishers are blood relations, and what is more, they are friends. That very precious fact should never be forgotten here or in England, and I am glad to find that it very rarely is. From time to time side issues have clouded our fundamental friendship in the eyes of the casual observer, but such moments have been isolated and of a superficial character. For our common good they should not now be permitted to assume any more serious proportions."

It was suggested that perhaps Colonel Harvey's impressions of the feeling in England toward America were not conclusive, as his visit abroad was a short one.

One gentleman, who felt particularly strongly on the matter, said that even if Colonel Harvey's impressions were correct, it was unfair to relate them as he did. He likened the belligerent countries to sick-rooms, where naturally there is a high nervous tension, and he asserted that to report the words of belligerents without fully explaining the mental conditions under which they were spoken was as mischievous as to carry a sick man's fevered talk about his neighbor to the house across the street.

But Lord Aberdeen remained gentle toward the author under attack:

"As I remember Colonel Harvey's article, it seems to me that the author has a very clear understanding of the feeling in England toward America. Perhaps he did not express himself plainly enough, if indeed he created the notion that we in England do not feel friendship for you. Perhaps, if you do not know our dinner table conversations of these months, you cannot detect the warmth of the spirit behind the printed word. That is most regrettable, for the writings of a man like Colonel Harvey have equal weight to work harm or good, and none would regret more than the colonel himself if they were to work harm in this particular instance.

"Is it not patent, however, that if conversations like those synthesized by Colonel Harvey—conversations occurring actually by the thousand—take place among British subjects and American visitors, the first, unavoidable condition is an atmosphere of friendly understanding? If hosts and guests were not conscious of mutual good will and a sort of racial family bond, elementary courtesy would forbid the topic.

"Then, will you consider a moment: is it likely that we should invite Americans to our homes if there were no ties of friendship between us?

"Then again, take the man in the street, in England. He reads the newspapers. He reads that American producers and manufacturers are making fortunes out of their war trade with the Allies. But is he likely to forget that both France and England would now be in a sorry way if it were not for this war trade with America? And can he avoid paying a tribute of gratitude to the American people when he reads of the generous, unceasing help they are lending, without hope of recompense, to all the sufferers among all the allied nations?

"No, the English people are not and cannot be other than friendly toward the American people.

"Colonel Harvey draws a distinction between the people and the Administration of the United States. On this point I may have no opinion, of course, while I am receiving the cordial courtesies of the country. I am telling you merely what I know to be true in England and have found to be true here. Let me repeat: fundamentally, there is nothing but friendship between the two peoples, even if there is a little grumbling on both sides. Temporary dissensions, a trifle of hot-headedness or an air of indifference, are usual and human occurrences between brothers. They are ripples on the surface.

"Traveling through the States from coast to coast, I have met among all classes with the most comforting response to the friendship we Britishers bear you. I noticed this with particular satisfaction among the Westerners, whom we had been led to look upon as rather pro-German. It was a very

gratifying experience for one who believes as firmly as I do that the interests of America and Great Britain are bound together. Naturally I cannot go into details in a few spoken words, but I beg you to trust that my belief on this point is based on solid argument.

"I cannot give you a definition of what is meant nowadays by 'the freedom of the seas.' But I can assure you most solemnly that not a man in Great Britain, high or low, has the least wish to encroach on the rights of neutrals. Our navalism is no kin to militarism. I know the two have been likened by some among the American people. All I can ask now is that they postpone their judgment until all the facts are clearly unravelled out of the great tangle.

"I will not assert that in some instances we have not erred, but whenever in the past we have made mistakes, we have not been slow to make due amends. The case of the *Alabama*, during the Civil War, proves that when England stands convicted of error she pays the penalty manfully. But of this I am certain, and I say it proudly: whatever England may be found guilty of when the day of reckoning comes with peace restored, hers will not have been irreparable offences—she will not be called upon to pay one farthing of wehrgeld!"

Whether it be our knowledge that no "military necessity" could make the Allies shed the blood of non-combatants, women and children, or whether it be simply our blood relationship with the people of Great Britain that compels our sympathy for the Allies in their fight against Prussianism, is of no immediate moment. The fact is essential. And I am happy to see that my own desire for friendly relations between Great Britain and America is by no means a lone one in America, since one of our most popular publications prints on its front page, and fears not for its circulation:

"John Bullikins, my jo, John,
We've known each other long.
I've sometimes thought you right, John,
And often thought you wrong.
We've had our little tiffs, John;
Yet, whether friend or foe,
I've nursed a high regard for you,
John Bullikins, my jo."

F. C. Fay.

New York, Jan. 28, 1916.

SECOND TERMS AND TREATIES

(*From the Philadelphia Inquirer*)

The current number of The North American Review contains an article from the pen of Colonel George Harvey, its editor, in which that gentleman demonstrates, at least to his own satisfaction, that Mr. Woodrow Wilson is under no obligation, legal, moral or sentimental, to refrain from seeking a renomination because he was elected on a platform which declared for a single Presidential term and which committed its candidate to the acceptance of that principle.

Under all the circumstances and recalling his own contumelious treatment

by the man of whose special qualifications for the Presidency he was the original discoverer, it was very kind and even handsomel magnanimous for Colonel Harvey to undertake the somewhat difficult task he has essayed, especially as he has no assurance that his well-meant efforts will be appreciated, no assurance that he is not inviting some such repudiation and rebuke as upon a previous memorable occasion he received.

Colonel and Editor Harvey in the warmth of his zeal and the goodness of his heart has taken the risk of that, and he has elaborated an ingeniously plausible argument which goes to show that the platform of his party is not, at least in this particular, binding upon the man who implicitly accepted it, and who, when it suited his convenience, has professed to feel under a solemn obligation, as when the suffragists wanted him to espouse their cause, to be guided and controlled by its contents.

One cannot help thinking, however, that so far as the second term is concerned it was hardly worth while for the Colonel to rush to the rescue in his chivalric, impetuous way and to engage in a discussion which has merely an academic interest. Platform or no platform, Mr. Wilson is going to be renominated, for the simple reason that there is no one else in sight and that the Democratic party cannot afford by rejecting him to confess the failure of an administration with which it is indissolubly identified.

But if Colonel Harvey wants to help his former protégé, if he really wants to exculpate him from a charge of platform violation much more serious than a disregard of the single-term plank involves, there is something he might do. He might show to the satisfaction of the American people, if that be possible, how Mr. Wilson was justified in ignoring that plank of his party's platform which defined the attitude of the Democracy toward the Panama Canal. This is something which others have tried, but which none has thus far accomplished.

In their Baltimore platform the Democrats say: "We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal." And yet Mr. Wilson forced a bill through Congress by which this exemption was denied them. Suppose Colonel Harvey tackles the tough job of vindicating this platform violation and of reconciling this contradiction. It would be more to the point.

President Wilson repudiated that shameful pledge because it contravened a solemn treaty and violated the good faith of the United States. It is the best and bravest thing he has done since he became President.—EDITOR.

PLANKS NOT PLEDGES

(*From the Baltimore Sun*)

The only persons who really care anything about the single-term plank in the Democratic national platform of 1912 are the backward Republican lookers, who fear Wilson as an opposing candidate, and two or three Democratic statesmen who would like to have "a try" at the Presidency. These are the critics who have seized upon the single-term plank as a club with which to drive Mr. Wilson from the field. Nothing could more conclusively demonstrate Mr. Wilson's personal and official strength than the resort of

his opponents to such an issue. It is a virtual admission that they have a very poor case against him in matters of substance, and that they must substitute sneers for logic. So far as the vast majority of Democrats are concerned, and so far as the vast majority of the plain people of the country are concerned, the discussion that has been going on over the question is mere piffle, a fool debate by intellectual hair-splitters and moral dyspeptics over a thing that has no real standing in the forum of healthy and reasonable minds. The whole matter resolves itself into an attempt to impeach Mr. Wilson's sincerity and honesty, and to hold him up as a man who is ready to violate his plighted faith for the sake of his ambition.

Such a charge is its own answer. He may or he may not be anxious to serve a second term, but there are few people in the country silly enough to think that his failure to regard the Democratic declaration of 1912 as binding would constitute a breach of ethics. Even his old critic, Colonel George Harvey, who is accustomed to straining at gnats, if not to swallowing camels, cannot see how Mr. Wilson can be held to have committed any offense against the most rigid code of morals in expressing strong disagreement with the single-term plank in his letter to Representative Palmer, or in manifesting a willingness to accept a second term. Colonel Harvey in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW points out that in the convention of 1912, "for the first time in history, consideration of the platform was deferred until after the naming of the candidate. This was done at the instance of Mr. Bryan for some actual reason known only to himself. That this specific plank did not harmonize with Mr. Wilson's judgment was brought to the attention of Mr. Bryan by his personal representative, Mr. William F. McCombs." Moreover, in his speech of acceptance Mr. Wilson took occasion "to make the fact clear that he did not accept the platform literally in all its parts as a definite 'program.'"

Such a declaration as the single-term plank could not in the nature of things be accepted as a permanent Democratic doctrine. It was virtually an expression of opinion by one man, and one man who was very much interested in Democratic nominations, and was accepted as such by those members of the convention who perceived the presence of the "little joker."

Mr. Wilson considered it of no importance then, as the people consider it of no importance now. When he was requested later by Representative Palmer to express his views regard to it, he did so with great frankness and logic, and he gave the proposition its quietus in a very effective manner.

Why should there be any moral obligation on the part of a nominee to take up every plank in a platform, like a child reciting the answers in his catechism, and avow his belief or disbelief in each one of them? There are few political platforms which have not contained some fool remark, or some ridiculous proposition which its best friends cannot indorse and to which they feel it would be unkind to direct attention.

This single-term plank never has received the indorsement of the sober second thought of the Democratic party, and it was slipped into the platform of 1912 without serious consideration. If it had been regarded as a serious party pledge, it would not have been thrown into the discard at the very beginning of Mr. Wilson's term. If it was intended as a snare to catch some particular game, it has still less claim to any standing at the bar of political morality.

AN HONEST REPUBLICAN'S OPINION

(From the Bloomington Pantagraph)

Colonel George Harvey, who raised Woodrow Wilson from comparative obscurity and made him a Presidential candidate, has a convincing editorial in the February number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on the single-term plank of the Democratic platform of 1912. Since his former protégé became President, Colonel Harvey has not always been in accord with the policies and acts of the Wilson administration and at times he has not hesitated to criticize unsparingly. On the single-term plank, however, Colonel Harvey is whole-heartedly on the side of President Wilson.

According to Colonel Harvey, President Wilson stands accused upon two points: First, that by his silence he tacitly indorsed the Baltimore declaration and so appealed to the voters under a false pretense, and, secondly, that after having been safely elected, he surreptitiously smothered the resolution putting that declaration into effect, in the interest of his own personal ambition.

On the first point Colonel Harvey recalls that, for the first time in history, consideration of the platform was deferred until after the naming of the candidate. The platform was dictated by William J. Bryan, and the fact that this specific plank did not meet with the approval of Mr. Wilson was brought to the attention of Mr. Bryan and other members of the committee. This being so, after Mr. Wilson was nominated the obligation of removing the disparity rested, not upon the candidate, but upon the committee.

On the second point, involving the smothering of the resolution limiting the Presidential tenure to one term, Colonel Harvey says it would be absurd to accuse the President of "lobbying" in his own behalf. He had become the leader of the Democratic party and it was his duty to express both his opinion and the reasons underlying it, which he did in the letter to Mr. Palmer. Moreover, if the resolution had been adopted it would have left President Wilson eligible to a term of six years instead of four years, thus opening the way for the possible distinction of being the first and only citizen having served as President for ten consecutive years. Concluding, Colonel Harvey says:

"There is no issue in the single term and none can be made by the Republican party, by Mr. Roosevelt, by Mr. Bryan, or by anybody else. Regardless of futile attacks, regardless even of his own inclinations, Woodrow Wilson must be the next Democratic candidate for President."

This is a reasonable statement based upon solid premises. Certainly no fair-minded Republican will attempt to take issue with President Wilson in standing for a second term. The Progressives, with a perpetual candidate, who is seeking a third term, would place themselves in a ludicrous position by attempting to criticize an aspirant for a second term. As for Mr. Bryan, it can be said that the American people, regardless of party, have never been in sympathy with his effort to limit the term of an office which he can never hold himself. Go to it, Mr. President; may the best man win and may he be a Republican.

(*From the Sioux City Tribune*)

A lot of newspapers are very much riled up over Colonel George Harvey's article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW setting forth the statement that the United States is cordially detested in England. There is no reason to get angry at Harvey. He is merely serving in the capacity of a reporter, and what he reports tallies with what nearly every other American newspaper or magazine reporter who has been abroad says. It tallies with the sentiment reflected in cartoons in Dutch, British, Swedish, French and Italian publications.

Not only England, but France and Italy and the neutral nations of Europe think the United States has blustered a lot about the rights of humanity and done nothing to defend them or even so much as protested in their support. An idea as to the sentiment prevailing in Europe may be gleaned from the quip that is being repeated on the streets in every country and by the soldiers in the trenches, "The next war will be between the two yellow races—Americans and Chinese."

This sentiment undoubtedly exists. It is injuring the United States. It is going to injure it more. It is going to show up in the fight for world markets after the war, costing this country an incalculable loss in exports. It is going to show up in poorly concealed contempt for the wishes and rights of this nation, making our foreign relations full of friction and keeping this country always on the bit. Colonel Roosevelt has stated it strikingly when he says a nation which is too proud to stand up and make a fight (not necessarily a physical one), for right and humanity and civilization is just proud enough to be kicked. We are inviting the boots of Europe.

It isn't going to do any good or help matters for American politicians and American newspapers to rail at European sentiment and talk about the American people not caring what Europe thinks of us. It isn't smart to earn the ill will of all the neighbors and then say one doesn't care. There is no profit, peace or wisdom in being at outs with the world.

Of course, due allowance must be made for the intense, supersensitive emotions in Europe just now, but after making such allowance, it still remains that the United States has lost caste and respect because of her attitude. The wise thing to do is to look within and see where we have made mistakes and then set about forthwith to correct them. To have peace declared among European nations with all of them retaining a contempt or a hatred for this country would be not only foolish, but it would be dangerous.

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

The editor's discourse [in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW] on "Wilson and a Second Term" has for its text the following sentence from the Democratic platform of 1912:

> We favor a single presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for re-election, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

Without attempting to follow the tortuous argument by which Colonel Harvey reaches his conclusions, or to dwell upon the difficulty he finds in

reconciling Mr. Wilson's open declaration that the Democratic platform "says what it means and means what it says" with his secret and "oddly long delayed" letter to Mr. Palmer designed to smother the Democratic resolution, it suffices to say that Colonel Harvey emerges from all the difficulties and declares there is no issue in the Single Term and that Mr. Wilson must be the next Democratic candidate for President. Colonel Harvey is a brilliant preacher, but this is a case of "wresting the scriptures!" In a further discourse he asks whether we—United States—are "Peacemakers or Laodiceans?" and somewhat lightly concludes we are the latter, in exalting neutrality above what he calls "principle," as if there were no principle in national neutrality!

(*From the New York Sun*)

Our esteemed contemporary, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in the person of its editor, hastens to the defence of President Wilson's political and moral right to a second term. With both ability and plausibility Colonel George Harvey argues, in substance, that although the President was elected to office on a single term platform he may ignore that platform and run again without justly incurring the reprobation of even the most fastidious moralist.

History presents few more touching spectacles of magnanimity than this appearance of Colonel Harvey in behalf of the august (if ungrateful) child of his early discernment.

We do not quite agree with our distinguished contemporary as to the ethical principles involved. There are many other good Americans who are eagerly with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Colonel in hoping for the repudiation of the single term plank of the Baltimore platform. It has surprised us, and we are sure it would astonish Colonel Harvey, to learn from the letters on the subject arriving at this office from various parts of the land how many of the most ardent promoters of a second nomination for Woodrow Wilson are those who are least desirous of his second election.

We wonder why this is. Can it be in every case the result of a large-minded generosity, as it is in Colonel Harvey's case?

(*From the Bookseller*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, with its truly worth-while reading matter, deserves a prominent place on every news counter catering to cultured people, and dealers who push the sale will be well rewarded. Every issue contains not only literary articles of the highest merits, excellent dramatic and musical criticisms and book reviews, but also most interesting letters from its readers and the most significant utterances of the press at home and abroad. Of the editor, Colonel George Harvey, a prominent magazine recently stated that he is "probably the most powerful single political force in the country."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE GREATER PERIL

SIR,—The interesting exposition of the state of public feeling in England toward America and Americans contained in your January number, whets one's appetite for a psychological study of both peoples in this crisis of civilization. Perhaps we can look forward to such a paper in one of your ensuing issues.

The English attitude, that the Allies are fighting our battle while we are fattening on the conflict, can readily be attributed to the intense egoism of people engaged in an undertaking which absorbs the supreme measure of thought and energy of which they are capable. England and her Allies did not embark on this struggle from any altruistic motive, and it is safe to say that until they were committed to the war no thought of its effect on America ever entered their minds. Later, however, appalled by the magnitude of the sacrifices which they were called upon to make and realizing that a country which stood for the same ideals remained unscathed, they, in protest against the seeming injustice of it, cried out, "Why not you, too? Our cause is also the cause of civilization and democracy; why, then, should you stand aloof?"

In claiming our active participation in the war at that time England was clearly unreasonable. Our population contains a strong leaven of Teutonic blood, and our Government is a representative one. Germany had given us no cause for quarrel; and that we should take sides against her without direct provocation was morally impossible. "But what of the violation of Belgium?" it is urged. Even in this we were not officially concerned, for no convention or treaty to which America was a party had been broken, although gross and shameful wrong had certainly been done, and we knew it. Public opinion in this country resented the act, and while our Government still had no excuse for hostilities, good cause existed for a distinct bias toward the Allies, which might have taken the form of a technical neutrality with thinly disguised sympathy for the Powers that were fighting for Belgian deliverance. This position was not taken, however, and England was reasonable in her disappointment and criticism.

This leads us to the psychological study of the individual. Why was this attitude not assumed by our Government? At that time it was a safe one politically, and could have been made popular. The policy of the Administration was entirely directed by the President. Mr. Wilson, therefore, may be held individually responsible for what ensued. Can the reason for his attitude be found in a narrow conception of his duty to the nation of which he was the Chief Executive, or may it be looked for in an ambition to avoid war during a period in the world's history when war was almost universal?

Whatever the President's motive, the Teutonic Powers had begun to take

his measure, and when outrages were later committed against the lives and property of American citizens at sea, it was on the fair chance that such outrages would not be actively resented by this Government. That presumption has been amply justified, and further activities were inaugurated. The German-American population of this country was incited to subordinate its American citizenship to an allegiance claimed by the land of its birth, conspiracies against industrial properties were instigated by the diplomatic and consular representatives of the Teutonic Allies, and a flagrant pro-German propaganda was developed among us. Truly a miscarriage of England's just hope of gaining at least our *moral* support!

What was the attitude of our people through all this—not of the foreigners recently admitted to citizenship, but of the American people? Aghast, at first, at the magnitude of the calamity, immediately concerned for their own financial and commercial stability, horrified at the great Germanic crime with which the war was ushered in; and then, what? Influenced somewhat by willingness to follow lines of least resistance and somewhat by an orderly desire to support the Government in any course it might pursue, we were indignant but inactive. The newspapers promised us, at each outrage, that Germany would be held to a "strict accountability," and that each fulmination of the Administration, if unheeded, would be followed by portentous doings of some kind. We waited, but nothing followed except some insolently evasive reply by the Power to which our protest was, for the moment, addressed.

Meantime we were becoming accustomed to outrages; they did not seem to interfere with business—which was becoming good again—and very few of us knew personally any of the victims. The more we read of the conduct of modern war, the more undesirable war seemed to be; we had never fought Germany, and therefore had no traditional antagonism toward her. She was not "in sight" on land or sea, and seemed rather intangible as a possible enemy. There was no obvious way of attacking her, and there was nothing in the idea to stir the blood. Beside, the Administration was constantly receiving assurances that the outrages complained of would not be repeated. We gradually became callous and indifferent, our ethical standards were rapidly lowered by familiarity with unpunished crimes, and our moral sense became blunted. A sorry condition, indeed, and one that justifies England's present opinion of us. She is disappointed, and justly so, and our own people abroad, who through their individual activities are upholding the traditions of American manhood and womanhood, are bitterly ashamed. This is bad enough, God knows, but is worse to come?

England and her Allies control the seas, and, in the prosecution of the war, enforce certain trade restrictions against neutral commerce with her enemies. Contrary to *our* views of what she ought to do under the circumstances, she has, for instance, declared cotton contraband of war. This touches our pockets, as we would like to sell cotton to Germany; so we protest. We encounter other restrictions and inconveniences, and we protest again. We have a subconscious feeling that we have been bullied by Germany and we do not propose to be bullied by England (who, by the way, shows no disposition to bully us), and the language of our protest is rather harsher than that employed in notes to Germany over the murder of our citizens. A commercial grievance we can understand, and, properly handled, it would be a good vote-getter; so it is ventilated in Congress, and certain

sections of the country are lashed into greater indignation by the fiery eloquence of their representatives. England, so far, has replied to our protests with unfailing courtesy and patience, but should she for a moment lose her self-control over the relatively grotesque situation and send this Government a sharp reply, it would be perfectly possible for the altercation to grow into a dispute the consequences of which would be difficult to foresee. Antagonism to England is traditional with us; we are taught it in the public schools; in the period of our national life our only real and persistent enemy has been England, whom we have always conquered. This, at least, is the schoolboy's creed, and a shadowy belief in the truth of it lingers in the man's mind. Is it possible for this antagonism again to burst forth? Unthinkable as it may seem, I believe it is, although with equal conviction I believe that no provocation short of an attack would induce England to fight us. Still we may easily go so far as definitely to lose her friendship; and to her friendship we already owe much. Does our only hope of avoiding such a calamity lie in a change of Administration?

H. C. GROOME.

WARRENTON, VA.

FROM A DISHEARTENED PATRIOT

SIR,—I read with the deepest interest your article, "England Today," in the January number of the REVIEW. It must have attracted thoughtful attention everywhere, and I happen to know of one case in which the reading of it, by a friend of mine, led to the buying of a dozen copies of the REVIEW in less than a day. Living summers, as we do, in Canada, where the feelings excited by the war are like those in England, and almost as strong, we can understand and appreciate your article better than any one can who has lived all the time within our own boundaries. We, too, have felt as the Americans in England do, while we have watched the course of our Government; and in a letter that I wrote from Canada to a friend in New York, after the President made his "too proud to fight" speech, I said that if the Administration continued to follow the course that it was then pursuing, I thought I should renounce my American birthright and become a naturalized citizen of the country where I was already living more than half of every year. I haven't done it yet, but it still remains a possibility. Meanwhile, by lecturing in Canada for the benefit of every patriotic object, from the Patriotic Fund and the Red Cross to the purchase of machine guns, I suppose I have joined the ranks of the "residents abroad who, although born and bred in the United States, have so far forgotten themselves and their honor as citizens as to put their passionate sympathy with one or the other side in the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States."

But I would say to President Wilson, as a very distinguished American said in the Virginia Convention, a century and a half ago, "If this be treason, make the most of it."

I am more afraid, just now, that we shall incur the enmity of England, by nagging her on the subject of interference with our trade, than I am that we shall get into trouble with Germany. The creation of a hostile and bitter feeling toward us in England and Canada would be a greater calamity than a rupture of diplomatic relations with the Central European Powers could ever be.

I don't regard the Administration with as much confidence as I should like to feel, and I long ago ceased to expect from Congress enlightened statesmanship or wise action on any great question that affects the personal interests of a majority of its members.

I hope you are going to write more on the European situation.

GEORGE KENNAN.

NEW YORK CITY.

OUR PURPOSE LAID BARE

SIR,—I have read your article in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, relating your impressions abroad,—how Woodrow Wilson is regarded in England and France. Your motive cannot be misconstrued. The obvious purpose was to discredit the President at home because in some countries abroad, for the moment, he is not favorably regarded.

Among the manifold duties of the Chief Magistrate of this country it has always been regarded as one of the principal duties to maintain the honor and prestige of the nation—this is an obligation imposed upon him by public sentiment, by the general opinion of the country. Has Woodrow Wilson not met that requirement ably and fully? Have not diplomatic means attained the same result that oceans of blood—to say nothing of treasure—could not do more to accomplish?

It has been the design and purpose of all the warring nations in Europe to embroil us in their present conflict. Jealous of our prosperity and power they can see no reason why we should stand aloof and pursue the even tenor of our way, fulfilling our chosen destiny.

They are at one in a mad endeavor to draw us into the vortex, and—I blush to say it—there are those of us here who would render all possible assistance to accomplish the same thing, and yet they call themselves patriots and good citizens! The test of the popularity and accomplishments of an Administration is to be based upon the judgment pronounced upon it at home, by those whom it immediately serves and who are responsible for its existence; not upon a pronounced judgment of expatriates (who perhaps left their country for their country's good) and interested combatants.

Woodrow Wilson is today so firmly entrenched in the hearts of his countrymen that they will not yield him for another. They are assured of safety and honor under his guidance. You will find this to be the verdict in November.

W. M. GREEN.

LIMA, OHIO.

CHAOS AND ANARCHY IN MEXICO

SIR,—I am writing to find out if you can help us through your splendid magazine, by telling the truth to the people about the conditions down here in Mexico? I have taken THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for years.

What we Americans read in most of the papers about conditions here is absolutely false. Instead of growing better, things are getting worse. This city is full of Americans and foreigners, waiting to be able to return to their homes in the interior, but they are not able to go for lack of trains, or unsafe conditions in the country. Our Government is being laughed at, and no matter what order comes from Washington, it is not obeyed

and not followed up by our Government. Americans are being thrown in jail without trial. The representatives sent down here are either in with one set of Mexicans or the other, being paid to send what news they wish printed. Mr. Wilson has so often broken faith with these Mexicans, that now they no longer fear him.

The trains to Mexico City run perhaps once or twice a week. The journey is perilous owing to there being bandits scattered along the way who attack and rob the trains if they so choose. There are but few coaches, and so few engines that it is hard to operate. No freight is carried and so business is at a standstill. Carranza has stolen and shipped out of the country everything salable, even the supplies sent down by the Red Cross. A reporter, Mr. Francis, got photographs of the bags, etc., and informed Mr. Silliman, Mr. Wilson's special representative. Instead of notifying Washington, Mr. Silliman notified Carranza, and in a short time Mr. Francis was thrown into jail "incommunicado."

The Administration in Washington knows what terrible conditions exist down here. Our men are being killed on the border by the very ammunition and firearms brought from the United States to be turned against Americans, and by the soldiers of Carranza, whom Mr. Wilson is consulting and has recognized—he whom every Mexican, even his own men, hates. He can never be President, for the people won't stand for him. He has looted Mexico from the border down, and how can he make good? I beg of you to find out the truth and tell the people of our great country so that they may come to know what we are suffering, and help us.

AMERICAN.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

A GOOD WORD FOR SAUL OF TARSUS

SIR,—I have been a reader of the REVIEW for many years, and have always considered it reliable. One of the most satisfying features of it to me is the fact that dependence could be put in the knowledge and the ability of the writers of its contributed articles. Consequently I received a rude shock when I read the article on Saul of Tarsus by Ellwood Hendrick; for I happen to know a little about Saul myself. For flippancy of treatment and for ignorance of the facts involved, I have never seen, in any self-respecting periodical, the equal of this output. Hereafter, how am I to know that other writers in the REVIEW, treating of subjects concerning which I am not well informed, are not as incompetent as the author under consideration?

I have not time to speak of all this man's errors now. I wish, however, to refer to two or three by way of illustration. For instance, he tells us that Paul was the inventor of the doctrine of hell-fire. The fact of the matter is that Paul never mentions hell-fire at all in any of his epistles or reported sayings. He also alleges that Paul was the author of the dogma of the Virgin Birth; but the truth is that Paul never refers to the Virgin Birth. So far as the records go, there is no evidence that he knew anything about it. Moreover, he further alleges that Paul greatly emphasized baptism, and made it necessary to salvation. Now anyone who knows a little about Paul knows that the exact contrary is the truth, as is proved by many passages, and especially by I Corinthians, 1:13-14. Finally, to say, as he does, that Paul was without love, and that he taught that women

generally were a temptation and a danger, is to betray an ignorance of his subject so colossal as to merit nothing short of contempt.

F. D. McRae.

St. Paul, Minn.

MR. HENDRICK'S REPLY

Sir,—The mechanism of the mind is a curious thing, very complex, and the wonder is that we mortals can agree as well as we do. We seem to be constructed with a view to fighting each other, and if it were not for the gift of sympathy the world would be a sorrier place than it is even in these days.

I agree with Mr. McRae in regard to my ignorance and incompetence, and I suppose he is right in calling me flippant. I can not take orthodoxy seriously. I can not focus it in my mind as that arrangement of all the facts which is the truth. Call it bedevilment if you will, my vision of orthodoxy is always as of something grotesque.

Now the pages of The North American Review are not long enough to permit contributors of Letters to the Editor to quote the Scriptures to prove their contentions, because the sayings of Holy Writ are many and divers. But on re-reading my essay I think it possible to support nearly every statement by texts,—which would neither prove anything nor make it perfect.

Indeed, I should be the last to call it perfect. Its faults, however, appear to me to be more clearly pointed out by a clergyman who addressed me from another State than by Mr. McRae. He said that, on the whole, he agreed with me, but thought I missed one quality of Paul, and that my failure to mention it colored my whole essay to its hurt. This was that Paul was a mystic. I think he is right, and that I am at fault in this respect. But mysticism seems to be one of my blind spots, and here again Mr. McRae is right in regard to my incompetence. The same gentleman also says that I am not quite fair to Paul. This, too, may be just criticism. I have heard Paul quoted in defense of so much meanness in this world that I may be, in a measure, angry at the thought of him. And anger blinds. It is idle to put confidence in what anyone of us says in his wrath. Anger is the mother of error.

In a personal letter which Mr. McRae was good enough to send me he tells me that "One of the best established laws of psychology is that we select our beliefs. One can very easily make himself believe or disbelieve a thing if he wants to; the wish is father to the thought." This statement is singularly free from heresy except perhaps for a touch of Pelagianism. Many an institution of orthodoxy has been built upon it, including the Holy Inquisition. I once made an earnest plea for the doctrine that we have within us the capacity to select our own ideals, and despite any seeming contradiction I still hold to it. But as for this ability to believe or disbelieve in concrete things at will, I am afraid the rule is not universal. Some of us are so organized that we can not bring ourselves to believe what, according to the testimony of all of our faculties, offends against the truth.

My postulate is that the Christology of Jesus and the Christology of Paul are not the same, and that they are in sore conflict. There are those of us who are not so gifted with the faculty of volitional belief that they can hold Paul in reverence. Why then may we not look beyond Paul to the

simpler doctrine of Jesus? The light of its loveliness may encourage us to turn our faces to the morning and to hope for a brighter day.

ELLWOOD HENDRICK.

NEW YORK CITY.

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE US GREAT

SIR,—It must rejoice the heart of every real lover of peace to read Henry Rutgers Marshall's article in the February number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "War and Human Nature." I wish this article could be printed in pamphlet form and placed on the library table of every man who reads and thinks throughout these United States. To my mind one of the things that makes THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW such a great magazine is the variety of subjects discussed. It is a magazine for the man who loves to read and think. Some of these days I hope we may be favored with an article in this great magazine from the pen of some able man on the subject: "Unmistakable Signs of the Coming Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace." Only some man with prophetic vision can see these "signs" amid the darkness and confusion of these days of war; but the "kingdom is coming."

JESSE F. BENTON.

GARY, W. VA.

A WELCOME TRIBUTE

SIR,—Your letter addressed to my father, inquiring about a renewal of his subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has been read. It may be of interest to you to know that until within a few weeks of his death last year, at almost 92 years of age, THE REVIEW interested him greatly. He looked forward to each number as long as he was able to read, and after that he asked for articles to be read to him. He was a man who passed a lifetime of unusual physical and mental activity as a Philadelphia merchant and later as a Chester County farmer, and he considered that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW furnished him with the best expressions of opinion on world—and national—affairs, both political and literary.

We, members of his family, thank you for the information and pleasure your publication gave him for many years.

GERTRUDE RHOADS.

WESTTOWN, PA.

"JUDICIAL AND HELPFUL"

SIR,—Permit me, as a Canadian, to express my appreciation of your deft, sympathetic, judicial, and helpful interpretation of the English attitude in your article, "England Today," in the January issue. You can do more helpful work for public enlightenment in America by just such a balanced treatment of international problems than could be accomplished by any jingoistic methods. You have caught to nicety the underlying spirit of the struggle as it is seen in the somewhat phlegmatic English nature;

and you have not, by implication or direct statement, departed from your original standpoint of interested and unprejudiced observation. It was admirably done.

M. F. TURNER.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DISCUSSION OF IMMIGRATION WANTED

SIR,—A recent issue of your magazine contained a most excellent article on the German attitude. Your readers would surely appreciate just such a clear, fair, and sanely patriotic article, or series of articles, on the immigration and naturalization questions; surely there are a few who are far-sighted enough to picture to us the pitiful plight our country will be in unless immigration is restricted to exclude undesirable elements, and naturalization laws made effective enough to insure some degree of attempt at citizenship. We shall hope to see our best newspapers and magazines in the lead in questions of such vital importance.

C. I. R.

DOVER, N. J.

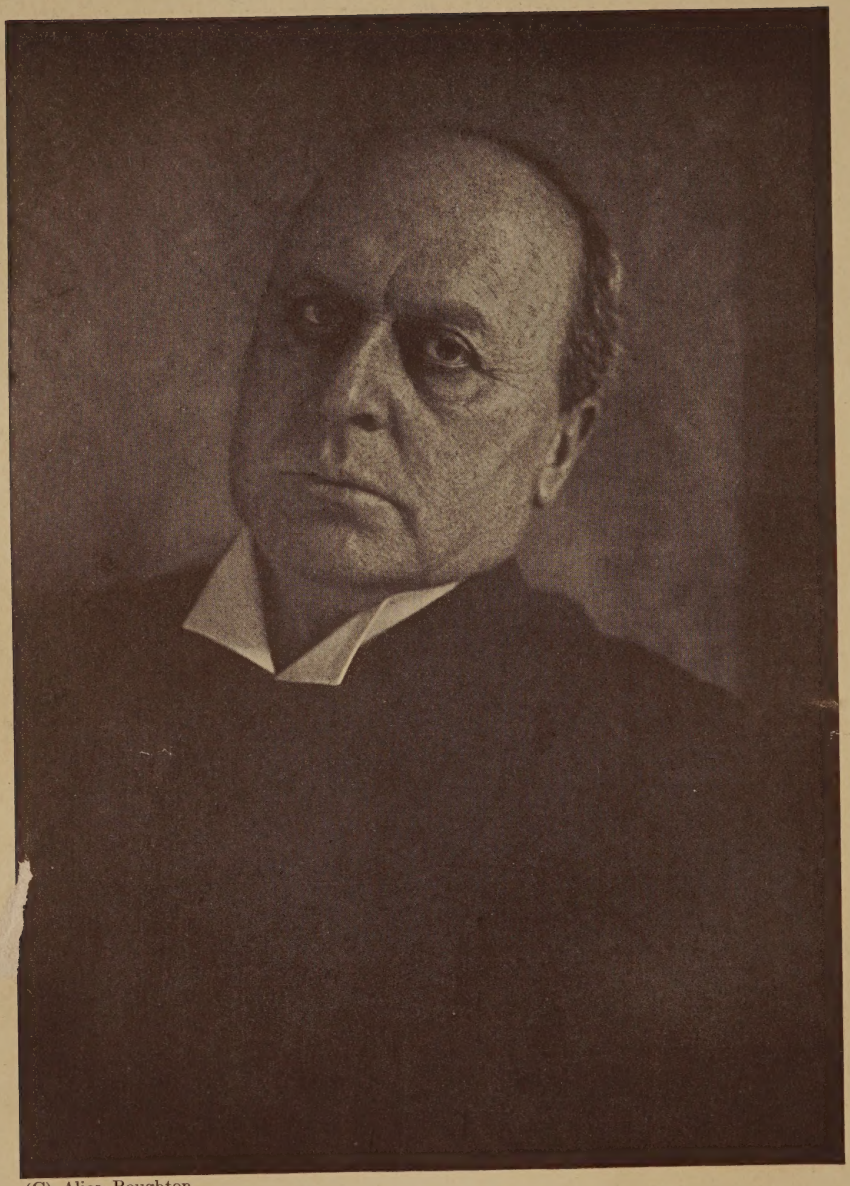
OUR HEATHENISH PROPAGANDA

SIR,—The profanity in your editorial department in the January number is entirely condemnable. I had been accustomed to passing your magazine on to a young man in whose prospects I am interested, but I draw the line at this January issue.

Why is it that whenever you print anything of a religious nature it is either off-color or avowedly infidel? To "The Man Jesus" you have now added "Saul of Tarsus." Are you giving us a series? How much fun do you get out of printing such stuff? That is, I suppose, you must get some fun out of them—I haven't sense enough to see any other reasons why you should engage in such heathenish propaganda.

JAMES W. MARSHALL.

JUNCTION CITY, ARK.



(C) Alice Boughton

Henry James.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

APRIL, 1916

PREPAREDNESS A POLITICAL ISSUE

BY THE EDITOR

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.—Matthew VII, 20.

"THIS has been a proud and solemn year for the American Navy," wrote the Secretary of the Navy in his annual report to the President at the close of 1914. "It"—meaning presumably the Navy, not the year—"has shown that it knows how to bear itself under fire, *how to obey orders,* how to maintain the honorable traditions of the service. Allow me, Mr. President, to congratulate you as its Commander in Chief upon the record it has made, upon its *preparedness for duty,* upon the reliance you can place upon it in any time of national need."

The Secretary had previously expatiated eloquently upon the "remarkable demonstration" of efficiency "when the orders *to Mexico* were given." The "gray fighters" were ready, the "giant ships slipped swiftly seaward," tons of coal had already "been gotten aboard the grim steel fighters," one "giant ship" alone had taken aboard "huge quantities" of supplies and was "tugging at her anchor all in a bare twelve hours"—all of which went to show that "The Navy is always ready; it *lives in a state of preparedness.*"

When thus exultantly the Secretary celebrated the glorious triumph of his command over the Mexican navy he had held his high office nearly two years. Presumably he knew—surely he should have known—what he was writing about.

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Let us assume, with mental reservations, that he did, and then let us examine the results of the past fifteen months of his administration. The facts appear in the testimony of the many officers before the House Naval Committee.

Rear Admiral Knight, President of the War College, declared bluntly that "the present fleet is but 50 per cent. efficient because of the shortage of men, battle cruisers and scout ships." "For years," he added, "the navy has been gasping for breath in the matter of men. When a new ship goes into commission it is necessary to strip some other ships and break up organizations."

Admiral Fletcher, commanding the Atlantic fleet, in a letter addressed to the Naval Committee only one month after the Secretary congratulated the Commander in Chief, directed attention to "an alarming shortage of officers and men," aggregating 339 officers and 5,219 men, and last month testified that only fifteen of his twenty-one battleships were on active duty, three of the others lacking officers and men and the remaining three being laid up for repairs. Of the fifteen, however, the Secretary complacently informed the Senate that "when the fleet sailed for Guantanamo on the sixth of this month (January) every vessel, including destroyers, was filled," despite the fact that the complement prescribed by the Bureau of Navigation was short 510 coal-passers, 67 machinists' mates, 48 quartermasters, 32 gunners' mates, 32 boatswains' mates, 62 electricians and 60 yeomen.

When the *Eitel* interned in Hampton Roads, demand was made upon the Navy Department for a battleship to enforce neutrality laws and, when at the expiration of thirty-six hours the old *Alabama* started laboriously from Philadelphia for the Capes, the Secretary declared unctuously that "this is but an indication of the readiness of the reserve battleships for active duty and shows what may be expected." The facts, as set forth by Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, are these:

> After combing the Philadelphia yard, robbing other ships in reserve of their already depleted complements, enough men were scratched together at least to maintain steam and keep the engines going. There were no organized gun crews, no perfected fire control, and no efficient trainers or pointers for the turrets; in fact, the ship had not fired her guns for three years. Only a few rounds of heavy ammunition lay in the magazines, with nothing for the sec-

ondary battery. Arriving at the Roads, fifty rounds of 6-inch projectiles were borrowed from somewhere and the twelve-knot *Alabama* stood ready to keep the twenty-knot liner "put." To make the farce more complete, a submarine, the *D-3,* was added. She could not fire her torpedoes, and, for military purposes, was as useless as a toy boat.

"As far as submarines are concerned," said the Secretary in his report for 1914, "it is believed that ours are on a par with any in the world." And again in 1915: "Especial attention has been given to the submarine question; already much progress has been made." How much progress is indicated by the testimony before the Naval Committee.

Referring to a proposed mobilization of submarines at Hampton Roads, Commander Stirling, Chief of the Atlantic flotilla, said in December, 1914: "When we got down there the Admiral wanted to know what we could do. I told him we then had only one submarine that I thought could efficiently take part in the maneuvers at sea off the coast." Whereupon Commander Stirling was deposed.

A year later Admiral Grant was asked:

"How many submarines have we built?"

"Thirty."

"How many on either coast are fit for service?"

"Five."

Admiral Fletcher corroborated this assertion in these words: "The condition of the submarine flotilla has been very unsatisfactory. Only ten were available for the war problems. At times not more than five submarines were ready for duty. Due to untrained crews, some of the five were not ready to undertake submerged work." Several could not fire their torpedoes and all but one had machinery casualties.

Admiral Grant testified that when he directed attention to the lamentable condition of affairs the Secretary remarked placidly that he "did not believe Congress would give the money" required to speed up construction, and "the subject was dropped."

Admiral Strauss, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, informed the Committee that his estimates had been cut by the Secretary, without consultation, $11,819,475, including $7,860,475 for ammunition, $1,274,000 for anti-aircraft guns (a clean sweep, in spite of the lessons of the European war) and $2,485,000 for torpedoes and appliances. Admiral

Strauss wanted $3,285,000 to equip the older armored ships with torpedoes of greater range and to fit out new scout cruisers and certain armored cruisers. The Secretary knocked off 75 per cent. of the amount. Subsequently, however, he sought an emergency appropriation, " part of the sum (amount not mentioned) for the furnishing of anti-aircraft guns," but " largely for labor," since it was " highly desirable to avoid a large layoff of workmen "—on the eve of a National election.

An appropriation of $1,000,000 for naval aeroplanes was made more than a year ago, but none as yet has been delivered, although in the meantime nearly five hundred have been built for the Allies. Captain Bristol, head of the aviation corps, testified incidentally that his total estimate had been cut from $13,000,000 to $2,000,000.

According to the General Board: " The Navy is very deficient in gunboats. Though the Navy list gives 30 names under gunboats, only a very limited number of these 30 are in condition to be available for service. Some . . . . are old boats of little value, taken over from Spain, of from 400 to 250 tons or less. Of the others . . . . no gunboats have been authorized since 1902."

The construction of Battleships 43 and 44 was authorized on March 3rd, 1915, but the plans were not approved by the Secretary until September 9th and not until December 28th was the building allotted to the Brooklyn and Mare Island navy yards, the bids of private concerns having been rejected because they called for $8,068,100 each, or $268,100 more than the Secretary was " authorized to expend." Writing to the Committee on February 9th, 1916, the Secretary admitted that " necessary delay " would be caused by the need of extending the slip at Mare Island, but estimated that the Brooklyn yard could complete its work in thirty-six months, as against the thirty-four months allotted to the private bidders. It happens, however, that there is only one building slip at the Brooklyn yard and that is occupied by the *California,* now in process of construction, so that, as testified by Admiral Stanford, " it will probably be a year before the keel of the new ship can be laid." The chronology of Battleship 43, consequently, if all goes well, will be approximately as follows: Authorized, March 3rd, 1915; plans approved, September 9th, 1915; construction authorized, December 28th, 1915; construction begun, Janu-

ary, 1917; ship completed, January, 1920—five years, less two months, from the date of authorization. The time of completion of Battleship 44 at the unequipped Mare Island yard is wholly conjectural.

After trying in vain to obtain from the Department official records of target practice, Representative Augustus P. Gardner introduced a resolution in Congress requesting the Secretary to furnish the information, submitting simultaneously detailed reports of the work of each ship aggregating only 90 hits out of 826 shots fired—the poorest showing by far ever known. The Secretary declined to confirm or dispute the tabulation upon the ground that other Powers would thus be apprized of "the amount of danger to be expected upon encountering any of these vessels" and that consequently it would be "incompatible with the public interest to make any further statement regarding the scores." That he would have been only too glad to confound his indefatigable critic if the records had furnished a basis for so doing is a fair assumption. In point of fact, Mr. Gardner's figures are known to be substantially accurate, and the present avowed determination of the Secretary's friend who heads the Committee is, not to prove their falsity, but to punish the person who divulged them.

Further evidences of deterioration adduced from the testimonies and statements of commanding officers might be set forth practically without limit, but it suffices to say that all are in accord and of like tenor, succinctly summarized by Admiral Fletcher, Commander in Chief, in his annual report dated August 15th, in these words:

> In brief, the principal weaknesses and requirements of the fleet are as follows:
>
> Shortage of officers.
>
> Shortage of men.
>
> Lack of fast armored ships and fast light cruisers.
>
> Limitations of mobility and seagoing qualities of submarines.
>
> Lack of air-craft.
>
> Lack of radio direction finders.
>
> Too frequent overhaul of battleships.
>
> Necessity of maintaining full complements in active ships of the fleet.
>
> Need of additional mining and sweeping vessels.
>
> Desirability of mobilizing ships in reserve annually with active fleet.
>
> Need of battle target practise at long ranges.

Necessity for increased facilities at fleet rendezvous.

Provision for division commanders for mining division and auxiliary division.

Provision for more speed in design of fighting craft intended to operate with the fleet.

Need of anti-air-craft guns.

The Admiral's full report presented the fleet's deficiencies in detail and, conformably to custom, should have been issued to the officers of the fleet. By order of the Secretary, however, it was suppressed, only a meagre summary being allowed circulation. Within a fortnight after the report was submitted the Secretary reviewed the fleet from his flagship off Boston and imperishably recorded the event in his annual report in this grandiloquent phrasing:

> Another imposing review of the Atlantic Fleet took place—affording an opportunity for the chief executives of the several States . . . to personally familiarize themselves with the navy as it is —so that they might be in a position to make known to their own people *the high state of efficiency in which the navy is now maintained.*

Passing over the familiar assertions of Admiral Fiske and others to the effect that five years would be required "to bring our navy up to the standard of efficiency of one of the great European navies" and of President Knight of the War College that "war is one thing for which no arrangement is made," the Secretary having lost the carefully prepared plans, we find in Appendix B of the Secretary's report for 1914 under the heading "Active fleet to be in full commission at all times in training for war:"

> 21 Battleships. 35 Destroyers. 28 Submarines.
> + tenders, tugs, hospital ships, etc., aggregating 126.

Whereas, to-day—and this we have upon the highest expert authority—the *actual efficient fighting force* consists of:

15 Battleships with full complement of officers and men.
18 Destroyers + 5 now on neutrality duty.
17 Aeroplanes all assembled at Florida.
+ tenders, tugs, hospital ships, etc.
No submarines in full condition.
No airships and no aeronautical corps.
No serviceable cruisers.
No General Staff.

So much for Present Preparedness under a Pottering Pacifist Politician.

Of the Secretary's programme, now in Committee of the House, it suffices to say that Admiral Badger left no doubt in the minds of the committee that it was not the work of the General Board. He said the board had drawn up a plan in no way reflecting its ideas as to the needs of the navy, but in response to " an arbitrary order," instructing the board to give its views on a building plan limited to an expenditure of $100,000,000 a year for five years. Even this plan was rejected and an entirely different one was substituted for it by the Secretary, he added. He also declared that the Administration's five year programme will fall far short of keeping the United States in second place among the navies of the world. He characterized the plan as finally recommended by the Secretary as " an eight year completion programme," it being no advance over the custom of authorizing two capital ships a year.

"This last statement," the press report continues, "came as a surprise to many members of the committee and is likely to be the subject of much comment in Congress. It seems to lend support to the contentions of several of the big navy men that the Administration programme consists chiefly of promises and not actual provisions for battleships."

Admiral Badger testified further that the Secretary changed a report of the General Board by eliminating a recommendation for the addition of above 17,000 men to the personnel. The Secretary himself had told the committee previously that he " could not recall that the Board had made any report on the question of personnel."

His programme is not a programme, it is a sham, designed expressely to serve a present political purpose while carrying the burden of expenditure forward to future years.

Here we would gladly leave the distressing record of incompetency and duplicity but for the fact—which cannot be ignored upon the eve of an election which must determine the continuance or the discontinuance of the present Secretary of the Navy in authority—that the appalling impairment of efficiency of our first line of defense is directly traceable to the ignorance, favoritism and vindictiveness of its so-called head. That he ought never to have been appointed is now recognized by all except, unhappily, the President himself who, we assume, continues to consult him " in intimate fashion."

We have already sketched the romantic early career of our First Lord of the Admiralty, but the full story of his arbitrary and shamefully unjust acts, designed to discredit faithful officers, which have resulted in the partial demoralization and the utter disheartenment of the service remains to be told. It suffices the present purpose to instance two examples of suppression and deceit, one of which was hinted at most reluctantly by Admiral Badger. When the Secretary of the Navy reported officially to the President, the Congress and the people, in December, 1914, that the Navy was in a state of full preparedness, he was not speaking out of his abundance of ignorance; he deliberately distorted the truth. Not once but many times, both orally and in writing, his senior adviser, Rear Admiral Fiske, since demoted, had placed before him the facts to the contrary which have since been elicited by the Naval Committee and established by preponderance of testimony. Simultaneously, moreover, he refused to publish the report of the General Board unless its recommendation of a large increase in personnel were eliminated. This having been done with great reluctance, in consequence of the Board's desire to put the other portions of its statement before the public, the Secretary brazenly quoted the emasculated report in support of his assertion that "by wisely utilizing the present enlisted personnel all ships of the classes named can be maintained in full commission without addition to the present enlistment and therefore no legislation is needed." The net result of this subterfuge is a decrease in battleships with full complement from 21 to 15.

In December, 1915, after having suppressed the July report of the General Board, the Secretary repeated the deception of the previous year by publishing another report which omitted important recommendations and represented the views of the Board only partially and therefore both inadequately and inaccurately. He also took to himself special credit for having, for the first time, actually increased the estimates of the General Board when, as a matter of fact, he had limited "by arbitrary order" the amount which the Board should propose,—a total, needless to say, much smaller than it had originally advised. Hence the term "a daniels," now familiar throughout the Navy as synonymous with a shorter and, if conceivable, an uglier word.

It is a matter of common knowledge that a General Staff

is as essential to a modern navy as a brain is to civilized man. Every great foreign Power has such a staff. That the United States has none is due to the persistent opposition of the Secretary, doubtless upon the theory stated by him to Representative Hobson, when that gentleman proposed to make a Chief of Naval Operations a statutory officer, that if such a law were enacted he "might as well go home." For the same reason he abolished the efficient "Aid System," under whose operation the inexcusable loss of lives on submarines could not have taken place.

There for the present we shall leave the Secretary of the Navy, drearily hoping and faithfully promising to ignore other phases, no less savory, of his maladministration unless finally confronted by the dread certainty that—

A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels.

In view of the Administration's frank avowal of intent to find "a Western lawyer" to succeed Mr. Garrison, the appointment of Mr. Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War may properly be attributed less to considerations of fitness than of politics. From that standpoint it must be pronounced admirable. Mr. Baker has demonstrated a marked aptitude for public service as administrator of the affairs of a sizable municipality, is deservedly popular and hails from a section of the country hitherto unrecognized by the Administration. As a disciple of the late Tom Johnson and an earnest advocate of Government Ownership, moreover, he will find the company of Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Burleson notably congenial. Although by his own candid admission wholly unconversant with military matters, his conceded ability and excellent record presage painstaking and satisfactory performance of his specific duties.

While intimating that he has given only passing attention to the various plans which have been suggested for increasing the army, the new Secretary quite naturally and properly avoids the possibility of friction, such as arose between his predecessor and the Commander in Chief, by announcing that his views coincide with those of the President, meaning, we infer, the opinions now held, whatever they may be, as contrasted with those originally declared. This is, of course, as it should be and, in any case, of little moment since the passing of the problem from the Department to Congress.

The chief significance of Mr. Baker's appointment is to be found in his attitude towards Preparedness in a broad sense. While refusing to commit himself beyond the general statement that he has " always been a peace advocate " and is now for " peace-at-almost-any-price," he has long been recognized as an ardent pacifist opposed to agitation in favor of stronger defenses. Upon this quite vital point Mr. William B. Brewster, Field Secretary of the National Security League, sheds brilliant illumination in the following uncontradicted statement:

I organized twenty-five States for the National Security League, and visited twenty-two or twenty-three cities for the Mayor's Committee on that question.

I called on Newton D. Baker in the latter part of July, he then being Mayor of Cleveland. He was the first Mayor I had called on in starting the organization work of the League. I asked him to co-operate in organizing the sentiment of preparedness in Cleveland.

He refused absolutely to co-operate, because he said he was a pacifist, and was opposed to the agitation for preparedness. He considered the movement based on hysteria, and that it was a manufactured war scare.

I protested, and indicated to him that it did not proceed from any species of hysteria, but was based on calm practical impulses of thoughtful citizens who had investigated the condition of our defenses and were determined to conduct a campaign of education throughout the country looking to the strengthening of these defenses.

He thought the movement might tend to arouse a militarist spirit. I explained it was not militarism in any sense, but was organized patriotism, and the whole spirit of America was vigorously opposed to the militarist spirit and that we were only endeavoring to organize sentiment for preparedness against war.

He refused positively to have anything to do with the movement, reasserting emphatically his entire opposition to any agitation on the subject of national defense.

Of all the Mayors I interviewed, Mr. Baker was the most pronounced opponent of preparedness.

The difficulty of reconciling this position to that of the President avowed so forcibly and urgently in his recent Western speeches is apparent. We can surmise but two explanations. Either the President does not regard the attitude of the Secretary of War with respect to Preparedness as important or necessarily coincident with his own, or he himself has reverted to his determination declared to Con-

gress in December, 1914, to the effect that, not having been "negligent of defense," "we shall not alter our attitude toward it because some among us are nervous and excited." In any case, the selection of Mr. Baker, of whose views the President must have been apprized in his conference with him while touring the West, for Secretary of War, of all positions, is strangely dissonant with his sharp and "very solemn" warning to the farmers that they could "not afford to postpone this thing"—Preparedness—for the very powerful reasons that "we are daily treading among the most intricate dangers," that "new circumstances have arisen which make it necessary for America to defend herself," that "I do not know what a single day may bring forth" and that it ought not to be possible for "the world to say that the flag of the United States which we love can be stained with impunity."

Simultaneously with the appointment of a Secretary of War opposed to even so much as mere discussion of Preparedness, Chairman Hay presented to the House of Representatives his bill for strengthening national defense through enlargement of the militia of the various States,—a method which has proved wholly ineffectual under the existing Dick Act. "The Committee," he reported, "has no doubt of the constitutional authority of Congress to provide for the discipline, organization, training, and pay of the militia as is set forth in the bill accompanying this report. The framers of the Constitution evidently intended that the militia provided for in that instrument should be a national force and never had any doubt that Congress had full power to make it so."

Without attempting to cite a specific provision of the Constitution conferring upon Congress the power to federalize the militia, Mr. Hay classifies all those, including Mr. Garrison, Mr. Stimson, General Wood and the President himself, who have pronounced valueless "forty-eight little armies commanded by forty-eight different Generals and trained in forty-eight different ways," as "well-meaning but superficial persons." He also ignores completely the clauses restricting the power of Congress to call forth the militia "to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions" and explicitly "reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers and the training

of the militia," referred to by the President in his New York speech as constituting an insuperable barrier to putting the National Guard at the disposal of the nation. He "has no doubt," but he suggests no way. When the bill shall have passed, therefore, the President will be confronted by the necessity of either sanctioning a measure which he considers ineffectual or vetoing it, in fulfilment of his written pledge to Mr. Garrison.

The whole question continues to be one of sincerity,—not merely of the President as indicated by his break with Mr. Garrison, his retention of Mr. Daniels, his appointment of Mr. Baker and his yielding to Mr. Hay, but of the Democratic Congress which also must face a verdict at the polls in November. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, sometime Second Assistant, speaks in his newspaper of "a theory advanced to me by someone quite close to the President, that he does not really desire the success of his preparedness programme, but hopes for its defeat, in order to spike the guns of the extreme militarists and to prevent the Republicans from charging him with lack of any desire to spring to the rescue of our alleged endangered country," but, despite the disquieting evidences noted, we can hardly suspect that existing political exigencies seem so alarming as to impel Mr. Wilson to follow so tortuous a course. We prefer greatly to believe that, finding himself at the mercy of an obdurate and not over-friendly Congress, he submits to the necessity of working along the only line that promises even a modicum of practical results. As to Congress itself, there seems to be little, if any, doubt of the purpose of the majority of that body to accord just so much—and no whit more—by way of military enlargement as may prove measurably satisfying to Public Opinion,—and this grudgingly and with less heed to actual efficacy than to the votes of militia politicians.

This much we regard as certain: When the Honorable Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, officially and triumphantly ushered the Honorable Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, into the office recently vacated by Lindley M. Garrison, one issue of the coming campaign was fixed definitely and irrevocably, to wit:

Real Preparedness vs. *False Economy.*

CONGRESS AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Diplomacy by Town Meeting is not commendable. Neither, in a republic, is diplomacy by a dictator. We shall probably not have, nor be seriously threatened by, either of these extremes. Yet the mention of them serves as a profitable reminder of certain tendencies and potentialities in our governmental system which at times cause some uncertainty and disagreement as to the authoritative conduct of foreign affairs.

The Constitution, after more than a century and a quarter, is still on trial. Or at least it still stands in need of interpretation; which is much the same thing. That is one of the circumstances attendant upon a written constitution. With an unwritten one, as in England, there is no such trouble. An interpretation may be made any day by simple act of Parliament; if indeed any is ever needed. But in the case of a written one, after it is written the question is bound to arise, What does it mean? John Jay and John Marshall began answering that question, more than a century ago; and other Supreme Court Justices have answered it many times since. But there are some phases of that question, of transcendent interest, which have not been and cannot well be brought before the court for adjudication or interpretation.

It is the theory of the Constitution that the powers and duties of government are divided and apportioned among the three grand branches, the Executive, the Legislative and the Judicial; and that is in general quite true. Yet, particularly between the Executive and the Legislative, there are various overlappings and interlockings and even potential conflicts of authority, which strongly suggest the desirability of a more distinct understanding.

It is the theory of the Constitution that the Executive is to conduct the foreign affairs of the nation. The President receives and appoints envoys and makes treaties. Thus he determines and directs the foreign policy of the nation. But he does not do so absolutely and alone. He may receive such envoys as he will from other lands, but he cannot appoint any without Senatorial assent. He may negotiate such treaties as he pleases, but they cannot be ratified without Senatorial assent. To that extent the Senate is a participant in the conduct of foreign relations.

We might add that in one respect the House of Representatives is also a participant. Frequently treaties require appropriations of money for their fulfilment, and these must be voted, if at all, by the House of Representatives. Now, there is no method of coercing that body, and it is therefore evident that it could, if it so wished, defeat a treaty by refusing the pecuniary means necessary for its execution.

Again, Congress alone, the two Houses in concurrent action, can declare war. The President cannot. Yet the President can commit acts of war, or acts which give cause for war; and can thus force the hand of Congress into declaring war or recognizing the existence of war which, through the President's provocations, has been declared against us by another country. When war is declared, moreover, it must be waged by the President as Commander in Chief of the army and navy. Congress must declare war but cannot wage it. The President cannot declare it but must wage it. In some contingency, then, it is conceivable that the President might refuse to wage a war which Congress had declared, or might wage it in far different fashion from that desired by Congress.

All this suggests the strong need of a close understanding and co-operation between the President and Congress in foreign affairs, even to the extent of something almost resembling one feature of the British system. Such an approximation has just occurred. The President practically asked of Congress, and happily received, a vote of confidence. Theoretically our Executive is not dependent upon the confidence and support of a majority in Congress, as is an English Ministry. Yet it is at times obviously of immense advantage to him, in the conduct of foreign negotiations, to be backed up by a strong Congressional majority; so that a request for such a vote is not inappropriate. Of course if such a vote when asked for were to be refused, the situation would be exceedingly awkward and embarrassing. The President and Cabinet would not be required to resign, as in England, but their authority in the eyes of the outside world would be enormously compromised and impaired.

We shall not expect to see any attempt at specific legislation, decision or decree, declaring when a President shall seek the expressed support of Congress in foreign affairs. But we must earnestly hope for a laying aside of factional spirit and partisanship in Congress in all considerations of

foreign affairs, and for the cultivation of close and confidential relations between Congress and the President. We should not expect nor wish the President to relinquish to Congress or to the Senate the making of a treaty, as Polk did in the Oregon case. But it would be well for him to keep so closely in touch with the Senate as to know before negotiating it whether a proposed treaty would meet the approval of that body. It would also be well for Congress to recognize his initiative in all foreign negotiations and policies, and therefore to refrain from passing any bills or resolutions of any kind which might interfere with the progress and success of his dealings with other nations.

Congress cannot, in fact, conduct diplomatic negotiations. It must leave that to the President. But it would be unspeakably foolish for Congress to pass any acts which would affect our foreign relations in such a way as to embarrass the President. It should back the President up as heartily in his transactions with other nations as it would expect him to back up its declaration of war. And it should recognize his initiative in diplomacy just as completely as he recognizes its initiative in the declaring of war. We would not have the President a dictator in foreign relations. We would not have him abdicate his constitutional prerogative in favor of a Congressional Town Meeting. But between those two extremes we would have the President determine and direct our foreign policy, cordially and loyally supported by Congress without regard to party.

THE SPIRIT OF ALIEN FACTION

We shall not regard it as ominous, but refuse to accept it as an omen; we shall not consider it menacing, for we have confidence in America's ability to overcome it without danger serious enough to cause alarm: but it certainly is disappointing and discreditable to have revived in this country at large, and in the Government at Washington, the spirit of alien faction. Extreme partisanship on purely domestic issues is regrettable and injurious. But it is immeasurably worse to have the lines of party demarcation drawn according to foreign issues, and to have American lawmakers and administrators fighting each other for the sake of the interests of alien lands.

This is a return to one of the most unworthy chapters

of our early history. It was a chapter in four parts; a progressive quadruplicity of evil. The first part was not seriously pernicious. It consisted of the alien—chiefly French—incitements to rebellion; which did not by any means have a decisive effect upon our course, and were chiefly significant as rousing in some American minds expectations of alien help which were not realized. The second part was worse. It comprised the operations of Gerard, the first French Minister to this country, in meddling with the affairs of Congress and striving to direct our civil and military policy. It aimed at persuading the United States to forswear independence and to be forever content with a French protectorate.

From this second part there was swift and easy progress to the third and still greater evil. This was the organized and persistent attempt of aliens to subsidize and otherwise corrupt and control Congress and the American Government generally. As early as 1775, indeed, Bonvouloir had boasted concerning Americans, "I can do what I please with them." Luzerne, the second French Minister to America, devoted his attention very largely to corruption. He subsidized newspapers, and bribed members of Congress. Durand has declared that Luzerne paid Thomas Paine a subsidy of $1,000 a year while the latter was secretary of the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs. That may be a libel upon Paine. But Luzerne himself openly boasted that he had, in 1781, secured the election of Robert R. Livingston to the foreign secretaryship. We cannot believe that Livingston was privy to Luzerne's work, but it is not unlikely that the French diplomat's boast was true. Of course it is well known that the French Government exerted all its force to secure the appointment of John Jay instead of John Adams as peace commissioner, vainly imagining that Jay, because of his Huguenot descent, would favor France in the negotiations and indeed be a pliant tool in the hands of Vergennes. In that the French intriguers were defeated, but they afterward influenced Congress to appoint four colleagues to act with Adams, of whom two served.

It was with these and similar things still vivid in memory that one evening long after the war, sitting in Jay's house at Bedford, Gouverneur Morris remarked, "Jay, what a lot of damned scoundrels we had in that second Congress!" "Yes," responded Jay, "that we had!"

The fourth and worst part of all was the division of Congress into two factions, "Pro-Gallican" and "Anti-Gallican," or "Gallican" and "Anglican." Such factions existed and were perniciously active in 1779, in the debates over the prospective terms of peace; the "Anti-Gallicans" demanding American rights in the North Atlantic fisheries, and the "Pro-Gallicans" opposing that demand. The fact that the fisheries question remained unsettled for a century and a quarter, to the great disturbance of our relations, was to be ascribed primarily to that prevalence of faction in the days of our peace-making at the end of the Revolution.

All through the Confederation, and through Washington's Administration, alien factions raged in Congress and more than once or twice imperiled the integrity of the nation. That spirit strove to prevent that proclamation of neutrality by Washington which marked an epoch in international relations. It encouraged the mad extravagances of Genet. It so compromised the dignity and the unity of the United States in the eyes of other nations as to induce the steadily growing aggressions of European belligerents upon our commercial and other rights. The commanding personality of Washington restrained it in a measure. But with the accession of Adams the last restraint was removed, and factionalism, of alien inspiration, for alien purposes and advantage, raged unchecked to a degree never known before or since; until our own time.

It was hoped, after the Federalist *débâcle,* that faction of that type would never again be known in this republic. Now it must be sadly confessed that that hope was vain. We do not say that faction has gone as far in the twentieth century as it did in the closing years of the eighteenth. But we do say that it displays precisely the same positively pernicious and potentially mischievous spirit. Now, as then, American national lawmakers are shaping their course with chief regard not to the welfare of America but to the advantage of a foreign nation. Now, as then, the President of the United States is being attacked because he refuses to shape his policy according to the dictates of an alien Power. It is an evil thing. It will not bring disaster, because the American nation as a whole is too sane and strong to permit it to pass the danger line. But no reproof, no condemnation, can be too severe for those who are responsible for it.

The alien lobbyist, who seeks to influence the action of American legislators, is not the worst figure in the scene. Him we can deal with summarily, as we have already dealt with several of his kind. But the American citizen, Senator or Representative in Congress, who listens to him and is captured by his blandishments or his bribes,—he it is who presents the most discreditable spectacle and the most difficult problem. But even he is not beyond the reach of effective rebuke and punishment. We misinterpret the temper of the American people if the coming campaign does not make alien faction odious and establish the principle that all American political parties, whatever their number and their names, shall indeed be American parties. There must be no room for alien propaganda on American soil.

"It is impossible," said Monroe, "that the allied Powers should extend their political system to any part of either [American] continent without endangering our peace and happiness." We have hitherto effectively prevented European Powers from extending their system, in physical form, to Mexico and Venezuela. The present task is to prevent them from extending it, in spirit, to the District of Columbia itself.

SEE STRAIGHT AND THINK STRAIGHT

See straight. Think straight. Then, in consequence as a matter of course, act straight. These are the urgent needs of the time, for the Government; and in this country, as we so often boast and too often fail to realize and to practice, the Government means the whole people. Never, probably, in all our history have these needs been greater than they now are. That is partly because of the transcendent importance of the issues confronting us. It is also partly because of the exceptional and unprecedented efforts which are being persistently made to befog those issues and to mislead the popular and the official mind.

Those efforts, it must be confessed with humiliation, have secured a considerable measure of success. Many people are thinking along zigzags and serpentines instead of straight lines. They are the victims of plausible and ingenious misrepresentations, addressed shrewdly to their prejudices, their predilections or their selfish interests. In consequence they insist upon the most illogical and impos-

sible conclusions; and esteem themselves vastly aggrieved by a simple statement of the truth.

A noteworthy recent example of such error was presented in the monster petition which was laid before Congress by an organization of women. Congress was asked to prohibit the further exportation of munitions of war because —among other reasons—Germany, at the request of our Government, had prohibited the sale of arms to Spain during our war with that country. Now that involved two direct falsehoods. One was that our Government asked Germany to stop the sale of arms; the truth being that no such request was ever made. The other was, that Germany forbade the export of arms; the truth being that she did not forbid it. We might add that a third falsehood was implied, namely, that Germans sold no arms to Spain during that war; the truth being that they did sell arms and munitions to Spain freely all through that war.

When exception was taken to these misrepresentations, the sponsors for the petition protested bitterly against the correction as a gross injustice to them, and they referred to the Autobiography of Mr. Andrew D. White, who was then our Ambassador to Germany, as authority for their statement. But that work contained no such statement as that which they had made. Instead, it referred to a single incident, which, as more fully explained by Mr. White afterward, was as follows: Hearing that a Spanish steamer was about to sail from a German port with a cargo of munitions, Mr. White asked the German authorities to have her departure delayed until she could be searched to his satisfaction to prove that she was in no way violating neutrality by being fitted out as a warship or commerce destroyer. The authorities complied; the vessel was held for a few hours and examined; and then was permitted to proceed with her contraband cargo. That was all. Upon that incident, seen with distorted vision and considered by distorted minds, the whole fiction of a German embargo on arms at our request was built up. And the explicit declaration of Mr. White, that he never asked for an embargo, that there never was one, and that warlike supplies were freely shipped from Germany to Spain all through that war; and the explicit declaration of the present Secretary of State, that no such request for an embargo was ever made of Germany by our

Government—all these count for nothing to the propagandists of the fiction.

The controversy over the carrying of defensive arms on merchantmen is another case in point. Some seek to condemn such equipment as though it were something new, while the fact is that it is an old practice, sanctioned by immemorial usage and recognition. Others, on the other hand, admitting that it is an old practice, demand that it now be abandoned, because Germany has begun using submarine boats upon which the fire of even those small guns would be fatal. That is to say, they demand that the rules of the game be radically altered while the game is in progress. They demand that the rules of war, and international law, be changed in the midst of the war, just because Germany is pursuing a new style of warfare to which the established rules are disadvantageous.

Similarly illogical was the demand for an embargo on arms, when it was made before the fiction of a German embargo in 1898 was invented. The free sale of arms had been an invariable principle of our Government from its earliest years, and had been practised at the beginning of this war. To these thinkers of crooked thoughts it seemed proper that we should arbitrarily reverse our policy, in the midst of the war, because continuance in it would be to the disadvantage of one of the belligerents. By some inscrutable process of reasoning they reached the conclusion that the sale of arms should be stopped because it was helpful to the Allies and harmful to Germany; quite loftily ignoring the converse, that such an embargo would be helpful to Germany and harmful to the Allies. The latter, they thought, would be neutral; the former, unneutral.

A similar lack of straight seeing and straight thinking was perceptible in the controversies over various other matters connected with or arising from the war. People fail to see things as they are, and fail to draw from them deductions which would be logical even if things were as they imagined them to be. The saying is as true as it is homely that

> Your labor is lost and your argument wrecked
> If your major premise is incorrect.

But now not only are major premises incorrect, but the syllogisms which are based upon them are incorrectly formed. It is crooked building, on crooked foundations.

DEEPEN THE CAPE COD CANAL

Prior to the War for Independence the Cape Cod Canal had been urged from humanitarian and commercial reasons; in 1776 its value from a military point of view was at once perceived. In the spring of that year, General Washington, knowing that Lord Howe's fleet, discomfited, was about to sail from Boston, sent Machin to the eight-mile isthmus at Cape Cod, hoping that the engineer might find a route for small vessels from Barnstable to Buzzard's Bay, and feeling sure that he could outsail the slow ships of the enemy if a route could be found through inland waters to New York. A report was made to him that only three miles of low intervening sand separated the east and west flowing creeks. Washington never forgot how slight was this barrier, and how essential its removal in order "to give greater security to navigation *and against the enemy.*"

At the present critical period of our country's preparedness, the subject of financial returns from any canal does not appeal. We are faced by the question: How can a coastwise canal system be made to protect the United States, by contributing to the defense of the Atlantic coast and increasing the sea power of the whole country?

This question has been receiving especial attention during the last few years by the various societies which are awakening an interest in improved waterways. This increasing interest, arising from provincial and selfish motives, is gradually concentrating upon broad principles. The question is now one of deeper outlets from the larger rivers, as well as improved coastwise interior channels from Florida to Maine. If these latter were built, a passage for men-of-war and torpedo boats through in-shore routes would be assured. The need of armed convoys for colliers and transports would be materially reduced, while the smaller military craft could proceed, without danger from the sea or from an enemy, along safe routes to their ordered rendezvous.

It has been apparent, however, that the United States, even with its immense financial resources, will not be able, for some time to come, to make the outlay necessary to deepen the whole net-work of sounds along the Atlantic seaboard. Many are being improved; others will be deepened from time to time either through State or local aid.

Fortunately, however, the most important protective canal of our eastern seaboard, that of Cape Cod, has been completed by a private corporation for the use of commerce. The importance of this canal as a *military* asset is becoming more than ever appreciated since the question of ocean defense has been brought so prominently before us by the present European War.

If the need for this canal was felt during the Revolution, it is infinitely more important today as a means of defense against a possible foreign aggression. The major part of the wealth of the Atlantic coast is situated north of Chesapeake Bay, and of that wealth a very large portion lies between New York and Maine. For that reason the first and most important line of defense against attack by sea is, of course, a battleship fleet to engage the enemy before it reaches our shores. But the people of the United States will demand, in addition to the off-shore fleet, a secondary fleet of " capital ships " awaiting the enemy and stationed in the waters of New York Harbor, Narragansett Bay, and Provincetown. This will mean three squadrons, which must be united with the utmost mobility. Their formation into one whole, with dispatch, at some critical moment, may spell victory, and prevent the landing of troops even in case the off-shore fleet should sustain a partial or complete defeat. To insure the union of these squadrons, two things are absolutely necessary: First, it should be noted that the New York Navy Yard has only one safe exit from the greatest maritime port of this country, namely, through the Sandy Hook channel. A few minor shoals to the eastward of the Navy Yard, near Hell Gate, still exist. They should at once be removed. The failure to do this in the past, and the small expense involved, must be considered a military delinquency of the gravest character. When these are removed, the great city of New York will have two deep-water entrances: one through the Lower Bay; the other extending through a protected sound, by which vessels in Narragansett Bay or the Hudson can support one another over a total distance of only 155 miles. If, instead of this second route, the one to the south of Long Island were taken, the distance would be increased to 219 miles, and the fleet would be subject to attack during transit.

On the north shore of Long Island Sound are the numerous large cities in which war material is manufactured,

and the first aim of an enemy's fleet would be to control the eastern end of Long Island and thus dominate the towns of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and the Sound approach to New York.

For a battleship fleet the distance from Narragansett Bay to Nantucket Light is 108 statute miles, and from there to Boston 165 statute miles, making a total run from Newport to Boston directly to sea in the face of an enemy of 273 statute miles. Via the Cape Cod Canal, the distance from Newport to Boston would be only 112 miles, making a saving of about 161 miles. It should be noted that the Vineyard Sound route, with its shifting sands, is unsafe for battleships.

If it be permitted to draw a comparison from the lessons of land warfare abroad, our imagined interior line of waterways may be likened to the trenches existing today in eastern France. The Allied armies fighting the battle of the Marne merely halted the German forces. Our off-shore fleet might not do more than that at sea; in which event they would unite with the naval forces extending from New York to Boston, and, with quick means of communication, would hold the second interior so-called "trench line" through the sounds and bays. They could then, reinforced by the land forces, keep the enemy in check and prevent him from landing troops in our Eastern States. It should also be pointed out that the transfer of troops to and from transports could be safely made within the waters of Buzzard's Bay without interference from an off-shore enemy. The lower end of the bay, in the vicinity of New Bedford, is capable of being protected by mines at a minimum of cost, as the current is trivial in that locality compared to the tide in Vineyard Sound.

The cost of deepening these waterways may be regarded as trivial, for the following reasons: The corporation which has built at Cape Cod the twenty-five foot channel, only eight miles long, at a cost of $12,000,000, has expended at least one-third of that amount for the benefit of the Government; for, in order to reach the canal at its western end, the company dredged five miles in Buzzard's Bay, in United States waters, and constructed a 3,000-foot breakwater in Cape Cod Bay, also beyond its charter limits. Considering the Government appropriations which have been made for less important work of similar character, the expense of

these last two improvements should have been borne by the United States Treasury; they are of infinitely more value to the merchant marine than certain other breakwaters and deepened channels which were provided under river and harbor acts of the past for other localities.

The strongest economic argument in favor of deepening the Cape Cod Canal from twenty-five feet to forty feet at low water is the fact that there is now before the Government a proposition to improve the channel *around* Cape Cod, especially at what is known as Pollock Rip. Now that the canal is completed, this expenditure becomes entirely unnecessary. Its cost is estimated at about $5,000,000, and no dredging of the shifting sands in that locality will result in a permanent channel. In view of this projected expense, its application to the enlarging of the canal would not increase the tax budget at all.

With the Cape Cod canal deepened to 40 feet, and the East River dredged from the New York Navy Yard to Riker's Island, communication for deep-draft warships through east and west inland channels would be assured. The advantage in protective power, both as regards time and distance, to be gained by making use of Long Island Sound, Buzzard's Bay, and Cape Cod Bay, is obvious. The effective defense of five States and the safety of our most populous Eastern cities demand this improvement. Serious study of the subject is imperative. A maximum benefit in time of war will thus ensue from a minimum outlay on the part of Congress. Half the cost of one battleship spent in making a forty-foot canal at Cape Cod would answer affirmatively the " single fleet " argument so ably advanced in favor of the Panama Canal.

FRIGHTFULNESS AS CHRISTIANITY

BY MORRISON I. SWIFT

THERE is much justice in the resentful claim of Germany that she is not understood by the rest of the world. Of all countries the United States understands her least. The mistake of Americans is their verdict that Germany is war-mad and their expectation that when the war subsides she will recover her equilibrium and become sane, good-natured and well-behaved, cured by remorse and time.

This will not happen. If the entire world is not to be hers, Germany must be forced to abjure her new standards by impact with the absolute impossibility of their achievement, and must be irretrievably routed on her own intellectual ground. To conquer her intellectually means that better standards of life than those that have fed and fortified her murderous pride must be adopted and incorporated into the vital fabric of other nations. This may be arduous, because through long immunity from upheavals that sweep away social foundations and call for flexibility and constructiveness to make the earth habitable again, nations and individuals have grown inelastic and unimaginative. Now, social foundations are being swept away, ours as well as the rest. Those of Europe are all but gone; with them, whatever the war's outcome, ours will go. The whole world will have to be rebuilt on a new basis. If that basis is not to be some form of slavery to Germany, the internal peace system of the nations which Germany wills to destroy—and the United States is one—must be superior to that which she has yet shown or can produce.

The fatuity of neutral nations who like America stand aside, flattering themselves that they are escaping the sinister consequences of the war, thus demonstrates itself overpoweringly from both the physical and spiritual points of view. German victory in the field would extinguish the

possibility of altering Teuton intellectual standards, crowning them, in the German mind, with the utterly unanswerable sanction of triumphant fact. Beneficently to apply them to the rest of the world would be merely the logical execution of a victory-certified mission. In the Teuton gospel, facts, not manuscripts, are the revelations, and authority is the progeny of ability. Before the bar of the German soul Germany's duty to bring all mankind under her kindly knife, to rule and recreate it after the patterns that her brain has manufactured, will be established in steel.

Neutrality in such circumstances is merely awaiting one's turn to die. The German statesman who is reported to have said, "It will not be long before we will dance over the grave of England," would have told more truth if he had added, "And then we shall dance over the grave of the United States." So it will be if the Germans reach London, such has long been the design of Berlin.

Of the four policies open to the United States it is almost certain that that of partial but insufficient preparedness will be chosen. These possible courses are: 1, pacifism, or complete unpreparation; 2, partial, but too little preparation; 3, adequate preparedness to resist attacks; 4, union with the Allies, once for all to eradicate the predatory militarism of the Central Powers of Europe.

Hampered by the pacifists and hyphenates, the third and fourth programmes are likely to be rejected and a compromise made on the second. This will accord with the far-reaching plans of Berlin and oppose no serious obstacle to the attainment of the Germanic goal of dancing on the grave of the United States. A Germany that can crush the present coalition against her will possess herself of Europe and assemble all its immense resources for wider military aims, as she has heretofore so incomparably organized the resources of her own lesser Empire. America will be called upon to repel this new military giant transcending many times the strength of the Germany of yesterday and to-day—to repel it with a preparation contemplating only the Germany of the past, and framed on the fallacy that the present Allies will still exist as potent forces for the compression of Pan-German ambitions. It is forgotten that if the Allies fall before German force, England, France and Italy as Powers will be extinct; Russia, mercilessly crippled, will be kept so by the Teuton mailed fist; all European restraint

on Germany will be practically removed, while most of the strength that was restraint will be absorbed into Germany's body to swell her fighting might. The United States will then stand alone, the only surviving democracy in the world, her natural friends and defenders destroyed because she would not save them, to face a supremely organized and armed German Europe, thirsting both for revenge and world-dominion.

It will then be impossible for us to take refuge in the fragile spectre of preparedness with which we are now flirting. If Germany prevails in the present struggle nothing will be preparedness short of American militarization equal in all respects to that of a Pan-German Europe. Anything less will infallibly terminate in German absorption of the American hemisphere. Nor can this complete preparation be gradual or delayed as the official schemes contemplate, for in military affairs Germany, having a long start of us, acts with lightning celerity, while we debate and moralize. Our dilatory methods, pacific hallucinations, and the meagre defense measures projected at Washington leave us exposed to pillage by the Germanic Powers even if the war ends indecisively. Only drastic defeat will effect the capture or destruction of their fleets, and with these intact and both nations armed to the last man, fired with war-lust and released from all former codes of honor, what could be more lusciously alluring than the United States, fictitiously protected by the third-rate projects of defense now sketched, which for the most part will not have advanced beyond the paper stage? We are an unsheltered island in the world's seething turmoil. Under our present scant plans for safety it will take years to place us in fractional readiness for the tempest that is lashing our shores, liable to overwhelm us any week, month or year, perhaps depriving us of half our territory, perhaps bringing our national existence, with its sacred guardianship of the world's greatest republican experiment, to a close.

If, in the light of these undeniable dangers, we select the third form of preparedness and determine not to be found unready for any possible attack, it is necessary for us to begin to develop military power of the first order at once, and to prosecute the work as if we were already at war. Assuming our adhesion to epicene neutrality, the end of the war must find us with such military vigor that the Teuton

Powers though wholly triumphant will not dare to assail us. This of necessity will be but the first step in a military career that can have no end if the German armies are not shattered and Germany purged of its Hohenzollerns. These events failing, we shall have to enter on an armament race with Germany for survival, adopting *in toto* all the abhorrent tactics that have made her unconquerable and detested, and spending our best genius to outspeed her in discoveries that kill. We shall be forced to become a nation-army as she is today—a State that is simply a supreme fighting beast. All the centuries of the past since life began on the earth will have led up to nothing but this. We shall hold none of the illusions of sometime world peace that cheered cannon-crushed Europe until yesterday: we shall know that a conflict is preparing in which half of civilized humanity will be wiped out, as much more horrible and final a conflict than the present war as the concentration of the whole ability of the white race on new means of destruction during the years of furious preparation can make it. That combat will be the suicide of civilization, if not of white mankind, and will transfer the control of the world to other human breeds. Germany, who has undertaken to subjugate and usurp the earth, will sink into nothingness with her strangled victims.

The only sure preventive of this utter human collapse is American adoption of the fourth method of preparedness—alignment with the nations that are now fighting to defend the world from slavery to the Teuton and Turk. This is rational preparedness and there is no other, for this stops the growth of a ravening monster which otherwise by every indication will eventually escape all human control. Today if ever is the time to deal with and humanize power-debauched Germany by extirpating the cancerous militarism of Prussia, which, left to its course, will devour Christendom. If an infallible seer could assure us that the Allies alone can do this, we might be warranted in inaction: but where is that seer? Faith, hope, guesses, statistics, heroic assertion, luminous historical analogies, flawless psychic proof—these are not knowledge: yet on such phantoms the United States is staking its liberty, its civilization, its salvation, and those of the world.

It is a curious thing that when America is entrusted with the destiny of the human race Americans do not see it; that they invite unutterable calamities in the future in order to

avoid very slight ones now; that they are willing to take the risk of a welter of bloodshed hereafter to keep themselves free from a very moderate participation in bloodshed in the present. These are phenomena wholly discordant with American history and the past spirit of the people. Even on the purely material plane the nation's intellect is playing it false. The best protective investment that America can make is in Europe. Incomparably the greatest bulwark of the United States is the European Allies. Viewed financially alone, if Germany overwhelms them, we shall be obliged out of our own resources to create a strength equal to the whole restraining power they have heretofore exercised on the German Empire; that is, the American pocket-book will have to meet alone the costs of protection against the German Group that have hitherto been shared among the Allies to maintain their own safety. We imagine that our neutrality is saving us money; in reality, in the long run, it is probably the costliest policy that a nation ever pursued. The outlay of wealth needed by us fully to ensure Germany's conclusive defeat, and to set on foot within her such spiritual cleansing and social regeneration as will render her no longer a pestilent world-danger, would be trifling compared with the endless and stupendous expense we shall have to sustain if Germany as victor hews down all European defenses. Besides this we shall be forced to increase our human outlay to the same extent as the material, exacting of all men hard years of war-training in preparation for more hideous forms of military death than have yet been conceived. By investing our wealth and strength to shatter the military power and world-dominion dream of the Prussian Huns, we may elude this fate. Not otherwise.

It is at this moment of desperate peril for all that free men love that American intelligence seems to have suffered eclipse. A crude pacifism, shallow and ill-reasoned, has spread its paralysis far and wide, when every day counts for future centuries—for it will take hundreds of years to recover the ground that is slipping away from us now through our torpor. Why, then, has pacifism suddenly, in this paramount crisis, developed such immense corrupting force?

Pacifism, with the world as it is, derives its power not from inherent virtue but from the condition of the medium in which it is propagated. The minds of the people have

undergone a long debilitating and perverting medication through which certain ideas have become set as hardened structural deposits. The one concerning us is that Christendom is Christian. If this is questionable we need not trouble ourselves with the pacifist faith that all Christians will react appropriately to non-resistance by ceasing aggression. If there are nations that have basically abandoned Christianity, the pacifists who counsel other nations to lay down their arms and trust in love are apostles of suicide.

Germany is precisely such a character. As relating to nations she has exorcised and expunged Christianity. What she has done with it internally is at this moment beside the question: as a national individual she has entered on a new savagery entirely surpassing all the former qualifications of savagery. It is inaccurate and illusory to say that she has relapsed into paganism, however, for her present growth is a graduation from Christianity after intimate knowledge and long trial of it, whereas the pagans had possessed no Christianity and knew nothing about it. This is what makes the German repeal of the Christian religion vastly more than a reformation: it is a religious revolution. The step has been taken through no accident or inadvertence: never was anything done more orderly and circumspectly: Germany has calmly gone over Christian principles, weighed them in the scales of her thought, brought the trained intellects of her universities to analyze and dissect them, and rejected them all. What she has reared in their place is a nation-toward-nation creed, the product not of tradition but of her present mentality and desires, a people-created gospel that is just as sacred to the German nation as Christianity was in its flower, and immeasurably more dynamically impelling than any German religion has been for a long time. Yet there has been no overt religious crisis or even ecclesiastical ripple; the old forms and dogmas persist intact as respected impossibilities or venerated hypothetical futures, but their spirit and essential content have been transmuted into new meanings and aims. Germany knows how to use the subtle current psychology of trans-idealization. This has saved the religion-changers from the archaic error of making a stand on word-paintings and names, and so has enabled them to slip in the new for the old smoothly and without alarm or complaint. Better still, they have done it with such art that the professional moralists and theologians have

marched with the heavy brain-weights of superman science and been of the greatest assistance in this painless extinction of Christianity.

The secret of the easy triumph of the new Teuton evangel, and a powerful source of enduring strength, is the claim that for the first time it brings the realization of internal Christianity within reach. By throwing overboard international Christianity it heralds the swift fruition of intra-national Christianity. It differs from the cult that was, through its dictum that the Christian results hitherto aimed at by individuals and groups can be attained only by means of the large nation-community, operating organically for Christian ends. Attainable Christianity is confined to these national communities. Christian principles are wholly inapplicable between nation-communities, and if the attempt to act on them is made, no less a disaster than the overthrow of the nation trying it will follow, with the consequent collapse of all the important Christian achievements within its boundaries.

For Christianity to thrive in the greatest degree the nation must be carried to the highest point of development. Hence the race or people that would do most to serve and evolve Christianity is the one which most strenuously promotes the growth in might and magnitude of its organized national self. Christian methods are not to obtrude or be practised in this enterprise, for that would nullify Christian advancement in the only sphere where to any purpose Christianity can advance.

There is another ingredient in the elemental propulsiveness of this doctrine. The very essence of religion is transformed. It ceases to be in any important sense an affair of personal emotion or of individual action or conduct; it becomes achievement, yet not that of the individual, but mass achievement. Personal emotion, so great a factor in the lapsed Christianity, receives its value from its contribution to mass results. It has given way to mass emotion. At once it is clear that the worth of religious feeling depends upon the significance of the achievement toward which it is directed. Individual strivings about which religion has heretofore revolved being necessarily narrow and limited, the religious sentiment connected with associated activity through which great things are done is incomparably more moral, holy and godlike. It is here that religion attains its

culmination—in the splendid deeds of individuals bound together as a nation, upbuilding this gigantic and exalted entity. As the nation thus grows, its Christian proficiency toward the personal units composing it also grows, and in these conjoined is the perfect Christian harvest.

But this is not all; the theory of Christian promulgation, biblically enjoined, is likewise transvalued into a Prussian war-song. Other nations must be converted to the grand godliness which Germany has first comprehended and lived. This is not to be done by spreading pious literary dogmas and gaining courteous superficial acceptances thereto after the manner of Christian missionaries, but by propagating with disciplinary fervor the Teuton capacity for great deeds. The crown of the new-born Prussian Christianity is passionate enthusiasm for colossal master-strokes. Offering this priceless cult to mankind, Germany meets difficulties and dangers which mere preaching would not encounter. Other nations, stiff-necked, stupid, and jealous, spurn the gift of salvation through Prussia and resist redemption; neither for their own good nor for that of the world can they be left to perish in the stagnancy they love; by rejecting the German illumination they prove their unworth as nations and forfeit their prerogative to exist: it is then the exercise of higher Christianity on Germany's part forcibly to take them under control and to coerce them into the Christian evolution which they shirk, either by making them vassal States or incorporating them into herself. The greater nations must be thus dealt with in any case, for by Christianizing them after the German model of training and inspiration for conquest, they would be shaped into intolerable competitors for Germany's supreme place in the sun.

The new international Christianity invented by Germany culminates, then, either in one absolute world-empire held down by blood and steel, or in a series of utterly ruthless wars of extermination, leaving the earth to be repeopled by such lower stocks as happen through their remoteness or insignificance to escape the repeated tornadoes of death. To the Germans, the wars and preparations for wars thus demanded, and their terrific prosecution without the slightest regard for humanity, are the noblest obedience to Christian obligation and the loftiest exercise of the Christian life. To strike frightfully and fiendishly is German Christianity in its es-

sence. To refrain, to be weakly humane, to let other nations live on peacefully, absorbing Nature's space and riches because through exploded religious tenets and fantastic misinterpretations of cosmic law they do not resist but turn the other degenerate cheek, is inexpiable contumacy toward the God revealed by Berlin. In her most solemn and passionate conviction, Germany is not outraging religion or righteousness, but feels herself to be the only truly Christian Power. Her whole being is mastered by the sublimity of her divine appointment to raise the rest of the world to her level, in accomplishing which all extremes of treachery, fraud, force, frightfulness and savagery are right.

With this understanding of the Teuton creed, Germany's crusade for world dominion is a veritable holy war, reinforced by all the sacred enthusiasms of a new religion, scientifically constructed, and, mingled with its brutal savagery and shameless atavism, embodying some of the most modern scientific ideas.

Into this murky abyss of German spiritual metamorphosis, not American pacifists alone, but even the thinkers of the allied peoples of Europe, shrink from gazing. It makes the problem of dealing with Germany much less terrible and perplexing if they can assure themselves that Germany will recant; and they do so. There is still in the civilized a strong remainder of the barbarous superstition that admitting sinister realities has the effect of creating them, while resolute denial of their being causes them to lessen and disappear. That Germany has gone Prussian and bad the thinkers of course declare, but that she is basically sound, meaning that she is still rooted in the old moralities and creeds, they bravely insist, and they look forward with cheerful faith to a reunion of Germany with her enemies on this basis.

This expectation is typical of an almost universal invasion of soft optimism, which is obscuring the most fundamental and destiny-shaping truth of this war. In it there is no vision of the German motive, no insight that Germany, besides discarding the old morality and religion, has abolished the " one God " in whom the rest of the world dreams of reunion, and has created a new God of her own.

So when nations expect the Germans to be shocked at themselves by and by, to feel the nemesis of a bitter shame as they look at themselves in the glass of memory, and then

contritely, in sackcloth of soul, to return to the old conceptions of conduct and cult: when they anticipate a resurrection of the German conscience and a love-feast of the warring nations around the Christian communion table with Germany in tears, they are egregiously mistaken. These things will never happen. Germany is not going to repent. She is not going to see ghosts of the massacred *Lusitania* dead, or spectres of the victims of her Zeppelin raids on women and children; her conscience will not awaken, for she has a new conscience that is firmly steeled against penitence and pain, and will suffer only if she does not succeed. In failure it will be the conscience of the martyr. She will eternally glory in all the frightfulness she inflicts because it is done for her new Christ—which is a Germanized world. The earth redeemed is an earth made Germany-incarnate.

Through this transfiguration of fiendishness autocracy has accomplished an absolute oneness with God, into which, by a further brilliant stroke of the German science of deceptive psychology, the common people, down to the very meanest and most trampled, enter through the divinity of the mission of savage conquest. Deeper than all other motives of this mammoth world-tragedy is the resolution of autocracy to survive. Farther-sighted than democracy, it has perceived that it cannot survive by leading a parallel existence with democracy, since in the game of peace democracy slowly, painfully, but resistlessly wins. The last hope of autocracy is a war for extermination of its rivals and possession of the world. Democracy must be slain. The bludgeoning of the freer nations of Europe began the drama, in due sequence to be followed by a death-thrust at the great trans-Atlantic republic, with whose extinction popular freedom will perish from the earth. It is a tragic scheme to throttle the evolution of humanity in order that a single commonplace family may vampire forever on the heart's-blood and happiness of mankind. For its benefit all humanity must be reduced to a slavery never before dreamed of or physically possible.

For this climax autocracy prepared itself consummately. It made the greatest modern engines, science and education, its servants, and destroyed the ancient forces that were in its way—civilization, humanity, morality and Christianity—creating in the laboratory servile substitutes for them that would act as its tools. All these agencies it brought to the

construction of its stupendous war-machine on which it was to ride to omnipotence. The crisis produced is new in kind in the world's life, because it is the *scientific* union of autocracy with God. Never before could there be this phenomenon. Science had first to grow up before this amalgamation could be wrought, perpetuating with a thousand-fold greater tenacity the hereditary union of the two in the past.

Great as is the tragedy of this long-planned upsurge to assassinate democracy, there is a greater one. That is the disunion of democracy in this crisis through the failure of the American nation to play its part; it is American insensibility to the vast meaning of events—neglect of this opportunity, perhaps the last one, forced on the world by autocracy itself, to take up the gauntlet and crush autocracy out of existence. While autocracy summons every atom of its strength to extinguish freedom, not scrupling to turn Europe or the whole world into a hell for that purpose, all democracy's weaknesses conspire for its own death. With the guilelessness of unweaned virtue democracy temporizes and compromises, suffereth long and is blind, excuses autocracy's crimes and affectionately denies that autocracy aims at its murder, cries that the world is wide enough for two inappeasable antagonisms to dwell together in unity, concedes autocracy the right to maintain itself, though that entails infinite grief and irreparable ruin to all the peoples of the planet. In the loftiest hour of existence and opportunity, democracy shirks.

World-democracy can be inaugurated by stern and stalwart concert of all-democracy against all-autocracy. That alone will bring world peace, for in a world-system half ancient and autocratic and half modern and democratic, no truce or peace is possible. If German autocracy is abolished the Russian people themselves will take care of their absolutism. The alliance of the United States with the nations now fighting Germany, for which the murderous uprising of absolutism has prepared the way, to be maintained and developed into permanent organic federation, will democratize the world.

Morrison I. Swift.

INTERNATIONAL REALITIES

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

INTERNATIONAL law has often been attacked. It has been scoffed at as being in no sense law at all. Its prestige of late, it must be admitted, has suffered considerably. It has been severely discredited—justly, in some respects; most undiscriminatingly, in others. Much of the criticism reveals a superficial appreciation of the facts. The most lamentable aspect of the situation, one that of necessity is not readily perceived, is that international law has probably suffered more at the hands of its friends than of its enemies.

The purpose of this article is therefore to consider frankly the various ways in which international law has been discredited, whether justly or unjustly, and to endeavor to deal candidly with the brute facts.

First of all, it must be recognized that international law has been seriously discredited in the eyes of many by the manner in which the present war has been waged. It is held that the flagrant violations of accepted rules of law governing the conduct of war by certain of the belligerents show that international law is entitled to little or no respect; it is impotent, a feeble reed, a "mere scrap of paper."

According to such critics, a law which cannot respond to the strain when it is most needed is a mockery, an object of derision. Such criticism, however, in spite of its apparent justification, reveals a distorted sense of proportion, a false standard of values. It proceeds from an erroneous impression—which, it must be frankly admitted, has been fostered unconsciously by many publicists—to the effect that international law was mainly, if not primarily, concerned with the regulation of war: that in fact it had little significance except in time of war.

Curiously enough, the two Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907 which were convened for the purpose of pro-

moting the cause of peace, have done much to confirm this impression. It is true that heroic attempts were made at these Conferences to provide adequate facilities through mediation, commissions of enquiry, and particularly by arbitration, to settle international disputes without recourse to war. But it is also true that these Conferences concentrated their labors on the making of laws to regulate the conduct of war—that abnormal state of affairs which is in fact the very negation of law.

This is not to ignore one other solitary Hague Convention concerning the Recovery of Contract Debts. Designed to eliminate one of the many causes of war, it really consecrated the most vicious principle that a nation is justified under certain questionable circumstances in resorting to *force* to secure payment for debts frequently of doubtful origin.

The idea that international law should regulate war is essentially paradoxical and unsound. It is to attempt to revive the Age of Chivalry: to make wars courteous and decent: an opportunity for the display of knightly virtues. To plead for a humane war sounds almost preposterous.

As long as wars may seem necessary and inevitable, we must of course insist that they be waged with due respect to the rights of humanity. It still remains true, however, that whether or no the belligerents will observe among themselves the rules of war, the dictates of humanity, there is in reality no legal method on the battlefield to compel them to do otherwise than as their own conscience and the all-controlling exigencies of military necessity may command.

But you will say that the law of nations should at least uphold the rights and obligations of neutrals; that it cannot plead irresponsibility in this respect. This is undoubtedly true in large measure; but even here we must be sure of the exact conditions to which international law should apply. If we assume, as some superficial thinkers do, that a great war is very much like a street brawl which ought not to involve anyone other than the hot-headed combatants, then neutral nations are correct in insisting indignantly that the right to continue their peaceful pursuits unmolested should be scrupulously respected by the nations at war.

If, however, we are prepared to recognize the actual facts of international existence; if we realize that the nations of the earth have become so intimately interdependent that any

great calamity affecting one or several of them must necessarily affect the rest, both directly and indirectly, then neutral nations cannot rightly claim that their interests should not suffer material damage.

As a matter of fact, neutral nations have always recognized that war must directly affect their interests as well as the interests of the belligerents. This is evidenced by the willingness of neutrals to permit the visit, search, and even the capture of their private ships on the high seas; to allow the capture of goods of a contraband character having a hostile destination; to respect formally declared and effectively maintained blockades; and to perform some of the irksome obligations imposed on neutrals to avoid participation in the contest.

But we must go even further. Not only must neutral nations suffer inevitable though grievous injury to their interests at the hands of belligerents; they must also recognize that the fact of the intimate interdependence of nations cannot leave neutrals entirely indifferent concerning the issues and the results of a great war. "There comes a moment," as some statesman has wisely said, "when a neutral nation is compelled to recognize that its best interests demand the triumph of one of the two sides at war." When this truth is borne in on the consciousness of a neutral nation, it must without sentiment or passion adjust its attitude accordingly. Either it must be willing to tolerate considerable interference with its technical rights by the belligerents whose side it desires to triumph, or it must openly ally itself in certain eventualities with that side, and fight as well as pray for its success. Otherwise a neutral nation may easily find itself the victim of an extraordinary situation where, in the assertion of its alleged rights, it is impelled to antagonize and harm the very belligerents whose cause it at heart most favors.

The most serious indictment against international law at the present time consists, not in the manner in which this war is being waged, but in the brutal fact of war itself. The true function of international law is not to *govern* war; it is to *avert* war. This is the real vital problem which should claim the serious attention of all thoughtful men: how can the law of nations best fulfill its functions in time of peace?

Why is it that international law, since Grotius, in 1626,

tried to bring nations to their senses, has not yet found the way of avoiding war? Can it plead the impossibility of changing the evil hearts, the predatory instincts, the blind passions of men? Or must it humbly admit that it has been in error: that its alleged principles, its bold postulates, have been unsound, fallacious, and unrelated to the facts of international existence?

The charge against the defective nature of man is of course, in large measure, well founded; but nothing can excuse international law if it should be proved that its methods and its theories have been faulty and unscientific. This, I fear, ought candidly to be admitted. It would seem true that the law of nations, receiving its inception, as it did, at the hands of Grotius as a moral protest against the existing state of international anarchy, has ever since sought to play the role of the preacher, the teacher, the reformer, the moral idealist, rather than to serve as the jurist-consult, the lawgiver, the practical statesman.

The special evidence of this regrettable fact is to be found in the attempt to identify international law with the Law of Nature, that mysterious, sovereign legislation, that supreme authority to which men are supposed to submit all their human affairs. The pity of it all is that the followers of Grotius would seem, in the main, to have misunderstood his purpose in invoking the Law of Nature. Grotius himself was most scientific in method, and a careful study of his statements does not indicate that he confused international law with the Law of Nature. On the contrary, wherever he could ascertain an undoubted principle of law through an exhaustive examination of international usages, customs, and precedents of all kinds, there he was contented to rest his case. But where—as, for example, in the matter of mitigating the horrors of war—he found little or no support for his humane contentions in usage, custom, or precedent, he then appealed to the Law of Nature in the obvious hope that, in the absence of a supreme Imperial or Church authority, mankind would acknowledge the dictates of reason and humanity expressed in terms of Natural Law. The most that Grotius would seem to have implied by such an appeal was a challenge to the reason of man, to his sense of equity, to his sentiments of justice. And this, apparently, is about all that any of us really mean when, outside of the field of religion, we venture to appeal to "natural rights." We

merely ask each other to give the assent of our reason that certain propositions are self-evident.

There are, of course, many facts of this character which are daily accepted without question or serious discussion. We do not, however, in each instance appeal to a Law of Nature for their recognition. We know that human affairs must necessarily be carried on by discussion and argument, by an ultimate appeal to reason. If the minds of men are not convinced of the truth of an assertion, an alleged principle or right, it is useless to invoke the authority of any law, whether it be termed natural or divine.

An international law publicist of note, in defending the Law of Nature, protested that "while you may drive it out of the front door, it will manage to gain fresh entrance through the back door or the windows." It is precisely against this kind of unguarded, careless, unscholarly mode of thought that we all should be vigilant. If by reason of conventional phraseology we are compelled to speak of Natural Law and Natural Rights, let us be clear in our own minds that we simply mean an appeal to the highest sense of justice of which reason is capable. And even then, let us be on our guard lest we fall back on a Law of Nature in order to support propositions which we may not have been able to justify by reasoned argument.

It would seem logically necessary, in avoiding recourse to an assumed Law of Nature, that we should endeavor to define more clearly what we understand to be the *nature of law*. The failure to define carefully the purpose and function of law may be responsible for some of the confusion of thought that seems to exist in respect to the law of nations.

In the physical world we note the existence of certain so-called laws in accordance with which definite phenomena take place: for example, the fall of an apple in obedience to the *law* of gravitation. It is evident, however, that human laws are of a different character. Men are governed in other ways than as inert atoms controlled by irresistible laws; they themselves determine the laws which shall control their mutual relations. If these relations are not adjusted in an orderly fashion by common agreement, there is no possibility of an efficient social or political organization. It is of mutual concern that the interests of each and all should be duly recognized and respected.

The purpose of law, expressed in its simplest terms,

thus becomes evident as the *protection of interests,* or, as Gareis well states:

> Law is the means of the peaceable regulation of the external relations of persons and their social communities among themselves. . . . It does not concern itself with internal activities which belong to the domain of morals and religion. . . . The nature of a legal right is such that it is always a definite interest, actually entertained by a person or a community. For the protection and guaranty of these interests, legal order expresses its commands and prohibitions, and through this guaranty, interests become legal interests (legal rights).

If we accept this definition of law as being scientifically exact and affording a satisfactory basis for discussion, international law may therefore properly be defined in the words of Gareis as: " The totality of legal rules by which the public interests of states among themselves—the international relations of states—are legally governed by legal duties and legal rights; and accordingly by which the common interests of states are legally protected."

It is evident, in the light of this definition of law in general and of international law in particular, that the practical problem is first to ascertain with precision the exact interests to be protected, and then to endeavor to discover just what law has been mutually accepted among nations to protect these interests.

It is here that theories of Natural Law have wrought their greatest havoc. Most of the writers on international law, following in each other's footsteps, venture to lay down, with varying degrees of boldness or timidity, certain fundamental postulates, to proclaim certain " absolute," " inherent " rights of States. They assert, as the keystone to the structure of international law, the right of a State to exist. They then deduce the sovereignty of the State as a necessary attribute, though it is never very clear just what " sovereignty " really denotes. They assert the right of a State to independence, and, necessarily, to complete equality.

We have had only recently a rhetorical reaffirmation of these fundamental postulates in the form of a Declaration of Rights by the American Institute of International Law, composed of representatives of international law societies in all of the States belonging to the Pan-American Union. Such declarations, which familiarly recall Rousseau and revolutionist literature, may pretend to define the interests of

States which it is the object of international law to protect. They do not indicate, however, from whence flow these "absolute," "inherent" rights except—by a treacherous analogy to individual rights—from that mysterious authority, the Law of Nature.

As a matter of fact, if we test these theories in the laboratory of international realities, we discover that we do not always get a satisfactory reaction. We find that it is most doubtful in certain instances, such as Morocco and Persia, for example, whether a nation *has* a right to exist. We find that some nations obviously are not truly sovereign, completely independent, or absolutely equal by the nature of things. And yet, in the practical relations of States, it is evident that such States, whether Panama, Cuba, Belgium, or Switzerland, are to be considered as international entities with definite interests which must be properly protected.

The concepts of sovereignty, independence, and equality may serve possibly as ideals, as a goal of ambition, but from the scientific point of view, which is the proper concern of law, they serve no practical purpose. They tend, on the contrary, to confuse, to hinder the work of the construction of law. This is the painful confession that candor compels us to make: international law has not yet defined the fundamental interests of States. It has not yet proclaimed the Magna Charta which shall effectively regulate and protect the relations and rights of nations.

Nowhere is this unpleasant truth more evident than in respect to the question of the right of a State to exist. If we dispassionately review European History since the Congress of Vienna; if we consider the artificial, arbitrary manner in which boundaries have been created, peoples transferred like cattle from one State to another; if we visualize the hopeless state of anarchy that formerly existed in Morocco and now exists in Persia: if we contemplate all these facts, surely we can reach no other conclusion than that there is no absolute right of a State to exist. Boundaries that have been made arbitrarily, may as arbitrarily be remade. States now existing may be broken up or recreated along different lines. Curiously enough, portions of Empire like Canada, for example, may assume a *quasi* international status without ceasing to be part of the Empire itself.

The significance of this fact concerning the right of a

State to exist should be evident in relation to the development of a real science of international law. If we have not yet defined with any accuracy the very factors, the basic elements, with which international law must deal, it is preposterous to expect that it should be called on to protect interests which are necessarily artificial, ephemeral, and of a conflicting character.

If nations are not equal in moral, intellectual, or even material influence; if they have not an equal concern in the adjustment of international interests; if they have not an equal voice in the creation, the interpretation, and the enforcement of law; if, in fact, the claim to equality stands squarely in the way of world organization itself; then it is folly to insist on the concept of equality as a basic principle of the law of nations.

We must therefore be sure of the exact nature of our materials in the science of international law before we try to determine the legal rights and obligations of States. To do otherwise is to construct a bridge of wood on the assumption that we are using iron: to erect a building of chalk under the supposition that it is stone. A law of nations of such a character is of no value as a Magna Charta of international rights; it is essentially unscientific, a *modus vivendi,* a mere temporary makeshift unworthy of respect.

The practical application of all this is obviously to be found in the great European war. However we may apportion the immediate responsibility for this catastrophe, we are slowly beginning to realize that its origins and its ultimate effects directly and vitally concern this question of the right of a State to exist.

This, then, is the fundamental reality, the basic element with which international law must deal: if we cannot concede the absolute right of a State to exist, we must recognize the rights of *nationalities* to exist. We must recognize the vital fact that men are bound to group together into nationalities to achieve their common ends. Until we freely concede this fact—until we try honestly and dispassionately to determine the relative rights of nationalities, potential as well as already existing; to draw boundaries with due regard for their conflicting interests and sensibilities—we have not created those reasonably permanent nations whose interests it is the function of international law to protect.

This, then, should be the all-absorbing preoccupation of European statesmen and the citizens of the whole world as well: to endeavor to prepare the way for a peace which shall readjust the interests of all nations on a just and firm basis. If revenge, if the desire for reparation, for power and material aggrandizement, are to be the controlling motives in the peace conference which must end this and any war; if a just, scientific appreciation of the factors which compose the fabric of international polity does not dominate its councils, we may well despair of the future of the science of international law as well as of the peace of the world.

But, you will very properly observe, granted that nations may yet learn to recognize and respect their mutual interests, how are these interests to be protected if there is no effective sanction for international law? What kind of law is it that depends only on public opinion for enforcement, that still leaves to each nation the right of self-redress? Such a person will be inclined to join the ranks of those who believe that a superior sanction is the chief requisite in law, and indignantly protest that international law is in no way entitled to be characterized as law. He will prefer to term it international morality of a feeble sort, particularly if he has received his impressions from the school of Natural Law and certain professional pacifists who are accepted as exponents of international law.

Now it cannot be denied that the law of nations labors under this great disadvantage: Its edicts are frequently treated with contempt: an international legislature, judiciary, and executive are required to give it full value and power. Not only is this true, it is also evident that nations still lack that common conception of rights and obligations which is essential to enable men to unite under a common executive, legislature, and judiciary. Japan and Italy, Russia and the United States, Germany and Belgium, Haiti and Great Britain, all hold varying views of the object and powers of the State, of the rights and duties of States, of the great basic principles of justice. Until they can begin to think alike in matters of fundamental significance, it is idle to strive to force them together within a common international organization.

But to admit all this is not to reduce the law of nations to a trivial and ignominous role. Having conceded its defects we must likewise recognize its virtues. At a time of

abnormal stress, when it is subjected to much criticism of an undiscriminating character, we must in all fairness try to appreciate the positive, effective value and influence of international law.

In ordinary times of peace the statesmen responsible for the conduct of international relations carry on an immense variety of delicate negotiations based on an avowed respect for generally accepted principles of international law. We do not ordinarily note the successes of diplomacy; we note only its failures. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true that in normal times of peaceful intercourse diplomacy relies implicitly on the law of nations in the settlement of many questions, frequently of a grave character.

When questions of a complicated, trying nature do not yield readily to diplomatic treatment, diplomacy then calls in the aid of arbitration. In this event, arbitration, though hardly functioning in every respect as a court of justice, endeavors within the scope of its powers to pay homage to the law of nations. The decisions of the Hague Arbitration Tribunals bear eloquent testimony to this fact.

But perhaps the most significant fact,—and one that is generally ignored, even by eminent authorities of the standing of Elihu Root,—is that the courts of all nations both in times of war and peace are constantly rendering important decisions based directly on the law of nations, decisions which, it must be emphasized, are duly enforced. What is more, these courts do not hesitate to declare that they are applying a law which is every whit as much entitled to respect as municipal law. When the Supreme Court of the United States affirms that international law *is law,* it would seem, in spite of casuistic reasoning to the effect that it becomes law only *as a part of* municipal law, there should be no further doubt concerning its complete validity. Incidentally, a most interesting instance of the homage paid to international law in time of war is a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the German Empire upholding the right of a French citizen, now in the French army, to a patent which a German firm had sought to infringe.

It is important that we should not fail to understand the basic principle that constrains the courts of all nations to respect the rules of international law. The basic principle which establishes judicial precedents and crystallizes international law as a science, is that the interests of nations

must be mutually respected because of what Gareis well terms "anticipated advantages of reciprocity as well as fear of retaliation."

This powerful sanction, this compulsive force of reciprocal advantage and fear of retaliation, is nothing else in its essence than the Golden Rule as formulated by Thomasius: "Do unto others for thine own sake what thou wouldst that others should do unto thee, and, in so doing, accept a law from which thou canst not escape." Is it not in reality the only safe fundamental principle for international relations? As a sheer utilitarian rule of conduct—modified, if you will, by elevated ethical or religious concepts—I venture to assert that it is the most rational, practical basis for the science of international law. There can be no more effective sanction for law than an appeal to the enlightened self-interest of men.

Our task, therefore, as defenders and upbuilders of international law, becomes one of determining the specific mutual interests which nations are prepared to recognize; and then to endeavor, in a spirit of toleration, friendly concern, scientific open-mindedness, to formulate the legal rights and obligations which these interests entail. Having come to a substantial agreement concerning the law itself, we may then properly turn to the task of securing the most effective agencies for its interpretation and enforcement.

The nations of the earth are far from ready to be ruled by a common, sovereign, political authority; their interests and ways of thinking are still too antagonistic for that. The great preliminary work of facilitating closer relations, of removing misunderstandings, of reconciling conflicting points of view, of identifying various interests, of fostering common conceptions of rights and obligations, remains yet to be done. We can hardly venture to express the hope that this frightful clash of interests now going on in Europe may serve in the end as a solemn and stern appeal to reason itself: that the warring nations may be preparing to meet each other in a sober, rational spirit, to seek to determine and respect their mutual interests on the practical, utilitarian basis of the Golden Rule. But surely, if such a spirit should prevail, there need be no concern in regard to the creation of international tribunals or leagues to enforce peace.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

INDIA AND THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

No one will ever write of these tremendous days without wishing for the pen of a Gibbon when he comes to India's part in them. It is not only the most dramatically moving episode of the whole war; it is probably also, when one thinks of its immediate consequences to a fifth of the human race, and still more of its ultimate reactions upon the relations between East and West, one of the decisive events of all time. That early autumn day in 1914, when the good people of Marseilles turned out to greet with cheers and tears and roses the Indian warriors who had emerged from the shimmering dimness of the Orient to fight the battle of European freedom on the soil of France, was a landmark in history. The whole world drew a breath of wonder at the compendious strangeness and romance of such a spectacle. But for us in England it was more than a spectacle: it was a consecration. The long and noble line of British soldiers, statesmen and administrators who had given all they had to the service of India received on that day their supreme reward. It set the stamp of final authority—the authority of the wards themselves—upon our proud claim to have been their faithful guardians and trustees. It was a certificate—unsolicited, spontaneous, handsome beyond all imagining—to the spirit in which we have discharged the heaviest duty ever borne by a nation since the days of Rome. Were Great Britain to go down in utter ruin and defeat as the result of this war she might still declare that it had brought her one hour of splendid compensation—that hour when the myriads beneath her rule in India threw aside all grievances and all divisions and rallied to her side with a single cry of passionate loyalty; when princes and peoples alike demanded as their right to stand shoulder to shoulder with her on the battlefields of

Europe; when what she had failed to do for India was forgotten and forgiven, and what she had succeeded in doing was returned to her a thousand-fold. All that is best in British Imperialism, its justice, its disinterestedness, the sterling character of its agents, the wise constancy with which it has labored towards the ideal of a confederation of self-governing states under British protection, was crowned in that unforgettable hour with a superlative tribute of gratitude and confidence—a tribute that derived its most precious and most intimate significance from the fact that it was the freely tendered offering of those who for nearly two hundred years had known at first hand the defects as well as the excellences of British rule.

The dominant emotion of most Englishmen as they read of the tidal wave of enthusiasm for the British cause that swept from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin was one in which bewilderment mingled with gratification. Such news as had come from India during the previous decade had led us to expect almost anything rather than such an outburst of loyalty as we actually witnessed. Every Englishman had become sharply aware that British rule in India was entering on a new and critical phase. A legitimate dissatisfaction was beating against the bars. The very virtues of British rule were producing the conditions most favorable to its resistance. The point had been reached when the educated Indians began to realize that they had a personal use for the axioms in moral copperplate their rulers had set them to transcribing, and that the lessons of liberty they had imbibed from the study of English literature and English history were applicable to themselves and their own conditions. The new spirit in India was in part a reflection of the English spirit penetrating the native mind. England had given India peace, security and education along Western lines. She had built railways and made intercourse both possible and popular among the three hundred million peoples under her sway. She had introduced the quickening spirit of commercialism. Her persistence in teaching English had manufactured the beginnings of something that might almost be called a sentiment of solidarity. She had introduced here and there the representative principle and had admitted thousands and scores of thousands of natives to the administrative ranks. Her schools and colleges were annually turning out many thousands of nimble-minded, impetuous youths for whom no

employment could be found. By sanctioning a native press, and the privilege of open meetings, she had stimulated a widespread intellectual ferment. The Japanese victories over Russia, again, had thrilled the entire Orient with a sense of unimagined possibilities. Add to this that Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty had ended, incongruously enough, by exasperating almost every section of Indian society, and that the partition of Bengal in particular had provoked a storm of resentment.

Never since the Mutiny had there been so much explosive material lying about in India as there was ten years ago. Properly looked at, the unrest in the Peninsula was at once the proof of the success of British rule and the price we were bound sooner or later to pay for it. But it assumed some very disturbing forms. It expressed itself to an accompaniment of unwonted tumult and agitation. We saw—I mean we stay-at-homes in England—a vehement and at times a violent demand on the part of the educated classes for more power and influence. We saw the popular indignation against the partition of Bengal resorting to the bomb and the knife. We saw it countered by stern strokes of repression. We saw British officials murdered, British goods boycotted, the alienation between rulers and ruled deepen into overt hostility, and hostility develop into sedition. We saw an exasperation of all the many elements of racial discord. We saw the expanding force of native opinion and ambitions beating upon a devoted, hard-working, but rather rigid and complacent bureaucracy. It was an anxious time. Happily we found in Lord Morley the statesman with the requisite qualities of patience, courage, faith and sympathy to weather it. Lord Morley interested the British democracy as it had never been interested before in the problems and responsibilities of Indian government. He resisted all the pressure that was brought upon him to take steps that might gradually have transformed the British Raj into a military autocracy. He hesitated not one moment to adopt the most drastic methods of repressing the propaganda of anarchism. Finally, and best of all, he perceived that the time had come to enlarge the scope of India's liberties, to pay more heed to the good-will of the people than to the smoothness of the administrative machine, and to convert the British scheme of government in the higher ranks from an absolute monopoly to a limited partnership. These pre-

scient, timely, and generous reforms averted what might have been a crisis full of peril. The King's visit to India did much, too, to induce a better feeling. But that the revolutionary movement was still far from being at an end was shown when the murderous and all but successful attempt was made upon the life of the Viceroy. Up to the very outbreak of the war, indeed, we in England watched India with a restrained sense of insecurity and apprehension. The country to all appearances had quieted down; the surface was tranquil; but we did not know what sinister movements might not be stirring beneath.

The demonstrations, therefore, of those August days two years ago were of a character to make the average Englishman rub his eyes. Instead of an India sullen with discontent, he saw an India acclaiming as with one voice Great Britain's declaration of war upon Germany, and almost tremulously eager to lay at the feet of the King-Emperor all her uncounted stores of devotion, of treasure, of chivalry and martial prowess. England's difficulty, he observed with something akin to bewilderment, was indeed India's opportunity —but to help, to support, and not, as he had half begun to fear it might be, to harm. "Among the many incidents that have marked the unanimous uprising of the populations of my Empire in defense of its unity and integrity," said the King-Emperor on September 8, 1914, "nothing has moved me more than the passionate devotion to my throne expressed both by my Indian subjects and by the Feudatory Princes and the Ruling Chiefs of India, and their prodigal offers of their lives and their resources in the cause of the Realm." The words were well chosen. It was indeed a "passionate devotion" that the Princes and peoples of India hastened to tender.

I may perhaps remind my American readers that it is a mistake to talk of British India as though the British governed the whole country. There are, as a matter of fact, some seven hundred native States, covering over a third of the total area, and inhabited by over 62,000,000 people, that are directly ruled by native Princes under a more or less nominal British suzerainty; and no feature of British rule in India has been more satisfactory than the moderation and foresight which have preserved this dual system of government. Its effects, on the whole, have been of the happiest; and in the loyalty of the native Princes and

the general contentment of their subjects, the British Raj has long found one of its surest supports. The famous proclamation of 1858—the proclamation that closed the horrors of the Mutiny with a word of peace and hope—contained as its first pledge a definite undertaking that the territories, rights, dignity and honor of the native Princes would be scrupulously respected. The powers and possessions and privileges of these potentates, and their relations with the British Government, are thus regulated by covenants that have never been and are never likely to be infringed. It was no empty form of words when the King-Emperor in September, 1914, declared that "paramount regard for treaty faith and the pledged word of rulers and peoples is the common heritage of England and of India." That regard is the sheet-anchor and security of all the native Princes, of all their subjects, and of all the independent States beyond the border with which the British Government has entered into relationship. Weaken the respect for treaties, adopt the Teutonic view of them as mere scraps of paper liable to be torn up at any moment by the stronger party, and India at once drifts rudderless into chaos. Apart, therefore, from the deep Oriental instinct of reverence for good faith, for loyalty to one's bond, apart from the moral detestation provoked by Germany's onslaught upon Belgium, the Princes and Ruling Chiefs of India recognized in that act and in the doctrine which lay behind it a menace to the very foundations of their own polities.

With one accord they took up arms against it. The Nizam of Hyderabad, governing a people twice as numerous as the people of the Netherlands and three times as numerous as the people of Ireland, offered at once $2,000,000 towards the cost of the war. The Maharaja of Mysore, with more subjects than the King of Sweden, was scarcely less munificent. The Maharaja of Gwalior, the ruler of a greater State than Denmark, gave $1,500,000 from his private purse to equip a hospital ship. Prince after Prince tendered their personal services and placed at the disposal of the Government their troops, their treasuries, their jewels, their horses and camels, the entire resources of their States. The chiefs of the border tribes, who love nothing better than an occasional raid on British territory, sent loyal messages and offers of support. From independent States beyond the frontier, like Nepal and Tibet, came assurances of sym-

pathy backed up by free-handed pledges of military and financial assistance. All over Tibet innumerable Lamas offered up prayers for the success of British arms. Inside the British-ruled dominions in India the same demonstrative enthusiasm prevailed. "In fact," said Lord Crewe at the time, "there is only one spirit and one movement over the whole of India. The Viceroy has received thousands of telegrams and letters from every quarter expressing loyalty and the desire to assist; and the local administrations have also received a vast number. They have come from every community, from all manner of different associations, religious and political, from all the different creeds, and from countless numbers of individuals offering their resources or their personal services." The native members on the various governing councils delivered speeches, and the native journalists wrote articles breathing nothing but the most generous loyalty and gratitude, and insisting unanimously that India asked for nothing better than to bear her full share of the burdens of the war. Political agitation suddenly and utterly ceased. The educated classes, from whose ranks had come the most formidable opponents of British rule, were now the first to profess a fervent loyalty. The mass of the people found a thousand touching ways of testifying to their faith in the justice and integrity of their British governors and their devotion to the Crown. Instead of an India of gloom, unrest and schism, the lightnings of the war revealed to us an India in a state of exuberant loyalty, fused into a single whole, and fearful only lest full advantage should not be taken of its spirit of sacrifice and the services it was yearning to render.

To appreciate the greatness of this miracle of unity one must remember what India is. Except technically and geographically, it is not a country at all. It is a continent, and a continent so vastly diversified in race, religion, language, physical conditions and degrees of civilization, that Western experience offers nothing with which to compare it. Imagine the United Kingdom and all Europe under the single rule of Japan; conceive the peoples of the British Isles and of all the countries of Europe, while retaining intact their own speech and faiths and peculiar customs and characteristics, taken up, jumbled together, and poured out again, anyhow and nohow, so that there are as many Frenchmen, Magyars, Irishmen, Spaniards, Finns, Italians and so on in Germany

as there are Germans, so that all existing boundaries become meaningless, so that peoples of the most varied development and attainments, holding different beliefs, speaking different tongues, and nourished, it may be, on mutual and inveterate antipathies, dwell side by side in hourly contact—picture all this, and some faint conception will be formed of that polyglot chaos we carelessly label "India." It is the beginning of all Indian wisdom to realize that no countries and no peoples in Europe differ from one another so profoundly as countries and peoples differ in India; that there is no such thing as an Indian nation or as the Indian people or as an Indian consciousness of unity and solidarity; and that among its three hundred millions are races as antagonistic to one another as the Pole to the Prussian or the mongoose to the snake, and as far removed from one another in interests, culture and instincts as the New Englander from the Patagonian. But even these stupendous facts are far from telling the whole tale. The forty-three distinct nationalities or races, the nine main religions—not sects, but religions—and the one hundred and eighty-five languages and dialects that are spoken between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin are only a hint of the endless mosaical complexities of the Indian structure. All these lines of division are themselves divided and subdivided again by the twenty-five hundred castes and their offshoots into which the peoples of the peninsula have been sectionalized. And this amazing congeries, comprising a fifth of the population of the world, is presided over by relatively a mere handful of strangers drawn from a distant island in the North Sea. Judge, then, of the force of that sentiment which even for a moment could overcome this infinity of cross-currents and unite all the peoples of India in a single mind and a single aspiration.

There was no mistaking the direction in which when the war came the wishes of India overwhelmingly pointed. They would be satisfied with nothing less than the actual participation in the struggle of the native Indian soldiery. The British Government neither suggested nor invited the employment of Indian troops on the battlefields of Europe. It was in a manner forced upon them by the vehement and repeated demands of the Indian peoples themselves. To have refused such an offer would have been an act of unstatesmanlike churlishness. It would have chilled and hu-

miliated every Indian of whatever race or creed under our flag. Both the Government in England and the English people did the right thing when they accepted, precisely in the spirit in which it was tendered, the magnificent contribution that India was prepared to make. In no other way could Indian sentiment be gratified or the bonds that link British and Indian destinies receive so striking an affirmation. Up to the present, India has put not less than 200,000 fighting men into the field. They were of vital use in stemming the German thrust at Calais, and but for them I do not see where we could have found the troops for the campaigns in Mesopotamia, in East Africa, in Egypt and Gallipoli. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the present Secretary of State for India, declared, in a remarkable interview with him which was published recently by Edward Marshall in a New York newspaper, that in all these regions the Indian troops had shown "fine military qualities—courage, discipline, and uncomplaining endurance of hardship." That is the bare truth. Fighting under an alien sky, with unfamiliar weapons and amid novel and depressing conditions, the Indian forces have more than lived up to the reputation of the fighting races from which they were drawn. To say that, for anyone who knows their quality, is to say all. But the great experiment of using them in Europe has served other than military ends. They have been admitted to the equal brotherhood of arms; they have fought side by side with British troops; they have been nursed in English hospitals and have experienced at first hand the kindliness of the English people; and they have seen and been tremendously impressed by the spectacle of British power extended to its uttermost. For decades and generations to come the tales of the great war in which the native and the British forces shared as comrades the perils and honors of the field will pass from mouth to mouth through the remotest villages of India, creating and intensifying between rulers and ruled the precious bond of sympathy.

There is one aspect of this matter I should like particularly to emphasize because it demolishes most effectually the fallacy that British rule in India rests upon force. In the interview from which I have already quoted, Mr. Chamberlain stated that the total garrison of India consists of 80,000 British and 160,000 native troops. In other words, the native army in India is twice as large as the British.

The sword which Britain wields in India is thus preponderantly in native hands, and if India, as some have asserted, is "overawed by superior military force," it is chiefly through the agency of the Indians themselves. As a matter of fact, millions upon millions of Indians go through life without once seeing the gleam of a British bayonet or the face of a British soldier; and when one remembers that a total force of 240,000 men, two-thirds of whom are natives, has for fifty years maintained an unbroken domestic peace and insured an absolute security of life and property among 300,000,000 people scattered over a territory of a million and a half square miles, and has safeguarded both people and territory against invasion from the north; and that, in proportion to population, this force is much smaller even than the American army, one sixtieth the size of the German, and about one-hundredth the size of the French, one needs nothing more to dismiss with contempt the "brute strength" theory of British rule in India.

And what has happened as the result of the war? Of the 80,000 trained British troops who were in India in August, 1914, 60,000 have been withdrawn and the places of two-thirds of them taken by Territorials from home, whose military efficiency is about on a par with that of the better regiments in the National Guard; and of the 160,000 trained native troops who were in India in August, 1914, 80,000, or exactly half, have been sent out of the country. The total force in India has thus been reduced by nearly one-half in numbers and by considerably over one-half in efficiency. And this in the middle of a great conflict, when the minds of the illiterate and credulous Indian masses are agitated by a thousand rumors, when German agents and native malcontents are doing what they can to stir up trouble, and when anything in the nature of serious disturbances in the peninsula would hamstring British military power almost as effectively as a defeat at sea. What is the explanation of it? The explanation is so simple that a great many people fail to see it. It is that we trust the peoples of India, that we have confidence not merely in the assurances they have proffered since the war began but in their general contentment under our rule, and that we know the disaffected and the sedition-mongers to represent not more than from one-sixth to one-third of one per cent. of the population. Therefore we have left ourselves all but defenseless against a

popular uprising. If the Indian peoples really want to be rid of us, now is their incomparable opportunity. We believe they cherish no such wish, that they do not desire our expulsion or overthrow, and that if our rule in India is not rooted in its justice, its impartiality, and its benevolence, and cannot stand on its own merits, then force alone can never save it. That belief, without a moment's hesitation, without the shadow of a misgiving, we are now putting to a supreme and unexampled test.

So far the event has justified us. India since the war has given us not one hour of real anxiety. She has been admirably tranquil, resolute and faithful. Certain precautionary measures have had to be taken, some disquieting incidents, mainly fomented by professional revolutionaries who make their headquarters in California, have occurred, but there has been absolutely nothing to justify the alarmist rumors which occasionally find their way into the American press. If the Germans hoped or calculated that a revolt in India would either follow automatically on Great Britain's participation in a European war or could be instigated by any machinations of theirs, they must today be the most pathetically disappointed people on this planet. Even Turkey's adhesion to the Central Powers and her attempt to proclaim a Holy War left the 60,000,000 Mohammedans in India merely scornful. The Nizam of Hyderabad, the greatest of all the Mohammedan Princes, whose deposition is one of the recurrent fairy-tales of the German press campaign in the United States, instantly threw the Young Turks overboard and denied that this was in any sense a religious war; and his action was immediately followed by other leaders and rulers of his faith.

I do not suppose that feeling among the mass of the Indian peoples has preserved through the past eighteen months all of its first intensity. But it has never wavered in the strength of its allegiance to the King-Emperor or in its fervent prayers for the triumph of British arms. I wish that I could reprint in full the wonderful speech delivered by Sir S. T. Sinha at the thirtieth meeting of the National Congress last December. It was at once a statesmanlike declaration of Indian claims and aspirations and a transparently sincere pledge of loyalty and good will. But I must content myself with summarizing the resolution which the Congress, the headquarters in other days of most of the

criticism and much of the opposition to which the British Raj was exposed, finally adopted. " On behalf of the people of India " the Congress begged to convey to the King-Emperor " their deep loyalty and profound devotion to the throne, their unswerving allegiance to the British connection and their firm resolve to stand by the Empire at all hazards and at all costs." Perhaps even more significant was the resolution passed in January at the annual meeting of the All-India Moslem League. It noted " with deep satisfaction the steadfast loyalty of the Mussulman community to the British Crown," and it assured the King-Emperor that his Government might " continue to rely upon the loyal adhesion to and support of the Imperial cause by the Mussulmans of India." Such utterances, combined with the tranquillity of the country and the unceasing flow of gifts and offers of service and native recruits, show that India stands today just where she stood in those crucial August days of 1914. I am not sure, as I began by saying, that the war has produced any greater fact than this. On India's place in the Empire, on her mechanism of government, and on her relations with Great Britain and with all who hold authority within her boundaries, it is a fact that is bound to leave an abiding and I believe a beneficent mark.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

FEDERAL FINANCIAL RAILWAY REGULATION

THE ALTON AS A TEST CASE

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

THE life of any man who, like Edward H. Harriman, can rise from comparative obscurity and indigence to the possession of a fortune exceeding $100,000,000 within the short span of eleven years, is indubitably, like his railroads, "affected with a public interest." The scope of Harriman's influence at the time of his death in 1909 was continental. He controlled fifty thousand miles of railway—more than there were in existence in the entire country at the close of the Civil War. He was a dominant factor in the inner circles of the greatest banking institutions. The vast resources of the New York life insurance companies were at his disposition. Ramifications of his political power, Federal and State, extended to every quarter of the land. State and even national conventions took his orders. Members of Congress did his bidding. Laws were enacted at his will. Only two men ever dared to block his path. The late J. P. Morgan stood between him and the possession of the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1901; and Theodore Roosevelt thwarted his purpose to become an absolute dictator of the transportation affairs of the United States.

Such extraordinary performance can never be justly appraised at close range; but a sufficient interval has now elapsed to warrant an estimate of the man and to view him in perspective among the stirring events of his time. Mr. George W. Kennan, officially introduced as a well-known author and traveler, whose works include *Siberia and the Exile System, Campaigning in Cuba* and *The Tragedy of Pelée,* apparently presents a chapter of his official

biography entitled, *The Chicago & Alton Case: A Misunderstood Transaction,* in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January. With simple faith and extraordinary audacity this journalist plunges head-first into one of the most complicated episodes in Harriman's career, in an endeavor to make it appear "one of the great railroad achievements of the time."

Taken by itself this contribution deals merely with a relatively insignificant transaction. The Chicago & Alton reorganization was just a curtain-raiser for the great speculative railroad drama of 1898-1903. But it has become a classic in American corporate finance. It was an unusually clever bit of stock watering. It substantiates peculiarly well the need of Federal regulation of railroad security issues. Furthermore, it offers a choice opportunity for a disquisition upon morals in the conduct of business. It is quite immaterial to the public at large that expensively bound copies of this particular article have been lavishly bestowed upon newspapers, bankers and publicists throughout the country, regardless of expense. The caustic arraignment of my version of the affair in a recent volume on railroad finance [1] is likewise unimportant, except as an inducement to enter the lists in championship of others. What really matters is that the integrity of the Interstate Commerce Commission—an administrative body which the American people are bound before long to clothe with authority to regulate the issue of railroad securities—is impugned; that the presidential record of Theodore Roosevelt is viciously attacked; and that the only sure remedy for most of our financial ills in the field of railroading and of big business—downright, as distinguished from specious publicity—is entirely misconceived.

Before we consider who killed Cock Robin, it is pertinent to ascertain how dead he really is. Wherein the public has a vested interest in his demise, if proved, will appear later. Chicago & Alton common stock sold at $175 per share—the preferred at $200—in 1898 when the Harriman syndicate bought it. Eight per cent dividends had then been paid for a long time. Alton stock now sells at about $8.00 per share. The bonds—$10,000,000 of them for which the life insurance companies paid 96—now sell under 60. The Alton 3½s sell at about 45. The road has failed to earn even its fixed charges since 1912 by about $6,600,000, the deficit growing

[1] *Railroads: Finance and Organization;* 1915.

larger year by year. Profit and loss on the liability side of the balance sheet for 1915 stands at $7,451,000. Nothing but the recent investment by the Union Pacific of $8,417,000 in its new bond issues—there being no public market therefor—has kept the Alton out of receivership. This explains the anomaly of operation by the Union Pacific, although the majority of the Alton capital stock is still owned by the Clover Leaf. Whether this powerful creditor will be able to galvanize it into life through use as a connection into Chicago, time alone can tell. Cock Robin appears to be dead. Whether it was Harriman or some one else who dealt the fatal blow,—whether the former was indeed a " veray parfit gentil Knight " in business or whether he was an " undesirable citizen,"—has a certain bearing upon the fitness of Theodore Roosevelt to be a candidate once more for President of these United States.

What actually happened was as follows: In 1898 the Chicago & Alton was a trig little railroad about one thousand miles long, possessing one of the best physical locations as to distance, grade and curvature between Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. It had been raised by hand, milk fed and personally conducted, by a management which had grown up on the job. It had been upbuilt out of surplus earnings through past years, over and above ample and regular dividends. Its capitalization, according to the Annual Report of 1894, represented less than 60 per cent " of the actual cost of the property in its present improved condition." But President Blackstone was growing old. Youthful railroad systems were springing up on all sides, each intent upon securing an entrance into Chicago over its own rails for all traffic from beyond the great rivers. The road's former lucrative business as a through line was " drying up." Pet lambs, even among railroads, cannot subsist in the company of cub lions without something happening in the course of time! At this juncture, in 1898, Harriman headed a syndicate which bought practically all its capital stock. The total capitalization was thereupon, within seven years, expanded from $33,951,000 to more than $114,000,000,—an *increase* of securities exceeding $60,000 per mile, that being about the average net capitalization of the railroads of the United States at the present time. According to the oral argument of Judge Lovett, now Chairman of the Union Pacific Board, the property was

> Worth approximately $59,000,000. . . . They issued $94,000,000 of par value for what cost them $57,000,000. That is a clear and graphic way of stating it. * * * * * *
> Com'r. Harlan: They simply bought an opportunity. Was not that it?
> Mr. Cravath: Undoubtedly.

This " opportunity " was realized by first placing a $40,000,000 3 per cent mortgage upon the property as it stood, to take up $8,500,000 worth of first mortgage bonds, to make improvements—only $18,000,000 was, however, actually expended for this purpose—and " for other corporate purposes." (See table on following page.) This left a net increase of $62,000,000 of stock and liabilities without one dollar of consideration. Most of these new bonds were sold to stockholders—the syndicate—at 65; and these stockholders, for the most part, promptly disposed of them to the public at prices ranging from 80 to 96. A New York life insurance company bought $10,000,000 of them at 96, even before they were listed, apparently. The injunction against not letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth, was not too scrupulously observed, corporatively, before the days of the Hughes life insurance investigation! Then, out of the 65 cents on the dollar realized by the Alton Railroad through the sale of its bonds, the principal stockholders voted themselves a dividend of 30 per cent, amounting to $6,669,180,—which fact, by the way, *was never reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission.* The transaction was fulfilled through an exchange by the syndicate of their Alton *Railroad* stock for the shares of a new *Railway* holding company, to which the old *Railroad* was then tied up by a long lease. The purpose of this complicated arrangement will be evident shortly. The stock of this holding *Railway* company, carrying control, then found a resting place in the treasuries of the Union Pacific and the Rock Island roads in turn. It was then foisted upon the so-called Clover Leaf, until that road went into bankruptcy. And now, at last, the poor little moribund waif has come back into the lap of the Union Pacific, Harriman's own railroad. What will become of it next? Physically fitted to be one of the most efficient lines between three of our greatest inland cities, having been financially assassinated thus, it lies prostrated. An " opportunity," industrially lost by the people because privately exploited for the profit of a few!

HARRIMAN INVESTIGATION.

[*Official I. C. C. Syllabus*]	Page No. Vol. 7	Page No. Oral Argument	Page No. Vol. of Exhibits
The books of the Company, on December 31, 1898, showed that the value of the property was $39,935,887	42, 93, 94, 422	...	...
and the stock and funded debt and other liabilities amounted to $33,951,407	422	...	...
About this time the Harriman syndicate purchased the Chicago & Alton at $200 for the preferred stock and $175 for the common, or at a total cost of $39,042,200	76, 82, 127, 151, 445	15	...
Thence on until June 30, 1906, the capital indebtedness of the C. & A. expanded from $33,951,407 to an amount between about $114,000,000 and $122,000,000	94–96, 418, 422, 426	176	182
an increase of about $80,000,000	97	...	165
Of this only $18,000,000 was actually expended in improvements, etc.	96, 122, 278, 419, 424	176	180
leaving $62,000,000 increase of stock and liabilities without one dollar of consideration	98	176	...
This was done by placing a $40,000,000 3% mortgage on the property	44, 119, 141, 386	9	164
to take up $8,500,000 of first mortgage bonds	44, 56, 143, 437	179	...
and to make improvements, additions, and for "other corporate purposes"	...	...	...
These bonds were sold to stockholders at about 66 cents on the dollar [*Apparently 65; W. Z. R.*]	50, 120, 143, 426	9	...
the syndicate obtaining nearly all	45, 49	...	...
owning at that time 218,138 shares of stock out of 222,306 outstanding	43	...	...
But only $32,000,000 of the $40,000,000 issue was sold	44, 426	...	...
the syndicate disposing of what it had obtained at a profit of about $8,000,000	105, 107, 108	...	...
Of the remaining $8,000,000 issue, $7,000,000 was pledged as security for a $5,000,000 loan, and the remaining $1,000,000 was retained in the treasury	95, 96, 423	...	...
Out of about 66 cents on the dollar realized by the R.R. the principal stockholders voted themselves a dividend of 30 per cent, amounting to $6,669,180	55, 105, 107, 108, 427, 447	18	...
which was never reported to the I.C.C.	...	...	...
It did appear that $10,000,000 of them went into one of the great New York life insurance companies at about 96 cents on the dollar	48 344–5–6–7–8	21, 179	175

The most succinct defense of the foregoing transactions is contained in the following introduction to the argument of Paul D. Cravath, counsel for the Harriman syndicate:

> There is no doubt . . . that another purpose and effect of this recapitalization was to create securities, the aggregate par value of which exceed the intrinsic demonstrated value of the property at the time those securities were created. . . . A portion of these new securities, chiefly the common stock . . . represented the future of the property . . . the added value which was expected to result . . . from the application of new methods and on account of the growth of the country. . . .
>
> But . . . we are dealing with the period which immediately followed the depression of 1893 . . . when very different standards were being applied from those applied now and when many things were not only permissible, but were approved, which, under existing conditions and under the conservative influences which have come from success and from our rapid development, are now regarded at least as unwise.

The foregoing admission that the Alton reorganization may be "now regarded at least as unwise"—a piece of bad business—few will question nowadays. The Rock Island, Frisco and other companies have since demonstrated only too clearly that corporations with such a superfluity of stocks that even preferred shares could not possibly be marketed near par, must perforce finance all future needs through bond issues or notes; and that the constantly growing burden of fixed charges cannot lead otherwise than downhill toward bankruptcy,—where in fact, as we have just seen, the Alton has fetched up. But this affair is not merely a case of unwise financing. It is abject moral delinquency—bad faith and unfair practise—which merits our serious attention. This is where the chasm between Harriman's advocates and his critics yawns most wide and deep. It is one thing to trade off a spavined nag, as spavined; it is quite another to dispose of it as a trotter. Everything hinges upon two points: first, whether frank and full publicity prevailed; and secondly, whether those who bought the Alton stocks from the syndicate were induced to purchase them under a consequent misapprehension as to their value. Whether Harriman "lost control," as Mr. Kennan states,—having this precious possession "wrested" from him; or whether he was glad to have it off his hands, affords a test of the faith entertained in the outcome of the reorganization. Proof of willful decep-

tion also fully accounts for the relative immunity from criticism of the Alton syndicate until the Interstate Commerce Commission made its investigation in 1907 [1]; and it incidentally disposes of the charge that personal animosity of President Roosevelt brought about the public condemnation visited upon the reorganization. So adroitly was everything concealed that not even the Rock Island "crowd"—not unskillful in the ways of Wall Street—suspected the actual situation until they had acquired a half interest in the road. Thus the proof of deceptive accounting has a direct bearing upon the ulterior purpose of the Harriman syndicate. If everything was indeed straightforward and constructive, open and above-board, what was the use of juggling the accounts in the face of such anticipated expansion and prosperity for the property? Concealment, besides suggesting duplicity, demands a motive. Men do not falsify for fun. The relations between the Harriman syndicate and its customers, the Rock Island people, must be clearly understood.

The whole-hearted and disinterested confidence of Mr. Harriman in the future of his reorganized Alton property, we may learn from his own lips.[2] Harriman was never a dodger when cornered. He was a good sport, that way.

Mr. Kellogg: Then you consider it legitimate, do you, to put $19,000,000 of common stock on the public that will never pay a dividend?

Mr. Harriman: Did we ever say to the public that we would pay a dividend?

Mr. Kellogg: You say the public can take care of themselves in buying stock? Don't you think that when stock of a railroad is put out, there is some implied obligation at some time to pay something on it?

Mr. Harriman: Yes, sir. * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: But you put on the market nearly $40,000,000 of stock, on half of which you have paid no dividends, is not that true?

Mr. Harriman: Undoubtedly that is so.

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[1] Compare, however, U. S. Industrial Commission, 1901, Vol. XIX, page 407, and the editorial in the New York *Evening Post*, February 26, 1907, as to the long-standing suspicion in Wall Street concerning this "very peculiar" transaction.

[2] All the New York papers reprinted this testimony of February 25-6, 1907, word for word. My quotations, however, are from the official stenographic record.

Mr. Kellogg: And this syndicate had some of their common stock hadn't they?

Mr. Harriman: You ask the Rock Island people, they may know.

Mr. Kellogg: I think they do know, quite likely. I will ask them. You unloaded the stock on somebody else?

Mr. Harriman: I don't know whether you call it unloading. They can tell you. They are carrying the load.

Even the New York *Sun*—hardly a Populist organ—labelled this sally, "The Rock Island Carrying the Bag"; while the *Times*, noting the chuckle which according to eye witnesses accompanied the statement, heralded it as "Another Harriman Joke."

How did the Rock Island people, on their part, regard the affair—not over-squeamish veterans as they were in the subtler arts of railroad finance? This time let their new Alton Auditor be the spokesman.

Mr. Kellogg: In what condition did you find . . . the Chicago & Alton Railway Company, the consolidated company?

Mr. Hillard: Well, about the first thing that came to me was the preparation of a plan to obtain additional money that was absolutely necessary. * * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: Well, what did you do to make an investigation to find out how to pay for the line of road and what did you find? State generally.

Mr. Hillard: . . . after considerable hunting around I discovered that that road (a 34½ mile cut-off between the two Alton lines) which was not completed and was not constructed at all, had been already mortgaged, and that therefore there was no possibility of getting any bonds on it, unless we could float a second mortgage which was very poor security. * * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: All that $22,000,000 of bonds are outstanding?

Mr. Hillard: Yes sir.

Mr. Kellogg: And the company has been compelled to issue . . . over $5,000,000 car trust certificates, has it not?

Mr. Hillard: Yes. . . . Up to the present date they (the Rock Island people) have issued over $5,000,000 of car trust certificates.

Mr. Kellogg: And with the $40,000,000 first mortgage, 3 per cent bonds, it has been compelled to borrow money, has it not? . . . And now has no money available for the completion of the road which was covered by this second mortgage of $22,000,000?

* * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: They had mortgaged the road and issued and sold the bonds, but had not built it.

Mr. Hillard: That is right. * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: It has had to provide money in addition to all these securities?

Mr. Hillard: Yes sir.

Mr. Kellogg: I guess that is all.

This was the condition, be it recalled, of a railroad which had just issued $80,000,000 in stock and bonds for $18,000,000 of actual improvements "and for other corporate purposes."

Both the balance sheet and the revenue account under the Harriman administration were smothered in a number of ways. As for the former, it would be too tedious and technical to follow the matter in detail. But the result may be stated in the words of an impartial expert, Thomas W. Mitchell:[1]

> Apparently the company had made enormous expenditures upon its property and equipment, raising funds by means of bond, equipment bond and stock sales. But all of this is merely on the surface. The Chicago & Alton reports furnish an excellent example of the errors into which an investor might fall if he depended solely upon an analysis of the statements contained therein as a source of information. . . . The above account illustrates the method by which a corporation could inflate its capitalization . . . without the appearance of stock watering, etc.

And then in the second place, the income account was completely obscured through the device of the *Railway* holding company which alone reported its income from the operating *Railroad,* regardless of the actual earnings of the latter. Lest we overstate the case, take the conclusion once more from the foregoing expert:

> Out of the rental received by it, the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company might build up a large surplus or an equally large deficiency year by year, and in neither case would the stock or bond holders of either company, except those who were officers, have the faintest suspicion of its existence.

In order to spike once and for all the contention repeatedly made by Harriman and his counsel that everything was open and above board,—because forsooth a few flimsy formalities requisite for listing on the Stock Exchange were complied with,—one further bit of evidence from the new Rock Island auditor is worth hearing. This time the testi-

[1] *Journal of Accountancy,* 1907, p. 219.

mony relates to the capitalization of the surplus, partially constituted of past expenditures for improvements, which had been " ploughed in " to the property. The 30 per cent. cash dividend was first charged against this surplus, and then the discount on the new bonds—that is to say, the difference between 65, at which they were sold, and the par value, at which they must be redeemed ultimately—was charged against the balance of this surplus, completely dissipating it.

Mr. Kellogg: But charging the discount on bonds against this would cover it up on the books, would it not?

Mr. Hillard: Yes.

Mr. Kellogg: It would tend to obscure it would it not?

Mr. Hillard: Yes, so far as the public were concerned.

Mr. Kellogg: It would cover it up so far as any man looking over the books was concerned?

Mr. Hillard: No; any man looking over the books would see it, but any man looking over the annual report would not. * * *

Mr. Kellogg: Then, so far as the annual reports made to the stock holders or to the public is concerned, they would not see that?

Mr. Hillard: No, they would not see that. * * * * * *

Comr. Lane: If those things could be done . . . would not a practise of that sort destroy the integrity and uniformity of railroad accounts generally?

Mr. Hillard: It would upset the whole system.

The conclusion to which we come, then, is this—and its importance alone warrants this tedious rehearsal of a bit of ancient history: that neither the public nor the investing class will ever be assured against the recurrence of scandals like the Alton, the Frisco, the Rock Island and the New Haven, until there is a veritable acceptance of the principle of *genuine,* as distinguished from tinsel, publicity of accounts. No half truths will answer. The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. And real publicity means such frankness between directors and those whom they represent, as is the expression of a refined and lively sense of trusteeship and accountability for the outcome of their management. Nor may the public be left out of account. To bleed a railroad white and then turn it loose upon one's neighbors to die a lingering death, ought not to be tolerated by law. And when Federal incorporation of railroads and of big businesses comes—as come it must in due season—it will make ample provision for the prevention of the holding company abuse,

of indirection of accounting methods, and for a reasonably greater liability on the part of directors than now prevails under the laws of the several American commonwealths.

The record of Theodore Roosevelt in this Alton affair is completely unsullied. There is not a shred of evidence to show that Harriman's refusal to contribute to the Republican campaign fund in 1906, leading up to the " undesirable citizen " episode, had anything whatever to do with the Interstate Commerce Commission investigation. This matter has been fully covered by Mr. Roosevelt himself in his *Presidential Addreses and State Papers* and in the accompanying letter published herewith:

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.,
January 19th, 1916.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR RIPLEY:

I have just been sent a pamphlet called " The Chicago and Alton Case," written by a Mr. George Kennan.[1]

This pamphlet seems to be chiefly an attack upon you, but it is also an attack on the Interstate Commerce Commission, including especially Commissioner Prouty, but also Mr. Franklin Lane and the other Commissioners. Moreover, it includes several statements about my action. The author, Mr. Kennan, on page 39, in condemning the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, says *" Suppressio veri, suggestio falsi."* I agree with him. I further agree that the suppression of the truth, and the suggestion or insinuation of the false, are morally as obnoxious as the lie direct; and are even meaner than the lie direct, because, on the whole, they are more cowardly. Mr. Kennan states that I had a disagreement with Mr. Harriman in the Fall of 1906, saying that Mr. Harriman thought that I had " failed to observe the terms of a mutual understanding." He states that Mr. Harriman refused to contribute to the Republican Party when asked to do so by James S. Sherman, for the alleged reason that I had not kept faith with him and that this was made known to me " perhaps with an unfair or inaccurate statement of the reasons for it "; and that I thereupon assumed toward Mr. Harriman an attitude of hostility, and " finally characterized him in a letter to Representative Sherman as an undesirable citizen " (incidentally, the " finally " is a misleading word, for I made the characterization given as soon as Mr. Sherman repeated the statement to me). Mr. Kennan then speaks of a controversy over the matter, due to the publication of a copy of a private letter written by Mr. Harriman to a Mr. Sidney Webster, and in this controversy he states that " the

[1] [Published first in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, January, 1916.—EDITOR.]

President denied and Mr. Harriman reaffirmed the accuracy of the statements made therein."

This entire matter has been published in full, again and again, and brought out under oath in the testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee, controlled by my political opponents, in the Fall of 1912. The detailed republication of the letters written at that time between Mr. Harriman and myself, and my comments on them, will be found on pages 846 to 858 inclusive in the 5th volume of my *Presidential Addresses and State Papers.* The letters there given verbatim between myself and Mr. Harriman, must of course be known to Mr. Kennan, and the reading of them is incompatible with the assumption that Mr. Kennan or anyone else is honest in stating that there was the slightest possibility of a " disagreement or misunderstanding " as to what I had said or as to my " keeping faith." It was Mr. Sherman who himself made known to me what Mr. Harriman had said to him, which was in substance repeated by Mr. Harriman in his letter to Mr. Webster. Mr. Kennan says that " Perhaps " Mr. Sherman made " an unfair or inaccurate statement "—Mr. Sherman being the only person who made the statement to me, until I saw the Webster letter published. Mr. Sherman was afterwards Vice-President of the Untied States, and the newspapers reported Mr. Harriman as backing him for that position. This is not compatible with the belief by Mr. Harriman that Mr. Sherman had been guilty of falsehood. Mr. Kennan conceals the reasons why I spoke of Mr. Harriman as an " undesirable citizen," and of course the ordinary reader of his paper would think it was on account of the railway transaction in question. In reality they were as follows:

In my letter to Mr. Sherman of October 8th, 1906, I said: " You informed me that Mr. Harriman told you that he did not care in the least who was elected, because those people were crooks and he could buy them; that whenever he wanted legislation from the State Legislature he could buy it; that he could buy Congress, and, if necessary, he could buy the Judiciary. This was doubtless said partly in boastful cynicism and partly in a mere burst of bad temper, because of his objection to the Interstate Commerce Law and to my action as President, but it shows a cynicism and deep sunk corruption which make a man of such character at least as undesirable a citizen as Debs, or Moyer or Haywood."

This was my published statement, on the authority of Mr. Sherman; and two years later Mr. Harriman supported the same Mr. Sherman for Vice-President. If Mr. Kennan does not regard such boasts as indicating " undesirability " in a citizen, that is his affair. But when he conceals the reason why I spoke of Mr. Harriman as an undesirable citizen, he is guilty of the " *suppressio veri* " for which he condemns others. When he furthermore conceals the fact that the publication of my letter of October 14th, 1906, to Mr. Harriman

(and of my other letters to him, and his to me) absolutely, and with no room for question of any kind, showed that my statements were entirely accurate, that I had absolutely kept faith, that there was no room whatever for misunderstanding or disagreement of memory, and that I not only did not ask anything of Mr. Harriman before election, but had explicitly told him in writing that what I had to say to him could be said as well after election—when he does this, Mr. Kennan is guilty of a further "*suppressio veri.*" When he furthermore fails to mention the fact that Mr. Loeb testified in absolute corroboration of my testimony, before the Senate Committee, he being the only other person present when I saw Mr. Harriman, he is guilty of a third "*suppressio veri.*" There was no chance whatever for any honest difference of opinion, and no man who is himself honest, and who has read the printed and published statements, can truthfully say that there was such chance.

Mr. Kennan continues: "It may be only a chronological coincidence, but it was in November, 1906, immediately after the rupture of friendly relations between the President and Mr. Harriman, that the Interstate Commerce Commission—either of its own initiative, or upon suggestion—began its investigation of the undesirable citizen's past activities." This is, of course, an innuendo—made in the meanest possible fashion—that this action might *not* represent "only a chronological coincidence." Mr. Kennan here is guilty of "*suggestio falsi.*" Mr. Franklin Lane, Mr. Prouty, Mr. Knapp, Mr. Harlan and Mr. Clark were, if I remember right, the Commissioners at that time. The suggestion that these men would listen to, or that I would make, a request that they proceed against a railroad president because of my personal disagreement with him, is monstrous in its iniquity, and equally monstrous in its absurdity. The man who makes such a suggestion is unfit to be believed on any point.

A little further on, Mr. Kennan states that, while Governor, I "signed a law allowing savings banks to invest in the securities of the Chicago & Alton Railroad," the implication being that I then approved of the conduct of Mr. Harriman in connection with the Chicago & Alton Railroad. Mr. Kennan, however, has himself previously said, on pages 3 and 17, that this acquisition of the Chicago & Alton by Mr. Harriman "excited little comment at the time," and that "serious, hostile criticism did not begin until several years later." He omits to state (what appears in the testimony) that I had, as Governor, announced (what I believe the Governors preceding and succeeding me also announced) that in legislation of this kind, I would follow the recommendation of the Savings Bank Association, refusing to sign any bill unless they endorsed it, and signing any bill they endorsed. The bill in question was recommended by the Savings Bank Association, and I signed it on their say-so. This was the proper course, and the only proper course. I had, at the

time, no knowledge whatever of the transaction in question, and could not have had such knowledge.

It appears then that Mr. Kennan, wherever he speaks of my dealings with the affair, is guilty either of the "*suppressio veri,*" or of the "*suggestio falsi*" which he condemns.

I am not familiar with the other matters on which he touches in this case, but I am familiar with what he thus says about my relations with Mr. Harriman. In view of his methods of setting forth the statements above referred to; and, in view of the facts above stated; I would refuse to accept his unsupported assertion on any point whatever as establishing even a presumption of the accuracy of this assertion, as regards the other matters in the case—those with which I am not personally familiar.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Had the President ordered an investigation at the time it would have been only in the right line of his duty. Prosperity and speculative activity had brought about an orgy of disrespect for law, of cunning and of greed, of which this Alton reorganization was only a little more, perhaps, than a fair sample. And even in the absence of irregular practises, railroads and industrial concerns were being consolidated right and left, in a most disquieting fashion. John W. Gates described the prevailing spirit in the Louisville & Nashville —Atlantic Coast Line affair:

We bought the Louisville & Nashville just as you would buy a box of candy. It was wrapped up and delivered to us, and we paid $50,000,000 for it. That was all there was to it.

Somebody had to put a stop to this sort of thing, or else control of most of the property of the United States would soon have been lodged in the hands of a very small coterie of men. Listen to Mr. Harriman, questioned by Commissioner Lane, now Secretary of the Interior, who, by the way, wrote the very able and convincing Interstate Commerce Commission's opinion upon the subject:

A. I would go on with it. If I thought we could realize something more than we have got from these investments I would go on and buy some more things. * * * * * *

Q. Supposing that you got the Santa Fe? A. You would not let us get it.

Q. How could we help it? A. How could you help it? I think you would bring out your power to enforce the conditions of the Sher-

man Anti-Trust Act pretty quick. If you will let us, I will go and take the Santa Fe to-morrow.

Q. You would take it to-morrow? A. Why, certainly I would; I would not have any hesitation; it is a pretty good property.

Q. Then it is only the restriction of the law that keeps you from taking it? A. I would go on as long as I live.

Q. Then after you had gotten through with the Santa Fe and had taken it, you would also take the Northern Pacific and Great Northern if you could get them. A. If you would let me.

Q. And your power, which you have, would gradually increase as you took one road after another, so that you might spread not only over the Pacific coast, but spread out over the Atlantic coast? A. Yes.

The most significant achievement of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States was the subjection of the great railroad business of the country to law and order, just as Andrew Jackson put an end to financial oligarchy in the field of banking. And it was just such occurrences as the Alton affair which finally enabled him to prevail over an opposition organized upon an unprecedented scale. It will be the recurrence of such affairs, as in the recent Rock Island, Frisco, and New Haven scandals, that will compel the Federal Government in time to assume the same sort of supervision over matters of finance which in 1906 was conferred upon it in respect of rates. All that can prevent this consummation will be a fixed determination among the bankers and the railroad men of the country to visit their most severe and united condemnation upon every member of their fraternity who violates the rules of the game. Among these rules a basic one is the prohibition of play with loaded dice; and dealings in the shares of a company by its own officers and directors, who profit by the misrepresentation of its affairs to the outside world, is just that and nothing else—gambling with loaded dice. Ostracism by the members of their own class, and not a chorus of invective against every academic "theorist" who dares to raise his voice in defense of fair play, will alone eliminate, once and for all, practises which, indulged in by a few, bring disrepute upon the great majority of railroad men who are well intentioned and straightforward in their dealings with their fellow citizens.

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY.

A FRIEND'S VIEW OF COLONEL HOUSE

BY HENRY HERBERT CHILDERS

Colonel House, comparatively unknown three years ago, is now a factor in the making of current history. This prominence came to him through his intimacy with President Wilson, and an earnest desire to serve his friend and his country.

Colonel House was born in Houston fifty-seven years ago; his father was a banker and land owner; he received a college education at Cornell; he married Miss Hunter, of San Marcus, and is the father of two daughters, who are married. In the early eighties he made his home in Austin, for the purpose of having easy access to the land office and the best records of Spanish grants, head-rights and land patents. His father owned thousands of acres, and clear title is an essential in the management of landed estates in Texas, where originally all the public domain was reserved to provide public school, asylum, university and other funds. When I met Mr. House some twenty years ago he was not called Colonel, nor has he earned the title since by any military service, nor as a National Guardsman. A Governor of Texas—maybe Lanham, or perhaps Sayers—without previous consultation, attached him to his staff as an aide-de-camp.

Colonel House has never tried to make money. His main effort has been to keep what his father left him, and to make it productive. His income does not exceed twenty thousand dollars a year. He was unknown in public life until the Hogg-Clark campaign in 1892, at the end of Governor Hogg's first term of office. Even then his movements were so noiseless that few knew he was interested in the

result. Hogg was a progressive, Clark a reactionary. Both were Democrats. Hogg had the farmers, Clark the merchants. Hogg favored the regulation of railroads and a closer supervision over all private corporations. Clark's followers insisted that Hogg was trying to bankrupt the railroads and drive capital from the State. The campaign was bitter, and Hogg would have lost the fight if it had not been for House, who stood behind the curtain and pulled the strings.

When the 1894 campaign begun, the progressives (though not by that designation) were dominant, and Charles A. Culberson was Attorney-General of the State. Culberson had trailed along in harmony with Hogg's policies. Colonel House had kept in the background, but was counseling and standing by his friend, the retiring Governor. The candidates for the Governorship were Culberson, Richard M. Wynne, and John H. Reagan, of Confederate Cabinet fame, who had recently resigned from the United States Senate to become chairman of the first railway commission of Texas. No one took Wynne seriously. He was picturesque, broad-shouldered, six feet tall, with long hair such as Bailey used to wear and Vardaman wears now. Reagan was then past seventy, but he was the grand old man of Texas. He had served many years in the Lower House of Congress, had made a good record for earnest work and constant attendance, and afterwards had been sent to the Senate, there to serve acceptably, devoting his time chiefly to interstate commerce matters.

House picked Culberson. I was staff correspondent at Austin for the leading Democratic newspaper, and gave him my co-operation. So did a sufficient number of other newspaper men in order to make a working force for public opinion. Wynne soon withdrew, and the struggle lay between a popular, virile, handsome young son of the late David B. Culberson—of whom it had been said that he was, in his time, the best lawyer in Congress—and Reagan, a splendid survivor from a past age. Youth and eloquence meant much, but Culberson had House with him: that was the main point; and Culberson won. Subsequently Mr. House played the leading role in electing Sayers and Lanham. He rose gradually to be the most effective though the most quiet influence in the Democratic policies of the Southern States. He never has sought anything for himself.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing that can be said of Colonel House is that during these four compaigns for Governor he never incurred the enmity of a single man, never had one heated controversy, never threatened, never browbeat, never punished. It is safe to say that he never sought to even up old scores with anyone, whatever the provocation. If he ever sought the friendship of any man, it is not on record. Place and power were not for him. He did not need them. They were not essential to his purposes. He belonged to no particular coterie, no clique. He was never known as the source of any plot. He had methods of his own, and they won out. His politics and his friendships were disinterested.

At this point in my picture it may serve a useful purpose to quote what E. S. Martin said of him in his book, *Reflections of a Beginning Husband:*

Another thing I find reassuring is the glimpses I get now and then of men who are at work providing government for the country; especially unadvertised men whom few people ever hear of, who hold no office and aspire to none; whose pictures are never in the papers, nor their names in the reporters' books or the mouths of the multitude. I heard the other day about one such person (Brookfield told me), a man of sufficient fortune—a million, I dare say—not a celibate like Thompson, but married and with a few children; a shrewd, experienced, thoughtful man, whose interest in life is and always has been politics, to handle the machinery of it and get the best results compatible with the material offered to pass laws and fill the offices, and the prejudices and mental disabilities of the voters. "I have known that man," Brookfield said, "for eighteen years, and watched him play politics all that time; plan and direct; weigh men and choose between them; use their talents and abilities when they had them; put them in places where thy belonged when he could; put in the next-best man when he couldn't. He always played fair; always wanted the best man, the best law, and the best principle that he could see, and never wanted anything for himself except the fun of playing the game. You couldn't drive him into office. He never tried to make a penny out of legislation. The less he was seen and heard of the better he liked it, but he recognized politics as the great man's game, and he liked to play it. No doubt the sense of power was pleasant to him, but his use of power was entirely conscientious, and the source of his power was never money, but the confidence that men had in his sagacity and unselfishness. Back in him somewhere there was, of course, a sense of duty and a belief in certain principles of government, and a sort of unconscious consecration to the desire to see our experiment in government go well and to see

the country prosper. But the immediate interest that kept his mind busy was just a delight in guiding the political affairs of men.

I dare say Brookfield's man is an exceptional political boss; but I dare say, also, that in so far as we have, or ever have had, or will have, decent government, we owe it to somebody who has had a call to provide it for us, and has had the talents necessary to make his call effective. The rare thing about Brookfield's man, as he described him, was his self-effacement and superiority to vanity. He loved to play the game, but not only never thought of the gate-money, but never cared to be a grand-stand player. To do the job and do it well brought him the joy of a true artist in his art. As I said, I have felt encouraged about the future of politics in this country since I heard about him. If he had been a saint I wouldn't have been so much encouraged, but Brookfield represented him as a mere human being, like any of us, looking about for things that interested his mind and made life taste good, and finding them supremely in politics. It is an encouragement to find that our politics is so good a game that folks with money and brains enough to experiment with pleasures will play at it purely for their inward satisfaction, and without attention even to the applause. Of course, men of that temperament and that high degree of sagacity and self-control are rare, but we have our share of men with an insight into cause and effect, and an understanding of the human mind both in the individual and in the crowd, and with ability to hear what is going on when they put their ears to the ground, and with a lively interest in human affairs that must surely draw them into politics whenever they see that politics is a paramount interest. We have no picturesque Dukes of Devonshire drudging dutifully at government without vanity or political ambition, as fathers drudge for their families, and as Washington, maybe, drudged for us, but I believe we have a native product of our own that does like work, and quite as often with intelligence, because the work calls to them and because they not only feel the responsibilities of civilization, but find delight in undertaking them.

When he had achieved his marked success in making Governors of Texas some of his friends advised a national career. He was told that he could enlarge his ambitions and make or help to make a President of the United States. He entertained the idea, but he did not seek publicity. He gave no token of what he had in his mind, but he went to New York, in conformity with his custom at certain seasons, and began a quiet review of the Democratic situation. He studied the Republican position as well.

That was in 1904. I was then engaged at National Democratic headquarters, in the Speakers' Bureau, and talked

with Mr. House about our chances of success. August Belmont and William F. Sheehan were influential in the campaign. Colonel House had a talk with Sheehan, and studied the situation—and that was the end of it so far as he was concerned. He saw what was going to happen long before Belmont or Sheehan or even Taggart, Chairman of the National Committee, did, and kept out. He voted for Parker, of course.

What about the succeeding Presidential election? Where was House then? He was around, but was not active, even quietly. He liked Bryan, personally. He believes in him, but does not worship him. About this time Gaynor was attracting attention as Mayor of New York. Colonel House saw and studied him. People told him Gaynor was peculiar. Some said he was crazy. Before anyone was aware that House was studying Gaynor, he had finished the task, and turned his head in another direction. House was looking for a man Bryan would accept, and while Bryan liked some things about Gaynor, he liked more things about Bryan. House did not think Bryan should run again, but he did not tell him so. That is not his way.

This was in 1908, and Bryan wanted another nomination, and got it. House again drew aside and looked on with consistent resignation to the inevitable. He knows as well as anybody that political parties must be allowed to butt their brains out occasionally. Consequently he did not waste any of his resourcefulness in that campaign. He kept out of it.

Colonel House's modesty amounts almost to diffidence. He will not get into a crowd if he can help it, and has never attended a convention of any kind, educational, religious, or political. He never wrote a newspaper communication, nor until recently has he submitted to an interview for publication. He never belonged to a church or order of any kind. He never posed; and yet one could not say that he has kept his light under a bushel.

When I say his diffidence makes him self-effacing, I do not mean that he is without force: he simply subordinates the personal equation to his public purpose, considers the work rather than himself as the worker. Force he has in plenty, but it is suave. His method employs the scalpel, not the club. But no man achieves influence without arousing envy. Not long ago I met in Washington a Senator from

the Middle West, from whom I wanted a written endorsement. I showed the statesman a telegram from Colonel House, advising me to get endorsements of importance. Here is what he said:

"Who is Colonel House? They tell me you can't get anywhere unless he says so. I'm tired of hearing about Colonel House, Colonel House, all the time."

What about Colonel House's connection with the campaign of 1912? How did he meet Woodrow Wilson, and how long has he known him? Just precisely the hour and day when these friends met is not material, but, to be accurate, it was at 3 P. M. one day in the month of October, 1911, at a hotel in New York City, that Governor Wilson called on Colonel House, by appointment, perhaps arranged by William F. McCombs. Mr. Wilson was stopping at another hotel, and had to make his visit short, as he had another appointment with James D. Phelan, of San Francisco, at 4 P. M. Wilson and House took a fancy to each other immediately.

Colonel House's aversion to publicity, where his own undertakings are concerned, has generally been respected by his intimates. President Wilson has made public reference to him on several occasions without calling his name—as, for instance, in an address to the Motion Picture Association on the 27th of January, 1916, in New York City, in these words:

> We all in our hearts agree upon the fundamental principles of our lives, of our life as a nation. Now we ought to tax ourselves with the duty of seeing that those principles are realized in action, and no fooling about it. The only difficult things in life, ladies and gentlemen, are the applications of the principles of right and wrong. I can set forth the abstract principles of right and wrong, and so can you. But when it comes down to an individual item of conduct, whether in public affairs or private affairs—there comes the pinch! In the first place, to see the right way to do it, and in the second place, to do it that way. If we could only agree that in all matters of public concern we would adjourn our private interests, look each other frankly in the face and say, "We are all ready, at whatever sacrifice of our own interests, to do in common the thing that the common weal demands," what an irresistible force America would be!
>
> I can point out to you a few men—of course I am not going to name them now—whom every man ought to be afraid of because nothing but the truth resides in them. I have one in particular in

mind whom I have never caught thinking about himself. I would not dare make a pretense in the presence of that man even if I wanted to. His eyes contain the penetrating light of truth before which all disguises fall away.

As germane to the subject of the meeting between President Wilson and Colonel House, I might add that W. F. McCombs, in the late summer of 1911, had received a pool contribution to the pre-convention Wilson campaign fund of ten thousand dollars, the contributors being William G. McAdoo, James D. Phelan, Cleveland H. Dodge, and one other, each giving twenty-five hundred dollars. In September of that year the money had all been spent, and, being refused further aid (except by Dodge), McCombs began to supply the necessary funds from his own private resources. In the spring of 1912, however, after Colonel House became interested in the nomination of Governor Wilson, there was plenty of money. Did Colonel House send McCombs a check? There is no record of such a remittance. But House was busy, nevertheless, and offset cash contributions with something better. How? By keeping Bryan, the perpetual candidate, from openly coming out for the nomination for the fourth time. Just what Colonel House said to Colonel Bryan, and just what answer Colonel Bryan gave Colonel House, is immaterial to the issue. Colonel House could not keep Bryan from being a candidate—for a candidate he was, every minute, before and during the Baltimore Convention, until the gavel fell, and he is a candidate now—but he could and did hold his activities in leash until the danger point was passed. President Wilson knew that Colonel House was handling matters in his interest and was performing good service. House knew Wilson needed Bryan in the convention. But Bryan did not want Wilson. Bryan wanted Bryan.

In pre-convention times McCombs kept Wilson headquarters at 42 Broadway. Colonel House never called. He and McCombs used the telephone. Every snag was placed in the way of Colonel House. At this time House was not familiar enough with the mechanism of national politics to do more than advise; but he did know what was going on in Texas, and had T. W. Gregory pulling wires there. When June came, Wilson was in the running, but he was going against both wind and tide. Clark then had much the best of it. House had played all his cards, had worked hard, and

was much run down in health, but everybody thought he would surely attend the Baltimore Convention. Instead he sailed from Boston for Liverpool, none too confident of Wilson's nomination. The moment Wilson was nominated I sent him a wireless at sea, as he had requested.

Returning from abroad sooner than usual, he looked in at headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Building. Matters were at their worst. McCombs had gone to his hotel ill, and Wilson had asked McAdoo to take charge. McAdoo had built a tube connecting New York and Jersey City, which seemed to fill Mr. Wilson with confidence in his ability to run a campaign, but this did not keep headquarters from getting into a hopeless snarl. At this time House dropped in two or three times each day, refusing to have an office or desk, but keeping at work.

At the end of September the funds were spent, and the committee was $140,000 in debt. Even House was dismayed. McCombs, who was fretting over conditions, and over being supplanted by another as chief, was told of the state of the campaign treasury. This seemed to act as a stimulant. He pulled himself together, entered the chairman's office unannounced, turned McAdoo out, and went to work. He found Colonel House at his elbow. The funds again began to flow in, and at the close of the campaign more than a million dollars had been contributed. Colonel House was able to make McAdoo and McCombs think they liked each other. He has that faculty. House was cordial to both alike, but he liked Wilson best.

This brings me to the inauguration of President Wilson. At that time House was unknown in national politics, but his fame was fast increasing. As the President's friend, his responsibilities began to enlarge. Dealing with Texas politics is one thing; dealing with the affairs of a great republic is distinctively another. Aiding and comforting a governor is a trifle compared with giving a new President of the United States the right start. It is history now that House became Wilson's St. Peter. He sat on the right side—and there was no one on the left. It is safe to say that no private citizen was ever so close to a President. The relation was wholly different from that between President McKinley and Mark Hanna, who dictated appointments. House simply advises when asked; and he has been consulted often.

After the election of 1912, Gregory went to represent this country at Mexico City. But Bryan objected. He did not want a border man in the place. This eventually worked well for Gregory, who suggested McReynolds, his classmate, for Attorney General, and himself was set to work on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad case. Gregory was from Austin, as was Burleson, the Postmaster General, but that did not act as a restraining influence with President Wilson. Gregory was promoted, in time. He was House's friend. Thomson, another of House's friends, from Austin went to Colombia, as Minister. Batts, another Austin man, a friend of Gregory and House, took Gregory's place as prosecutor in the New Haven case. This may look like undue favor for Texas, but it must be recalled that Texas was once a republic and in acres is an empire.

There is no use in growling about House's part in the selection of the Wilson Cabinet. Some like it. Some do not. I am positive the Colonel had nothing to do with the selection of the Secretary of Labor, and as little with Daniels's appointment. He was consulted as to all the others. President Wilson wanted to know about Franklin K. Lane. House looked him up, and pronounced him one of the best. Burleson had little trouble, because House had known him for twenty-five years. When the Middle West raised its voice for one of the Cabinet places, Houston from Missouri was considered—and appointed. He had lived in Texas many years as president of the Texas University and was a friend of Gregory and Colonel House. It is not likely that House bothered himself much about Redfield. He seemed to be entirely available. The President wanted Colonel House to be Secretary of the Treasury, but House politely declined the honor and suggested McAdoo. Public opinion selected Bryan for the portfolio of State, and House approved. House then had to reconcile Bryan to his associates.

When Bryan made his spectacular exit from the State Department, many eyes turned on Colonel House to see if there were signs of his weakening on a former resolution to accept no office, but he flatly refused to consider the suggestion.

Brushing aside governor-making, president-making, and president-assisting, and the mystery of his influence (if it is a mystery) over Woodrow Wilson, there are graver mat-

ters in the life of Colonel House about which this article is concerned. While he never aspires to be called a college man, literary man, or writer, he has thought deeply on problems that concern the dearest interests of mankind. He has always been a student of political science and anthropology. He wants to benefit mankind. He is always seeking to enlarge the sphere of his benefactions. In Texas he employed his talents in that way. He is now seeking larger opportunities of usefulness. I recall his saying to me, in substance, that the whole fabric of society and government has been wrong from the beginning. I positively know that if, in a redistribution of amassed riches, the greater part of his fortune were taken from him, he would see it go with serene composure and without protest. Quoting him literally:

> Our civilization is fundamentally wrong, inasmuch as among other things it restricts efficiency. If society were properly organized there would be none who was not sufficiently clothed and fed. The laws, habits and ethical training in vogue are alike responsible for the inequalities in opportunity and the consequent wide difference between the few and the many. The result of such conditions is to render inefficient a large part of the population, the percentage differing in each country in the ratio that education and enlightenment and unselfish laws bear to ignorance, bigotry and selfish laws.
>
> Little progress had been made in the early centuries for the reason that opportunity was confined to a few, and it is only recently that any considerable part of the world's population has been in a position to become efficient. Therefore, as an economic problem, divorced from the realm of ethics, the far-sighted statesman of tomorrow, if not today, will labor to the end that every child may have an opportunity to accomplish that for which it is best suited. Their bodies will be properly fed and clothed, so that life may mean something more than a struggle for existence. Humanity as a whole will then be able to do its share towards the conquest of the forces of Nature, and there will be brought about an intellectual and spiritual quickening that will make our civilization of today seem crude, as selfish and illogical as that of the Dark Ages.

Agreeing with Mazzini, Colonel House thinks there should be "no war of classes, no unjust violation of the rights of property, but a constant disposition to ameliorate the condition of the classes least favored by fortune."

Preferring spiritutal to material compensation, he has thus expressed his views:

> I believe that mankind is awakening to the fact that material compensation is far less to be desired than spiritual compensation.

This feeling will grow, it is growing, and when it comes to full fruition the world will find but little difficulty in attaining a certain measure of altruism.

Touching socialism, he says:

I know things are not as they should be, but how can there be a more even distribution of wealth without lessening the efficiency of the strong, able, and energetic men, and without making mendicants of the indolent and improvident?

If we had pure socialism, we could never get the best endeavor out of anyone, for it would seem not worth while to do more than an average. The race would then go backward, instead of lifting itself higher by the insistent desire to excel and to reap the reward that comes with success. Socialism, as dreamed of by Karl Marx, cannot be entirely brought about by the leveling of wealth.

HENRY HERBERT CHILDERS.

PROHIBITION OR TEMPERANCE?

BY L. AMES BROWN

A MEMBER of the International Anti-Alcohol Federation, who declared in a work published a few years ago that the anti-alcohol movement in America is unlike the movement in Europe in that it is not University bred, cannot be held to have uttered an unfair judgment upon the leaders of the movement here. It is a regrettable fact that the more valuable minds in America have been concerned with problems which were deemed more weighty than the problem of drink reform, and that a movement of very important extent has arisen under the dominence of a set of men who do not represent the best minds among us. As evidencing the failure of the prohibition leaders to comprehend the traditions of the people they have sought to lead, I have referred in an earlier paper to the prominence given in the Anti-Saloon League propaganda to the material gain to be anticipated from prohibition, and have commented upon the implicit neglect of the tradition that as a people Americans have girded up their loins and made great sacrifices only on occasions when some spiritual thing was at issue. It is my aim in the present paper to inquire if there are essential differences between prohibition and temperance, and to disclose instances in the history of the United States when the former has seemed to antagonize the other.

The whole lesson of Americanism, as applied to the drink problem, is that our progress has been in the direction of temperance, of self-control, of restraint, instead of prohibition. Misled by their uneducated enthusiasm, some of the prohibitionists are working upon theories of Americanism which do not comprehend that the only prohibition that could comport with our traditions would be one preceded by utter self-control. Perhaps it would not be un-American for peo-

ple who had achieved real temperance to say, "We will make it more difficult for the backsliders and the decadent ones"; but there can be no basis in anything we have done as a people for the expectation that from one year to the next we will decide that, because we are incapable of self-control, we must tie our hands behind us in respect of drink consumption. Voters who have not been convinced sufficiently of the harmful effects of intoxicants to lay aside drinking without pressure from the law, are almost certain not to stand solidly for the enactment or the enforcement of the law which forbids drinking. They may be taught the harmful effect of drinking, taught to restrain themselves as so many Americans are coming to do each year, until in a new era of self-control there would be no need for a Hobson propaganda. "In the long run compulsory prohibition will not prohibit until the public is ready to cease using alcohol, when restriction laws will be superfluous," observed Commissioner Emerson when he began in the present year a crusade of the New York Health Department against drinking.

Temperance is essentially a quality established within one's self, while prohibition is a measure designed to achieve the superficial results of temperance through the exercise of a superior force. Temperance comes through internal growth, while prohibition forces abstinence upon one and is accompanied by the constant danger of rebellion. Thus, we need not be surprised to find, in glancing back over the history of anti-alcohol agitations in the United States, that the prohibitionists have opposed a number of movements of promise in the development of temperance; and we shall be likely to expect the same damaging result from the continuance of the propaganda in the future. The clash which has occurred was inevitable, and inevitably it will recur.

One cannot ignore the bright promise of the Washington Society of pledge-takers, which sprang up in New England a few years before Neal Dow began his advocacy of the Maine liquor law. That society sought to convince men of the moral and physical harmfulness of drinking and to prevail upon them to restrain themselves by the exercise of their individual wills; it opposed any recourse to law, or legal force to compel such restraint. It made headway for a time, prevailing upon 600,000 persons to pledge themselves to abstinence. But it was denounced by the followers of Dow,

and it disintegrated not long before the achievement of his ephemeral victory in New England.

And now consider the great responsibility which the advocates of prohibition have shouldered in opposing movements started in the United States to seek temperance reform by a differentiation between ardent spirits and the less alcoholized beverages. It is an odd coincidence that Dr. Benjamin Rush, whose book, *An Inquiry into The Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Mind and Body,* was the first inspiration for temperance reform in the United States, advocated just such a measure of distinction. What impressed him and caused him to write his book of far-reaching influence was the harm done by ardent liquor, and he would have thought the millennium hastened could he have contrived a measure for substituting a lighter drink for the heavy spirits consumed by the New Englanders of his day. The Dow propagandists had only intemperate disapproval for proposals of such measures of distinction, however, although hard cider was exempted from the Maine law in deference to the attitude of the Maine farmers, and there came a time when beer, light wines and even heavier drinks, including cocktails, were made procurable from State agencies "for the use of invalids."

Dr. Rush and his supporters succeeded in arousing a large section of public opinion to the ills that were being wrought by the drinking of rum and other hard liquors, and, in despite of the attitude of the prohibitionists, there developed in the United States a tendency to abandon the heavy drinks for the lighter ones, which has operated to the inestimable benefit of the nation. As late as 1840 the annual consumption of malt liquors in the United States was only 1.36 gallons per capita, while that of hard liquors was 2.52. Within twenty years the per capita consumption of malt liquors surpassed that of spirits, and since that time there has been a steadily widening divergence between the two. The per capita consumption of hard liquors had decreased in 1913 to 1.5, and that of malt liquors had reached 20.62.

Surely no one will question the wholesomeness of this displacement of the heavier intoxicants by the lighter ones. People everywhere are in agreement that the lighter drinks are infinitely less harmful than the hard ones; and a recent disclosure that some important German scientists are not convinced of the harmfulness of the use of alcohol in small

quantities of course strengthens the position of those who advocate legal measures of differentiation.

In observing the great advances made by the lighter beverages in displacing the heavier ones, we cannot disregard the fact that this development has been retarded in the prohibition States. The object of State prohibition, of course, has been to restrain drinking, for there never was any thought that, with the operation of the Federal interstate commerce laws, it could be made impossible for the people of the prohibition States to secure any drink at all. Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, observes:

> An outstanding accomplishment of the prohibition laws has been that the people in the sections where they were operative were prevented from acquiring the taste for lighter beverages, such as beer, in preference to whiskeys. One of the wholesome signs in the modern industrial life of the country has been the surprising extent to which light beer has displaced the more ardent beverages. The people in the prohibition States would have been much better off if their laws had not prevented them from keeping abreast of this national tendency.

Mr. Gompers pointed out, from practical observation of Maine conditions, that it was more difficult to import beer than other alcoholics from outside the State because of its greater bulk, and that for the same reason the illicit dispensers of beverages found it impracticable to deal in the lighter ones. In the Southern prohibition States, in sections where the prohibition law is not supported by public sentiment, the people resort to illicit distillers, as the Commissioners of Internal Revenue have shown repeatedly. Of course, the only liquor produced by these distillers is the dangerous stuff manufactured from corn and other grain. This would appear to indicate that prohibition has been a hindrance to the development of a comparative temperance among the people of the prohibition States.

The most recent specific clash between the prohibitionists and those who favor a measure of distinction between the light and heavy drinks has occurred in the present Anti-Saloon League fight in New York State. A measure which has been introduced in the legislature at Albany would prohibit the manufacture or sale of liquor containing more than ten per cent. of alcohol. The bill is advocated by the newspapers owned by Mr. Hearst. The measure has been

denounced by the State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League as "a piece of brewers' defensive tactics," who adds sententiously that "the temperance movement has gone too far to be cajoled by buncombe into a brewers' blind alley." In replying to an editorial in favor of the so-called Hearst measure, the State Superintendent had this to say:

> The above is either a piece of stupid, ignorant falsehood, or it is a piece of cunning, willful falsehood, and Mr. Hearst spends money enough to be able to hire men who are not stupid. About every intelligent person except the innocent, credulous, guileless, unsophisticated individuals who make up the staff of Mr. Hearst's paper, knows that the thing that makes "whiskies, brandies, and other vicious alcoholic beverages" dangerous, is *alcohol,* and that alcohol is the thing for which people drink beer and wine. Further, practically everybody except those spotless souls above indicated, knows that while there is a larger percentage of alcohol in whiskey than in beer, the average drink of beer is very much larger than the drink of whiskey, and that a drink of beer contains about as large an actual quantity of alcohol as the ordinary drink of whiskey, the only difference being that it is more diluted.

Throughout the history of the prohibition movement, its protagonists have been dogmatic in insisting that other means of drink reform were inadequate, or the products of insincerity. In many cases proposers of alternative plans have been assailed as vigorously as were the special interests opposing prohibition. The student of drink reform should regret that the prohibitionists have taken this attitude. Some good would surely have been accomplished by the support of certain of these temperance movements, and it is difficult to see how the acceptance of this benefit would have been harmful to the ultimate destiny of drink reform. The experience of the American Navy until the time of Secretary Daniels' "dry navy order" demonstrated the comparative efficacy of a distinction between light and heavy drinks as a temperate measure. A measure that works so well in the American Navy ought to have the serious consideration of temperance reformers everywhere. We are forced to conclude, however, that these regrets are as vain today as they would have been at any time in the country's history, and to concede the good sense of this utterance of Senator John Sharp Williams, delivered in a speech in the Senate a year ago:

> If I had my way—and I have not and I never expect to have it;

both extremes would equally decry me and put me out on every side —I would absolutely forbid the sale and the manufacture of distilled liquors because they are a poison, while permitting the free sale, subject only to ordinary taxes, of pure wines and pure malt liquors. In so far as distilled liquors are concerned, being certainly not helpful to anybody in the long run, nor for any great time in the short run even, except under very exceptional circumstances, I would forbid their sale and manufacture, but I would permit pure beer and pure wine to be sold as freely as bread. As Thomas Jefferson said years and years ago, "if you substitute them for whiskey and for distilled liquors you would have no drunkenness." You might as well shoot peas at the rock of Gibralter, however, as to bring into this great controversy a midway opinion like that. Both sides would agree only upon one thing, and that would be to carry me out and crucify me.

Clearly then, the movement whose political instrumentality is the Anti-Saloon League was in its origin a movement against the saloon and not for prohibition. It is noteworthy from the name of the organization that it is an "anti-saloon" league and not a prohibition league. An examination of its history, as well as the fundamental purposes of its organization, will bear out this estimate.

The American saloon as an institution has shown itself to be an obstacle in the way of the moral and civic development of the people. Its viciousness as an institution lies in the fact that it has not been content to supply an economic need, but has sought vigorously to create an additional need for the goods it dispensed. The hurt that has been done by it to the young men as a class, the working men as a class, and the uneducated voters as a class, is incalculable.

It was the sentiment against the saloon—a sentiment wholly American and praiseworthy—which produced the movement upon which the Hobson propaganda now has been saddled. The damage which the saloon had done had made enemies for it and these enemies banded together into a war of extermination. The first decade of the Anti-Saloon League's activities after its organization at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1893, consisted of activities against the saloon, against the vicious practices in which the saloons were permitted to engage in certain States, and the thought of nation-wide prohibition was not suggested widely among the League's leaders. Then the warfare which had been confined to local option elections and contests in State legislatures for better regulatory measures was extended into a campaign for State-

wide prohibition in many of the States. In this period the Anti-Saloon League remained absolutely true to its traditions, for the campaign it had undertaken was entirely an anti-saloon movement. The State-wide prohibition measures it advocated really proposed to do little more than abolish the saloon. Opportunity remained for citizens of the prohibition States to import liquors legally and in any quantity they desired.

In this period between 1905 and 1915, when the South adopted prohibition, it was the sentiment against the saloon which was entirely responsible for the outcome of the referendums in these States. The people of North Carolina, for instance, were bent on doing away with the barrooms, where the negro population was permitted to buy the cheap whiskey which was so productive of crime.

The aim to remove the saloon and its harmful influence from American life has merged into the aim to prevent practically all drinking in the United States. The change in the campaign, made when the Anti-Saloon League took up the nation-wide prohibition idea in 1909, is readily discernible. In the first place, it has been the intention of the League not to prevent all drinking, but to drive out of existence the institution for selling intoxicants and to remove the obstacles it placed in the way of temperance. No suggestion had been tolerated theretofore even among the anti-saloon leaders that an effort be made to prevent all Americans from drinking. In the latter phase, however, the organization has given secondary consideration only to the formerly primary purposes of its existence, and the propaganda for nation-wide prohibition of the Hobson brand is now the chief aim and interest of the Anti-Saloon League.

The more enlightened representatives of the liquor interests make no effort to condone the wrongs for which the saloons are responsible. In a recent communication to the editor of the *New York Times,* Mr. Hugh F. Fox, Secretary of the American Brewers' Association, said:

> The brewers are keenly alive to the evils which have been allowed to attach themselves to the saloon business, and they are frank to admit in some cases that they themselves are responsible for these evils because of the financial backing they have given to men who are not qualified to run a saloon. But their efforts to establish a thoroughly sound license system have hitherto met with very little encouragement on the part of the authorities, and with absolutely no

co-operation on the part of the Anti-Saloon League, or any of the so-called "temperance organizations."

Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie, Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, to whose attention I called this indictment, freely admitted its justice. He said the Anti-Saloon League had not co-operated and would not co-operate with the brewers' organizations in the manner referred to, because the League was convinced of the latter's insincerity.

In the light of a clearer understanding of the manner in which the prohibition movement was evolved from the anti-saloon movement, one observes interesting questions as to the future of the Anti-Saloon League. It is evident that the Anti-Saloon League has staked its all upon the issue of nation-wide prohibition, and it is questionable whether the prestige of that organization could survive an extensive repudiation of the nation-wide prohibition idea by the people of the country. Such a repudiation may or may not occur, but one thing is certain: Regardless of the fate of the prohibition movement, the war against the saloon will go on. This movement, unlike that for prohibition, is typically American, consonant with the traditions of American progress and the principles evolved out of the growth of the people. Its appeal to the people of the United States is stronger today than at any previous time in the history of the country. Its service to the cause of temperance and of self-control is just as direct and evident as anything could be. It is the great unconscious force behind the nation-wide prohibition movement. If the time comes when those who are asserting this force wake up to the fact that they are giving their energies to a movement somewhat different from that which originally inspired them, perhaps there will be a diminution of the power of the prohibition movement.

These things bring us within the realm of speculation, however, where opinions must be relied upon. The facts we have developed are these: First, that America, if she follows the principles which have animated her growth, will aspire toward temperance and self-control in drinking as in all things, and that self-control and voluntary relinquishment of the drink habit will precede the adoption of measures which make all drinking impossible. Second, the war against the saloon will continue with brightening promise of success, because it comports with this national tendency just outlined.

L. Ames Brown.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S LATER WORK[1]

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

It has been Mr. James's lot from the beginning to be matter of unusually lively dispute among his readers. There are people who frankly say they cannot bear him, and then either honestly let him alone, or secretly hanker for him, and every now and then return to him, and try if they cannot like him, or cannot bear him a little better. These are his enemies, or may be called so for convenience's sake; but they are hardly to be considered his readers. Many of his readers, however, are also his enemies: they read him in a condition of hot insurrection against all that he says and is; they fiercely question his point of view, they object to the world that he sees from it; they declare that there is no such world, or that, if there is, there ought not to be, and that he does not paint it truly. They would like to have the question out with him personally; such is their difference of opinion that, to hear them talk, you would think they would like to have it out with him pugilistically. They would, to every appearance, like to beat also those who accept his point of view, believe in his world, and hold that he truly portrays it. Nothing but the prevailing sex of his enemies saves them, probably, from offering the readers who are not his enemies the violence to which their prevailing sex tempts them. You cannot, at least, palliate his demerits with them without becoming of the quality of his demerits, and identifying yourself with him in the whole measure of these. That is why, for one reason, I am going to make my consideration of his later work almost entirely a study of his merits, for I own that he has his faults, and I would rather they remained his faults than become mine.

The enmity to Mr. James's fiction among his readers is

[1] Reprinted from The North American Review, January, 1903.

mostly feminine because the men who do not like him are not his readers. The men who do like him and are his readers are of a more feminine fineness, probably, in their perceptions and intuitions, than those other men who do not read him, though of quite as unquestionable a manliness, I hope. I should like to distinguish a little farther, and say they are the sort of men whose opinions women peculiarly respect, and in whom they are interested quite as much as they are vexed to find them differing so absolutely from themselves.

The feminine enmity to Mr. James is of as old a date as his discovery of the Daisy Miller type of American girl, which gave continental offense among her sisters. It would be hard to say why that type gave such continental offense, unless it was because it was held not honestly to have set down the traits which no one could but most potently and powerfully allow to be true. The strange thing was that these traits were the charming and honorable distinctions of American girlhood as it convinced Europe, in the early eighteen-seventies, of a civilization so spiritual that its innocent daughters could be not only without the knowledge but without the fear of evil. I am not going back, however, to that early feminine grievance, except to note that it seems to have been the first tangible grievance, though it was not the first grievance. I, with my gray hairs, can remember still earlier work of his whose repugnant fascination was such that women readers clung to it with the wild rejection which has in a measure followed all his work at their hands.

It has been the curious fortune of this novelist, so supremely gifted in divining women and portraying them, that beyond any other great novelist (or little, for that matter) he has imagined few heroines acceptable to women. Even those martyr-women who have stood by him in the long course of his transgressions, and maintained through thick and thin, that he is by all odds the novelist whom they could best trust with the cause of woman in fiction, have liked his anti-heroines more,—I mean, found them realer,—than his heroines. I am not sure but I have liked them more myself, but that is because I always find larger play for my sympathies in the character which needs the reader's help than in that which is so perfect as to get on without it. If it were urged that women do not care for his heroines because there are none of them to care for, I should not blame them, still less should I blame him for giving them that ground for

abhorrence. I find myself diffident of heroines in fiction because I have never known one in life, of the real faultless kind; and heaven forbid I should ever yet know one. In Mr. James's novels I always feel safe from that sort, and it may be for this reason, among others, that I like to read his novels when they are new, and read them over and over again when they are old, or when they are no longer recent.

At this point I hear from far within a voice bringing me to book about Milly Theale in *The Wings of a Dove,* asking me, if *there* is not a heroine of the ideal make, and demanding what fault there is in her that renders her lovable. Lovable, I allow she is, dearly, tenderly, reverently lovable, but she has enough to make her so, besides being too good, too pure, too generous, too magnificently unselfish. It is not imaginable that her author should have been conscious of offering in her anything like an atonement to the offended divinity of American womanhood for Daisy Miller. But if it were imaginable, the offended divinity ought to be sumptuously appeased, appeased to tears of grateful pardon such as I have not yet seen in its eyes. Milly Theale is as entirely American in the qualities which you can and cannot touch as Daisy Miller herself; and (I find myself urged to the risk of noting it) she is largely American in the same things. There is the same self-regardlessness, the same beauteous insubordination, the same mortal solution of the problem. Of course, it is all in another region, and the social levels are immensely parted. Yet Milly Theale is the superior of Daisy Miller less in her nature than in her conditions.

There is, in both, the same sublime unconsciousness of the material environment, the same sovereign indifference to the fiscal means of their emancipation to a more than masculine independence. The sense of what money can do for an American girl without her knowing it, is a " blind sense " in the character of Daisy, but in the character of Milly it has its eyes wide open. In that wonderful way of Mr. James's by which he imparts a fact without stating it, approaching it again and again, without actually coming in contact with it, we are made aware of the vast background of wealth from which Milly is projected upon our acquaintance. She is shown in a kind of breathless impatience with it, except as it is the stuff of doing wilfully magnificent things, and committing colossal expenses without more anxiety than a prince

might feel with the revenues of a kingdom behind him. The ideal American rich girl has never really been done before, and it is safe to say that she will never again be done with such exquisite appreciation. She is not of the new rich; an extinct New York ancestry darkles in the retrospect; something vaguely bourgeois, and yet with presences and with lineaments of aristocratic distinction. They have made her masses of money for her, those intangible fathers, uncles and grandfathers, and then, with her brothers and sisters, have all perished away from her, and left her alone in the world with nothing else. She is as convincingly imagined in her relation to them, as the daughter of an old New York family, as she is in her inherited riches. It is not the old New York family of the unfounded Knickerbocker tradition, but something as fully patrician, with a nimbus of social importance as unquestioned as its money. Milly is not so much the flower of this local root as something finer yet: the perfume of it, the distilled and wandering fragrance. It would be hard to say in what her New Yorkishness lies, and Mr. James himself by no means says; only if you know New York at all, you have the unmistakable sense of it. She is New Yorkish in the very essences that are least associable with the superficial notion of New York: the intellectual refinement that comes of being born and bred in conditions of illimitable ease, of having had everything that one could wish to have, and the cultivation that seems to come of the mere ability to command it. If one will have an illustration of the final effect in Milly Theale, it may be that it can be suggested as a sort of a Bostonian quality, with the element of *conscious* worth eliminated, and purified as essentially of pedantry as of commerciality. The wonder is that Mr. James in his prolonged expatriation has been able to seize this lovely impalpability, and to impart the sense of it; and perhaps the true reading of the riddle is that such a nature, such a character, is most appreciable in that relief from the background which Europe gives all American character.

"But that is just what does not happen in the case of Mr. James's people. They are merged in the background so that you never can get behind them, and fairly feel and see them all round. Europe *doesn't* detach them; *nothing* does. 'There they are,' as he keeps making his people say in all his late books, when they are not calling one another dear lady, and dear man, and prodigious and magnificent, and of

a vagueness or a richness, or a sympathy, or an opacity. No, he is of a tremendosity, but he worries me to death; he kills me; he really gives me a headache. He fascinates me, but I have no patience with him."

"But, dear lady," for it was a weary woman who had interrupted the flow of my censure in these unmeasured terms, and whom her interlocutor—another of Mr. James's insistent words—began trying to flatter to her disadvantage, "a person of your insight must see that this is the conditional vice of all painting, its vital fiction. You cannot get behind the figures in any picture. They are always merged in their background. And there you are!"

"Yes, I know I am. But that is just where I don't want to be. I want figures that I *can* get behind."

"Then you must go to some other shop—you must go to the shop of a sculptor."

"Well, why isn't *he* a sculptor?"

"Because he is a painter."

"Oh, that's no reason. He ought to be a sculptor."

"Then he couldn't give you the color, the light and shade, the delicate *nuances,* the joy of the intimated fact, all that you delight in him for. What was that you were saying the other day? That he was like Monticelli in some of his pastorals or picnics: a turmoil of presences which you could make anything, everything, nothing of as you happen to feel; something going on that you had glimpses of, or were allowed to guess at, but which you were rapturously dissatisfied with, any way."

"Did I say that?" my interlocutress—terrible word!—demanded. "It was very good."

"It was wonderfully good. I should not have named Monticelli, exactly, because though he is of a vagueness that is painty, he is too much of a denseness. Mr. James does not trowel the colors on."

"I see what you mean. Whom should you have named?"

"I don't know. Monticelli will do in one way. He gives you a sense of people, of things undeniably, though not unmistakably, happening, and that is what Mr. James does."

"Yes, he certainly does," and she sighed richly, as if she had been one of his people herself. "He does give you a sense."

"He gives you a sense of a tremendous lot going on, for instance, in *The Wings of a Dove,* of things undeniably,

though not unmistakably, happening. It is a great book."

"It is, it is," she sighed again. "It wore me to a thread."

"And the people were as unmistakable as they were undeniable: not Milly, alone, not Mrs. Stringham, as wonderfully of New England as Milly of New York; but all that terribly frank, terribly selfish, terribly shameless, terribly hard English gang."

"Ah, Densher wasn't really hard or really shameless, though he was willing—to please that unspeakable Kate Croy—to make love to Milly and marry her money so that when she died, they could live happy ever after—or at least comfortably. And you cannot say that Kate was frank. And Lord Mark really admired Milly. Or, anyway, he wanted to marry her. Do you think Kate took the money from Densher at last and married Lord Mark?"

"Why should you care?"

"Oh, one oughtn't to care, of course, in reading Mr. James. But with anyone else, you would like to know who married who. It is all too wretched. Why should he want to picture such life?"

"Perhaps because it exists."

"Oh, do you think the English are really so bad? I'm glad he made such a beautiful character as Milly, American."

"My notion is that he didn't 'make' any of the characters."

"Of course not. And I suppose some people in England are actually like that. We have not got so far here, yet. To be sure, society is not so all-important here, yet. If it ever is, I suppose we shall pay the price. But *do* you think he ought to picture such life because it exists?"

"Do you find yourself much the worse for *The Wings of a Dove?*" I asked. "Or for *The Sacred Fount?* Or for *The Awkward Age?* Or even for *What Maisie Knew?* They all picture much the same sort of life."

"Why, of course not. But it isn't so much what he says—he never *says* anything—but what he insinuates. I don't believe that is good for young girls."

"But if they don't know what it means? I'll allow that it isn't quite *jeune fille* in its implications, all of them; but maturity has its modest claims. Even its immodest claims are not wholly ungrounded in the interest of a knowledge of

our mother-civilization, which is what Mr. James's insinuations impart, as I understand them."

"Well, young people cannot read him aloud together. You can't deny that."

"No, but elderly people can, and they are not to be ignored by the novelist, always. I fancy the reader who brings some knowledge of good and evil, without being the worse for it, to his work is the sort of reader Mr. James writes for. I can imagine him addressing himself to a circle of such readers as this REVIEW's with a satisfaction, and a sense of liberation, which he might not feel in the following of the family magazines, and still not incriminate himself. I have heard a good deal said in reproach of the sort of life he portrays, in his later books; but I have not found his people of darker deeds or murkier motives than the average in fiction. I don't say, life."

"No, certainly, so far as he tells you. It is what he *doesn't* tell that is so frightful. He leaves you to such awful conjectures. For instance, when Kate Croy—"

"When Kate Croy—?"

"No. I *won't* discuss it. But you know what I mean; and I don't believe there ever was such a girl."

"And you believe there was such a girl as Milly Theale?"

"Hundreds! She is true to life. So perfectly American. My husband and I read the story aloud together, and I wanted to weep. We had such a strange experience with that book. We read it half through together; then we got impatient, and tried to finish it alone. But we could not make anything of it apart; and we had to finish it together. We could not bear to lose a word; every word—and there were a good many!—seemed to tell. If you took one away you seemed to miss something important. It almost destroyed me, thinking it all out. I went round days, with my hand to my forehead; and I don't believe I understand it perfectly yet. Do you?"

I pretended that I did, but I do not mind being honester with the reader than I was with my interlocutress. I have a theory that it is not well to penetrate every recess of an author's meaning. It robs him of the charm of mystery, and the somewhat labyrinthine construction of Mr. James's later sentences lends itself to the practise of the self-denial necessary to the preservation of this charm. What I feel sure of

is that he has a meaning in it all, and that by and by, perhaps when I least expect it, I shall surprise his meaning. In the meanwhile I rest content with what I do know. In spite of all the Browning Clubs—even the club which has put up a monument to the poet's butler-ancestor—all of Browning is not clear, but enough of Browning is clear for any real lover of his poetry.

I was sorry I had not thought of this in time to say it to my interlocutress; and I was sorry I had not amplified what I did say of his giving you a sense of things, so as to make it apply to places as well as persons. Never, in my ignorance, have I had a vivider sense of London, in my knowledge a stronger sense of Venice, than in *The Wings of a Dove.* More miraculous still, as I have tried to express, was the sense he gave me of the anterior of New York where the life flowered which breathed out the odor called Milly Theale—a heartbreaking fragrance as of funeral violets—and of the anterior of New England sub-acidly fruiting in Mrs. Stringham. As for social conditions, predicaments, orders of things, where shall we find the like of the wonders wrought in *The Awkward Age?* I have been trying to get phrases which should convey the effect of that psychomancy from me to my reader, and I find none so apt as some phrase that should suggest the convincingly incredible. Here is something that the reason can as little refuse as it can accept. Into quite such particles as the various characters of this story would the disintegration of the old, rich, demoralized society of an ancient capital fall so probably that each of the kaleidoscopic fragments, dropping into irrelevant radiance around Mrs. Brookenham, would have its fatally appointed tone in the "scheme of color." Here is that inevitable, which Mr. Brander Matthews has noted as the right and infallible token of the real. It does not matter, after that, how the people talk,—or in what labyrinthine parentheses they let their unarriving language wander. They strongly and vividly exist, and they construct not a drama, perhaps, but a world, floating indeed in an obscure where it seems to have its solitary orbit, but to be as solidly palpable as any of the planets of the more familiar systems, and wrapt in the aura of its peculiar corruption. How bad the bad people on it may be, one does not know, and is not intended to know, perhaps; that would be like being told the gross facts of some scandal which, so long as it was un-

touched, supported itself not unamusingly in air; but of the goodness of the good people one is not left in doubt; and it is a goodness which consoles and sustains the virtue apt to droop in the presence of neighborly remissness.

I might easily attribute to the goodness a higher office than this; but if I did I might be trenching upon that ethical delicacy of the author which seems to claim so little for itself. Mr. James is, above any other, the master of the difficult art of never doing more than to "hint a fault, or hesitate dislike," and I am not going to try committing him to conclusions he would shrink from. There is nothing of the clumsiness of the "satirist" in his design, and if he notes the absolute commerciality of the modern London world, it is with a reserve clothing itself in frankness which is infinitely, as he would say, "detached." But somehow, he lets you know how horribly *business* fashionable English life is; he lets Lord Mark let Milly Theale know, at their first meeting, when he tells her she is with people who never do anything for nothing, and when, with all her money, and perhaps because of it, she is still so trammelled in the ideal that she cannot take his meaning. Money, and money bluntly; gate-money of all kinds; money the means, is the tune to which that old world turns in a way which we scarcely imagine in this crude new world where it is still so largely less the means than the end.

But the general is lost in the personal, as it should be in Mr. James's books, earlier as well as later, and the allegory is so faint that it cannot always be traced. He does not say that the limitless liberty allowed Nanda Brookenham by her mother in *The Awkward Age* is better than the silken bondage in which the Duchess keeps her niece Aggie, though Nanda is admirably lovable, and little Aggie is a little cat; that is no more his affair than to insist upon the loyalty of old Mr. Longdon to an early love, or the generosity of Mitchett, as contrasted with the rapacity of Mrs. Brookenham, who, after all, wants nothing more than the means of being what she has always been. What he does is simply to show you those people mainly on the outside, as you mainly see people in the world, and to let you divine them and their ends from what they do and say. They are presented with infinite pains; as far as their appearance (though they are very little described) goes, you are not suffered to make a mistake. But he does not analyze them for you; rather he synthetizes

them, and carefully hands them over to you in a sort of integrity very uncommon in the characters of fiction. One might infer from this that his method was dramatic, something like Turgeniev's, say; but I do not know that his method is dramatic. I do not recall from the book more than one passage of dramatic intensity, but that was for me of very great intensity; I mean the passage where old Mr. Longdon lets Vanderbank understand that he will provide for him if he will offer himself to Nanda, whom he knows to be in love with Vanderbank, and where Vanderbank will not promise. That is a great moment, where everything is most openly said, most brutally said, to American thinking; and yet said with a restraint of feeling that somehow redeems it all.

Nothing could well be more perfected than the method of the three books which I have been supposing myself to be talking about, however far any one may think it from perfect. They express mastery, finality, doing what one means, in a measure not easily to be matched. I will leave out of the question the question of obscurity; I will let those debate that whom it interests more than it interests me. For my own part I take it that a master of Mr. James's quality does not set out with a design whose significance is not clear to himself, and if others do not make it clear to themselves, I suspect them rather than him of the fault. All the same I allow that it is sometimes not easy to make out; I allow that sometimes *I* do not make it out, I, who delight to read him almost more than any other living author, but then I leave myself in his hands. I do not believe he is going finally to play me the shabby trick of abandoning me in the dark; and meanwhile he perpetually interests me. If anything, he interests me too much, and I come away fatigued, because I cannot bear to lose the least pulse of the play of character; whereas from most fiction I lapse into long delicious absences of mind, now and then comfortably recovering myself to find out what is going on, and then sinking below the surface again.

The Awkward Age is mostly expressed in dialogue; *The Wings of a Dove* is mostly in the narration and the synthesis of emotions. Not the synthesis of the motives, please; these in both books are left to the reader, almost as much as they are in *The Sacred Fount*. That troubled source, I will own, "is of a profundity," and in its depths darkles the solution

which the author makes it no part of his business to pull to the top; if the reader wants it, let him dive. But why should not a novel be written so like to life, in which most of the events remain the meaningless, that we shall never quite know what the author meant? Why, in fact, should not people come and go, and love and hate, and hurt and help one another as they do in reality, without rendering the reader a reason for their behavior, or offering an explanation at the end with which he can light himself back over the way he has come, and see what they meant? Who knows what anyone means here below, or what he means himself, that is, precisely stands for? Most people mean nothing, except from moment to moment, if they indeed mean anything so long as that, and life which is full of propensities is almost without motives. In the scribbles which we suppose to be imitations of life, we hold the unhappy author to a logical consistency which we find so rarely in the original; but ought not we rather to praise him where his work confesses itself, as life confesses itself, without a plan? Why should we demand more of the imitator than we get from the creator?

Of course, it can be answered that we are *in* creation like characters in fiction, while we are outside of the imitation and spectators instead of characters; but that does not wholly cover the point. Perhaps, however, I am asking more for Mr. James than he would have me. In that case I am willing to offer him the reparation of a little detraction. I wish he would leave his people more, not less, to me when I read him. I have tried following their speeches without taking in his comment, delightfully pictorial as that always is, and it seems to me that I make rather more of their meaning, that way. I reserve the pleasure and privilege of going back and reading his comment in the light of my conclusions. This is the method I have largely pursued with the people of *The Sacred Fount*, of which I do not hesitate to say that I have mastered the secret, though, for the present I am not going to divulge it. Those who cannot wait may try the key which I have given.

But do not, I should urge them, expect too much of it; I do not promise it will unlock everything. If you find yourself, at the end, with nothing in your hand but the postulate with which the supposed narrator fantastically started, namely, that people may involuntarily and unconsciously prey upon one another, and mentally and physically enrich

themselves at one another's expense, still you may console yourself, if you do not think this enough, with the fact that you have passed the time in the company of men and women freshly and truly seen, amusingly shown, and abidingly left with your imagination. For me, I am so little exacting, that this is enough.

The Sacred Fount is a most interesting book, and you are teased through it to the end with delightful skill, but I am not going to say that it is a great book like *The Awkward Age,* or *The Wings of a Dove.* These are really incomparable books, not so much because there is nothing in contemporary fiction to equal them as because there is nothing the least like them. They are of a kind that none but their author can do, and since he is alone master of their art, I am very well content to leave him to do that kind of book quite as he chooses. I will not so abandon my function as to say that I could not tell him how to do them better, but it sufficiently interests me to see how he gets on without my help. After all, the critic has to leave authors somewhat to themselves; he cannot always be writing their books for them; and when I find an author, like Mr. James, who makes me acquainted with people who instantly pique my curiosity by "something rich and strange," in an environment which is admirably imaginable, I gratefully make myself at home with them, and stay as long as he will let me.

"But,"—here is that interlocutress whom I flattered myself I had silenced, at me again,—"do you like to keep puzzling things out, so? I don't. Of course, the books *are* intensely fascinating, but I do not like to keep guessing conundrums. Why shouldn't we have studies of life that are not a series of conundrums?"

"Dear Lady," I make my answer, "what was I saying just now but that life itself is a series of conundrums, to which the answers are lost in the past, or are to be supplied us, after a long and purifying discipline of guessing, in the future? I do not admit your position, but if I did, still I should read the author who keeps you guessing, with a pleasure, and edification, in the suggestive, the instructive way he has of asking his conundrums beyond that I take in any of the authors who do not tax my curiosity, who shove their answers at me before I have had a chance to try whether I cannot guess them. Here you have the work of a great psychologist, who has the imagination of a poet, the wit of

a keen humorist, the conscience of an impeccable moralist, the temperament of a philosopher, and the wisdom of a rarely experienced witness of the world; and yet you come back at me with the fact, or rather the pretence, that you do not like to keep puzzling his things out. It is my high opinion of you that you precisely do like to keep puzzling his things out; that you are pleased with the sort of personal appeal made to you by the difficulties you pretend to resent, and that you enjoy the just sense of superiority which your continual or final divinations give you. Mr. James is one of those authors who pay the finest tribute an author can pay to the intelligence of his reader by trusting it, fully and frankly. There you are; and if you were not puzzling out those recondite conundrums you complain of, what better things, in the perusal of the whole range of contemporary fiction, could you be doing? For my part I can think for you of none. There is no book like *The Awkward Age,* as I said, for it is sole of its kind, and no book that at all equals it, since Mr. Hardy's *Jude,* for the intensity of its naturalness. I don't name them to compare them; again I renounce all comparisons for Mr. James's work; but I will say that in the deeply penetrating anguish of *Jude,* I felt nothing profounder than the pathos which aches and pierces through those closing scenes of *The Awkward Age,* in Nanda's last talk with Vanderbank, whom she must and does leave for her mother's amusement, and her yet later talk with old Mr. Longdon, to whom she must and does own her love for Vanderbank so heartbreaking. What beautiful and gentle souls the new-fashioned young girl and the old-fashioned old man are, and how beautifully and gently they are revealed to us by the perfected art of the book in which they continue to live after we part with them! How—"

"Ah, there," my interlocutress broke in, as if fearful of not having the last word, "I certainly agree with you. I wish you were as candid about everything else."

William Dean Howells.

HENRY JAMES: AN APPRECIATION[1]

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

The critical faculty hesitates before the magnitude of Mr. Henry James's work. His books stand on my shelves in a place whose accessibility proclaims the habit of frequent communion. But not all his books. There is no collected edition to date, such as some of " our masters " have been provided with; no neat row of volumes in buckram or half-calf putting forth a hasty claim to completeness, and conveying to my mind a hint of finality, of a surrender to fate of that field in which all these victories have been won. Nothing of the sort has been done for Mr. Henry James's victories in England.

In a world such as ours, so painful with all sorts of wonders, one would not exhaust oneself in barren marveling over mere bindings, had not the fact, or rather the absence of the material fact, prominent in the case of other men whose writing counts (for good or evil)—had it not been, I say, expressive of a direct truth spiritual and intellectual; an accident of—I suppose—the publishing business acquiring a symbolic meaning from its negative nature. Because, emphatically, in the body of Mr. Henry James's work there is no suggestion of finality, nowhere a hint of surrender, or even of mere probability of surrender, to his own victorious achievement in that field where he is master. Happily, he will never be able to claim completeness; and, were he to confess to it in a moment of self-ignorance, he would not be believed by the very minds for whom such a confession naturally would be meant. It is impossible to think of Mr. Henry James becoming " complete " otherwise than by the brutality of our common fate whose finality is meaningless—

[1] Reprinted from The North American Review, January, 1905.

in the sense of its logic being of a material order, the logic of a falling stone.

I do not know into what brand of ink Mr. Henry James dips his pen; indeed, I heard that of late he has been dictating; but I know that his mind is steeped in the waters flowing from the fountain of intellectual youth. The thing—a privilege—a miracle—what you will—is not quite hidden from the meanest of us who run as we read. To those who have the grace to stay their feet it is manifest. After some twenty years of attentive acquaintance with Mr. Henry James's work, it grows into absolute conviction, which, all personal feeling apart, brings a sense of happiness into one's artistic existence. If gratitude, as some one defined it, is a lively sense of favors to come, it becomes very easy to be grateful to the author of *The Ambassadors*—to name the latest of his works. The favors are sure to come; the spring of *that* benevolence will never dry up. The stream of inspiration runs brimful in a predetermined direction, unaffected by the periods of drought, untroubled in its clearness by the storms of the land of letters, without languor or violence in its force, never running back upon itself, opening new visions at every turn of its course through that richly inhabited country its fertility has created for our delectation, for our judgment, for our exploring. It is, in fact, a magic spring.

With this phrase the metaphor of the perennial spring, of the inextinguishable youth, of running water, as applied to Mr. Henry James's inspiration, may be dropped. In its volume and force the body of his work may be compared rather to a majestic river. All creative art is magic, is evocation of the unseen in forms persuasive, enlightening, familiar and surprising, for the edification of mankind, pinned down by the conditions of its existence to the earnest consideration of the most insignificant tides of reality.

Action in its essence, the creative art of a writer of fiction may be compared to rescue work carried out in darkness against cross gusts of wind swaying the action of a great multitude. It is rescue work, this snatching of vanishing phases of turbulence, disguised in fair words, out of the native obscurity into a light where the struggling forms may be seen, seized upon, endowed with the only possible form of permanence in this world of relative values—the permanence of memory. And the multitude feels it

obscurely too; since the demand of the individual to the artist is, in effect, the cry, "Take me out of myself!" meaning, really, out of my perishable activity into the light of imperishable consciousness. But everything is relative, and the light of consciousness is only enduring, merely the most enduring of the things of this earth, imperishable only as against the short-lived work of our industrious hands.

When the last aqueduct shall have crumbled to pieces, the last air-ship fallen to the ground, the last blade of grass shall have died upon a dying earth, man, indomitable by his training in his resistance to misery and pain, shall set this undiminished light of his eyes against the feeble glow of the sun. The artistic faculty, of which each of us has a minute grain, may find its voice in some individual of that last group, gifted with a power of expression, and courageous enough to interpret the ultimate experience of mankind in terms of his temperament, in terms of art. I do not mean to say that he would attempt to beguile the last moments of humanity by an ingenious tale. It would be too much to expect—from humanity. I doubt the heroism of the hearers. As to the heroism of the artist, no doubt is necessary. There would be on his part no heroism. The artist in his calling of interpreter creates (the clearest form of demonstration) because he must. He is so much of a voice that for him silence is like death; and the postulate was that there is a group alive, clustered on his threshold to watch the last flicker of light on a black sky, to hear the last word uttered in the stilled workshop of the earth. It is safe to affirm that, if anybody, it will be the imaginative man who would be moved to speak on the eve of that day without tomorrow—whether in austere exhortation or in a phrase of sardonic comment, who can guess?

For my own part, from a short and cursory acquaintance with my kind, I am inclined to think that the last utterance will formulate, strange as it may appear, some hope now to us utterly inconceivable. For mankind is delightful in its pride, its assurance, and its indomitable tenacity. It will sleep on the battle-field among its own dead, in the manner of an army having won a barren victory. It will not know when it is beaten. And, perhaps, it is right in that quality. The victories are not, perhaps, so barren as it may appear from a purely strategical, utilitarian point of view. Mr. Henry James seems to hold that belief. Nobody has

rendered better, perhaps, the tenacity of temper, or known how to drape the robe of spiritual honor about the drooping form of a victor in a barren strife. And the honor is always well won; for the struggles Mr. Henry James chronicles with such subtle and direct insight are, though only personal contests, desperate in their silence, none the less heroic (in the modern sense) for the absence of shouted watchwords, clash of arms and sound of trumpets. Those are adventures in which only choice souls are ever involved. And Mr. Henry James records them with a fearless and insistent fidelity to the *péripéties* of the contest, and the feelings of the combatants.

The fiercest excitements of a romance "*de cape et d'épée,*" the romance of yard-arm and boarding-pike so dear to youth, whose knowledge of action (as of other things) is imperfect and limited, are matched, for the quickening of our maturer years, by the tasks set, by the difficulties presented, to the sense of truth, of necessity—before all, of conduct—of Mr. Henry James's men and women. His mankind is delightful. It is delightful in its tenacity; it refuses to own itself beaten; it will sleep on the battle-field. These warlike images come by themselves under the pen; since, from the duality of man's nature and the competition of individuals, the life-history of the earth must in the last instance be a history of a really very relentless warfare. Neither his fellows, nor his gods, nor his passions will leave a man alone. In virtue of these allies and enemies, he holds his precarious dominion, he possesses his fleeting significance; and it is this relation, in all its manifestations, great and little, superficial or profound, and this relation alone, that is commented upon, interpreted, demonstrated by the art of the novelist in the only possible way in which the task can be performed: by the independent creation of circumstance and character, achieved against all the difficulties of expression, in an imaginative effort finding its inspiration from the reality of forms and sensations. That a sacrifice must be made, that something has to be given up, is the truth engraved in the innermost recesses of the fair temple built for our edification by the masters of fiction. There is no other secret behind the curtain. All adventure, all love, every success is resumed in the supreme energy of an act of renunciation. It is the uttermost limit of our power; it is the most potent and effective force at our disposal, on

which rest the labors of a solitary man in his study, the rock on which have been built commonwealths whose might casts a dwarfing shadow upon two oceans. Like a natural force which is obscured as much as illustrated by the multiplicity of phenomena, the power of renunciation is obscured by the mass of weaknesses, vacillations, secondary motives and false steps and compromises which make up the sum of our activity. But no man or woman worthy of the name can pretend to anything more, to anything greater. And Mr. Henry James's men and women are worthy of the name, within the limits his art, so clear, so sure of itself, has drawn round their activities. He would be the last to claim for them Titanic proportions. The earth itself has grown smaller in the course of ages. But in every sphere of human perplexities and emotions there are more greatnesses than one—not counting here the greatness of the artist himself. Wherever he stands, at the beginning or the end of things, a man has to sacrifice his gods to his passions or his passions to his gods. That is the problem, great enough, in all truth, if approached in the spirit of sincerity and knowledge.

In one of his critical studies, published some fifteen years ago, Mr. Henry James claims for the novelist the standing of the historian as the only adequate one, as for himself and before his audience. I think that the claim cannot be contested, and that the position is unassailable. Fiction is history, human history, or it is nothing. But it is also more than that; it stands on firmer ground, being based on the reality of forms and the observation of social phenomena, whereas history is based on documents and the reading of print and handwriting—on second-hand impression. Thus fiction is nearer truth. But let that pass. A historian may be an artist too, and a novelist is a historian, the preserver, the keeper, the expounder, of human experience. As is meet for a man of his descent and tradition, Mr. Henry James is the historian of fine consciences.

Of course, this is a general statement; but I don't think its truth will be or can be questioned. Its fault is that it leaves so much out; and, besides, Mr. Henry James is much too considerable to be put into the nutshell of a phrase. The fact remains that he has made his choice, and that his choice is justified up to the hilt by the success of his art. He has taken for himself the greater part. The range of a fine conscience covers more good and evil than the range of a

conscience which may be called, roughly, not fine; a conscience less troubled by the nice discrimination of shades of conduct. A fine conscience is more concerned with essentials; its triumphs are more perfect, if less profitable in a worldly sense. There is, in short, more truth in its working for a historian to detect and to show. It is a thing of infinite complication and suggestion. None of these escapes the art of Mr. Henry James. He has mastered the country, his domain, not wild indeed, but full of romantic glimpses, of deep shadows and sunny places. There are no secrets left within his range. He has disclosed them as they should be disclosed—that is, beautifully. And, indeed, ugliness has but little place in this world of his creation. Yet it is always felt in the truthfulness of his art; it is there, it surrounds the scene, it presses close upon it. It is made visible, tangible, in the struggles, in the contacts of the fine consciences, in their perplexities, in the sophism of their mistakes. For a fine conscience is naturally a virtuous one. What is natural about it is just its fineness, an abiding sense of the intangible, everpresent, right. It is most visible in their ultimate triumph, in their emergence from miracle, through an energetic act of renunciation. Energetic, not violent: the distinction is wide, enormous, like that between substance and shadow.

Through it all Mr. Henry James keeps a firm hold of the substance, of what is worth having, of what is worth holding. The contrary opinion has been, if not absolutely affirmed, then at least implied, with some frequency. To most of us, living willingly in a sort of intellectual moonlight, in the faintly reflected light of truth, the shadows so firmly renounced by Mr. Henry James's men and women stand out endowed with extraordinary value, with a value so extraordinary that their rejection offends, by its uncalled-for scrupulousness, those business-like instincts which a careful Providence has implanted in our breasts. And, apart from that just cause of discontent, it is obvious that a solution by rejection must always present a certain apparent lack of finality, especially startling when contrasted with the usual methods of solution by rewards and punishments, by crowned love, by fortune, by a broken leg or a sudden death. Why the reading public, which, as a body, has never laid upon a story-teller the command to be an artist, should demand from him this sham of Divine Omnipotence is utterly

incomprehensible. But so it is; and these solutions are legitimate, inasmuch as they satisfy the desire for finality, for which our hearts yearn with a longing greater than the longing for the loaves and fishes of this earth. Perhaps the only true desire of mankind, coming thus to light in its hours of leisure, is to be set at rest. One is never set at rest by Mr. Henry James's novels. His books end as an episode in life ends. You remain with the sense of the life still going on; and even the subtle presence of the dead is felt in that silence that comes upon the artist-creation when the last word has been read. It is eminently satisfying, but it is not final. Mr. Henry James, great artist and faithful historian, never attempts the impossible.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

HENRY JAMES: AN IMPRESSION

BY EDITH WYATT

"NEVER say you know the last word of any human heart." It is the opening sentence of *Louisa Pallant*. The beauty it expresses echoes in the spirit long after one closes any novel of Henry James. Alike from his greater and his lesser tales of fiction, one turns away with a heightened desire of understanding moral souls.

After twenty-five years of reading him, it is as a fiction writer first that one thinks of Henry James. In viewing him as a fiction writer, one looks back at an extraordinary variety of enriching recreation in his pages. Whatever that variety, this one striking experience has attended the pleasure of all my own acquaintance with them: from the first word to the last I have been eager to learn the truth about his characters. What they did, what they suffered, their pains, their passions, their delights, are very little to me in comparison with what they themselves are.

One lives the life of Henry Fielding's and of Thomas Hardy's men and women, and of Turgenev's and of Mr. Howells's and Mr. H. G. Wells's. The character of the "human interest" in Henry James's novels (for me, at least) is radically different in kind. The refreshment of reincarnation in other creatures is not a part of that interest. The fascination of the tale of Milly Theale and of Nanda Brookenham, and of Chad Newsome and Strether, lies, not in one's imaginative embodiment in their natures, but in learning what essential stuff these natures are made of. Tone by tone, qualification by qualification, behind one lifted curtain after another, the ways and motives of their inner spirits are revealed.

The master of a great art, Henry James is so dazzling in performance that one instinctively regards the play of the

fountain rather than its secret springs: and thinks of him as a supremely accomplished writer, before one considers him as an author and source of creative ideas. All he has written seems a part of literature. Of an achievement so great, one can of course, in a brief account of a long enjoyment of his pages, give only a few indications of the ways in which his medium has seemed markedly expressive.

The prefaces of his last-published edition of his fiction, concerning the manner of each of these compositions, offer a comment necessarily so much more deeply-derived than that of a mere reader, and even a frequent re-reader, that nearly all subsequent words on the topic of his fictive production have an air of casual and of superficial consideration. "Were I minded" he says in the preface to *The Awkward Age* (in referring to one of its "books"), "to use in this connection 'a loud word'—and the critic in general hates loud words as a man of taste may hate loud colors—I should speak of the composition of the chapters entitled 'Tishy Grendon,' with all the pieces of the game on the table together and each unconfusedly and contributively placed, as triumphantly scientific." The pleasure one has in witnessing his achievements in his later works is like watching a player win a complicated game of solitaire. He proceeds to build up one series of impressions after another, with a species of science—since this word having once resounded may perhaps permissibly be echoed—which this particular reader chances never to have observed in the method of any other writer.

It is by chromatic shades and half-tones that many elements in the miracle of our whole mysterious existence reveal themselves to us: and in his mastery, indeed it may almost be said in his creation, of a method of expression which proceeds by chromatic shades and half-tones and crescent qualifications, Henry James's genius is supreme. The infinite faculty of man, the kaleidoscopic character of the human mind, glimmers richly from the distinguished presence of *The Awkward Age, The Ambassadors, The Wings of a Dove.* The curiousness of life, the enigma of its intricacy, is always there to fascinate you, as you are fascinated by prodigies of nature,—the seamed face of the Matterhorn, or the roofs of stalactite caves. At once the most original and the most conventional of authors, he never repeats his knowledge. And too, the texture of Henry James's expres-

sion has a wonderfully consistent surface. His dialogue is all of this texture. It is almost as difficult to break pieces out to quote, as it would be to quote a portion of a tapestry. You can not characterize a figure by one of his remarks, as you can with Daudet's and Thackeray's. The miracle is that, conditioned as the conversation of Henry James's people is by this uniformity in the warp and woof of their speech, they yet represent, at once so fully and so delicately, innumerable differences of nature. Outward peculiarities of personal speech and of personal appearance are of course only too often concealments, rather than affirmations, of a personal spirit. Someone said once of a brilliant physician who was blind, "He has a chance really to know what people's souls are like. He is not distracted by their appearances." The blurring of distinctions of individual speech in Henry James's art of composition serves in this same manner, by eliminating a distraction, to show intimate motives more clearly than a presentment truer to the facts of existence.

Then—though Milly Theale and Kate Croy speak according to the texture of the book in which they appear, rather than according to their own several natural histories—they narrate themselves to us, after all, as people narrate the qualities of their souls to us in real life. This most precious learning which earth has to bestow we acquire, not by witnessing some signal act of courage, or staunchness, or wisdom, but by a long and multitudinous series of changing and corrected impressions.

Henry James, alone—so far as I know—among novelists, has had a cosmopolitan purpose. No other human being, I think, has exhibited, as a writer, so clear and so frequent an intent of understanding and portraying men and women of other nationalities than his own. For this intent, too, his method has proved to be a miraculous instrument. Without at any time speaking any such tongue as, let us say, the French-English of Thackeray's Florac, his medium serves as a species of Volapuk for presenting a peopled world inhabited by French and Italians and Germans and Americans and English. Those who feel that he has disparaged Americans would do well to consider their extremely noble appearance among these figures in his pages.

His tale is always told in the tone of the world-traveler: and makes a world-traveler of its reader. Never has such

a faculty seemed more valuable to letters than at the present moment. Its presence dignifies all his efforts. The scenes his people inhabit are produced for you as by a master of the revels of the globe. You see the enriching spectacles that have delighted hundreds of thousands of human beings of all climes and nations. The mellow light, the vast human heritage of the pleasures of countless Summers and Winters of passionate pilgrims, rest on a hundred places where one has sojourned in his tales. Yet, lovely as his evocations are, they remain almost purely spectacular. If when you visit these scenes you look upon cities of men, manners, and climates, Ulysses never shows you anything of councils and governments, of any currents of collective human purpose circulating in the lands where he guides you. His world-pageant is unrolled for you by an author whose interest is cosmopolitan, but not international.

It seems almost an ungrateful discrimination to make about a writer whose production has, as a whole, illumined the world for his readers more than the effort of any other author. But truth seems to require such an acknowledgment all the more because in this wonderful illumination he is peerless. No Elizabethan, nor Grecian, not the text of Holy Writ, reveals that special wide-spread candid light it was his destiny to show us. No other writer has expressed as he has the profound and large charm of our human opportunity simply as inhabitants of a globe. Yet, beautifully as the outward aspect, wonderfully as the individual souls, of any nation whose scene and people are present in Henry James's fiction are portrayed, these are never related, in my experience of his pages, to any general social consciousness, to any of the contemporary notions and ideas rising from that silent spirit of collective masses which Renan tells us is the source of all great things.

Almost all his figures lead lives fully peopled, fully sociable in the sense of being constantly in communication with other individuals, but not in any large sense social, nor touched by any of the moods of a profound general consciousness. The wide, the fascinating currents of contemporary thought seem never to wash the shores of those lands where they lead their convincing fabled existence, in one way so much in the world of today, and yet, in another way, not in it at all. Justice and injustice by no means wait outside this widespread world of Henry James's creation. But

his reference, his people's reference, to justice and injustice is always personal, and never swings to a broader range.

Everybody who has read Henry James's novels and tales for the last twenty-five years has probably realized that, with a few notable exceptions, no matter who the hero or the heroine may be or what the conditions of his existence, this character—who has been, from the beginning, making up his mind whether he will or will not support the frame of things as they are—will conform. He will support the frame of things as they are, even if, like Hyacinth Robinson, he has to commit suicide to do it.

Why do they all acquiesce? Why does Maggie Verver go back to, or rather never depart from, her treacherous and gross husband? Why does Madame de Mauves submit to her perhaps less treacherous and more gross companion? Why does Isabelle Archer return to *her* base husband? Why, when the character of his behest seems to her unwarrantable and even contemptible, does she advise her step-daughter to sacrifice all her dearest instincts to obey it? Why does "The American" act according to the wish of the murderous brother and mother of Madame de Cintre? Useless to multiply instances. They all acquiesce, of course, for very different reasons. But it is never, so far as I recall—except in the case of Merton Densher—from an imputed infirmity of purpose. It must be remembered that not one of the protagonists mentioned is described as at all weak-willed, or of dependent nature. On the contrary, they are all represented as rather strong-willed and of independent nature. But in every case, fretted through a long period of doubt, they are at last played on. However rotten things are in the State of Denmark, they never kill the king. This striking feature—the determination to let things remain as they are in the State of Denmark—is almost as invariable a feature of Henry James's composition as dark tree-trunks before a misted horizon is of Corot's.

What is remarkable is not so much the acquiescence itself, as the fact that the artist almost always treats it as an act of high courage and vision. It is a little as though—to indicate this treatment in its least convincing aspects—Chaucer should be at a great deal of pains, in telling the story of Patient Griselda, to make you believe that Griselda is not so much subservient as spirited.

Someone has said of Turgenev's novels that, as in Whit-

man's poem, after all the heroes are discouraged and gone, liberty is the last to go out. In Henry James's novels, the spirit that remains after all their heroes and heroines are gone is the spirit of the conventional. The word is not used here in its narrower sense, but in that grave meaning Isabel Archer considers in her long meditation—the meaning of "the love of harmony and order and decency and all the stately offices of life."

Like chromosomes which are apparent only in their susceptibility to a certain stain, the manifestations of life which were most vivid to Henry James's mind were those, I believe, which could take the dye of the traditional, of the conventional: and other manifestations were almost non-existent for him. He could not, I think, have seen his heroes and heroines doing things inharmonious and indecorous: as soon as they began they would have become ridiculous, and then dim, and then have vanished.

Far more apparent in the criticism of Henry James than in his fiction is his color-blindness to manifestations of life not susceptible to traditional and conventional dyes. A critical perception rather derisive of the emergent genius of Ibsen and of Whistler and of Whitman, and that asks what the interest is in the novels of Arnold Bennett and of H. G. Wells, shows, I think one is forced to admit, a very striking limitation of vision. The rising realization of the error and irrationality of the present economic order, the present social order; the growing knowledge of the overwhelming extent of poverty on the earth; the study of numberless causes and effects of that poverty, and of meliorative efforts against it: these vital concerns have absorbed much of the most intense, most uncompromising, most creative and characteristic thought of our time. The fact that all this range of thought seems to remain outside the realm of the criticism of Henry James, just as it remains outside his fiction, with all else which does not show the colors or the grace of conventional things, seriously narrows his appreciation of much vivid truth and beauty.

When that is said, he yet remains a great, an imaginative critic both of society and of letters. There is not space here to comment on his scope and brilliancy in this field, nor to mention more than one of his extraordinary values. In that delightful book, *Partial Portraits,* in his wonderful essay on Turgenev, he tells us that the Russian author was "abso-

lutely without that eagerness of self-reference which sometimes accompanies great and even small reputations," and he quotes the eloquent words of the elegy of Renan—"Turgenev received, by that mysterious decree which marks out human vocations, the gift which is noble beyond all others; he was born essentially impersonal." This fine tribute might fittingly have been paid to Henry James himself. The grace of that fresh and inspiring gift permeates all his words on letters.

Our own land is filled with a squalor of personal reference. The tone of Henry James's criticism alone is a clarifying pleasure in the midst of it, like a salt breath of the air of the seas that reach around the earth, blowing into some close apartment in a dwelling on their shores.

The work of a great writer, and a voluminous writer, must always say very different things to different persons. As in every other long acqaintanceship, one is always finding a disparaging criticism which refers accurately to one period and instance of a very large phenomenon not applicable to it as a whole. For many reasons there will probably long be numbers of American readers to whom no aspect of Henry James's work will say anything at all. People here have formed a habit of passing their eyes hastily over vast acreages of text, dully apprehended. They are abundantly provided with reading-matter which they can "follow" with half their mind on other matters, or even half-asleep. A restless inattention pervades our national habits of thought. To enjoy Henry James requires the reader's attention. Then—he is accomplished and exhaustive and profound and critical: and we prefer authors to be ignorant and casual and obvious and flattering; and not even in an appreciation of letters are we able to assume the gift which is noble beyond all others, of being essentially impersonal.

Henry James's criticisms of America are far less contemptuous, and perhaps less penetrating, than Thoreau's criticisms, which Americans receive so unresentfully: more candid, and more wise, than Heine's ironies on the subject of Germany, which his countrymen seem to love to crush against their bosoms. As a protest against his country's lack of principle, Thoreau refused to support its government by refusing to pay his taxes. As an avowed defiance of his nation's philistinism, Heine left Germany in his thirty-

fourth year, to live in France. Remaining there until his death, some twenty-five years afterwards, he asked in his will, near the close of that long martyrdom of pain he bore so bravely in the Valley of the Shadow, that his ashes be buried in Paris.

All apart from the consideration of the justice of the view of the soldier in the liberation war of humanity, all apart from the question of one's own belief in the cause Thoreau espoused, there is something that rouses admiration in the acts of both these men of genius. Their conduct betokens a large inner life such as everyone must honor, where ideas are the abiding realities. It chances that the sympathy of the present writer is with that "sober-suited freedom" of which Mr. Howells spoke so beautifully not long since as the instinctive sympathy of our own national heritage. But irrespective of one's national sympathies, when Henry James became, in her hour of struggle, a subject of the country where he had lived and worked for the last forty years, there was in the same manner, I think, a quality in the act that everyone must honor, except those people in any and every country for whom patriotism means simply a violent and assertive claimancy and a hatred of alien nations.

No written words have, I suppose, better served the cause of civilization against that stupid and tragic error of hatred among nations than the life-work of Henry James.

EDITH WYATT.

SHAKESPEARE

April 23, 1616—April 23, 1916

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

Exalted soul, secure in thy estate
Of the world's homage and its glad acclaim,
May we that which thou wrought commemorate
This day, not by vain word unto thy fame,
Whilst England, whose chief glory is thy song,
Lies stricken with her wounds; but by the deed
We vow her sovereignty to prolong,
And keep her sacred from barbaric greed.
Then at the coming triumph, gone the night
And the chast'ning, be anthem'd to the reign
Of an England transfigured in her might,
Thy votive hymns to her—thy song's refrain.
A just God grant all this for his renown,
As kingly meed and diadem and crown.

Joseph S. Auerbach.

SHAKESPEARE'S LATER WORKMANSHIP

"PERICLES" AND "KING HENRY VIII"

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Hemynge and Condell excluded *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* from their First Folio edition of Shakespeare in 1623; nor did it appear among his collected plays until the Third Folio of 1664. Yet Hemynge and Condell must have been familiar with it: for it happened to earn a very considerable popular success. For this we have not only the silent evidence of the book-trade—it was published in quarto, with Shakespeare's name, in 1609, and republished in the same year; a third quarto appeared in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635—we have assertative evidence as well. The first quarto, on the title-page, boldly advertises it as "The late and much admired play called *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*" One, Robert Tailor, in the prologue to *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle,* writes:

> And if it prove so happy as to please,
> We'll say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles.*

and, in 1646, one S. Shepherd:

> With Sophocles we may
> Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes
> Never like him his Fancy could display—
> Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles.

Lastly, testimony to the play's success with the public is accumulated, as on a backwash, by the number of critics who notice it to reprobate it; beginning with Ben Jonson and his characteristic sneer:

> Some mouldy[1] tale
> Like Pericles.

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[1] The curious epithet "mouldy" agrees with one theory—that *Pericles* was an old play exhumed.

The play, then, certainly achieved success in its day, though it were but (as the French say) a success of scandal. I think there may have been another reason for its taking the town. It gave—like the "revue" or the cinema of to-day—a new sensation. We may call these new sensations cheap, vulgar, tawdry; and so perhaps they are. We may, comparing even *Pericles* with *Hamlet,* demand of the public

> Have you eyes?
> Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
> And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

But Shakespeare, like every other great dramatist, wrote for his public; and we, laying aside our account with human frailty, must note that in art, as in life, men will have reaction, novelty—reaction even from the best; that transience qualifies even the attainment of a Pheidias, a Raphael, or a Shakespeare, because transience lies at the root and runs in the sap of all human pleasure. We cannot even conceive of human enjoyment apart from this qualifying transience. Good folk (as I observe them), being quite unable to imagine Eternity—that immense emptiness in which Time is not, and today and yesterday and tomorrow and a thousand years are as one; in the awful space of which everything stands still; in which the man who died in this war is alive and without apprehension of any war; in which the most exquisite flower of pleasure known to us has neither season in which to unfold, nor season through which to fade—good folk, unable to imagine this, or at any rate to keep a hold on such a conception, reduce it to Everlasting Life, Everlasting Bliss, which are simply life and bliss conceived in an endless prolonging of Time. Take it so, and I ask: How is our conception of everlasting bliss, of any bliss at once intense, ecstatic, and perpetual, to be referred to any happiness of which any one of us has had experience? As Jowett puts it dryly, in his introduction to Plato's *Phædo:*

> Where is the pain that does not become deadened after a thousand years? Or what is the nature of that pleasure or happiness which never wearies by monotony? Earthly pleasures and pains are short in proportion as they are keen; of any others which are both intense and lasting, we can form no idea. . . . To beings constituted as we are, the monotony of singing Psalms would be as great an affliction as the pains of hell, and might even be pleasantly interrupted by them.

We are men, in short; "sublunary things"; and our best in art, which in overweening moments we call "immortal," is by its very nature the slave of transience. "There is nothing immortal but immortality," says Sir Thomas Browne. "The form decays," says Wordsworth.

The form decays, the *function* never dies.

"The form decays": there are to be no more *Macbeths*, no more *Othellos*, because men will not have them—and Shakespeare himself consigns to their demand for novelties. The "function" continues in chase of new experiments.

The public, on the one hand, has a craving for novelties in art; and the artist a correspondent craving to invent them —and not, be it noted, a base craving merely to open a new market, but a spiritual ambition, the last infirmity of all noble workmen: to improve the best, break the known barriers of rule, and master a new province for Art. These two reasons converge to explain not only why Shakespeare, having written *Othello*, went on to write *Pericles*, but also (though it be a minor matter) why *Pericles* took the town as it did.

For, obviously, it was a new thing, or an attempt at a new thing; an attempt, by boldly casting over all unity of time, to present in terms of drama what naturally belongs to epic or romance. Let me insist on this, for it is of capital importance. In *Pericles* our workman Shakespeare boldly lays hand on a theme proper to epic or the romantic novel—a theme which had already done duty in both (in the *Confessio Amantis* and in a novel by one, Laurence Twine, entitled *The Patterne of Painefull Adventures: Containing the most Excellent Pleasant and Variable Historie of the Strange Accidents that Befell unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his Wife, and Tharsia his Daughter*, and displays in dramatic form a long, diffused story, supposed to cover a lifetime. He is doing, in fact, precisely what Sir Philip Sidney in a pretty mocking passage of the *Apologie for Poetrie* laughed at bad playwrights for doing:

Now of time they are much more liberall. For ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in love. After many traverces she is got with child, delivered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours space; which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught, and all ancient examples justified.

So, after all, Shakespeare's was nothing new as an attempt. What he achieved was to make a success of the absurdity, and a success that encouraged him to improve on it in *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale;* for these also are long-drawn romances turned into drama; by more cunning machinery, indeed, but unmistakably bearing the same stigmata as *Pericles*—the stigmata of the epical romantic tale, not of the drama.

The time supposed to be occupied by the action of *Pericles* is about sixteen years. *The Winter's Tale* has an interval of sixteen years between its third and fourth acts, with various minor intervals of days and weeks. The chronology of *Cymbeline* is baffling and in places absurd (the speed, for example, of Iachimo's coming and going between Italy and Britain cannot be reconciled with any means of human locomotion known to Shakespeare. He could hardly have achieved it on a motor-cycle, with a steamer ready and waiting at Calais). But actually, as any intelligent reader must perceive, the author is feeling back toward unity of time. We do not see the king's sons stolen, and anon, through this and that device, watch them grow up—as we see the infants, Marina and Perdita, cast away, and are supposed to watch or imagine them growing up. We come upon Polydore and Cadwall ready-grown, and have it rehearsed to us how that they are the lost princes, Guiderius and Arviragus. Yet the supposed action of *Cymbeline* must cover many months. Now, the supposed action of *The Tempest*—the whole of it—covers but three or four hours at the most, and the actual performance takes a good time.

And so, after advancing such excellent reasons why Shakespeare wrote *Pericles* at such and such a date, and why he made it such and such a play, let me proceed to show that he did nothing of the sort.

I will not go so far as to say that Shakespeare could not, at any time of his life, have written the first two Acts. He was great but careless. I believe, indeed, that he touched them up, the odious opening scene more particularly. Even in the rhyming lines I should be sorry to deny the Master in two or three passages. For example:

> See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
> Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
> Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Or:

> Yon sometimes famous princess, like thyself,
> Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
> Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale
> That without covering, save yon field of stars,
> Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars.

Those last four words make me hesitate. But I will swear that if (as I profoundly disbelieve) he wrote these two acts at any time of his life, he did not do so within a dozen years of his writing the rest of the play.

The scope of this inquiry confines me to such evidence as may be found in Shakespeare's workmanship. I pass over evidence of other kinds—evidence marshalled by Delius, Fleay, and others—which seems to me conclusive. I pass over all questions whether a man called Wilkins wrote the earlier part of the play. I care not who he was, so long as he was not Shakespeare. My only business is to suppeditate, by examining the workmanship, a conclusion already based on stronger evidence. Evidence on any point of dubiety concerning Shakespeare may be external or internal, may be derived from records, from allusions to the text, from verse-tests, from half-a-dozen studies other than the neglected one—of principles of workmanship—which I am here trying to pursue. Sometimes the witness of one sort will preponderate, sometimes that of another: and just here I am cheerfully playing second fiddle.

Now that Shakespeare was trying, in *Pericles* and its successors, to convert epic into terms of drama, is no warrant for inferring that he who had written *Othello* was, even in waywardness, so little of an artist as to be incapable of telling a story.

Yet in *Pericles,* as we have it, that is just what he could not do. Some two hundred years later, Mary Lamb, having to write out the story of *Pericles* for young people, started thus:

> Pericles, Prince of Tyre, became a voluntary exile from his dominions, to avert the dreadful calamities which Antiochus, the wicked emperor of Greece, threatened to bring upon his subjects and city of Tyre, in revenge for a discovery which the prince had made of a shocking deed which the emperor had done in secret; as commonly it proves dangerous to pry into the hidden crimes of great men.

Thus in one sentence—the last clause mere comment—Mary Lamb dismisses the whole of the first Act! The second Act she treats a little more tenderly, bestowing on it a full paragraph, of four sentences. In her whole narrative, which—even though, as a tale for the young reader, it omits all the coarse business at Mitylene—covers some twenty-one pages, Acts iii, iv, and v occupy more than twenty pages; Acts i and ii less than one.

What does this mean? It means that a great deal more than a third of the play (in fact, it is nearer a half)—a solid block of writing, and that at the beginning, or just where in ninety-nine dramas out of a hundred you find the board laid, the game planned, and those opening moves developed which give the trend toward the climax—it means that all this has scarce anything to do with the story, and no *necessary* bearing on it whatever.

I have granted you that *Pericles* is what Aristotle would call an "episodic" play. "I call," says Aristotle, "a plot 'episodic,' in which the episodes or acts succeed one another without probable or necessary sequence. Bad poets compose such pieces by their own fault; good poets to please the players." I go farther and grant that Aristotle is right when he says in the *Poetics* (ix, 10), "Of all plots and actions the episodic are the worst," and again, in the *Metaphysics,* "Nor does Nature seem to make episodes out of her happenings like a vile tragedy." Still, it remains inconceivable to me that Shakespeare, being the master he had made himself, should in these later years be guilty of such a blunder. It would mean, not that he is incompetent, but that, being incompetent, he is wantonly practising incompetency. As the American said, contemplating a certain leader of the English Bar, "A stutter may be an affliction, and a hare lip an act of God, but side-whiskers are a man's own fault."

Nor is it any answer to say that all the nasty business of Antiochus and his daughter lay at hand ready-made in the pages of Gower and of Twine's novel. To be sure it did. But what of that? Shakespeare did not huddle into *Macbeth* or into *Cymbeline* everything he found in Hollinshed, or into *Antony and Cleopatra* everything he found in North's Plutarch. In selecting what is essential, in casting out what is irrelevant or cumbersome, lies one half of a great artist's secret. So what I adduce is *artistic* evidence

that Shakespeare (or at any rate the later Shakespeare, with whom alone we here concern ourselves) did not write Acts i and ii of *Pericles,* as we have it. Yet such evidence is almost superfluous, since all the verse-tests put the question quite out of doubt. Rhymed endings swarm throughout these two acts. There are 171 lines in the very first scene, and 46 of them rhyme. So, or almost so, it goes on until Act iii opens, with Pericles on shipboard; and just there, where the true story opens, the rhymes suddenly cease. Save as a tag to close an act there are scarcely another six rhymes (outside of the prologue and the silly "vision") in the whole of the play. The diction, the phrasing, moreover, turn suddenly into right Shakespeare. Let us listen to Pericles as he questions Marina:

> Prithee, speak:
> Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou lookest
> Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a Palace
> For the crown'd Truth to dwell in . . .
> Tell thy story:
> If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
> Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
> Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look
> Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
> Extremity out of act.

Can anyone doubt the authentic voice there?

So Delius and Fleay and Sir Sidney Lee and Dr. Gollanz are undoubtedly right in ruling out Acts i and ii as un-Shakespearean, or at least not Shakespearean of this period. But I hold some of them to be as undoubtedly mistaken in ruling out the brothel scenes (Act iv, Scenes 2, 5 and 6) as un-Shakespearean. I will swear that Shakespeare wrote them. For the reader's consent, I will ask him to read over these scenes side by side with the correspondent ones in *Measure for Measure,* and then dare to deny that both are not by the same hand. Next, I refer him to a paragraph (equal truth and wisdom not to be bettered) from our modern Sir Walter Raleigh:

> *Measure for Measure* and the fourth Act of *Pericles* (which no pen but his could have written) prove Shakespeare's acquaintance with the darker side of the town, as it might be seen in Pickt-hatch or the Bankside. He does not fear to expose the purest of his heroines to the breath of this infection: their virtue is not ignorance; "'tis ingrain: 'twill endure wind and weather." In nothing

is he more himself than in the little care he takes to provide shelter for the most delicate characters of English fiction. They owe their education to the larger world, not to the drawing-room. Even Miranda, who is more tenderly guarded than Isabella or Marina, is not the pretty simpleton that some later renderings have made of her: when Prospero speaks of the usurping Duke as being no true brother to him, she replies composedly:

> 'I should sin
> To think but nobly of my grandmother.
> Good wombs have borne bad sons.'

Shakespeare's heroines are open-eyed; therein resembling himself, who turned away from nothing that bears the human image.

No: the very greatest artists are not afraid of ugliness; since only by understanding, by plumbing the mire of our nature, can the beauty that springs from it be shown in highest triumph. Spenser *wrote* exquisitely; nor is Una's chastity a cloistered, though it be a fugitive, virtue. But how thin is her purity, how but a figment of allegory her innocence, compared with the courageous virgin chastity of Marina at bay in the house of hell, or with the fierce wifely chastity of Imogen!

There was (as we know) in the Middle Ages an extreme sentence of law, under which a woman might vindicate the jewel of her reputation by walking over red-hot ploughshares. Even such an ordeal is braved—and trodden without flinching—by Marina and Imogen.

But there is yet another and thoroughly *artistic* reason why Marina should suffer these things. Her mother, Thaisa, is to appear in the final Act as the lost wife restored after many years—a favorite device of Shakespeare's, first tried in the *Comedy of Errors,* repeated in *Much Ado About Nothing,* again here in *Pericles,* once again in *The Winter's Tale.* But let us distinguish: The *Comedy of Errors* is comedy, or rather, broad farce. In *Much Ado* and *The Winter's Tale* the hidden Hero and Hermione have both been cruelly wronged; and their revelation at the shrine abases the souls of the men who suspected them. Thaisa, risen from the grave, has no such reproach wherewith to confront Pericles, by whom she had been wronged by no single deed, but loved in life and cherished in memory. Therefore, it *must* be upon the daughter Marina—as it needs not be with the daughter Perdita—that you charge

the audience's sense of affliction vanquished, of port attained after tempest endured.

In fact, we must understand that Marina had endured in Mitylene before we can express the full beauty of the recognition scene in *Pericles*. It has not—no need to say—the terribly beautiful grip of that scene in *Lear* where Cordelia is reconciled with her father: because, to begin with, Pericles has been no agent of Marina's suffering, as Lear has been the prime agent of Cordelia's; and secondly, there is nothing in Pericles himself to beat his soul down as Lear's —nothing to justify the lovely broken anguish of—

Cordelia: O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear: Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Four score and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind
. . . Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cordelia: And so I am, I am.

Lear:
Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause; they have not.

Cordelia: No cause, no cause!

Pathos to rival *that* no workman can write into Pericles, for the simple reason that it is not in the story, which holds no anguish comparable for a source of tears. Nevertheless the recognition scene in *Pericles* has a delicate beauty of its own: and the more we study that beauty the better we understand how it depends on Marina's having endured the worst of the world as an orphan; on the much it means to her to find a father; as we see how much more thereby, in the last Act, is summed up in her cry of discovery, as she runs and kneels to Thaisa:

My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

I shall conclude this paper with a very few words upon another play, *King Henry VIII,* which I set beside *Pericles* not as coming next to it in date (for it certainly does not) but because, like *Pericles*—and by even more general consent—it is allowed to be in great part the work of other hands than Shakespeare's. And I shall here dismiss it briefly because it is a Historical Play, and, as such, belongs to a *genus* of its own, and has an artistic intention quite apart from that of the Comedies or of the Tragedies, or of the romantic tragi-comedies with which we are here concerned; relying on different dramatic effects, and obeying therefore different rules of workmanship. I will only ask the reader here and on this point to bear always in mind that Shakespeare wrote to be *acted:* that very often a scene or a whole play of his over which we doubt in our library convinces us and vindicates itself when performed on the stage (as a captive fish, that lies dull and half dead in the hand, will, if restored to its element, revive, sport and flaunt again in its own lovely colors); and that, though on the stage today it disappoint us, the reason may yet be that the producers have mistakenly overdramatized or oversophisticated it, and so have missed the proper simplicity of the *genus.*

I think a historical play should usually be taken much as we take a procession in tapestry; should be treated on the flat, so to speak; that, without troubling our minds about dramatic concentration and high reliefs, we should allow the picture to unroll itself and trust the audience not to be offended by abrupt intervals or inconsequences. I think, in fact, that some of us who a few years ago were helping in various historical "pageants," did by our experiments —foolish as they often were—learn something of the right way with these historical plays, though it were only to trust an audience to take much for granted cheerfully. For a certainty we learned something and had a sense that, by unlearning much more, we were somehow harking back towards the secret.

But I have a better reason for speaking briefly of *Henry VIII.* It is that, after time spent on comparing theories of Shakespeare's share in it, Fletcher's share, others' share, the problem of separating its authorship remains insoluble to me. I do not yet know, and shall not attempt to tell.

One or two points, however, may be established.

(1) The main business of Katharine is indisputable Shakespeare. We have only to compare her trial scene with Hermione's in *The Winter's Tale* to convince ourselves. And, as Dr. Johnson noted, "the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine."

(2) Katharine's "vision" should not, being beautiful, have its beauty taken for evidence that Shakespeare invented it. Most of the visions in these late plays are so rankly bad that to a just mind any excellence in it ought to point the other way. (Yet my private opinion is that Shakespeare did invent it: because it belongs to the business of Katharine, which is his, and because the apparitions do not open their mouths.)

If we insist on judging *Henry VIII* as a drama (setting aside for the moment all questions of mixed authorship) its workmanship has perhaps no one capital flaw to compare with that of *Pericles;* but it misses its purpose no less fatally. *Pericles* consumes two Acts in getting at nothing at all, and starts afresh. *King Henry VIII,* after starting with a promise in the Prologue to make us weep over the spectacle of high things brought low,—

> And if you can be merry then, I'll say
> A man may weep upon his wedding day.

starts upon Buckingham, works his fate to a climax, drops it, starts upon Katharine, works hers to a climax, drops it, starts upon Wolsey, works his to a climax, drops it, and winds up with a merry christening. The first four Acts might pass as a serious experiment in connecting episodes to form a drama. But the fifth mars all, making all incongruous, dismissing us from the house of mourning with a poke in the ribs and a slap on the face. There is a unity which ranks above the famous unities of action, time and place. It is a *moral* unity; which Aristotle forgot to mention for the simple reason that he could not conceive of a Greek writer offending against it. But the authors of *Henry VIII* do so offend—that is, if we insist on taking it as a drama, not as a pageant. For my own belief, Shakespeare had nothing to do with the last Act, in which the artistic offense is found.

For the other flaw—that of the three climaxes—my own belief again is that Shakespeare was experimenting with the historical play much as he had experimented in *Pericles,*

The Winter's Tale, Cymbeline: that he saw, or thought he saw, a way to *draw out* drama over a long period of time and took for his theme the transitoriness of human ambition—which, when we come to think of it, can scarcely be better illustrated than by a *procession* of men and women, each rising on another's misfortune, each in turn abased, and humiliated in the dust.

> Think ye see
> The very persons of our noble story
> As they were living; think you see them great,
> And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
> Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
> How soon this mightiness meets misery.

The date of *King Henry VIII* (or, to be accurate, of its production) is unfortunately pretty certain. As we know, one of its earliest performances set the Globe Theatre on fire. That is the kind of artistic event which gets itself precisely recorded in letters and diaries: and this one did. It happened on June 29th, 1613.

I say that the date is "unfortunately pretty certain"—"unfortunately," because it fixes the production of *Henry VIII* a little after that of *The Tempest;* and the most of us would like to think of *The Tempest* as the final triumph upon which Prospero snapped his wand and buried his book. But, after all, *King Henry VIII* is anybody's child: while all of *The Tempest* is right Shakespeare. Let us "make it so," as good mariners say, after observing the heavens.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

The War and the Tone-poets: Debussy's Hymn of Hate.—The Red Man in the Theatre

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Among those who cerebrate along the line of least resistance there is a seemingly incorrigible belief that the War is going to affect favorably the several arts—that it is going to kill off the Cubists, chasten the rebellious soul of Mr. Ezra Pound, frighten Miss Amy Lowell back to the path of metrical righteousness, and bring the musical Futurists up with a sharp turn. In other words, it has been touchingly assumed that the great slaughter is to have a wholesomely purgative influence: that after it is over, the arts will be less inclined to flirt with novelties of form and attitude, less self-conscious and experimental.

Well, the War will soon have completed its second year, and we observe no significant modification of ante-bellum tendencies in the arts. The Cubists are seemingly unrepentant; we have lost track of Mr. Pound, but Miss Amy Lowell is still functioning with unabated energy; and, in the remoter world of music, the impious Mr. Stravinsky (with his *Grotesques* for string quartet) and Mr. Leo Ornstein (with his violin sonata) are still enthusiastically engaged in scrawling their ribaldries on the august walls of the Temple of Music, to the cautiously dissembled horror of the orthodox, the honest bewilderment of the unattached, and the unconcealed entertainment of the denizens of the intellectual underworld.

So, apparently, the War is not effecting that world-wide aesthetic catharsis which was so confidently expected by dismayed conservatives. Is it, on the other hand, exhibiting any creative effect? We can think of no instance except the profoundly inspired and extraordinarily beautiful sonnets of

Rupert Brooke. Aside from these, the arts—so far as we are aware—have been unresponsive in the presence of this terrific force which, though materially destructive, was to be aesthetically so fructifying. But our concern for the moment is with the particular art of music; and here we can be fairly positive.

War may, and has (though rarely), inspired great poetry; it has never yet inspired great music. If there is in existence any music of the highest excellence that owed its inspiration to war, we should like to have it pointed out to us. The only admirable war music we know is in the "Battle-field" section of Richard Strauss's *Heldenleben;* but that, superb piece of virtuosity though it is, remains at best an overwhelming tour de force. Yet this is the only music inspired by the thought of war, or intended to evoke a picture of war, that we have ever been able to listen to with any interest; and in this matter we plume ourselves on being exceptionally tolerant: for even that redoubtable champion of Strauss, Mr. Ernest Newman, balks at the veracity of the *Heldenleben* battle-music; and of course the general musical public turns from it with dismay and loathing. So, it seems, if music which deals candidly and realistically with war—with war face to face—is as disaffecting, upon close acquaintance, as war itself, in what creative way shall we expect music to react to it? Why, of course,—you say,—in its aspects of pity and sorrow, of valor and sacrifice: that is to say, its finer emotional precipitations. What is the reason, you may wonder, that music cannot reflect the war as nobly and poignantly and beautifully as the last sonnets of Rupert Brooke reflected it? We shall not assume to say that it cannot; we shall be content to say merely that as yet it has not done so—that it has not given us the kind of war-inspired emotion and war-inspired beauty that poetry has given us in, for example, Brooke's *The Soldier.*

Certainly, few who are upon equally intimate terms with music and poetry will deny that, of the two arts, music is the more richly equipped to utter with eloquence and beauty the nobler emotions of war. What music *could* do in this region of psychic reaction and notation, if it were set to the task with devoted intentness of vision, was indicated some years ago by that consummate master of tonal speech, Charles Martin Loeffler, when he set, for *a cappella* chorus, T. W. Parsons' Civil War threnody, *For One Who Fell in*

Battle. This music, as a whole, was by no means of Mr. Loeffler's best; yet there were moments when it touched a point of exceeding loveliness and pathos—moments when it came close to being comparable, for fineness and richness of emotional fibre, with the war sonnets of Brooke. And now, as a crucial test of the matter, we have the record of Claude Debussy's reaction to the present war.

Debussy has just given us a song, to words of his own contrivance, which is as immediate and direct a reaction, as perfect a test, as we could ask. He calls it *Noël des Enfants qui n'ont plus de Maisons,* which his translator has rendered as *Christmas Carol for Homeless Children.* We shall quote a few lines from this poem—using the remarkable English version attributed to a certain Swayne Saint René Taillandier—in order that the nature of Debussy's subject may be better understood:

> We have no more house nor home!
> Enemies took all we had;
> All gone, all gone,
> Even our own little bed!
> The school they burnt;
> They burnt our teacher, too.
> They burnt the church
> And Mister Jesus Christ;
> The poor old beggar, too,
> Who could not get away!
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Jesu! Infant Jesu! do not go to them;
> Don't go back to them ever; punish them all!
> Avenge the children of France! The little Belgians,
> The little Serbians, and the Polish children, too!
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Jesu! listen to us, our wooden shoes we have no more;
> So please give victory to the children of France!

We hasten to say that the original French of Debussy's text is better than this; but, at its best, it is bad enough to fill with malign rejoicing the enemies of his country. Herr Lissauer's famous Hymn of Hate was cheap and contemptible enough, in all conscience; but Debussy's is puerile. He would perform a far greater service for his fame by offering himself to German bullets than by putting forth such bathos as this precious *Christmas Carol.*

But, you ask, what of the music? Well, poor music is never as conspicuously poor as poor verse; yet in the music

of this song Debussy has apparently striven valiantly to get down to the abysmal levels of his text. For those who care deeply for the incomparable music of *Pelléas et Mélisande,* of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune,* of *Rondes de Printemps,* of *La Mer,* of certain songs and piano pieces matchless for beauty and distinction, this production is tragically disheartening. Writing, unquestionably, out of a sincere emotion, you would have expected Debussy to penetrate beneath the surface of his paltry verses and extract from the heart of them music of true and affecting eloquence. But he has done nothing of the sort. He has given us seven pages of music that is amazing for its flatness, its thinness, its vacuity, its triteness. It has a certain feeble pensiveness, and for a few measures (in the setting of *Noël! écoutez-nous, nous n'avons plus de petits sabots*) you get a glimpse of the old Debussy: the Debussy who could ravish the spirit with a mere gesture of his enchanter's wand; who could free the imagination with a chord. But with this exception, you will look fruitlessly for even a hint that the waters have been deeply stirred; for we decline to believe that the treasures in the depths have been exhausted.

Was it Mr. Huneker who asked once if genius can be turned on and off like a tap? We are afraid it can.

Our American Red Man has seldom been happily placed in dramatic or musical art. On the stage he has been, almost without exception, either an absurdity or a bore. To the imagination a puissant and heroic being, he has defied concrete projection in plays and operas. Why it is that so romantic and stirring a figure should thus defy dramatic or lyric embodiment is not easy to say. We recall with distress various theatrical Indians—from those of *The Girl I Left Behind Me* to those that Mr. Belasco and Mr. Puccini insinuated into the adventures of that later Girl: she of the Golden West; and in those splendid inaugural days of the New Theatre Mrs. Mary Austin was encouraged to amuse herself with the theme. Whatever the reason, the Indian in dramatic action has always involved a reckless invitation to the Comic Spirit. He has seldom imposed himself upon the imaginations of opera-makers—a gracious Providence, divinely humorous, has preserved us from a plague of singing Indians. There was, to be sure, Mr. Victor Herbert's *Natoma;* but the lyric Indian in that unfortunate work

was merely Miss Mary Garden in a deplorably unbecoming make-up. The imagination reels at the thought of a male Indian—either the picturesque savage of the romantic tradition or his unlovely survival on the reservations—as a serious figure in opera. On the whole, he has been best served by the composers of music not written for the stage; though we know only one experiment with the theme which has achieved complete dignity, power, and beauty, and that is Edward MacDowell's *Indian Suite* for orchestra. In this noble, imaginative, and most touching music,—with its songs of love and war and mourning, its scenes of ritual and festivity,—is to be found certainly the first, and not improbably the last, successful attempt to deal profoundly and poetically with material which has always proved intractable and unrewarding for the artist in any field.

MacDowell was, as we all know, a man of genius; Mr. George Scarborough, whose *Heart of Wetona* was produced a while ago at the Lyceum Theatre, with the tactful assistance of Mr. Belasco, may perhaps not yet be similarly described. Surely no one in his senses would accuse either Mr. Scarborough or his distinguished confederate of an intention to produce in this instance a work of art. *The Heart of Wetona* is a reckless, joyous, and most delectable melodrama, packed with fabulous heroisms, fabulous villainies, fabulous sacrifices and revenges and fidelities; yet in one of its aspects it approaches uncomfortably close to registering an artistic feat. We refer to the figure of the Indian Comanche Chief, Quannah. How much of the astonishing veracity, dignity, and force of this creation should be credited to Mr. Scarborough and Mr. Belasco, and how much to the dominating embodiment of the character by Mr. William Courtleigh, we shall not pretend to determine. Nor do we know whether Quannah exhibits a verifiable picture of Indian psychology under the painful circumstances by which he is afflicted in this play—we are not sufficiently expert in that field to say; the point is that you fancy, while watching him in action, that he does: and that is enough. Here, at last, is a stage Indian who is as far as possible from being either a joke or a bore: an Indian who compasses both tragic dignity and tragic force: who curiously and disconcertingly succeeds in making those other characters who are mere White Men look a little puny and trifling and ineffectual.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE RISING OF A STAR[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Kings is kings, and you've got to make allowances, said Huckleberry Finn; but some have had no cause to make these allowances: some have dwelt happily, without need for reservation or excuse, in the benign effulgence of royal favor. Of such is Miss Geraldine Farrar. It has ever, of course, been one of the perquisites of prima donnas to enjoy the friendship of sovereigns, nobles, and the lesser great of earth; but Miss Farrar was born and reared in parts remote from the domains of royalty; and therefore we are entitled to be more than usually dazzled, from our provincial standpoint, by consideration of her case. So we shall make no concealment of the bourgeois thrill which awoke in us when, at the close of the ninth chapter of Miss Farrar's autobiography, we found her observing in her irresistible American way: "What a perfect darling old King Oscar was!" When Miss Farrar sang at Stockholm, King Oscar never missed a performance; and when her farewell was celebrated, His Majesty not only decorated her with the gold cross of the Order of Merit, but gave her a complete set of Swedish stamps for her friend Caruso,—who, we are edified to learn, is a postage-stamp "fan."

And then, of course, there was Miss Farrar's good friend, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, and the Crown Prince. In a chapter entitled "Imperial Encouragement," Miss Farrar writes with unimpeachable candor of these exalted friends. This was in the days before Teutonic "Frightfulness" had reared its head; and yet you gasp a little when Miss Farrar

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[1] *Geraldine Farrar: The Story of an American Singer.* By Herself. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

tells you how she defied the order of the German Court to wear either lavender or black, with gloves and no jewelry, at the command performance to which the Kaiser had summoned her. Miss Farrar was sorry, but neither black nor lavender became her, and she never wore gloves while singing: it was her custom to wear what she chose when she sang, and she chose white. The Court—need we say?—capitulated. Miss Farrar wore white.

This was the forerunner of many pleasant social gatherings at the Palace, when Miss Farrar (and her mother) were "honored guests." It was at one of these gatherings that Miss Farrar met the Crown Prince. Miss Farrar was naturally interested in the personality of the heir to the throne; she liked him at once, and "spoke to him at some length." Thereafter the Prince frequented the royal box at the Opera, and became a critic of music. Miss Farrar still has a card sent to her by him after a certain performance—a card showing the Palace gardens, and bearing this scribbled message:

You played very well to-night.—WILHELM.

But no artist, as Miss Farrar discerningly remarks, can hope to escape permanently "the evil tongue and jealousy of those who envy her the success she has won." Thus it happened that the Crown Prince's sudden interest in opera "was made the baseless pretext of a wild rumor of the romantic attachment of the youthful heir for a certain American prima donna singing at the Royal Opera," and Miss Farrar became "the unconscious victim of many canards." The truth of the matter, she tells us, was that the Crown Prince, being just out of college and fond of music, was naturally drawn to take notice of "the only young prima donna at the opera house." In other words, it was simply that Miss Farrar possessed a monopoly of juvenility; and monopoly, as always, proved irresistible. What explanation could be more persuasive, more disarming? We wonder that Miss Farrar's father, a distinguished baseball player and an athlete of prowess, should have found it necessary to go to the length of "retaliating by a physical reminder to one editor that such slanders are not circulated with impunity about young American women." Thus was the ophidian tongue of calumny silenced forever, you are encouraged to assume: for Miss Farrar's father still lives.

We said, in beginning, that Miss Farrar had never been called upon to make allowances for the behavior of kings. It was different with the lesser great. We are thinking of the case of Count Ischki P——. Count Ischki P—— was a Pole. Tall, handsome, bearded, he obliged Miss Farrar by making change for her while she was travelling (with her mother) on a train between Berlin and Warsaw. Very rich, with a romantic temperament, he began at once to assail Miss Farrar, both on the train and at Warsaw, with flowers, sweetmeats, candies, " even attempting to send me jewelry." The climax came one afternoon when Miss Farrar, sitting quietly in her hotel apartment reading (you like to fancy) Emerson's essay on *Self-Reliance,* was invaded by the Count, faultlessly dressed, who threw himself upon his knees in the midst of a débris of candy-boxes and repudiated jewelry, and declared that, unless Miss Farrar would marry him, he " would quickly die the death of a madman." But Miss Farrar, fortified by Emerson, " gently motioned for him to arise and depart," as she relates the stirring episode. " ' I am only a cold, heartless, American girl,' I replied. ' I love only my Art, and I shall never marry anybody ' "—thus, incidentally, is fixed for us authoritatively the original enunciation of an historic decision.

Almost from the start, Miss Farrar seems to have lived for Art. " This God-sent gift of song," she says, " was bestowed upon me for some purpose, I know not what. If early in life I dimly sensed this insecurity [the possibility that " something might mar the delicate instrument "], yet always have I gone onward and upward, eager for that which Fate had in store for me." This high and mystic sense of consecration to a great Ideal, an Increasing Purpose, seems to have guided Miss Farrar's primal steps. " From the days of my earliest recollection," she tells us, " I have labored unceasingly to attain the goal which I believed and hoped Destiny had marked out for me." Miss Farrar recalls gazing into an open fireplace in her childhood home at Melrose, Mass., in her second or third year, " trying to conjure up strange and fanciful shapes and figures." She would then stroll to the great, old-fashioned square piano in the corner, and, standing on tiptoe, would strum upon the keys. It seems to her now that she was then striving to give expression musically to the strange shapes and figures suggested to her imagination by the flames. But singing, rather than com-

position, was, as the doctors say, plainly "indicated." Miss Farrar, who was a happy baby, sang when other babies usually cry; and at the age of three she took part in a church concert. At five, she became aware of the possession of "dynamic energy," of a "reckless nature, impatient at restraint." With dark hair, worn short, looking like "an impish boy," gypsy-like, magnetic, no wonder she felt, as she confesses, that she "could influence others": "I always had the utmost faith in a certain power of magnetism . . . and often I experimented just to see what effects I could produce." But though a happy child, Miss Farrar possessed either temper or temperament—she is not sure which; and she was often moody, irritable, depressed. When in this condition she employed a most meritorious expedient,—a device which should commend itself to all artists of temperament. She wore, as a danger signal, "a pair of distinctive black-and-white checked stockings, the most hideous things one can imagine. 'Mother,' I said, 'when I wear these things I want to be let alone.'"

For Miss Farrar, and for mankind, January 15, 1896, will ever remain a date big with moment. It was then—twenty years ago—that Miss Farrar gave her first public concert, at the Town Hall in Melrose. Miss Farrar's "selection" was from *Mignon* (in Italian), and upon the same programme were the Alpine Quartet, of Woburn; Miss Cora Cummings, banjo soloist; and a reciter. In the Spring of the same year she achieved a Boston appearance, at a pupils' concert in Association Hall, which provoked the music critic of the *Melrose Reporter* to an uttterance which Miss Farrar characterizes as prophetic: "With hopeful anticipation [we read], her many loving friends will follow her future—which seems already unfolding, and as the child glides to womanhood, our little twinkling star may rise by and by from dear Melrose, and become resplendent in the musical firmament, where all the world will love to listen and do her homage."

We shall not trace Miss Farrar's years of study in Boston, in New York, and in Washington—to which peaceful capital she was removed from the metropolis because, with her "intense emotional nature," its atmosphere was found to be over-stimulating. It was in the Autumn of 1899, in her seventeenth year, that Miss Farrar "abandoned herself to the glory of dreams," and (with her mother) "set forth to the Old World of her dreams and hopes, ready to slave in

passionate devotion and enthusiasm to further the career that meant her life—to conquer in song." In other words, she went to Paris to study singing. But not until two years later did Miss Farrar's period of gleaming legend begin: when, in Berlin, she encountered "Romance, Fame, and Wealth under the shadow of the Prussian eagle's wing." Is it any wonder that the Intendant of the Royal Opera, Count von Hochberg, engaged her without much ado?—and that "Miss Geraldine Farrar aus New York," with her "happy combination of voice, personality, and—eyes," made her momentous début on October 15, 1901, as Marguerite, wearing the simplest of dainty blue crêpe-de-chine frocks, with a lace bonnet over blond curls. "Mother said I looked like an angel"—as no doubt she did. Moreover, Dr. Karl Muck (not yet seduced from the Kaiser by the temptings of Mr. Higginson), graciously concealed his vein of ironic diabolism and "conducted divinely"—as was fitting and appropriate.

Miss Farrar's triumphs under the Prussian eagle's wing are known to all. We can easily believe, even without her assurance, that this "crazy American," young, slender, "and, some said, beautiful" ("and then there were—eyes!") really did leave behind her "very beautiful memories in the hearts of our loyal German public." Of all the stimulating and thrice-memorable matters that she recalls to us out of those thrilling years until her triumphal return voyage up the harbor of New York in November, 1906 (a virginal Cleopatra, "wearing a most fetching little turban and some beautiful furs: the picture wouldn't be unattractive")—of all these recollections, we say, we like best her picture of herself and the two rival tenors at Berlin. Mr. Caruso, whose German début had made a sensation, sang opposite Miss Farrar, to her delight. But there was a complication. While Mr. Caruso was singing on the stage with her, Miss Farrar was poignantly conscious that there was another, Franz Naval, who had sung opposite her for three years, sitting, disconsolate, in a box. "However, I compromised with the two by usually having tea with Franz and dinner with Enrico, and the artistic world rolled smoothly on"—a picture of indisputable and abiding charm, dispelling, through its mellow and amiable connotations, a thousand ungenerous prepossessions concerning the rancours of the operatic temperament.

Upon another charming picture, scarcely less treasur-

able than that to which we have just referred, we shall close these random and faint reverberations to a notable and impressive book. It was in February, 1907, that Miss Farrar brought New York to her feet. Who that witnessed it can easily forget that first disclosure of her Madame Butterfly? The evening was indeed "a triumph for us all, and for me in particular." There were flowers, laurel wreaths ("one with a darling little flag of Nippon tucked away in the green leaves"), "thanks from author, directors, and so on, embraces, applause, excitement—all the usual hubbub of a successful *première* . . . Ah! adorable, unforgettable blossom of Japan! Thanks to your gentle ways, that night I placed my foot on the rung of the ladder that leads to the firmament of stars!"—Reaching home, somehow, after that tumultuous and historic night, the weary prima donna "sobbed herself to sleep on her mother's shoulder."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

JULIA WARD HOWE. By Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott, assisted by Florence Howe Hall. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson said of Julia Ward Howe's *Reminiscences,* published in 1899, that the work might have been "spread out into three or four interesting octavos; but in her hurried grasp it is squeezed into one volume, where groups of delightful interviews with heroes at home and abroad are crowded into some single sentence." Mrs. Howe's life-story, as told by her daughters, certainly does not err on the side of brevity or want of detail. Yet in the numerous extracts from letters or private journal which make up the bulk of the two volumes, there is something of the same effect of which Colonel Higginson complained—the effect of much material somewhat hurriedly squeezed into a little space. There is a superabundance of experience, a superabundance of ideas; the expression of thoughts has to be abbeviated; mere intimations have to suffice. One is continually under the impression that the writer would have said more if she had time, and one is certain, too, that the more would have been worth reading.

As a biography, this life of Mrs. Howe is a little dissatisfying, in two particulars. There is, first, the effect of hurry and compression just spoken of. Scattered through the letters and journals there are, to be sure, many notable sayings—sayings shrewd or witty. But on the whole the effect of hurry and incompleteness is rather prevalent. Then, too, there is, from the point of view of readableness and continuity of interest, rather too much than too little detail in the two volumes of the Life. This is only to say that the work has somehow failed to develop that unity and that almost epic quality which distinguish the greatest biographies. Nevertheless one would hardly say that there is anything in the Life that one would wish away, and it may be said that the book splendidly achieves its main purpose: it portrays a great character with lively truth and with something like completeness. Admirers of Mrs. Howe would hardly have been satisfied with a record less full; that the record for all its fulness of detail seems seldom quite fully expressive is the fault

Rich and varied as are the experiences related in this story of merely of circumstances and of human limitations.

Mrs. Ward's life, interesting as are the notes of work and travel, and study, and fun, and social interchange, in which the narrative abounds, the biography of Mrs. Howe is not one of those which will be read chiefly, or in any large degree, for its connected accounts of events or movements, or for its anecdotes of people. In this history of a life too active to permit of studied and careful record, the effect of character is dominant; and this effect is one that has to be gathered as the final impression of a composite whole—a blending of saintliness and "friskiness"; the steady love of virtue and the recurrent fondness for jewels; the deep intellectual interests and the capacity for joyous nonsense. Entries like these jostle one another upon the same page of Mrs. Howe's journal:

"Kant's *Anthropologia* is rather trifling after his great works. I read it to find out what Anthropology is."

* * * * * *

"Good is a direction; virtue a habit."

* * * * * *

"Wearied by endless running about to find help for my charade, —having disappointed me. Determine to undertake nothing more of the kind."

It is impossible in a limited space to speak justly and adequately of all the elements of interest which enter into Mrs. Howe's life story. There is, however, a dominant impression, which may be set down. William James once made the suggestive remark that in all probability we all have powers of the existence of which we are commonly unaware, and which we seldom or never use. The thought that human personality is less limited than is ordinarily supposed, that it may draw upon secret sources of power, is fascinating and finds confirmation in experience. The life of Mrs. Howe seems an illustration of this thesis. Here is a woman, one continually feels, who has reached a higher state of consciousness than do most persons—her imagination, her sympathy, her faith, her intuition, reach out beyond the narrow bounds of personality, and hence there is more light and more power in her than one can quite account for or than is ever in words quite expressed. Of something of the sort she was herself no doubt conscious. Yet she was no mystic in the popular sense. "I do not desire ecstatic, disembodied sainthood," she said, late in life," because I do not wish to abdicate any one of the attributes of my humanity. I cherish even the infirmities that bind me to my kind. I would be human, and American, and a woman."

Always in Mrs. Howe's biography, the human element matches the spiritual element. There is an unusually acute consciousness of both, and an alternation between the two. In January, 1889, Mrs. Howe wrote in her journal: "In my prayer this night I asked for weight and earnestness of purpose. I am too frivolous and frisky." Again at a much later date we read: "I did not dare to write to anyone yesterday, my head was so full of nonsense. Reaction, brain-

fatigue takes this shape with me, and everything goes 'higgle-wiggledy, hi-cockalorum,' or words to that effect." Short of pure sainthood, perfect tranquillity is seldom anything but self-complacence, and it is not surprising to find that these alternations of mood from the exalted to the nonsensical, from the earnest to the "frivolous," were accompanied by some measure of divine discontent. Certainly, there is no complaint or expression of dissatisfaction with life in these memoirs, yet one would hardly call their dominant note restfulness. Perhaps it is just this unrest, this consciousness of the dualism of life at a high level of mental and spiritual development, which gives to Mrs. Howe's Life its fascination and its profound human appeal.

ORDEAL BY BATTLE. By Frederick Scott Oliver, London: Macmillan and Company, Limited, 1915.

It would be according far too large a measure of praise to an excellent piece of work to declare that Mr. Oliver's book about the great war is a perfectly coherent and well-rounded treatise, sufficient in its analysis of cause and effect, wholly satisfying in its inferences. The unity of Mr. Oliver's book, is in a sense, largely formal. As in other works upon this or similar themes, little enlightenment is to be gained from the orderly marshalling of topics: the whole refuses to be firmly knit together; the treatise resolves itself into a series of comments, and the *obiter dicta* sometimes become of more importance than what appears for the moment to be the main thesis.

Measured by an ideal standard, or by the desires of those who crave certainty in a world of doubt, Mr. Oliver's book is deficient—as the author would readily concede. It opens up no new and royal road to comprehension. The reader, in fact, will find himself traversing, in several different directions, paths more or less well trodden. The fact remains, however, that Mr. Oliver has written, on the whole, the most energetic, the most subtle and the most suggestive discussion from the English point of view of the war and the larger problems it raises that has yet been produced. In intellectual reach, in psychological penetration, in the combination of dispassionate logic with scathing criticism and stirring appeal, Mr. Oliver excels most of his contemporaries. He possesses the eloquence of a modern prophet—a prophet, let us say of imperialism or of militarism—with more of the usual excess and with none of the customary cocksureness. This is high praise, but it is deserved.

In consequence of the broad nature of his theme, Mr. Oliver does, indeed, tell us a good deal that we have heard before; though it may well be that we have never heard it so well expressed nor with precisely similar emphasis. That "peace is the greatest of

British interests," that " peaceful intentions will not ensure peace," —these are ideas much bruited about at present. Again, Mr. Oliver's whole discussion of the causes of war, with its just emphasis upon moral elements, such as underlay our own " irrepressible conflict," is, though clear and sound, not by any means novel. The reasoning of the chapter entitled " Who Wanted War?" is extraordinarily forceful, but not unfamiliar in outline. Of more startling import is the author's rather convincing demonstration of the thesis that war was far from inevitable had England been materially and morally prepared for it. Full of psychological and political insight, too, is the chapter upon the causes and characteristics of international ill-will. But the chapter upon " German Miscalculations," and the whole review of the spirit of German policy—especially the chapters upon " The New Moralists " and " The Statecraft of a Priesthood " —are in the main but restatements, with some enhanced meanings and some wise retrenchments, of general views with which the world has of late familiarized itself.

The really arresting thought and the real power of Mr. Oliver's treatise are chiefly concentrated in the parts of the book entitled " The Spirit of British Policy " and " Democracy and National Service." It is the author's discussion of these subjects, one may surmise, that will take the strongest hold upon the interest of American readers; for here, in dealing with the problems of England in her war with Germany, Mr. Oliver has reached out for—and, many will think, has grasped—principles that concern not only England, but all free governments as well.

In the first place, the author makes it plain that England's danger from Germany is twofold: there is not only the danger of conquest by force of arms, but there is also the danger of conquest by ideas. Two different kinds of cosmos, or two irreconcilably different conceptions of the one cosmos, are in conflict. The author goes on to show the relation of this struggle to the fate of democratic institutions in general. " It is not true," he points out, " that this is a war between the rival principles of democracy and autocracy." It is rather " a fight between the modern spirit of Germany and the unchanging spirit of civilization." The former assumption confuses cause with effect. " And yet it is unquestionably true to say, that by reason of Germany's procedure, this war is being waged against democracy—not perhaps by intention, but certainly in effect. For if the Allies should be defeated, or even if they should fail to conquer their present enemies, the result must necessarily be wounding to the credit of popular institutions all the world over—fatal to their existence in Europe at any rate, fatal conceivably, at no long distance of time, to their existence elsewhere than in Europe."

This statement of the case as regards democracy is followed up by an analysis of the British process of " muddling through,"—an

analysis which is in fact not only an unsparing, a terribly gentle, criticism of British methods and British statesmen, but an earnest admonition as to the danger of deterioration to which democratic government is exposed through the operation of the party system. The concealment or neglect of real issues—in the case of England, such issues as the need of security and the importance of maintaining the balance of power—the substitution of logical agility for fundamental truth which occurs when government has become too partisan and too "lawyerlike"; a dearth of leaders who really lead—these are some of the dangers which the author points out, and illustrates. Mr. Oliver is a believer in democracy; he has faith that it will ultimately conquer; yet he pertinently observes that, "though there may be consolation for certain minds, there is no safety for the nation in the simple faith that democracy is in its nature invincible. On the contrary, it fights at a disadvantage, both by reason of its inferiority in central control, and because it shrinks from ruthlessness." Democracy, in short, must demonstrate its right to survive.

Closely connected with this examination of the weaknesses of democracy as revealed in a crisis, is the author's comparison of compulsory with voluntary service. Just here, Mr. Oliver's conclusions may seem to American readers startlingly paradoxical. That voluntary enlistment is the least oppressive way of recruiting the army and the one most in harmony with free institutions, would seem to many almost self-evident. But there are puzzling questions that may be asked. Is there, for instance, really any such thing as voluntary enlistment? Is not enlistment practically always the result of some form of compulsion, as for example the compulsion of hunger? And is not public compulsion preferable to private or accidental compulsion of any sort? And, again, is it either wise or just to impose the duty of defending the country upon a body, not indeed of "mercenary," but certainly of professional, soldiers?

Or by what right do the majority of the citizens of a nation demand that their lives and property should be protected by two classes—those who love danger, and those who possess an unusually strong sense of duty? The whole discussion is vividly illustrated by references to the present British methods of recruiting—through posters and pleas.

This book of Mr. Oliver's—written at high tension yet with calmness, with argumentative adroitness and yet with fairness—commands attention. It undoubtedly has significance for Americans.

NOTES OF A BUSY LIFE. By Joseph Benson Foraker. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company, 1916.

"As I now look back over my twelve years of service in the

Senate," writes Mr. Foraker in his recently published reminiscences, "I do not find an important vote or speech that I would recall if I had the power to do so." The book, in fact, impresses one as the record of a sincere man and a hard fighter—an honest and vigorous reaffirmation of views formerly held, a justification of past courses. As such it possesses interest, yet its point of view is rather too exclusively that indicated in the sentence just quoted. The book is in somewhat too large a degree an *apologia pro vita sua* to hold interest of the higher and more permanent sort. One feels that it is a pity that the author of these notes has not at once compressed his material and in retrospect broadened his views and philosophized his theme. As it is, long quotations from speeches and the rehearsal of controversies not always of prime importance crowd and cumber the two volumes of the reminiscences.

The author's discussion of various important legislative measures with which he was concerned and of debates in which he took part during his strenuous career as a senator is occasionally of historic value. Yet here there is a certain want of proportion. In the accumulation and sifting of evidence as to the authorship of certain important acts—including the Sherman Law—the author deals with details that are almost too minute for history and scarcely profitable to the general reader. Again, the story of the Brownsville affray, over which Senator Foraker bickered with President Roosevelt, occupies an amount of space rather disproportioned to its ultimate importance.

There is much skillful logical combat in these two volumes for the lover of debate and much weighty and vigorous eloquence for the lover of public speaking. There are, too, peppery and forceful expressions of opinion, and occasionally vivid character sketches.

Theodore Roosevelt is thus described in a letter of Mr. Foraker's to John Sherman, written in 1884:

"I found Mr. Roosevelt to be a young man of rather peculiar qualities, but sincerely anxious to bring the Edmunds men to your side. He is a little bit young, and on that account has not quite so much discretion as he will have after a while, and for that reason was somewhat less influential than I hoped to find him."

The same letter refers to Henry Cabot Lodge in terms of high esteem: "A genuine good man—not only absolutely honest in all that he endeavored to do but . . . a man of culture and a man of most excellent judgment . . . nothing cranky about him. He is a coming man without doubt." In this and similar passages there are entertaining bits of personal description, anecdote or estimate of character. Now and then, too, more general views are expressed with exceptional frankness and point, as in the following outburst about "Mugwumps": I have observed that most men who have distinguished themselves in my time by loud profession of superior virtues and devotion to reform, have been men who would violate

every precept they preached for the sake of forcing their views upon others, and then sulk and refuse to play if they could not have their own way."

For those who enjoy hard hitting there are stimulating passages in these reminiscences. On the whole, however, they are less instructive historically and politically, less rewarding in human interest—in anecdotes and estimates of men—than might be expected.

French Novelists of Today (Second Series). By Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Company, 1915.

Varying in quality between merely "popular" or conventional interest and really illuminating criticism, the recently published volume by Winifred Stephens, entitled *French Novelists of Today*, seldom fails to pique curiosity and occasionally satisfies the desire for real literary interpretation. The opening chapter, which deals with *The French Novel on the Eve of the War*, though cursory, is well worth reading. With lightness of touch and with precision, the author outlines and illustrates the modern French tendencies in fiction, enabling her readers to feel in some measure the power of the Catholic Revival—a stream of thought and feeling that flows in two main directions, the one dogmatic, constructive, classical, the other mystic, liberal, romantic; the one dominated by the traditionism of Barrès, the other by the vitalism of Bergson. The decay of rationalism, the gradual abandonment of irony, the symptomatic glorification of sport—to all these elements the author gives some sort of form and connection.

As interpretations the chapters of this volume are not always very satisfactory. There is sometimes a sense of effort in keeping upon the high critical level and a tendency to use, for instance, the word "significant" without much meaning. From the essay upon Marcelle Tinayre one derives little beyond the impression of a vivid feminine personality and a general effect of romance and color. Comment upon Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* is doubtless somewhat like comment upon the Atlantic Ocean: it can hardly be adequate. Miss Stephens is analytical to the extent of indicating in this vast work "the blending in one temperament of the tendencies of Eastern and Western, of Teutonic and Celtic culture." Perhaps her most illuminating comment, however, is her remark to the effect that, despite obvious differences, *Jean Christophe* and *Les Misérables* resemble each other in their intense aliveness. Concerning the brothers Jerôme and Jean Tharaud, lovers of life and glamour and poets of *une existence tourmenté*, we learn but little that is critically distinctive or memorable. Again, the account of Pierre Mille, who has been called, not very accurately, "the French Kipling," is

rather an imperfect description than an interpretation. Concerning René Boylesve, on the other hand, the author writes with a deeper, or at any rate a more contagious, appreciation. Readers of her chapter upon this author will receive a clear impression of an artist's work and character, an impression enhanced in detail and in feeling above the obvious.

On the whole the accounts of French novelists which this volume contains are entertaining, critically intelligent, and deserving of at least a rapid reading.

Good Friday and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

As to Mr. Masefield's possession of genius there can be little serious dispute. As to the success he achieves in attempting to deal with so tremendous a theme as that of his dramatic poem, *Good Friday*, there may well be a difference of opinion. The theme—nothing less than the Crucifixion—may seem to many minds to dwarf the art of the poet—though Mr. Masefield's poetry does not belittle the theme. The devices of the dramatist and of the poet—studied simplicity, suggestions, restraint—are all needed here, and they all appear to be with relation to this theme rather trifling.

Mr. Masefield's mood seems not to be that of one who attempts things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme; his attitude appears almost, if the word may be pardoned, evasive. The grandeur of the subject is so far relied upon to speak for itself that the impressiveness of the poem as a poem becomes to a certain extent fictitious. The reader feels that he ought to be impressed and thrilled—in some degree he actually is so—and yet one's direct response to the words of the poet lacks that strength and spontaneity that great poetry ought to excite.

The case is otherwise with the sonnets by Mr. Masefield which are included in this volume. In these there is a real depth and wonderful expressiveness; there is an almost savage realism, a strange picturesqueness. One sonnet in particular is notable for its union of these qualities with lucidity—a characteristic not equally present in all:

> There on the darkened deathbed, dies the brain
> That flared three several times in seventy years;
> It cannot lift the silly hand again,
> Nor speak, nor sing, it neither sees nor hears.
> And muffled mourners put it in the ground
> And then go home, and in the earth it lies,
> Too dark for vision and too deep for sound,
> The million cells that made a good man wise.
> Yet for a few short years an influence stirs
> A sense or wraith or essence of him dead,

Which makes insensate things his ministers
To those beloved, his spirit's daily bread;
Then, too, that fades; in book or deed a spark
Lingers, then that, too, fades; then all is dark.

The disturbed mood of modern consciousness which views the problem of death and life after death with all the traditional awe and yearning, yet is profoundly troubled by the conceptions of science, now grown to be a part of it, has not been expressed with more power and daring of imagination than in this and kindred sonnets of Mr. Masefield's.

The Song of Hugh Glass. By John Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Mr. Neihardt is a poet of the realistic school who not unworthily challenges comparison with John Masefield. The correspondence between the two poets is close, even to the manner in which the prose phrase, the arresting bit of realism, is deftly and deliberately inserted —the " dying fall " of a prose sentence set against the upward lilt of a lyric passage. Yet in the work of Mr. Neihardt there is no suggestion of imitation. In theme and phrasing his poem is quite original. Here is a verse from Mr. Neihardt's heroic narrative poem of the era of the American Fur Trade, *The Song of Hugh Glass:*

He saw a bison carcass black with crows,
And over it a welter of black wings,
And round about, a press of tawny rings
That, like a muddy current churned to foam
Upon a snag, flashed whitely in the gloam
With naked teeth; while close about the prize
Red beaks and muzzles bloody to the eyes
Betrayed how worthy struggle was the feast.

Vigorous, more vivid than a material picture, sinewy in style—the structure of speech not sacrificed to the requirements of descriptive art—this verse is as effective as a passage from Stephen Crane's unforgettable war-picture, *The Red Badge of Courage*—and it is poetry. Throughout the poem the same high level of excellence is maintained, through varied effects—not all, by any means, startling in nature. After reading Mr. Neihardt's poem through, one feels that one has been well played upon: the mind has been variously thrilled, and one cannot withhold admiration. Those who are athirst for " the true, the blushful Hippocrene " will not here find wherewith to quench their thirst; but they will have the pleasure of reading a narrative poem that is both powerful in expression and highly effective in its treatment of a genuinely interesting theme.

THE MAN AGAINST THE SKY. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

The poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson is distinguished from most contemporary verse, not merely by a superior, a more genuine, simplicity but also by a real elevation.

The elevation which impresses one in such poems as "The Man Against the Sky" is due first of all to the intellectual power displayed in them. There is thought here, one sees, not merely mood —and with it a sense of the exaltation that comes of successful intellectual striving. But the elevation is also a matter of expression. Mr. Robinson's style not infrequently attains to something of that felicity of expression which may be the highest virtue of prose as well as of poetry. Mr. Robinson is one of the few moderns who have a sense for language, for power and beauty of idiom as well as for melody and for imagery. There is to be sure a certain difficulty, almost amounting to obscurity, in the longest and most important poem in the volume—the title poem. But if there is obscurity, it is an obscurity due to compactness of expression and swift transition of thought—not at all to any vapory quality of thought. Each one of Mr. Robinson's cleanly sculptured phrases challenges attention; each melodious sentence rouses the mind to alertness by an appeal to the aesthetic sense. This poetry does not merely lull and narcotize; it makes thought musical.

Mr. Robinson, it is true, does not quite attain to greatness; his verses lack the sense of completeness and finality; but he unquestionably attains to distinction.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROS AND CONS OF PROHIBITION

SIR,—Turning from the article on Prohibition by Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, in the March *Forum,* to that of Mr. L. Ames Brown in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March, I am impressed with the thoughtfulness and moderation of the one last-named and the almost puerile cocksureness of the other.

Mr. Brown, regarding the subject from the viewpoint of a Washington correspondent, recognizes the fact that the question of prohibition compels our consideration, and that "saloonism," wherever it is in operation, is an evil which should be and is being reduced to the minimum. His contention is that it would be unwise and un-American, "unnatural and impossible," "to make a clean sweep of drinking by a single change in law."

Mr. Hapgood approaches the subject with the question-begging insistence that "the cause of prohibition indicates an underlying fanaticism which is never present in the most enlightened communities." He regards prohibition as an "unmixed evil," and, unduly alarmed, beholds it rearing "its ignorant head in the spectacular foreground of our political and social life."

Ignoring Mr. Hapgood's unwarranted assumption that communities operated under prohibition are less enlightened than those in which the saloon flourishes, and that ignorance is behind the movement for prohibition, what shall be said of a writer who, at this late day, coolly declares that "drunkenness is *much more* the result of crime, poverty and disease than the cause;" that, aside from the reforming influence on the saloon, the prohibition movement "has worked, and continues to work, evil:" and that "the saloon, in one form or another, will exist, and ought to exist, until the work of all of us freely expresses what is best in us" [whatever that may mean!].

Turning from this question-begging plea for the reforming influence of the saloon, let us consider the serious purpose of the writer in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, namely, to question the Americanism of the prohibition movement.

We in Iowa who have gone through all phases of the question of Prohibition vs. Personal Liberty can scarcely refrain from smiling at the persistency of the academic theory of Personal Liberty. You recall the Scotchman's exhortation to honesty as the best policy, admitting that he had tried both policies and knew what he was talking about! We in Iowa have tried both policies: locally-licensed personal liberty, and State-wide prohibition; and, last January, after more than twenty years of ineffectual attempt at regulating the saloon, and after mature deliberation and exhaustive discussion, we returned to the policy of State-wide prohibition. The

results of the change are everywhere apparent, in increased savings, re-established credits, better-provided and happier homes, and a more responsible citizenship.

The writer in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW fears "the influence of religious institutions," deeming them hostile to the fulfilment of America's destiny. I am at one with Mr. Brown in deploring the *dominance* of religious institutions; but I see everything to gain from the *influence* of those institutions upon society and the State. I am not an "orthodox" churchman, but I heartily wish our religious institutions were more thoroughly aroused to the vital questions of the hour, such as child labor, better schools, equal rights of women and men in business and before the law, and the protection of society and the home from the dominance of the saloon.

Mr. Brown pleads for the "robust tone" of our national character, achievable, he reasons, through resistance to temptation. He apparently favors a prohibition of the indiscriminate sale of narcotics, but insists on the distinction that "one results in disintegration of character and a measure of disgrace, while only the loss of self-control involves these results in the use of intoxicants."

It would not be difficult to prove that the loss of self-control inevitably leads to "disintegration of character and a measure of disgrace," and that society and the State are vitally interested in removing from the weak the temptations which undermine self-control and so undermine the home, community-life, and the effectiveness of the ballot.

JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

BRYAN AND THE ONE-TERM PLANK

SIR,—With a great deal of interest and pleasure I have read your "Wilson and a Second Term." Noting one remark therein to the effect that in the 1912 campaign the one-term plank of the Baltimore platform was not mentioned by a speaker—Republican, Progressive, or Democrat—I am writing you with an idea that you might be interested in the following incident:

In the late October, 1912, at Clarksburg, West Virginia, where I was conducting the Clarksburg *Exponent*, a daily paper that I established there in the spring of 1910, I heard W. J. Bryan speak.

Bryan spoke for fifteen or twenty minutes. I was struck with the emphasis with which he dwelt upon the one-term plank. Indeed, a large part of his speech was devoted to that subject.

Saying that it was a foregone conclusion that Woodrow Wilson would be elected, he stated that the country was fortunate, and was to be congratulated, as Mr. Wilson's administration would be an ideal one; that being unhampered, by reason of the one-term plank of the Baltimore platform, by politicians seeking a second term for him, thereby keeping themselves in office, Mr. Wilson would be in a position to give to the country a degree of patriotic service that had not been enjoyed by the people for years; that Mr. Wilson would not be tempted to act, in office, in a manner that he and his friends would consider would be sure to give him a re-election. Mr. Bryan declared, without any qualification, that the Democratic candidate was committed to holding only one term. His remarks were such

that there could be no doubt in the minds of his hearers of the fact that he (Bryan) felt absolutely certain that Mr. Wilson would not again be a candidate for the Presidency.

The question is: Does Mr. Bryan still entertain the views he so emphatically expressed at Clarksburg, West Virginia, in October, 1912?

RALEIGH T. GREEN.

CULPEPER, VA.

THE PRESIDENT AS A JUDGE OF MEN

SIR,—Your February number, which I find on my desk this morning, reminds me that it was my intention to write you after having read "England Today," in the January issue.

I felt then, and continue to feel, that it is my duty to tell you how very strongly I was moved. Regularly there come into our house the *Nineteenth Century, Contemporary Review, Punch, Illustrated London News,* and *Life,* as well as other publications. In them I have read everything worth reading relating to the war, and I have to say that your article made a deeper impression on me than anything else on the subject I have read. It was graphic, illuminating, tragic, and a whole lot more—and most intensely so.

I must now also tell you how very greatly I have enjoyed your fun with Bryan and Daniels. It was uproarious.

To a certain extent you are Wilson's godfather as an office-holder, so I may tell you that I started out with a very high appreciation of him. But the weak point in Wilson's make-up, it seems to me, is that he is a poor judge of men. Bryan, Daniels, and now Brandeis, as well as many others, all testify to a fearful lack in this direction.

ADAM HANNAH.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

CRITICIZING A CRITIC

SIR,—Does it not seem to you that a critic, in estimating the value of a work of art, should pay some heed to the opinions of other critics concerning the subject under discussion? I have reference to Mr. Gilman's review, in your March issue, of Enrique Granados's opera, *Goyescas,* recently performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Gilman remarks of Granados that "his is a fifth-rate musical mind"; but other critics do not agree with him—Mr. Granados has been much praised in high critical quarters, and his music has evidently given pleasure to many writers on music. Evidently, either Mr. Gilman is very ignorant or very wise; my private conviction is that he is the former. If Mr. Granados has a "fifth-rate mind," Mr. Gilman's is surely a sixth or seventh-rate one.

MIGUEL ALBANIZ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

[It is difference of opinion, in the view of Pudd'nhead Wilson, that makes horse-races. We are sorry that our correspondent found his opinion and that of various critics concerning Mr. Granados's opera unsupported by the music-critic of the REVIEW. But criticism would be dull reading if all critics used the same rubber-stamp. Moreover, we doubt if the general

culture would be advanced if a critic, finding himself at odds with the majority view, should prefer conformity to independence.—EDITOR.]

A PLEA FOR GRAVITY

SIR,—Permit me to protest against the manner in which your musical critic discusses Signor Granados's opera, *Goyescas,* in the March number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Mr. Gilman might at least have treated this work with seriousness, instead of discussing it with the ill-timed levity which you yourself, Mr. Harvey, so frequently and unbecomingly bring to the discussion of affairs in your editorials. Every other critic in New York discussed this opera with the seriousness which its merits demanded. Even if your critic did not admire the opera, he might at least have treated it respectfully. He is probably one of those would-be cynical old fogies whose dried-up hearts can no longer respond to the appeal of beauty and sentiment.

The REVIEW is sometimes inexcusably frivolous. Why can't you be serious once in a while?

PERCY C. LA SALLE.

NEW YORK CITY.

[In a world somewhat liberally stocked with solemn asses, our imputed frivolity (which we are far from admitting) should deserve a more thankful response than the above.—EDITOR.]

ALAN SEEGER'S "REVIEW" POEM IN FRENCH

SIR,—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW recently published a poem by Mr. Alan Seeger, an American serving in the *Légion Etrangère,* entitled "Champagne, 1914-1915." I showed this to a number of my friends, and one of them, Monsieur Georges Saint Paul, a member of the French Supreme Court, has translated it into rhythmic French. It may be interesting to you and to Mr. Seeger to see these beautiful verses in French dress. At any rate, I know it will be agreeable to both of you to learn the pleasure these lines have given to Frenchmen of taste.

M.

PARIS, FRANCE.

CHAMPAGNE, 1914-1915

Dans les joyeux banquets, dans les fêtes heureuses,
Quand les fronts rayonnants s'éclairent,
Quand les verres dorés s'irrisent
De ce doux vin de France, où se sont concentrés
La lumière du ciel et la beauté du Monde;

Oh, buvez quelquefois, vous dont les pas encore
Peuvent fouler en paix les sentiers de la terre
Si chers à parcourir,
Aux braves dont le sang, versé pour le devoir,
Sanctifia le sol d'où naquit ce breuvage.

Ici, ensevelis par les mains dévouées
De quelque camarade, ils dorment pour toujours
Tout le long de nos lignes, là où ils sont tombés,

A côté du cratère de la Ferme d'Alger,
Au penchant des côteaux sanglants de la Pompelle,
Auprès de la cité fière des tours augustes
De son antique cathédrale,
Qu'ont osé profaner les ennemis du Beau;
Ou bien dans les tapis de fleurs multicolores
Qui revêtent les champs crayeux de la Champagne
Eclatants au soleil.

Sous les petites croix qui se dressent là-bas
Repose le soldat. Maintenant, près de lui
Sans troubler son sommeil, le canon peut gronder
Et dans la nuit profonde il dort paisiblement
Sous l'éternelle fusillade.

Pour que d'autres générations
Puissent, dans les jours à venir,
Délivrées de l'opprobre et des sombres menaces,
Posséder à leur tour un plus riche héritage
De bonheur et de liberté,
Il a marché sans crainte au martyre héroïque.

Jugeant d'un moindre prix la rançon qu'il paya
Que l'honneur de hausser son drapeau triomphant
Sûr les tours de la liberté
De sa poitrine il fit un rempart invincible,
Et son sang remplit le fossé;

Héros du sacrifice obscur
Sur la tombe sans nom que ne décorera
Ni l'art du statuaire, ni le vers du poète,
L'été fera rougir les fleurs de ses pavots
Et l'automne viendra répandre
L'or de la vigne mûrissante;

Là, ceux qui feront la vendange
Et récolteront la moisson
Marcheront d'un pas plus léger,
Et porteront allègrement
Le poids des corbeilles d'osier:
Bénissant sa mémoire, en chantant au travail,
Dans l'oblique et chaude lumière
De la fin des beaux jours d'octobre;

Il m'est doux de penser que si mon sang vermeil
Avait cet heureux privilège
De couler où le sien coula,
Je n'aurai pas du moins disparu tout entier
De la surface de la Terre,
Mais qu'à l'heure joyeuse où le festin s'anime
Celle où l'on porte les santés,
Quand brillent les visages et qu'éclatent les rires,
Dans la coupe où le vin pétille,
Un peu de ma substance, une vive étincelle
S'en ira déborder vers ces lèvres aimées;
Qu'un jour, si tendrement les miennes ou pressées;

Ainsi, nul ne saurait convoiter en son cœur
Une plus radieuse et brillante chimère,
Et du fond même du tombeau,
Tendre les bras, pour les étreindre,
Vers des rêves plus chers, espoirs de la jeunesse,
Rêves déçus, mais que peut être
Un jour eût vus réalisés;

Et cet ardent désir qui toujours s'élança
Vers la beauté terrestre en ses multiples formes,
Sans être jamais satisfait,
Non pas même la mort ne peut le détacher
Des contours adorés dont il était épris.

Hélas, combien d'élus à qui la vie, à l'aube,
Offrait ses plus belles prémisses,
Combien ont péri là, dans l'ivresse première
De tout ce qui séduit, et couronnés des dons
Qui font que l'on conquiert et que l'on est aimé;

Honorez les, non point par des fleurs et des larmes,
Vous en qui s'accomplit le destin des heureux,
Tandis que dans l'angoisse et dans l'horreur suprêmes
Ils élevaient là-haut leurs derniéres pensées
Et que se refermaient déjà leurs yeux mourants.
Mais plutôt, quand résonne une tendre musique
Et dans le bruit joyeux d'une belle assemblée,
Alors, vous souvenant des hommes qu'ils étaient,

Portez leur en silence un toast mystérieux.
Buvez à eux, buvez: en leur amour fervent
De la terre bénie,
Ils ne demandaient pas de plus charmant tribut;
Et dans le vin mousseux qui mûrit au sillon
Où pour toujours ils sont tombés,
Comme pour un baiser tendez vers eux les lèvres.

HYPHENS AND ALIENS

Sir,—"The Hyphen Must Go," in your March number, says we have "hundreds of thousands of aliens of other nationalities who refrain from naturalization." Why did not you name the chief offending nationality, which is English? We real Americans know that the proud (?) boast of the immigrant Britisher is that he always remains a Britisher. Why he should brag about this is one of the many British peculiarities we can never hope to comprehend.

The hyphenated citizen is all right. This writer is one. For nearly thirty years he has been one. He didn't know it was a hyphenated citizenship until the pro-Ally press called his attention to it, as if it were a sort of dubious national standing. But he is not disturbed by the cry of this false press, which represents much smoke and little flame. He knows that in his hyphency he is a member of a great and numerous body of Americans—100,000,000 of them; and that while he may be more recently a "hyphen" than some of them, still he knows, too, that this is like consanguinity, merely a matter of degree of relationship among those of the

"blood"—a taint on one being a taint on all. The citizen-of-the-hyphen is all right.

But it is the alien who remains in this country, and remains an alien, who is all wrong; who is an evil among us; whose teachings, by example, are pernicious in the extreme. "The hyphen must go," said your editorial. But you did not mean what you said. The hyphen means American citizenship. No alien can use the hyphen unless he becomes a citizen. Without citizenship, he remains unhyphenated, naturally. Therefore, your editorial would have been correctly headed had it said: "The *Alien* Must Go." This is, no doubt, what you intended. For this writer is a hyphen, as he said above, and he will not "go." For, even if he desired to "go," it is not clear that his wife and five children, all born in the United States, would consent to his departure, even to accommodate that small portion of the electorate who would gladly like to see the country depopulated of all who are not in sympathy with the hypocrisies of the British.

J. P. McGee.

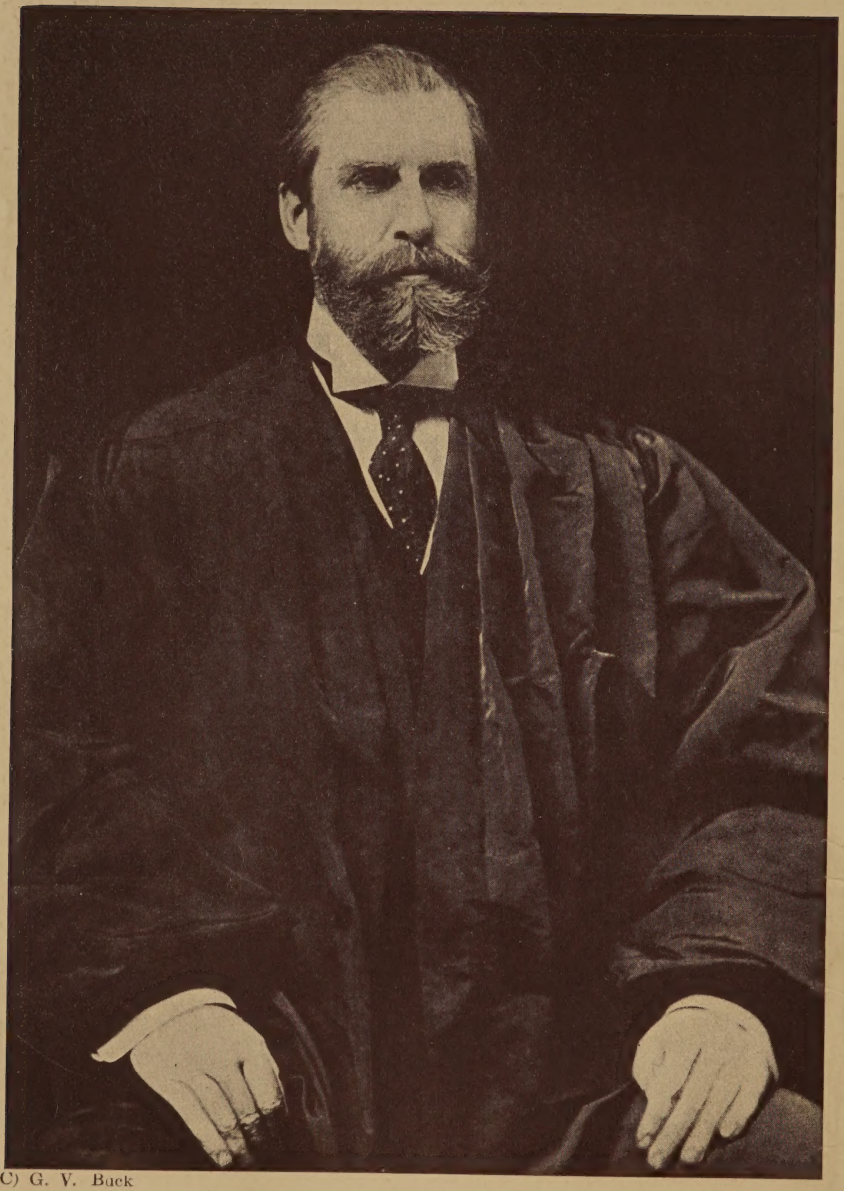
McAlester, Oklahoma.

REFERRED TO EVERY AMERICAN

Sir,—I have recently read with the greatest approval the article by the editor of the Review on "England Today." I am writing to find out whether or not there is any probability of this article being published separately in pamphlet form, as I think it should be. I wish every American voter could have a copy to read.

Wilbur B. Marple.

New York City.



(C) G. V. Buck

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MAY, 1916

NOBODY FOR HUGHES

—*BUT THE PEOPLE*

BY THE EDITOR

As for us, our eyes as yet failed for our vain help: in our watching we have watched for a nation that could not save us.—Lamentations, iv: 17.

When not so long ago the Honorable Henry A. Cooper of Racine, Wisconsin, remarked somewhat grimly in the House of Representatives that it would be vastly easier to "stand by the President" if the President himself would stand still, we have to confess that no slight effort was required to suppress a sigh of sympathetic understanding. But now when we pause to contemplate the political happenings of the past two months and compare even the most notable contradictoriness of our President who is, with the astonishing performances of our President who was, we feel as one abruptly transported from the rock of Gibraltar into the heart of a prairie cyclone.

Here only last March we were speculating calmly and quietly upon the prospective marriage of a party having principles but no leader to a party having a leader but no principles. Our Colonel, of course, was the suitor, not humble perhaps but most considerate, most tender, most ingratiating and wholly unselfish,—in truth, to all seeming, a veritable John Alden, speaking not for himself at all but for anybody here named Kelly or Miles (not the General) or Standish or what-not. And then like a bolt from the blue

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came from Trinidad the flashing intimation that Our Hero might be induced to speak for himself if only Priscilla, too, would be heroic.

But the lady shied. No longer a credulous Puritan maid, but fully matured in years and experience, widowed in fact by the hand of an assassin who for the nonce shall be nameless, she did not even hesitate. Thus far (and welcome) but no farther,—this was the firm response. Whereupon our gentle suitor reverted to type, transformed himself into a Cave Man and inaugurated a Campaign of Frightfulness, compared with which Germany's is mildly persuasive. Lord love us! What a world! What a time! What a man!

Two months ago when we were speculating—not predicting, mind you—there was much talk of favorite sons and sons-in-law,—talk, as may be recalled, which struck us as quite fatuous at a time when, more surely perhaps than ever before, a boy ought not to be selected to do a man's work. Hence our suggestion as the most promising combinations, as of the moment, of Root for President and Roosevelt for Senator and of Roosevelt for President and Root for Secretary of State. Although few concurred in this judgment at the time, the consensus of opinion at this writing seems to accord with the view then expressed. Oddly enough, while other minds have been groping to that early tentative conclusion, our own has changed completely as the consequence of an unforeseen development, which presently in due order shall be revealed. In a word, while daring in March only to speculate, we now in May stand ready to predict.

But first let us glimpse the rapidly moving picture. Assuming, as we may assume now with confidence, that the favorite sons previously regarded have flickered out on the film that has disappeared, what do we perceive? Technically the stage is about as dark as a stage can be. That is to say, officially there are no candidates except Mr. du Pont, who stands for Powder, and Mr. Ford, who personifies Peace. Truly, the nomination of both of these opulent citizens, if that were feasible, would make for a clearly defined issue; but probably we are warranted in leaving the favorite of Michigan in the seclusion of his advertising department and the proprietor of Delaware to the tender mercies of the ubiquitary Mr. Ormsby McHarg. There remain then in the luminous limelight, as manipulated with scrupulous impartiality by Mr. Robert Bacon, but two striking figures, the

one distinguished, the other heroic,—Root and Roosevelt. Nobody else is in sight; and yet—but wait!

"Elihu Root," wrote President Nicholas Murray Butler in beginning the proclamation signed by seventy New York Republicans, "is the ablest living American." This is going far—so far, indeed, as to invite consideration of the relative capacities of many others who have achieved eminence in their respective spheres. But there is no call to make comparisons which might seem to be invidious. What Dr. Butler meant to say was that Mr. Root is the greatest living American statesman,—a simple fact universally recognized. So there need be no analysis or discussion of his qualifications, none of his achievements or experience, none of his fidelity to the interests of the Nation since it became his client sixteen years ago. Mr. Root clearly and beyond question, in the words of the proclamation, "stands preeminent among contemporary Americans as a constructive, far-sighted and forward-facing statesman." As a partisan, moreover, not only has he earned the highest reward, but he cannot again be in a position to receive it. He should be nominated. We wish he might be. But we are concerned now, not with preferences nor with proprieties, but with prospects. The real questions are: Do the people want Mr. Root? and Does the Republican party think it could elect him in opposition to Mr. Wilson? Answer the first question and the second may be disregarded.

Whoever says Our Colonel is a candidate is a liar. He is no hill-climber. He is Mahomet. If the Mountain sees fit to come to him, it may bask in the glories of Heaven; if not, it can go to Hell. "I will not enter into any fight for the nomination and I will not permit any factional fight to be made in my behalf. Indeed, I will go further and say that it would be a mistake to nominate me unless the country has in its mood something of the heroic; unless it feels not only like devoting itself to ideals, but to the purpose measurably to realize those ideals in action." This was the Message from Trinidad,—since emphasized and amplified, but in no sense repudiated or shaded. Did not Our Colonel attend the hallowed primary of his party, an enthusiastic gathering of six or maybe seven, and declare positively that he was still a Progressive and that, whatever else one might find to his disfavor, nobody yet had questioned his Americanism? He did, indeed, and with a warranted assurance, too, that

not everybody in public life—we have nobody in particular in mind—could justify by a mere inquiry.

Then three days later came the wonderful interview, the *most* wonderful interview we have ever read. It was wholly impromptu, of course—i. e., constructed on Monday, revised on Tuesday and delivered on Wednesday—and it was realistic to a degree,—so realistic in point of fact that we no longer wonder at Mr. Howells's advocacy of Mr. Roosevelt's vociferously unsought re-election. A caller called. That was the beginning. Then—from this point all accounts in the universal Press, associated, dissociated, united, disunited, special, common, are precisely alike—then, the account continues:

> This visitor was from a nearby State.

Connecticut maybe, or New Jersey or Penrose's Pennsylvania or little old Rhode Island or perhaps a State of Mind, all nearby; but no, this was hardly possible, since all approaches were closely guarded by lynx-eyed reporters; wherefore the Mysterious Stranger must have arrived by aeroplane or submarine. In any case, he was no ghostly offspring of the imagination of William Bayard (or was it Edward Everett) Hale; he was a man *with* a country, which he was willing to serve. In fact, continuing the tale:

> —who came to Sagamore Hill saying that he expected to be a candidate for Congress as well as a delegate to the G. O. P. convention. Then, in hopes of securing the Colonel's support for Congress [not for Delegate, mind you, but for a *Republican* nomination for Congress; odd thing that!] the optimistic pilgrim [so depicted by all public journals] added: "You know, Colonel, I may make up my mind that we'll have to nominate you."

Extraordinary! Consider, please. Of course, a passing caller from a nearby State might be designated as a "pilgrim," if he dropped out of the clouds or ascended from the waters; in point of fact, he was; so more need not be said. But how in the name of Munsey could even such an one be "optimistic," in contemplation of a dread possibility? Imagine a person throwing up his hands in glee at the prospect of having a tooth pulled! Here is subtlety, brethren, subtlety unsurpassed to our mind in recent years except perhaps in substituting for the official record "incomparably the most adequate"—whatever that may be—for "incomparably the greatest" navy in the world. But that, like

the bewildering secret order to Funston and his soldiers to play the part of rabbit dogs for a while and then come home, regardless of the destiny of the fox, constitutes the basis of another story. We revert hurriedly to Secretary Æsop's Fable of the Startled Warrior and the Cheerful Mourner.

"Well," began the Colonel, pausing a moment to gather his strength before letting loose, "now let me give you a piece of advice. If you have any doubts on the subject don't nominate me."

Very good, Eddy, very good! Inasmuch as "the subject" which had brought the Optimist all the way from Nowhere in the United States was his own candidacy for Congress, it was quite logical for Our Colonel to reply sternly "If you have any doubts, don't nominate *me*," but some little effort was required necessarily, and it was only natural that he should pause a moment to gather his strength before letting loose. Whether the Pilgrim had or had not "any doubts," we shall never know. Apparently he was struck dumb, or dead, for all that we know. In any case, since Aesop records no more from the Stranger's lips, we can only assume that he buckled on his wings and flew back to his nearby Nowhere, there to remain until elected to Congress or recalled to Sagamore. But there was no escape. Our Colonel raised the window and shouted after the flying figure, that all the reporters might hear:

Get it perfectly clear in your head that if you nominate me it mustn't be because you think it is in my interest, but because you think it is in your interest and the interest of the Republican party, and because you think it is in the interest of the United States to do so.

And more than that, don't you do it if you expect me to pussyfoot on any single issue I have raised.

If, by this, Our Colonel meant the variegated aggregation of "policies," including the Initiative and Referendum and Recall of Judges, and the like, comprised in the famous Columbus Declaration, we hardly know what to infer unless it be that, instead of pussyfooting on them, he has definitely abandoned them. He continued:

And don't you nominate me unless you are prepared to take the position that Uncle Sam is to be strong enough to defend his rights and to defend every one of his people wherever these people are, and he can't be strong enough unless he prepares in advance.

Amen! to this.

I am not for war. On the contrary I abhor an unjust or a wanton war, and I would use every honorable expedient to avoid even a just war. But I feel with all my heart that you don't in the long run avoid war by making other people believe that you're afraid to fight for your own rights.

Sound and true! Nobody is "for war." Despite its persistent assertions to the contrary, even the *World* knows that Mr. Roosevelt is not. It also should be aware that the sure way to insure peace is to be able to maintain a rightful position and never, under any considerable circumstances, to be too proud to fight.

And don't forget that that isn't a course that provokes war; it is the only course that in the long run prevents war and secures national self-respect and guarantees the honor of this country and the rights of its citizens wherever they may be.

Again, we say, Amen! Passing over as purely rhetorical his strident but hazy distinctions between "just" and "unjust" conflicts, the "strong" and the "weak" as adversaries and, so forth, we find ourselves in full accord with this characteristic pronouncement of Our Colonel.

But that is not the point in issue. We are now considering personal politics, not National policies. And if ever anything was clear to our mind it is that, when he abandoned his conciliatory attitude and inaugurated a Campaign of Frightfulness against the Republican party, Our Colonel overreached so far that he cannot hope to find the common ground which he was seeking. Surely history does not record a political act so fully laden with audacity and presumption as that of a statesman, however heroic, who in one breath defiantly heralds his allegiance to a party which has become a remnant, and in the next arrogantly defines the terms upon which he will accept a nomination from the party which he assassinated. If Our Colonel had read his Bible more closely, he might have profited from the knowledge that it was not the Prodigal Son who possessed the fatted calf. As it is, he has succeeded only in directing attention to his own apostasy, in reviving fading resentments, in arousing old antagonisms and in stirring within the hearts of millions of sturdy Republicans an inflexible resolution to prevent him from finishing in 1916 the work he began in 1912, by swallowing the great organization to which he owes

his own political fame and fortune. It seemed in March that Roosevelt for President, tempered by Root for Secretary of State, might make effective appeal to the country. It does not seem so now. There was in March at least a possibility that the Republican party would turn to him for "Anything to beat Wilson." We perceive no such possibility now. The entire situation with respect to both Root and Roosevelt has changed in two months.

What then?

Nobody wants Hughes. Roosevelt prefers (as second choice) Root who could serve only four years. Root (we assume from recent happenings) would find his former chief more congenial. Barnes doesn't want him. Penrose doesn't. Mr. Henry P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Co., doesn't. Sir George Perkins, formerly of J. P. Morgan & Co. and now of the Harvester Company, doesn't. Mr. Robert Bacon, formerly of J. P. Morgan & Co. and now a most mutual friend of Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt, doesn't. Judge Gary doesn't. Mr. Thomas F. Ryan doesn't. Mr. John D. Archbold doesn't. Nicholas Murray Butler doesn't. President Wilson (Heaven help us!) doesn't. Colonel House (Heaven help us again!) doesn't. Mr. Burleson doesn't. Mr. McAdoo doesn't. Mr. Tumulty doesn't. Colonel Watterson doesn't. The *World* doesn't. The *Springfield Republican* maybe doesn't. He doesn't even want himself. Nobody wants Hughes—

Nobody but the People!

Is not that so? It is. You know it. We know it. They whom we have mentioned know it. Even Hughes *may* know it, though we have our doubts. But why *is* it? That is the question.

We can understand why many who are Republicans want Root, why many who are not Republicans want Roosevelt and why the great body of Democrats, headed by a small army of officeholders and pacifists, want Wilson. We can even understand why leading representatives of these three groups do not want Hughes. Mr. Joseph H. Choate, for example, after enumerating Mr. Root's exceptional qualifications and denouncing Mr. Roosevelt for having "deliberately attempted to destroy the Republican party to gratify his own selfish aims," says:

> It should, as I think, be regarded as a fatal drawback to Justice Hughes's nomination that he is a Justice of the Supreme Court, a

court which must be kept forever inviolate from without or from within. Its spotless ermine should never be smirched in the muddy turmoil of politics. When a nomination for the Presidency was tendered to Justice Story, one of the greatest judges of that court, without his knowledge, he immediately wrote declining the nomination, and declaring that he would not accept the office, even with the unanimous consent of the whole people. That is the only attitude which the members of that court should hold, or which should be held toward them by the people. Hands off the Supreme Court!

To this the People say:

We, too, wish to keep the Supreme Court inviolate, and in ordinary circumstances we would not nominate a Justice for President. But there is no law against our doing so, and we deny the validity of the precedent cited. Justice Story did not decline to become a candidate because he was a member of the Court. His refusal was based upon personal disinclination, and nothing else. In point of fact, he had already determined to retire when his name was suggested, and when he wrote, according to his biographer, Mr. W. W. Story, that "the station of President of the United States would not tempt him from the professor's chair and the calm pursuit of jurisprudence." If there was in his mind any apprehension that acceptance would in any way "smirch the spotless ermine," the fact is not in evidence.

Nor obviously was such a consideration held to be binding by Justice McLean, who was a competitor of Fremont in 1856, nor by Chief Justice Chase, who was an avowed candidate in 1868, nor by Justice David Davis, for whom three electoral votes were cast in 1872. The mere fact, moreover, that no inhibition is imposed by the Constitution suffices to show that the Fathers had no intention of barring us, the People, from designating as our President any native-born citizen whom we should consider best equipped for the highest public service.

Granting, as we have admitted, the customary inadvisability of drawing a great judge from the Supreme bench and granting further the impropriety of such an one becoming an active candidate, it is our inalienable right at this most critical juncture in our country's progress to put at the head of the Nation any citizen who most adequately satisfies all requirements, and it is no less the bounden duty of that citizen to answer such a call. Incidentally, we are convinced that the election of Justice Hughes as President

would be far more likely to clarify " the muddy turmoil of politics " than to bespatter the judicial ermine—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

But what does Justice Hughes stand for? Less vociferously than the adherents of Our Colonel, but with equal insistence, Mr. Choate continues:

> Besides this, Justice Hughes has never had any experience in foreign affairs, which now most critically involve our national honor and safety, and, what is more, no man knows what his views are on this or any other of the leading questions which now agitate the people of the United States. Under the circumstances, can the party which in this election expects to resume the reins of government afford to select him? His judicial record is perfect. Why should not he and his party and the whole people be content with that as his one and only proper place for life?

And the People answer:

Mr. Roosevelt has had more " experience in foreign affairs " than any other man now living. Would Mr. Choate, in consequence, maintain that " our national honor and safety " would be more adequately conserved by him than by Mr. Hughes? True it is beyond question that Mr. Hughes has never directed the course of his country through a world embroilment. Neither has Mr. Root. Nor has Mr. Roosevelt. President Wilson alone has the advantage of that experience. Is it for this reason that Mr. Choate demands that he be superseded?

Mr. Hughes is as great a judge as Mr. Root is a lawyer. During the past seven years he has had at least an equal experience in dealing officially with international legal problems. As students of political history, they stand upon an even plane. Is it not safe to assume that Mr. Hughes, a sedulous official, has studied as closely as Mr. Root, a private citizen, the subjects, vital to the welfare of the Nation, which have grown out of the great war? Would Mr. Choate feel less assured of ability and virility in the conduct of the affairs of the Nation by Mr. Hughes, at 55, as President, and Mr. Root, as Secretary of State, than by Mr. Root, at 72, as President, laden with the enormous burden of that great office? Can Mr. Choate suggest a stronger combination or one more satisfying to us, the People, than that which we have indicated? Would he not, in truth and candor, concede that Mr. Root, at three-score-and-twelve, could render in-

finitely greater service as Secretary of State, charged only with the management of foreign affairs, than as President, grievously overwhelmed by domestic problems as well? So we, the People, soberly and sincerely believe. And is it unjust or ungrateful on our part to withhold from Mr. Root the greatest nominal reward for the quite splendid services which he has rendered? Is not a high public position what its holder makes of it? Is Daniel Webster overshadowed in fame by his chief? Or Henry Clay? Or John C. Calhoun? Or James G. Blaine?

Is it quite accurate to say that "no man knows what Justice Hughes's views are on this or any other of the questions which now agitate the people of the United States"? Do not his work as Governor of the State of New York, his "*perfect judicial record*" and his many utterances in published documents and before the people constitute as complete a portrayal as one could desire of his attitude towards all fundamental questions related to popular government? Is it necessary, is it possible, to be more specific with respect to unforeseen problems of the future or even known problems of the present? We are well aware that Mr. Root, no less strongly than Mr. Roosevelt himself, disapproves of President Wilson's conduct. Upon this point his trenchant and scathing speech left no room for doubt. Mr. Hughes may or may not fully coincide with each and all of the judgments voiced in that terrific arraignment. Does it matter? We, the People, are less concerned with the past than with the present and more especially with the future.

Mr Root depicted in telling phrase Mr. Wilson's deplorable blundering in Mexico, but he did not tell us what he himself would do *now* or later. He could not. He does not know. He criticised caustically the Administration's dealings with European Powers, but he did not say what he would say or do to Germany *today* or tomorrow. He could not. He does not know. Nor does Mr. Roosevelt. Nor does Mr. Hughes. But does Mr. Choate really believe for one moment—is there the slightest indication in his whole unblemished record?—that Mr. Hughes would fail to meet any situation involving our Nation's dignity and honor with an intelligence, a courage, a spirit and a disregard of consequences to himself equal to that of Mr. Root or of Mr. Roosevelt or of any other living American? Has Mr. Choate any doubt as to that? We, the People, have not.

That Mr. Justice Hughes not only "should be" but *is* "content" to remain in his "one and only proper place for life," our venerable and venerated former Ambassador may rest assured. That the managing directors of the Republican party would be no less pleased to have him stay there is certain. That Mr. Henry P. Davison's Committee of Seventy would be easily reconciled to such a happening we may take for granted. That Sir George Perkins would so far forget himself as to raise no voice in protest we can readily believe. That the Administration is willing to the verge of anxiety that he be not disturbed we have a shrewd suspicion. But, measurably because of these very circumstances, though in a broad sense for much larger reasons, we, the People, do not. *We* want Hughes.

Alas, it cannot be. The New York *World*, that "always drastically independent institution" which can "never belong to any party" but must "always remain devoted to the public welfare," says so. But why? Because "Wall Street is for Root," but since it cannot get him it "will take Roosevelt." The *World* continues with characteristic logic and convincingness:

It might be ready to take Hughes too, but Hughes is handicapped in such a way that it is almost impossible for him to obtain the nomination. Unlike the other candidates, he can make no active fight for delegates.

And has made none.

His judicial position forbids.

It does.

He cannot announce his candidacy or discuss publicly any of the issues of the campaign.

Cannot and has not.

He cannot say whether he is for or against the President's foreign policies.

He probably could not even define them.

He cannot say whether he is for or against preparedness.

Unlike the President, who can say the one and do the other.

Nor can he permit his friends to interpret his attitude toward the issues of the campaign, or to solicit support in his behalf, or to enter into any bargain for delegates.

Quite so.

Any other candidate could accept the nomination at the end of a long and bitter contest. Hughes could not.

Yes, he stands alone.

If he were nominated by acclamation as the unanimous choice of his party in a convention that gave free expression to the sentiment of the Republican voters, then he could honorably accept.

Thanks!

No charge could be made that he had dragged the United States Supreme Court into the mire of politics.

True!

Mr. Choate's warning would have no force.

As we have said.

If Hughes were ready, like Roosevelt, to take the nomination on any terms, in any circumstances, on any platform, and by any arrangement, he might control the convention, but that kind of Hughes fortunately does not exist.

Right you are. In point of fact, says the *World* in another issue:

Justice Hughes is essentially the Wilson type. His outlook on public life is essentially the Wilson outlook. His theory of public duty is essentially the Wilson theory.

What, then, is the purpose of nominating Justice Hughes? To continue the Wilson Administration under Republican auspices? To replace a Democratic Wilson with a Republican Wilson?

Now with Roosevelt there is an issue. No two men could be more unlike than Wilson and Roosevelt, except Hughes and Roosevelt.

Wilson's attitude toward government is incorrigibly American. His spirit is the spirit of Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

Clearly, no further information as to what Hughes "stands for" is required. As between the Justice and the President, a "drastically independent" public journal which can "never belong to any party" could have no preference. And yet, bewilderingly, the *World* not only vehemently demands the nomination of Roosevelt, regardless of possible consequences to the country, but sapiently insists that Roosevelt will never permit his friends to vote for Hughes, and that, if Hughes should be nominated, Roosevelt "will find an excuse to run against the man whom he refers to in private conversation as 'that Baptist hypocrite.'"

We, the People, who have cherished Our Colonel in the past and continue to wish him well, have no means of learning and no wish to publish what may have been uttered " in private conversation." If it should develop, upon trustworthy testimony, that Mr. Roosevelt did actually and deliberately apply to Mr. Justice Hughes the opprobrious term quoted, our disregard of its designed effect would be equaled only by the sense of shame upon its author which would possess all decent minds. While, moreover, we do not believe, and do not believe the *World* believes, that Mr. Roosevelt would strive to re-elect Mr. Wilson by running independently to defeat Mr. Hughes, our conviction is positive that such an attempt would avail nothing more and nothing else than the utter humiliation of the hapless head of a decimated company. No Republican and no Progressive, barring such as might feel that President Wilson should be upheld, would have either reason or excuse for refusal to vote for Mr. Hughes,—and not a corporal's guard could be persuaded to the contrary.

There were no overshadowing international problems in 1908, when, as now, we, the People, wanted Governor Hughes in preference to the puissant President's successful candidate, but there were domestic issues which still live. And one desirous of knowing where Hughes stood had only to ask the question of the man who " would not preserve availability at the expense of candor." He was unaffectedly proud of the great organization of which he had been a member all his life.

" The Republican party has maintained the national honor," he said then, as if in anticipation of an issue in 1916, " and under its direction American diplomacy has attained the highest levels of honorable purpose and distinguished achievement."

" A protective tariff is essential to the interests of our wage earners," he said, " in that it makes possible the payment of wages on a scale to which we are accustomed in this country and thus maintains our American standard of living. Hence the difference in the cost of production here and abroad is the fundamental consideration. But I do not believe in making this policy a cover for exorbitant rates or for obtaining special privileges from the Government which are not based upon consideration of the general welfare. I believe that the tariff should be revised, and in order to effect

whatever readjustment may be necessary to make the tariff schedules consistent with the principles underlying the protective policy, I favor the appointment of an expert commission, so that the facts may be ascertained without delay and that Congress may dispose of the matter in the fairest possible manner."

"With regard to the Filipinos," he said, "we are placed under the most sacred obligations. In justice to them and in justice to ourselves we must omit no effort to prepare them for self-government."

"We are devoted," he continued, as if the thought of the Philippines had suggested it, "to the interests of peace and we cherish no policy of aggression. The maintenance of our ideals is our surest protection. It is our constant aim to live in friendship with all nations and to realize the aims of a free government, secure from the interruptions of strife and the wastes of war. It is entirely consistent with these aims, and it is our duty, to make adequate provision for our defense and to maintain the efficiency of our army and navy. And this I favor."

He recognized throughout the country and personally shared "a wholesome sentiment" for relief from boss domination.

"That sentiment," he said, "is that the instrumentalities of party management shall not be so arranged as to facilitate the purposes of those who would subvert government to their selfish advantage. It is a sentiment that demands for the members of political parties simple and direct methods by which they can exercise their just rights in determining party choices. It insists that the work and preferences of party managers shall be brought to the test of party opinion freely expressed, to the end that leadership that dishonors the party may be more readily overthrown and that it may be easier to give effective support to honest party management in the public interest."

"It has been stated," he said on another occasion, "that I have not paid sufficient attention to those who are politically active and who bear the burden and heat of the day in political campaigns. It has been said that I regard political activity as a disqualification for public office.

"Now no cause can be advanced without hard work, and it must be the object of zealous devotion. I esteem those who in an honorable manner work for the party. Political activ-

ity by virtue of the experience and knowledge of affairs gained in it so far from being a disqualification may be a most important qualification for office. But I want that political activity to be of such a character as to leave a man free and independent in the dignity of his manhood to perform the duties of office, if appointed, unembarrassed by improper influences and unaffected by accumulated obligations."

More significant than these or many other utterances which might be cited is the living fact of Mr. Hughes's undoubted sincerity and perfect rectitude. We, the People, care more for what a man is than for what he says. If we know him through and through and believe in him, as we believed in Washington, in Lincoln and in Cleveland, we do not need to be informed of his opinion upon every subject that may come up, from peonage in Mexico to ruffled birds in the West Indies. We do not think Mr. Hughes is a better American than Mr. Roosevelt, but we think he is just as good, twice as sound and many times as trustworthy. We do not rank him as high intellectually as Mr. Root, but we perceive none other who surpasses him in this regard, and we cannot but consider the hazard, and perhaps the wrong, of placing the tremendous burdens of the Presidency upon the shoulders of a man who is living on "borrowed time." We do not know, indeed we doubt, that he is as keen and shrewd in mind as Mr. Wilson, but we think he is more dependable, and somehow or other we feel that he is *more of a man*,—"a regular feller," as they say on Cherry Hill, as contrasted—well, with whatever one's opinion happens to be.

So we, the People, say or think.

Do you doubt it? Ask the man in the street, on the sidewalk, in the car, on the subway, in the Pullman, on the jitney, in the vestibule after service, on the golf links before or after, downtown or uptown, in or out of clubs not dominated by masters of finance, in Hartford, Springfield or Peacham, in wealth-wallowing Pittsburgh even, or Columbus, or on the farms of Iowa, in Oregon or Washington, anywhere and everywhere, uphill and down dale, in this broad land, ask yourself, your wife, your plethoric uncle, your spinster aunt —and what do you find?

Some who distrust the supporters of Root; many who are angry at Roosevelt; not a few, inclusive of Democrats, who are sick of Wilson; none whose countenance fails to brighten at the mention of Hughes.

But—" will he take it "?

Ay, there's the rub. God save the Court! implores Mr. Choate. It is too late for him to speak, shouts the *World.* We cannot beat a man with no man, say the mighty leaders. Where would we be at, without an understanding? queries Wall Street. Nevertheless, patiently but persistently, we have to ask *Will* he, despite the fact that many think it might be safer to say *Would* he? We have already recorded faithfully the judgment of ourselves, the People, respecting the mutual obligations of Citizen and State. Now let us examine more closely the more specific circumstantial evidence.

Be it observed then, at the outset, that Mr. Hughes has never directly sought, or even been an inferential candidate for, public office. When, in 1906, immediately following the insurance investigation, he was first " prominently mentioned " for Governor, the Republican politicians became as " nervous and excited " as all of us who advocated Preparedness appeared to the President a year or so ago. Was he a candidate or was he not? Would he accept or would he not? Even then as now. On August 22nd he sailed for Europe, remarking pleasantly to the reporters on the steamer that he had no ambitions beyond what the practice of law could afford him. On September 26th he was nominated, accepted, and was the only candidate on the Republican ticket who won at the polls. There was much opposition to his renomination in 1908 because of his veto of the popular two-cent fare bill and of his opposition to race-track gambling. Again he did not turn a hand, heedless of the consequences, but received 827 out of 1007 votes and was reelected.

" I do not seek office," he had said in 1907. " To me public office means a burden of responsibility—a burden of incessant toil at times almost intolerable—which under honorable conditions and at the command of the people it may be a duty, and even a pleasure, to assume, but it is far from being an object of ambition. I have not sought, nor shall I seek, directly or indirectly, to influence the selection or the vote of any delegate to any convention."

That was Mr. Hughes's position then. It is his position now. " I am not a candidate, actively or tacitly," he wrote to Mr. Henry Wood, " and, in view of my judicial office, I do not feel that I have any right to take part in any political discussion." In a word—and this, we are fully con-

vinced, may be taken as fact if not as law and gospel—this old-fashioned man holds firmly to the old-fashioned idea that the responsibilities of the Presidency are so great that it ought not to be sought and *must not be declined.*

Such is our interpretation of the sober thought and ardent wish of the American people. Never since this Republic demanded that George Washington become its first President has there appeared so striking an instance of the Office seeking the Man. Never has been a call so peremptory, never a constantly swelling force so certain, in our judgment, to prove irresistible. Rightly or wrongly, wisely or not, the Will of the People will prevail, and Charles Evans Hughes will be the next Republican candidate for President of the United States. And the overpowering issue will be one of men—of ability, of judgment, of fidelity, but above all of character.

Hughes or Wilson?

That will be all. When the lively wedding in Chicago shall have been supplemented by the sedate funeral in St. Louis, Patriotism must dictate a choice between the two.

O Lord, save Thy People!

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

Charles Evans Hughes was 54 years old on the 11th of April last. He was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., on the 11th of April, 1862. When it is said that his father, David Charles Hughes, was a Baptist preacher having charge of the village flocks of Glens Falls and Sandy Hill, near by, and that his sole revenue was the salary usually paid to such a country gentleman, it is not necessary to emphasize the fact that Mr. Hughes began his life, as the majority of American men who have gone farthest and won the highest esteem of their countrymen began theirs, in the rather bleak but stimulating air of a home where money is scarce.

In one respect Mr. Hughes had the advantage over many American boys whose parents were poor. He did not have to fight a long, up-hill battle to get an education. Before his father was ordained a minister at Wesleyan University, he had been a teacher of Latin, Greek and English at West River Collegiate Institute in Maryland. Moreover, Mr. Hughes's

mother was a finely educated woman. Her name was Mary C. Connelly when Pastor Hughes first met her. She was the daughter of a highly respected physician in Delaware County, New York, and at Claverack Institute, from which she was graduated, she had won distinction for proficiency in the languages, and, what is rather unusual in young girls, for decided strength in mathematics. Thus we have not very far to seek for the source of that taste for mathematics which is so pronounced a part of Mr. Justice Hughes's mental equipment, and which perhaps is not disassociated with those powers of continued concentration of thought for which he is remarkable.

Naturally, the son and only child of such parents did not have to get out and struggle for his early education; it began right at home, and it began as soon as he was able to absorb it. Both his father and his mother taught him languages and mathematics in the little home parsonage. However, he attended the public schools later on. At Oswego, where his father labored for a time as a preacher after leaving Glens Falls, he went into the primary grade school, and at Newark, New Jersey, where the elder Hughes had a subsequent pastorate, he attended the high school, as he did a few years after in New York, when the family went there to live. But in the meantime the home tuition continued. The Rev. David Hughes wanted his son to follow in his own footsteps and become a Baptist preacher. So, concurrently with his earlier instruction, his father grounded him well in the rudiments of theological lore. But law, to young Hughes, was ever a more alluring topic than theology, and when, after a year in Colgate, he entered the sophomore class at Brown University, it was with a well-fixed purpose of becoming a lawyer and not a preacher.

With such a college preparation, and with habits of study thus inculcated in him from childhood, it is not surprising that he emerged from Brown with flying colors. As a matter of fact, he took about all the honors there were—honors in the classics, the Dunn premium in English, and, above all, one of the two Carpenter prizes given to the two students in each graduating class showing the greatest promise as based on scholarship and character. He had the reputation, too, of not studying very much at Brown. He did not have to. His home instruction and mental discipline had been so thorough that he was at a marked advantage over most of his

fellow students. He had plenty of time for college amusements, and he went in for them heartily. He was an enthusiastic fraternity man, and has kept up his interest in Delta Upsilon during all the thirty-five years that have elapsed since he graduated from Brown.

It was not until he was out of college that the really hard grind of work definitely began. First of all, he had to earn the money to enable him to get his legal education. To do this he taught Greek and mathematics in Delaware Academy at Delhi, New York, studying meantime in the law office of Judge Gleason. Then he went to Columbia Law School, reading at the same time in the office of the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, subsequently Minister to Madrid at an interesting epoch in our relations with Spain. At Columbia he duplicated his experience at Brown, winning the highest honor, the Prize Fellowship, which carries with it an appointment as tutor at five hundred dollars a year. He did the tutoring and he earned the very acceptable money. From 1884 till 1887 he worked as a law clerk by day and taught a law class in Columbia by night.

But he had long before attracted the notice of that eminent lawyer, Walter S. Carter, noted as a collector of etchings and of bright young men in the legal profession. In 1888 Mr. Hughes was made full member of the firm of Carter, Hughes and Cravath, and a certain love affair, long smouldering but very earnest, culminated soon after the law firm arrangement. On the 5th of December, 1888, Mr. Hughes and Miss Annette Carter, daughter of the young man's senior law partner, were married. Miss Carter was a graduate of Wellesley College and fully sympathetic with the decided literary tastes of Mr. Hughes, for the learned Justice is not wholly given over to mathematics and legal problems. He likes Balzac, the elder Dumas, good detective yarns, and is a great admirer of Mr. Dooley. It may not be generally suspected, but he is really blessed with a liberal sense of humor. Like most men of intense purpose and an insatiable appetite for work, he has paid the penalty in a certain fixed sternness of expression, and the reputation of being an "iceberg." But he is a capital story-teller none the less, and on his campaigning tours he liberated reserve stores of warmth, humor, and even sentiment, which few had dreamed that he was capable of harboring.

"If they perform an autopsy on me," he once said, "I

hope they will find something besides sawdust and briefs inside."

Though not quite what has been called a "clubable" man, but rather a home-loving, retiring temperament, he is by no means an "iceberg." He likes to hunt in the Maine woods and to climb mountains in Switzerland. For thirteen successive years he never missed the Swiss trip until he was Governor. During two of the trying years he was in Albany he had but one vacation—eleven days in the woods.

But hard work has its limits, and as early as 1891 it had all but claimed its toll from Charles E. Hughes. He had egregiously overdone the thing. That was the reason he accepted the law professorship in Cornell University. To be sure, he worked at about his accustomed pace while there, but it was a new field. It served in lieu of a vacation from the trying New York legal grind. But Mr. Carter wanted him back, and in 1893 he returned, and again plunged into his law work. It was soon after this that Senator Stevens picked him as the man he wanted for counsel in the gas investigation.

It is idle to rehearse now either what he did to the gas companies or to the insurance companies. Both events are of sufficiently recent date to remain vividly in people's minds. What the relentless questioner sought to uncover in both cases was such a revelation of unwarranted practices as would form a basis for remedial legislation. He refused to be diverted an instant from this object. He sought no punishments, no revenges, no political capital. He would permit no efforts in either of these directions to confuse or degrade the high purposes of the inquiry. Those purposes he in full measure attained, and in attaining them emerged from a species of obscurity to the status of a commanding figure within and beyond the borders of the State.

Of political ambition he was probably utterly devoid. He said he was, and every act and utterance of his confirmed what he said. In politics he was a Republican by inheritance and conviction. His father was a fervent Republican, dating back in his party inspiration to the days of Lincoln,—a Republican, moreover, who never failed to do his duty as a citizen on election day, and he voted naught but the straight ticket.

But the masterful Republican leaders did not want him for a gubernatorial candidate in 1906. Nor did there ever

come from Mr. Hughes the slightest intimation that he wanted the nomination. During all the discussion he held himself aloof. He would not say he wanted the nomination. He would not permit anybody to present his claims or his availability. It was a matter solely for the people of the State to decide. The party was split wide open at that time with factional fights. There was nobody else that had the remotest chance of election, a fact which was afterward sufficiently demonstrated at the polls when Mr. Hughes was the one Republican on the State ticket who was elected. It had gone to the people for decision, and they decided it.

As Governor, the bitterness he evoked among some of the leaders is matter of history—that and the unswerving confidence of the people back of the leaders and the leaders' masters. He governed out in the open, for one thing. He abandoned the inner seclusion of the Governor's suite in the Albany capitol, and moved his desk out into the big reception room. If anybody had anything to say to him as Governor they said it there or it went unsaid. For days the newspapers had columns of comment and good-humored chaff over the curious new departure.

Then came the veto of the two-cent fare bill, because no facts were presented to justify its adoption; the passing of the Public Utilities bill to provide for the gathering of such data; and then the race-track gambling bill. Long and keen were the knives that were out to prevent the Governor's renomination in 1908. But the people still had the bit in their teeth. The leaders no longer led. Mr. Hughes was nominated by a vote of 827 in a convention of 1007 delegates. Thus Charles Evans Hughes was again elected to the Governorship of his State, and from Governor he was appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

THE SUBMARINE CONTROVERSY WITH GERMANY

THE WARNING

(Bryan to Gerard, February 10, 1915)

"If such a deplorable situation should arise [destruction of American life or American ships upon the high seas], the Imperial German Government can readily appreciate that the Government of the United States would be con-

strained to hold the Imperial German Government to a strict accountability for such acts of their naval authorities, and to take any steps it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property and to secure to American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights on the high seas."

THE REPLY

(Von Jagow to Gerard, February 16, 1915)

"Germany must, in the exigency into which she has been unlawfully forced, make her measures effective, at all events, in order thereby to compel her adversary to conduct maritime warfare in accordance with international law, and thus to re-establish the freedom of the seas, which she has ever advocated and for which she is fighting likewise to-day."

THE EFFECT

On American Trade

(Grey to Page, March 15, 1915)

"I must emphasize again that this measure (suppression of German trade) is a natural and necessary consequence of the unprecedented methods, repugnant to all law and morality, which * * * Germany began to adopt at the very outset of the war, and the effects of which have been constantly accumulating."

On American Life

(Bryan to Gerard, May 13, 1915, in reference to the destruction of the *Lusitania* and *Falaba,* and attacks on American steamers *Cushing* and *Gulflight*)

THE DEMANDS

"It [the Government of the United States] confidently expects, therefore, that the Imperial German Government will make reparation, so far as reparation is possible, for injuries which are without measure, and that they will take immediate steps to prevent the recurrence of anything so obviously subversive of the principles of warfare for which the Imperial German Government have in the past so wisely and so firmly contended."

THE THREAT

"The Imperial German Government will not expect the Government of the United States to omit any word or any

act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment."

THE ANSWER

(Von Jagow to Gerard, May 28, 1915)

" With regard to the loss of life when the British passenger steamer *Lusitania* was sunk, the German Government has already expressed its deep regret to the neutral Governments concerned that nationals of those countries lost their lives on that occasion. * * * In view of these facts [alleged presence of guns, subsequently disproved, and instructions to British vessels to use neutral flags and markings], which are satisfactorily known to it, the Imperial German Government is unable to consider English merchant vessels any longer as ' undefended territory ' in the zone of maritime war designated by the admiralty staff of the Imperial German Navy; the German commanders are consequently no longer in a position to observe the rules of capture otherwise usual, and with which they invariably complied before this. * * * The company [by shipping ammunition] thereby wantonly caused the death of so many passengers."

THE REITERATION

(Lansing to Gerard, June 9, 1915)

" The Government of the United States therefore very earnestly and very solemnly renews the representations of its note transmitted to the Imperial German Government on the fifteenth of May, and relies in these representations upon the principles of humanity, the universally recognized understandings of international law, and the ancient friendship of the German nation."

THE COUNTER-RESPONSE

(Von Jagow to Gerard, July 8, 1915)

" In particular, the Imperial Government is unable to admit that American citizens can protect an enemy ship through the mere fact of their presence on board. * * * Consequently, accidents suffered by neutrals on enemy ships in this area of war cannot well be judged differently from accidents to which neutrals are at all times exposed at the seat of war on land, when they betake themselves into dangerous localities in spite of previous warning."

THE REJOINDER

(Lansing to Gerard, July 21, 1915)

"In view of the admission of illegality made by the Imperial Government when it pleaded the right of retaliation in defense of its acts, and in view of the manifest possibility of conforming to the established rules of naval warfare, the Government of the United States cannot believe that the Imperial Government will longer refrain from disavowing the wanton act of its naval commander in sinking the *Lusitania,* or from offering reparation for the American lives lost, so far as reparation can be made for a needless destruction of human life by an illegal act."

THE DECLARATION

"Friendship itself prompts it [the Government of the United States] to say to the Imperial Government that repetition by the commanders of German naval vessels of acts in contravention of those rights must be regarded by the Government of the United States, when they affect American citizens, as deliberately unfriendly."

THE ASSURANCE

(Von Bernstorff to Lansing, September 1, 1915, following destruction of *Arabic*)

"Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance."

THE *Arabic*

(Von Jagow to Gerard, September 17, 1915)

"The German Government most deeply regrets that lives were lost through the action of the commander. The German Government is unable, however, to acknowledge any obligation to grant indemnity in the matter, even if the commander should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the *Arabic.*"

(Von Bernstorff to Lansing, October 5, 1915)

"The attack of the submarine, therefore [upon the *Arabic*], was undertaken against the instructions issued to the commander. The Imperial Government regrets and disavows this act, and has notified Commander Schneider accordingly. Under these circumstances my Government is

prepared to pay an indemnity for the American lives which, to its deep regret, have been lost on the *Arabic*."

THE *Orduna*

(Von Jagow to Gerard, December 9, 1915)

"The first attack on the *Orduna* by a torpedo was not in accordance with existing instructions, which provide that large passenger steamers are only to be torpedoed after previous warning and after the rescuing of passengers and crew. The failure to observe the instructions was based on an error, which is, at any rate, comprehensible, and a repetition of which appears to be out of the question, in view of the more explicit instructions issued in the meantime. Moreover, the commanders of submarines have been reminded that it is their duty to exercise greater care and to observe carefully the orders issued."

THE *Persia*

(Von Bernstorff to Lansing, January 7, 1916)

"German submarines are therefore permitted to destroy enemy merchant vessels in the Mediterranean—i. e., passenger as well as freight ships, as far as they do not try to escape or offer resistance—only after passengers and crew have been accorded safety. * * * If commanders of German submarines should not have obeyed the orders given to them, they will be punished; furthermore, the German Government will make reparation for damage caused by death of, or injuries to, American citizens."

THE SUBMARINE CONTROVERSY WITH AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

THE *Ancona*

(Lansing to Penfield, for delivery to the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, December 6, 1915)

THE DEMANDS

"As the good relations of the two countries must rest upon a common regard for law and humanity, the Government of the United States cannot be expected to do otherwise than to demand that the Imperial and Royal Government denounce the sinking of the *Ancona* as an illegal and indefensible act; that the officer who perpetrated the deed be

punished; and that reparation, by the payment of an indemnity, be made for the citizens of the United States who were killed or injured by the attack on the vessel."

THE REPLY

(Burian to Penfield, December 15, 1915)

"As is not difficult to perceive, the presentation of the facts in the case in the aforesaid note leaves room for many doubts; and even if this presentation were correct in all points, and the most rigorous legal conception were applied to the judgment of the case, it does not in any way sufficiently warrant attaching blame to the commanding officer of the war vessel or to the Imperial and Royal Government."

THE COUNTER-REPLY

(Lansing to Penfield, December 19, 1915)

"The Government of the United States, therefore, finds no other course open to it but to hold the Imperial and Royal Government responsible for the act of its naval commander, and to renew the definite but respectful demands made in its communication of the 6th of December, 1915."

THE REJOINDER

(Burian to Penfield, December 29, 1915)

"Also as concerns the principle expressed in the very esteemed note that hostile private ships, in so far as they do not flee or offer resistance, may not be destroyed without the persons on board having been placed in safety, the Imperial and Royal Government is able substantially to assent to this view of the Washington Cabinet. * * * Should the more precise circumstances under which the American citizens [on the *Ancona*] were injured be unknown to the Government of the United States, due to a lack of the proper material evidence, the Imperial and Royal Government, in consideration of the humanely deeply deplorable incident and guided by the desire of again manifesting to the Government of the United States its friendly sentiments, would be readily willing to overlook this gap in this evidence, and to extend the indemnity also to those injuries, the direct cause of which could not be ascertained. While the Imperial and Royal Government may well regard the *Ancona* case as cleared up by the foregoing representations, it, at the same

time, reserves to itself for a future time the discussion of the difficult questions of international law in connection with submarine warfare."

SUBMARINES AS COMMERCE DESTROYERS

(Bryan to Gerard, May 13, 1915)

"Manifestly, submarines cannot be used against merchantmen, as the last few weeks have shown, without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity."

(Lansing to Gerard, July 21, 1915)

"The events of the past two months have clearly indicated that it is possible and practicable to conduct such submarine operation as have characterized the activity of the Imperial German Navy within the so-called war zone in substantial accord with the accepted practices of regulated warfare."

ARMED MERCHANTMEN

(Lansing to Von Bernstorff, September 19, 1915)

"A merchant vessel of belligerent nationality may carry an armament and ammunition for the sole purpose of defense without acquiring the character of a ship of war."

(Lansing to Allied Ambassadors, January 18, 1916)

"I should add that my Government is impressed with the reasonableness of the argument that a merchant vessel carrying armament of any sort, in view of the character of the submarine warfare and the defensive weakness of underseas craft, should be held to be an auxiliary cruiser, and so treated by a neutral as well as by a belligerant Government, and is seriously considering instructing its officials accordingly."

(Von Jagow to Gerard, February 10, 1916)

"In the circumstances set forth above, enemy merchantmen armed with guns no longer have any right to be considered as peaceable vessels of commerce. Therefore, the German naval forces will receive orders, within a short period, paying consideration to the interests of the neutrals, to treat such vessels as belligerents."

(Woodrow Wilson to Senator Stone, February 24, 1916)

"The course which the Central European Powers have announced their intention of following in the future with

regard to underseas warfare seems, for the moment, to threaten insuperable obstacles, but its apparent meaning is so manifestly inconsistent with the explicit assurances recently given us by those Powers with regard to their treatment of merchant vessels on the high seas, that I must believe that explanations will presently ensue which will put a different aspect upon it. * * * But, in any event, our duty is clear. No nation, no group of nations, has the right, while war is in progress, to alter or disregard the principles which all nations have agreed upon in mitigation of the horrors and sufferings of war."

THE REAL RESULTS

FOR GERMANY

Continuance of submarine operations in accordance with the original policy laid down by Admiral von Tirpitz.

Maintenance of friendly relations with the United States through vague and indefinite promises.

Reduction by the United States of its first demands in the case of the *Lusitania* as a result of secret negotiations yet to be given to the public.

Time.

FOR THE UNITED STATES

Disavowal in the single case of the *Arabic.*

Expression of willingness to pay damages in the case of the American steamers *Cushing, Gulflight* and *Nebraskan.*

Promises of indemnity for American citizens drowned, killed or injured.

Assurances of future good conduct the character of which have provoked discussion.

Trouble.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

After the war, what—for America? It is not too early to to ask. The end of the war may come as suddenly and as unexpectedly as its beginning. It may come soon, or it may be long delayed. In either case it is essential that we shall be prepared to meet it; and at present we are not thus prepared. It is probable that we shall have much more need of special preparation for its end than we had for its beginning. For we needed at its beginning only a reassertion of neutrality

and a resolute maintenance of our rights. But at its end we shall have to meet a general readjustment of the industry, commerce and finance of the world, and perhaps of political conditions; and we may have to meet something still more serious.

The war has already caused an enormous disturbance of international trade. From that the United States has largely profited. We have developed a vast trade in military munitions, and a less but still considerable trade in other commodities. The end of the war will, of course, mean the end of the munitions trade. It is an interesting and important matter of speculation, to what extent it will also mean a reversion of non-military trade to the old lines, or will mean the confirmation of this country in its present gains. Certainly the United States seems now to have a unique opportunity to make great and lasting gains in many directions. It will be recalled that as a result of our Civil War our ocean carrying trade was almost entirely lost, and was transferred to other nations, chiefly to Great Britain. It is to be considered whether there is not a somewhat similar opportunity now, for a measurable retransfer of the European carrying trade back to the American flag. At any rate, the United States ought not to neglect a single item of possible preparation to secure such gains.

Speculation concerning the end of the war turns chiefly, however, upon the supposition or the suggestion of a military menace to the United States from that side which shall be victorious in the European conflict. Upon this opinion is divided, with much emphasis. Pacifists, of course, scout the notion of any menace whatever. They insist that no European Power has any designs or any desire whatever to attack America; and that if any had, it would not be able to do so because of the exhaustion and prostration which it will be suffering at the end of this war. Neither of these propositions is convincing, nor capable of satisfactory demonstration.

There are, on the contrary, strong reasons for believing that at least one great European Power has long cherished both the desire and the design, if not of bluntly attempting the conquest of America, at least of so traversing our principles and impairing our material interests as to compel either our humiliating submission to its dictation or a clash of arms and a struggle for mastery. It has been an open

secret that Germany is as intent upon getting "a place in the sun" in the Western as in the Eastern hemisphere. We need not look so far afield as the German colonization of several states in Southern Brazil. The covetous eye of that Power has for years been fixed upon places much nearer to us, within striking distance of our own shores, around the Caribbean Sea or upon or near the Isthmus of Panama.

For a long time Germany has been negotiating for the acquisition of the Dutch West Indies, either through direct purchase from the Netherlands, or through the annexation of the Netherlands to the German Empire. Once, if not twice, German influence at Copenhagen has defeated plans for our acquisition of the Danish West Indies, though both the United States and the islands in question as well as the Danish Government earnestly desired the transfer. The German intrigues at Bogota in 1902 were notorious, their aim being to prevent our acquisition of the Panama Canal, and to promote and effect the acquisition of it by a German corporation which would be an *alter ego* of the Imperial Government itself. It was largely German influence that caused Colombia to reject the Hay-Herran treaty, though in doing so it overreached itself and provoked the Panama revolution. Germany also attempted to gain a foothold in Venezuela through very much the same tactics which she employed for getting a foothold in China at Kiao-chau, and was prevented from so doing only by the American Government, which sent to the Wilhelmstrasse a curt ultimatum, to the effect that if Germany persisted in sending the threatened military expedition, it would be met off the Venezuelan coast by Admiral Dewey with the American battle fleet, ready for instant action. It would be folly to assume that Germany's mind has changed, that she is now less desirous of securing a place in the American sun, and that her victory in the European war would not mean a prompt renewal of such tactics, in a more militant fashion than ever before.

But, say the pacifists, Germany would be too much exhausted by her struggles in Europe to be able to undertake a war against America. The examples of history warrant no such fond belief. Seldom has a victorious nation been so exhausted as to be incapable presently of beginning another war; and seldom has a Power hesitated, for cause, to take on a new antagonist in a war in which it was already engaged. To go back no further than our own early history:

The Seven Years' War did not so exhaust England and France that they were not both ready for another war a few years later. When Great Britain was at war with her Thirteen Colonies, and was so hard pressed in it that she was desperately seeking mercenary levies for her armies in several European countries and was getting them alone in Germany, she did not hesitate also to wage war against France. Less than a score of years later, years of exhausting strife and a gigantic war still continuing did not restrain France from provoking America to war, though John Adams refused to yield to the provocation. In 1812 Great Britain was suffering the strain of many years of costly war, and was actually engaged in a gigantic life or death struggle with the most formidable adversary in the world; yet those things did not restrain her from engaging in another war with the United States. At much later dates, within our own recollection, the Danish war did not incapacitate but rather prepared Prussia for her war with Austria, and her war with Austria in turn left her ready and eager to provoke war with France. Japan's war with China was not a bar against but rather a prelude to her greater war with Russia. Our own Civil War, gigantic and costly as it was, left us not so prostrated and exhausted that we were not quite ready to try conclusions with the French Empire, unless Louis Napoleon would speedily withdraw from Mexico; which he discreetly did.

If, therefore, Germany had any designs of American aggressions before this war, as it is impossible to avoid suspecting, we must believe that the result of her victory in this war would inevitably be to promote them, to encourage her in cherishing them, and to expedite her actual attempt in that direction. We must remember that she has more than one long-standing grudge against us. They began, perhaps in 1898, when she instigated the attempt at meddling by a combination of European Powers in our controversy with Spain over Cuba, and when she got from President McKinley a most courteous but most effective snubbing. They were increased by the notorious Dewey-Diederichs episode at Manila; by our trumping of her trick at Panama; and by our peremptory ordering her to keep her *pickelhauben* out of Venezuela. We have no notion that anything in the American attitude in the present war has materially mollified her feelings toward us.

There would be, moreover, at least one prime reason for seeking a war with America, not merely in spite of but actually because of the great European struggle through which she had just passed and which had been so enormously costly to her. That is, the impossibility of extorting from the European countries indemnities sufficient to pay all her war bills, and the consequent desire to get at little cost a huge indemnity also from the United States. The tribute which she has levied upon Belgian cities is an earnest of what she would levy upon American cities if she had the chance; and that she could have the chance in case of her victory over the European Allies there can be little question. That she could eventually and permanently conquer the whole United States is not for a moment to be believed. But the best military and naval authorities are agreed that against our present defensive establishment, and against any that we can have for several years to come, it would be not only possible but easy for her to place New York, Boston and other Atlantic Coast cities at the mercy of her guns, and indeed to occupy them with her troops. It is all very well to say that we should drive her out again. Yes; but a few days' possession of those cities would be sufficient for the collecting of such tribute as would make Belgium's seem picayune by the side of it. If then she were compelled to retire, and to scuttle out of the country, she would take the loot with her across the Atlantic, and if we sought to recover it and to take revenge upon her, we should have to do so by the practically impossible means of crossing the ocean and conquering her at home. It would be perfectly practicable and highly profitable, and we may add that it would be quite probable, for Germany thus to make a raid for revenue only upon the American coast.

Now all this may be regarded as out of the question, for the reason that Germany is not going to win the European war. We are firmly of that opinion ourselves. Yet there is no absolute assurance of it; and though there be only one chance in a hundred of Germany's winning, the consequences of her doing so would be so transcendently menacing that it would be criminal folly for us deliberately to remain unprepared for even so remote a contingency. We know not when the war may end, nor how. But this we do know, that it behooves us not merely as American patriots but also simply as rational beings to be as fully

prepared as possible for that end, whenever it may come and whatever it may be.

FRANCE, OLD AND NEW

France remains the great surprise of the war. There was really no occasion to be surprised at the marvellous degree of preparedness and efficiency which Germany displayed at the outset, and which she has maintained. We cannot admire it too greatly, for the world has never seen anything quite its equal; but we cannot wonder at it. It had been taken for granted in advance. Neither is there cause to be astonished at the preparedness and efficiency of the British Navy. Its primacy, above the waves, was known, and in holding the German battle fleet in check, and in driving the German merchant marine from the high seas, it has done precisely what was expected of it.

But France, with all possible respect, has astonished the world. She has done what she was not expected to do, and she has not done what she was confidently expected to do; and there is much good in her. She had for many years been regarded as a mercurial, emotional, excitable nation. She was expected to show much agitation in this war, and to comport herself in a spectacular manner; with much rhetoric and display. Popular panics, flamboyant "demonstrations," and perhaps revolutions, were looked for. In the field, fierce and brilliant dashes were anticipated, which might as speedily be transformed into routs. Probably nine out of ten outside observers would have predicted such courses for that country, in government, in army and in people.

In fact, the exact reverse has been realized. Of all the nations at war, France has been and is the coolest and most collected. Her nerves are steadier than those of Germany; her temperament is apparently more phlegmatic. For "bulldog tenacity," for resolution and "staying powers," she surpasses England. She has shown not a touch of panic, nor even of excitement. She has performed not one spectacular act. There is not a touch of flamboyant rhetoric in any of her utterances, in the tone of the press, or in the speeches and conversation of her citizens. The world has never seen

a finer exhibition of ordered self-restraint, of organized resolution, than France has given and is still giving.

It seems a prodigy. It is a prodigy, to those who remember only the delirious, hysterical France which was between Saarbruck and Sedan, or the excitable France of Fashoda. Yet to those who look beyond a few episodes, to the real France of extended history, this revelation of her spirit should not, after all, be surprising. For in the "Terrible Year" the soul of the country was possessed of a grim, silent resolution never surpassed in all the annals of endurance. The defence of Paris vied with Lucknow and Londonderry. There was through month after month of hopeless struggling a constancy never shaken, a resolution that never faltered. Why should we be surprised at the reappearance of the same spirit now?

Indeed, history through many centuries belies the too common notion of France as fickle and emotional. In the Hundred Years' War, she was as stubborn and as resolute and as self-contained as her English antagonist. Her patience and endurance during years of disaster were almost superhuman. Granted that in the Revolution Paris went mad and raved. There was no madness and no raving in the calm, cool, and tremendously efficient work of her soldiers upon the border, who were holding back the impact of all Europe upon her. At Waterloo the cuirassiers might dash themselves in frenzy upon the British squares or into the sunken road of Ohain; but the Guard could also stand its ground to the last with a fixedness of purpose that Wellington's "long-enduring hearts" could not exceed. In the Crimea it was the British brigade that threw itself away in that spectacular charge which "was magnificent but was not war;" while it was the French commander who gave and who amply fulfilled that unrivalled watchword of indomitable resolution, "J'y suis, J'y reste!"

The world is therefore astonished at France without due cause. It is not a new France that we see to-day. It is the old France of glorious history. We are surprised and astonished, not at France, but at our own misconception of France. It is not that she has transformed herself, but that we have corrected our vision and our estimate of her.

SHALL AMERICA PREPARE AGAINST JAPAN?

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

THE problem of preparedness is a delicate problem for a "hyphenated" resident to discuss. If he advances a view not favorable to the promotion of its cause, he is likely to be suspected of scheming, in the interest of his native land, to lull the public into a sense of security and thus counteract the vigorous movement advocated by patriotic Americans. Yet, if he be honest, he cannot compromise his views for the sake of popularity.

It is not my intention to argue either for or against the preparedness programme now under consideration at Washington. With the American desire to establish a larger army and navy no foreign nation, least of all Japan, should have any quarrel—though we may, with Lord Rosebery, privately regret that "the United States should voluntarily take up the burden which, after this war, will be found to have broken our backs." If my discourse seems to run counter to the contentions of the advocates of greater armament, it is not because I wish to discourage them. I shall try to set forth facts and facts alone, and let the reader draw his own conclusion.

It is significant that, in the present agitation for the increase of armament, Japan is held up before the public as a possible enemy or rival. When the General Navy Board at Washington adopted, in October, 1903, a programme calling for the construction of 34 battleships before 1920, Japan cut no figure in the consideration of the naval authorities. When in 1907 Mr. Roosevelt began to urge the speedy execution of the programme of 1903, Japan was still only vaguely thought of as a nation against which America should prepare. From that time, however, the Mikado's Empire was, in the eyes of the American people, gradually looming up on the political horizon of the Pacific. Thanks to the San Francisco

school incident, the immigration question, the Magdalena Bay incident, and the California land legislation, an unthinking public has become obsessed with the idea that sooner or later Japan will demand a reckoning with the United States. In the present armament propaganda, public attention, especially on the Western coast, seems to be almost equally divided between Germany and Japan. We may ignore the irresponsible utterances of certain publicists, but we cannot overlook the fact that a sense of fear and suspicion with regard to Japan has crept into the minds of Americans. The fear is as yet vague and undefinable, but it is as real as it is persistent.

It is useless to reiterate that the Magdalena Bay scare was deliberately conjured up by certain sinister elements eager to fish in troubled waters and anxious to see the United States annex at least the northern section of Mexico. It is useless to assure the American public that the Japanese Government and the Japanese people know well that the immigration question and the California land question are not the kind of questions to be settled satisfactorily by the arbitrament of the sword. It is useless to tell them that Japan's policy in China is not going to be detrimental to the open door policy proclaimed by the late Secretary Hay. These are times when convincing arguments do not convince.

Yet it is to be hoped that authentic data as to the relative strength of the Japanese and American navies, as well as certain issues which claim the first attention of the publicists of the two countries, will be found conducive to the alleviation of the nervousness now taking hold of the American people.

If I remember correctly, it was Mr. Roosevelt who first began to urge preparedness as a means of keeping out Oriental—and more especially Japanese—immigration. In May, 1909, he published in *The Outlook* an article on Japanese immigration in which he said: "We have the right to say, for instance, what immigrants shall come to our own shores, but we are powerless to enforce this right against any nation that chooses to disregard our wishes unless we continue to build up and maintain a first-class fighting navy."

Since this clarion call for preparedness was sounded, many a publicist of less prominence has responded to it, and to-day Japan is undoubtedly thought of as a menace to America's future. I do not believe that the immigration question has ever been regarded by Japan as an issue to be settled by

war. Presuming, however, that the Mikado really wished to argue his side of the controversy in terms of shot and shell, has he ever possessed, and will he ever possess, a navy powerful enough to justify such a course? That is the point which we must first determine.

Let us, then, study the existing naval strength of Japan as well as the programme which she has adopted for the construction of additional warships. At present Japan's fighting fleet consists of six dreadnoughts (total tonnage 191,500), including two now under construction, four battle cruisers (total tonnage 82,500), thirteen battleships of the old style (total tonnage 193,666), four armored cruisers (total tonnage 56,700), fifty destroyers (total tonnage 36,118), and seventeen submarines. All in all, Japan's fighting craft aggregate 560,484 tons.

As against this strength, the American Navy, as it stands to-day, consists of nineteen dreadnoughts (total tonnage 506,636), twenty-three battleships (total tonnage 314,906), ten armored cruisers (total tonnage 140,080), sixty-two destroyers (total tonnage 73,097), fifty-one submarines, and twenty-two colliers (total tonnage 236,401). This makes a grand total of 1,271,120 tons—i. e., 710,636 tons more than the Japanese fleet.

Even a cursory survey of the above figures convinces us that the Mikado's fighting fleet is far inferior to the American. But when we scrutinize more carefully the character and equipment of the ships on both sides, the discrepancy becomes all the more obvious. In the first place, the American dreadnoughts are much larger than the Japanese. Of the American fleet the seven largest dreadnoughts have each a displacement of 32,500 tons, while the four largest Japanese dreadnoughts are of a displacement of 30,600 tons each. Again, as against six American dreadnoughts of 27,500 tons each, Japan has only four battle-cruisers of the same size. The remaining two Japanese battleships displace 20,800 tons each, whereas the United States has two dreadnoughts of 27,243 tons each, two of 21,825 tons each, two of 20,000 tons each, and two of 16,000 tons each. In modern naval warfare the dreadnought is the cornerstone of a fighting fleet. In spite of the increasing efficiency of the submarine, this theory has not been altered. Not only in point of numbers but also in the size of each vessel, the American fleet of dreadnoughts is far superior to the Japanese.

I am fully aware that the tonnage of a warship is not the only, or even the most important, criterion of efficiency. Much of the fighting power of a man-of-war depends upon the kind of guns with which she is armed. How does the American Navy stand in this respect?

Of the nineteen dreadnoughts of the American Navy, five are equipped with twelve 14-inch guns, four with ten 14-inch guns, two with twelve 12-inch guns, four with ten 12-inch guns, and two with eight 12-inch guns. The remaining two dreadnoughts which are now under construction and which are not yet named will probably be of the type of the *California,* and will be equipped with twelve 14-inch guns. On the Japanese side, there is not a single dreadnought equipped with so many as twelve 14-inch guns. To go into details, four of the six Japanese dreadnoughts have only ten 14-inch guns, while two are equipped with twelve 12-inch guns. The Japanese battle-cruisers, four in all, have each only eight 14-inch guns.

It is obvious that the fighting power of a navy cannot be estimated by the number of the ships of which it is composed. Much depends upon the number and the kind of guns with which each vessel is equipped. In point of numbers the American dreadnoughts are almost twice as powerful as the Japanese dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers combined, but when the power of the guns on both sides is taken into consideration, the American dreadnoughts are nearly three times as powerful as the Japanese.

Let us turn our attention to the battleships of the pre-dreadnought period. I have said that Japan has thirteen of such ships, aggregating 193,666 tons, as against America's twenty-three with a total displacement of 314,906 tons. In the face of these figures the superiority of the American fleet of battleships cannot be disputed. Yet when it is known that only two of thirteen Japanese battleships are fit to stand on the first line of battle, as against six of the American fleet, the inferiority of the Japanese Navy becomes the more apparent.

On the American side there are sixty-two destroyers, and on the Japanese side fifty. Here the discrepancy is not, *prima facie,* very great. But we must remember, what is more vital, that the majority of American destroyers are seagoing, having a displacement greater than 800 tons each, while the Mikado's Navy has only six destroyers above 800

tons. Thus sixty-two American destroyers have a total displacement of 73,097 tons, which is more than twice the total tonnage of fifty destroyers of Japan.

As most of the Japanese destroyers are for the purpose of coast defense, so are the Japanese submarines, of which there are only seventeen as against America's fifty-one. While the Japanese submarines are mostly not seagoing, the majority of the American submarines are of a large type, and therefore seagoing.

Last but not least, we must remember that the American Navy has 22 colliers aggregating 236,401 tons, while Japan has none. In a naval expedition to distant waters the collier is as important as the fighting craft, for without fuel no warship can move. The Japanese Navy, being intended to protect Japanese and Chinese waters and not to send expeditions to distant lands, has made no such elaborate provision for supplying its warships with fuel as has been made by the British, German, and American Navies. In case of emergency the Japanese Navy requisitions merchant ships, which are, of course, decidedly unsatisfactory as colliers.

So much for the existing naval strength of Japan as compared with that of the United States. We have seen how insignificant the Japanese fleet is beside the American. And yet this is the fleet which has constantly been held up by scare-mongers and demagogues as the force which the Mikado will some day send across the Pacific to attack the fair coast of California!

But the Japanese, we are told, are feverishly engaged in building new warships. Are they not secretly smarting under the slight which America has meted out to them, and scheming to settle old scores at the point of the bayonet?

Japan has never been " feverishly " engaged in building warships. Has it ever occurred to the average American that as early as 1907 the American Navy was twice as powerful as the Japanese? In the two years that followed America launched six dreadnoughts, while Japan launched only three. The result was that by 1910 the United States had a fleet of warships three times as powerful as the Mikado's, and this ratio has been maintained ever since.

It is significant that while alarmists are raising hysterical cries about the alleged rapid expansion of the Japanese Navy, Japan's naval critics are deeply deploring the utterly " unprepared " condition of their country. As an instance

of their lamentation I quote the following passage from a series of ten articles written by the naval expert of the *Jiji-Shimpo*, assuredly the most reliable newspaper in Japan:

> It is regrettable that while other Powers have each been pursuing a definite naval policy, our Navy should be permitted to drift with no preconceived plan. The United States adopted, as early as October 19, 1903, the principle which is in reality the foundation of the stupendous naval programme formulated by Secretary Daniels. According to the programme of 1903 the United States was to build thirty-four dreadnoughts in seventeen years.
>
> Turning to Europe, we see that Germany adopted a naval-repletion programme in 1907, Russia in 1911, France in 1912, Italy in 1910, and Austria in 1912. In the meantime we were lagging hopelessly behind these Powers. When at last we awakened to our own sluggishness and decided upon a programme last year, it was only on a ridiculously small scale.

In these two paragraphs is expressed the universal feeling of uneasiness which the Japanese entertain over what they consider the aggressive naval policies of Europe and America. Let us study Japan's new naval programme, which the *Jiji-Shimpo's* naval expert tells us is "on a ridiculously small scale," and compare it with the great programme proposed by Secretary Daniels.

The Japanese programme, adopted last September by the National Defense Council, calls for the construction, in the five years from 1917 to 1921, of four dreadnoughts, six cruisers, ten destroyers, and nine submarines. For the execution of this programme Japan is to expend $85,000,000 in five yearly installments.

Beside this modest programme the American programme looks prodigious. It calls for the building of ten battleships, six battle-cruisers, ten scout-cruisers, fifty destroyers, fifteen seagoing submarines, eighty-five coast submarines, four gunboats, one hospital ship, two ammunition ships, two fuel oil ships, and one repair ship. This requires an expenditure of $422,964,087 in the five years from 1917 to 1921. This enormous expenditure is for new ships alone. In addition to it, $48,518,127 is to be expended for the completion of the dreadnoughts for which work has already been begun. Nor is that all: for the plan provides for an appropriation of $6,000,000 for naval aviation and $25,000,000 for reserve ammunitions. All told, the five-year programme entails an expenditure of $502,482,214.

Assuming that this stupendous plan were adopted, let us picture the relative strength of the Japanese and American Navies at the end of 1921, when their respective programmes will have been carried out. Leaving out of consideration minor ships such as gunboats, hospital ships, ammunition and repair ships, with which Japan is ill-supplied, the relative position of the two navies by 1921 will be as follows:

	America.	Japan.
Dreadnoughts	27	8
Battle-cruisers	6	4
Battleships	25	15
Cruisers	20	10
Destroyers	112	60
Submarines	151	27
Colliers	24	0

It must be noted that two American ships which are at present classified as dreadnoughts, and two Japanese ships likewise so designated, are, in the above table, counted among battleships, because by 1921 they will have become too old and out-of-date to be called dreadnoughts. A glance at the table shows that the American fleet will be more than twice as powerful as the Japanese. But as I have already said, the American ships are equipped with a larger number of more powerful guns than are the Japanese vessels. Then, too, the majority of American destroyers and submarines are seagoing, while Japanese destroyers and submarines, except a few, are all intended for coast defense. Moreover, the American Navy has the advantage over the Japanese in that it has a large number of the most up-to-date auxiliary ships, such as fuel-oil ships, repair ships, hospital and ammunition ships. When all these facts are taken into consideration, it becomes evident that the American Navy to be built in pursuance of the Administration programme will be almost four times as powerful as the Japanese Navy. Heretofore, the boast of the Japanese Navy, if it really had anything to boast of, has been its battle-cruisers, combining the fighting power of the dreadnought with the speed of the cruiser. The speed of our battle-cruisers during the war with Russia was a marvel to the enemy. Since then the naval Powers of Europe have followed Japan's example and have been building a powerful fleet of battle-cruisers. Strange to say, America has been slow in following suit, and

has been building only battleships of the dreadnought type. But now the American Navy has awakened to its deficiency in this respect, and, in Secretary Daniel's programme, six battle-cruisers are provided for.

Even if Congress rejected Secretary Daniel's measure, and authorized the building of a smaller number of vessels in pursuance of the principle first inaugurated in 1903, while Japan followed the programme adopted last year, the result would still be that by 1921 the American Navy would have at least twice the strength of the Japanese.

Such, in short, is the " navalism " of Japan—the specter which certain publicists, having their own axes to grind, are constantly exploiting to further their ends. While we are perfectly willing to accept President Wilson's assurance that his naval programme is for self-defense and not for aggression, we fear that other nations will feel that this unprecedented plan of America's has other designs than mere self-defense. There is, indeed, a tone of sinister and cynical frankness in these words published in the official organ of the Navy League at Washington:

> There should be no doubt that, even with all possible moral refinements, it is the absolute right of a nation to live in its fullest intensity, to expand, to found colonies, to get richer and richer by any proper means, such as armed conquest. Such expansion as an aim is an inalienable right, and in the case of the United States it is a particular duty.

Those who fear, or pretend to fear, Japan's " navalism," point to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and give warning that in the event of rupture between Japan and the United States, Great Britain would throw the whole weight of her mighty navy on the Japanese side of the scale. These wiseacres are ignorant that Great Britain will in the near future enter into a general arbitration treaty with this country, and that the Anglo-Japanese alliance contains the following provision:

> Should either High Contracting Party conclude a Treaty of General Arbitration with a third Power, it is agreed that nothing in this Agreement shall entail upon such Contracting Party an obligation to go to war with the Power with whom such Treaty of Arbitration is in force.

Even in the absence of such a clause of exemption, the Japanese know that England would not unsheath the sword to aid them in their combat with America.

I have shown that the Mikado's Navy is too weak to cope with the American Navy. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the geographical difficulties which Japan would have to surmount—if they are surmountable—in waging an aggressive war against America. I may, however, touch upon this particular phase of the problem by quoting a Japanese naval officer, a veteran of the Russo-Japanese War. Early in 1910, when Captain Hobson and others were diligently applying themselves to the task of creating the ghost of Japanese designs upon Magdalena Bay, I was in Washington, and talked with Commander Tokutaro Hiraga, naval attaché of the Japanese Embassy. The commander, who as a rule was reticent, waxed almost eloquent when our conversation turned to Captain Hobson's prediction of a war between Japan and America, and expressed himself very freely on the impossibility of such a war. Emphasizing the difficulty of protecting a transport on a long voyage, he said:

During the Russian War Japan had a fleet of warships guarding the six transports employed in carrying troops and ammunitions across the straits of Korea, only eighty miles wide. Yet these transports were attacked and sunk by three Russian cruisers. What would happen if we tried to convoy a fleet of transports across the Pacific to a point 5,700 miles away? To transport a real army across the ocean we would have to impress every steamer afloat in our waters. Has it ever occurred to you that a steamer can carry only fifty soldiers per 100 tons of displacement? It is 3,455 miles from Japan to Hawaii, and 2,288 miles more from Hawaii to San Francisco. Even a Hercules would not be so reckless as to attempt an invasion of California with such an inadequate navy as ours.

We have seen that Japan is neither prepared nor preparing for a military expedition to America. Now the question is whether there are any issues likely to precipitate an armed conflict between the two nations.

The late Count Tadasu Hayashi, the veteran diplomat of Japan, in his posthumous memoirs, says:

The three questions between Japan and America are the immigration question, the school question, and the problem of China. Not one of these can possibly lead to a war between the two countries. . . . The feeling between the two nations is cordial. Japan regards America as her benefactor, and she is deeply indebted to her for much help and many improvements. In reality, the feelings of Japan for America are as cordial as they were fifty years ago. There are some people who assert that Japan has ambitions on the Philippines and on Hawaii. Any person possessing common sense

can realize what madness it would be for Japan to deprive so powerful a nation as America of her valuable possessions.

This utterance coming, as it does, from a man noted for his straightforwardness, and found in a document never intended by its author for publication, is especially remarkable. Since Count Hayashi penned those words, the San Francisco school question has disappeared from the diplomatic horizon, and to-day there remain only the immigration and the Chinese questions. And yet, as far as the Japanese Government is concerned, the immigration question has been settled through the instrumentality of a "gentlemen's agreement." When that agreement began to work effectively in 1909, Japanese immigration to the continental United States fell to 2,432, from 9,544 for the preceding year. Against 2,432 admitted in that year, 5,004 Japanese departed from these shores. Again, in 1910 only 2,598 were admitted, while 5,024 returned to Japan. Since 1911, Japanese immigration gradually increased, until, in 1915, it reached 9,029. But it must be remembered that the increase is mainly due to the fact that those Japanese who went home on a visit in the preceding few years have gradually been coming back to this country; for the Japanese Government has not been sending any new immigrants. That this statement is in the main correct can be judged from the fact that in the seven years from 1909 to 1915, 38,932 Japanese entered continental United States, while 39,248 departed for Japan. It must also be kept in mind that the year 1915 was the Exposition year, bringing many Japanese to San Francisco in connection with the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, for which Japan expended $700,000 in spite of California's ungenerous attitude towards her.

To be frank, America ought to be thankful that she finds in Japan an efficient Government to deal with in the adjustment of the immigration question. The Tokio Government has been handling the matter so effectively, skilfully, and honestly that no Japanese has ever been smuggled into this country. With the recent sensational story of the smuggling of Chinese before us, have not the people of California reason to be glad that the Federal Government, in dealing with Japan, is not dealing with such an inefficient Government as that of China? As for the anti-Japanese land law of California, its wisdom or unwisdom may be gauged from the official statement of Mr. George Robertson, statistician of the Cali-

fornia Board of Agriculture, to the effect that in 1914 the Japanese in California owned only 218 town lots with an assessed value of $136,955, and 331 farms totaling 12,726 acres, and having an assessed value of $478,990. There has never been, and never will be, a wholesale purchase of California land by Japanese.

Not only is the Japanese Government restricting emigration to the United States, but it is most carefully restricting it as well to Mexico and Canada. In spite of all the insinuations which sensational American journals are publishing with regard to the alleged Japanese activities in Mexico, there are only about 3,400 Japanese in all Mexico, and the number is fast decreasing because of the chaotic political conditions in that country.

It is important to note the difference between the situation in Hawaii and the situation in California or on the Pacific Coast. Some critics point to Hawaii as an example of the orientalization of the American soil, and give warning that California must not become a second Hawaii. The fact is that California will never become a second Hawaii, even if she wanted to become such, because the conditions prevailing there are radically different from those in Hawaii. To appreciate this it is only necessary to know something of the history of the sugar industry in the islands. To begin with, Hawaii was not a white man's land; it was inhabited by dark-skinned, semi-civilized natives. And when the white men secured the privilege to exploit its resources they brought all sorts of Oriental labor by the shipload for the sugar plantations. The country had neither a white population nor "white civilization" when the planters began to import Oriental laborers.

The conditions on the Pacific Coast are totally different. Here American civilization and a Caucasian population have been so firmly established that Japanese immigration, so strictly checked by the "gentlemen's agreement," cannot possibly become a danger.

Nor can arguments advanced against Chinese immigration prior to the enactment of the Chinese exclusion laws be applied to the Japanese immigration of to-day. Chinese immigration from 1854 to 1882 totalled 138,455, the overwhelming majority of which came to and remained in California. In view of the fact that in the seventies of the past century, when agitation for Chinese exclusion was begun, the State of

California had a population of only 560,000, including Negroes, Indians, and Chinese, the apprehension that the Chinese might hinder the wholesome growth of the white community in the State was not without ground. But the conditions on the Pacific Coast have since radically changed, while circumstances attendant upon Japanese immigration are widely different from those accompanying Chinese immigration. In 1900 the white population of California increased to 1,402,727, and in 1910 to 2,259,672. It is difficult to ascertain the number of Japanese in the State. The census of 1910 places it at 41,356. While this seems to be a conservative estimate, it is perhaps no more conservative than the number given for the white population. Perhaps the common estimate, which places the number of Japanese at 60,000, is not far from the mark, although much of it consists of floating elements contemplating a return to Japan, or, to a lesser extent, a move to other States. This number will probably remain stationary, if it does not materially decrease, because of the fact that the gap left by departing Japanese will be filled by children born of Japanese parents in the State.

With the " gentlemen's agreement " strictly enforced, with Americans flowing into California from the Eastern States in ever increasing streams, with the opening of the Panama Canal stimulating European immigration, there is no reason why California should apprehend the " orientalization " of the State.

As far as immigration is concerned, therefore, the Japanese Government does not regard it as a vital issue. It does not intend, as it never intended, to force emigration upon the United States. This is not, of course, to say that Japan does not care to send emigrants to the United States. Indeed, she wishes that America would look at the matter in a different light; but if she has to choose between America's friendship and emigration, she will without a moment's hesitation prefer the former. Moreover, we must credit the Japanese statesmen with the ability to foresee that the immigration question cannot be solved at the point of the sword, for an armed conflict must inevitably intensify race hatred, and thus defeat the very purpose for which the war is waged. What Japan wants, then, is not emigration, but just treatment of the small number of Japanese who are already domiciled in this country.

This, in short, is the real status of the immigration ques-

tion, much talked about but little understood. If America cannot tolerate even such a conciliatory attitude on the part of the Japanese, it will perhaps behoove her to bend her energies to the upbuilding of a great navy, for her relentless pursuit will ultimately drive the Japanese to the point where they will have to make their last desperate stand. We have too great a faith in the wisdom and sagacity of the American people to think for a moment that they will ever play such an unprofitable game.

Perhaps a greater danger lies in the Chinese question, if America, relying upon the great naval prowess which she is now trying to attain, be determined to enforce her will in that part of the world. For here Japan will show herself unyielding. She thinks, and with good reason, that she has already made concession enough to the United States in regard to the immigration question, and expects the United States to show a similar spirit of concession in dealing with her in regard to the affairs of the Orient. Japan firmly believes that the measures she has taken in China are intended for the mutual benefit of China and herself, and for the prevention of the political encroachment of Western Powers upon her ancient neighbor. She is equally certain that the "open door" in China has not been closed by her hands. Surely America will not be so short-sighted as to display her superior naval strength by bullying the Japanese out of the country with which their destiny is so closely interwoven.

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

COMMENT BY THE EDITOR

Mr. Kawakami deprecates the idea that the United States should prepare against Japan; and he bases his argument mainly on the statement that the United States Navy is much greater than the Japanese.

That our navy is greater than the Japanese may be granted at once, if one includes in a navy only such things as battleships, cruisers and other water craft. Mr. Kawakami seems to do so; for his statement of the forces on both sides includes only dreadnoughts, battlecruisers, "battleships of the old style," armored cruisers, destroyers and submarines; with the addition also, for the United States, of twenty-two colliers. He makes no mention of airships and aeroplanes, though it is well known that in these essential

craft, Japan's navy far outstrips the United States Navy.

The data which Mr. Kawakami gives as to the actual tonnage in naval craft possessed by the two Powers, while approximately correct, according to information held in this country, indicates a disparity greater than our information indicates. Furthermore, the data are based on published statements, though the feeling is everywhere prevalent that the Government of Japan has been making large profits from the sale of munitions to the Allies, and that these profits are being expended in building war craft in the censured seclusion of the dockyards of the Government. Nothing more natural, more wise, or more proper could be done with those profits. The position of the Japanese Islands, lonely and small, inhabited by a race virile, ambitious and brave, requires just such measures of foresight and decision. All honor to Japan for her sturdy spirit. We wish there were more of that spirit in the hundred million people inhabiting the United States.

But let us grant that the disparity in war craft between the two navies is as great as Mr. Kawakami thinks; what is the disparity in trained officers and men? Here the disparity is reversed; for the Japanese navy has, including trained reservists, more than ten per cent. of officers and men than have we. A navy cannot fight more ships than it has men with whom to fight them.

From this point of view, we see that the Japanese Navy, so far as successful fighting is concerned, is ten per cent. *greater* than ours! Even, however, if we should admit that, in number of ships and men, our navy were superior to the Japanese, we should remember that that superiority in actual war would be effective in one case only—the case in which the Japanese fleet operated as far away from her coast, or nearly as far away, as the United States fleet did from hers. But if, for instance, our fleet had to go to Japanese waters to carry on a war, as the Russian fleet did, it would be under such disadvantages in the matter of getting fuel and supplies, and in making needed repairs, that the net advantage would probably be on the Japanese side, instead of on ours. For instance, if the Japanese should take the Philippine Islands, either because they wanted them, or because they did not want the United States to keep them, they could easily capture them, and land so large an army that it would be impossible for us to take them back, without

sending a highly trained army of greater size, and carried in transports far more numerous, than it has ever yet entered into the American mind to conceive. The practical difficulties of successfully convoying so many helpless vessels over so great a distance into hostile seas would be almost insuperable, as would also be the difficulties of supporting our troops when landing in the face of active opposition. The mere sustaining of our fleet so far away from any kind of base, and in the face of the attacks that would be made by submarines, air craft, destroyers and other vessels, would be a feat never yet accomplished by any navy. So we see that even if our fleet could defeat the Japanese, if the Japanese attacked our continental coasts, it could not protect the Philippine Islands from capture, and might not be able to retake them after they were captured.

The admission just made that the United States fleet could defeat the Japanese, if Japan attacked our Western coast, assumed that our entire fleet could leave the East coast and go to the West coast. Perhaps it would be safe to do so, and perhaps not; sometimes it would be safe, and sometimes not. Surely it would not be safe now. If Japan should attack our West coast now, would we send our fleet there? Remember, the Panama Canal will be untrustworthy for some time to come. Even after it shall have gone into successful operation, we shall look at it very critically, when the question of trusting our entire fleet in it may come up. We do not wish to have the canal break down just when half our ships have got through; or even after the entire fleet may have gone through in safety to the Pacific; for it would take it two months to get back to our Eastern coast, by way of Magellan's Straits.

People in the United States are not "nervous," as Mr. Kawakami fears, about Japan; or about Germany, Great Britain or any other Power or Powers. On the contrary, they are nerveless about them, and will probably continue to be so, until shells begin to fall in their back yards. Some of them do feel, however, that while Japan has no intention of attacking us just now, she may strike, swiftly and effectively, when some other Power attacks us on the East coast, or when tension with some other Power is so great that we would be afraid to send the fleet into the Pacific.

Bear in mind that the United States has no ally, and that Japan has several.—THE EDITOR.

CLOSING THE OPEN DOOR

BY GEORGE BRONSON REA

If America desires to participate in the development of China's resources, we must invest our capital through Japanese intermediaries, permit Japanese managers to direct the enterprises, and Japanese engineers, foremen and other technical and skilled assistants to supervise them during construction and after completion.—This, in brief, is the new doctrine laid down by Japan for this nation to follow in China. Unless we accept its provisions, we are warned by Baron Shibusawa that "our activities in the Chinese market might lead to hostile competition, mutual distrust and bitter animosity which may be mutually disastrous."

After two months spent in this country preaching the new doctrine, Baron Shibusawa returned to Japan in January and proclaimed to his people that his mission had been a success, and that American financiers had pledged themselves to co-operate through Japan in the "peaceful exploitation" of China. Careful investigation, however, among the leading financiers of Wall Street, reveals the fact that no such pledge was ever given. The announcement was emphatically made that American financiers would never endorse any doctrine which impaired the rights of the Chinese Government, ignored the rights of the Chinese to participate in the development of their own country, or undermined the policy of the American Government proclaimed in the Note of May 16 last to the Governments of China and Japan.

The issues between the two nations are therefore intensified by this latest development and must sooner or later compel a reopening of questions that have long been left quiescent by the Administration and the press of this country. These issues involve the independence of the Republic of China, and the right of Japan to exercise a dominant influ-

ence over the political and commercial affairs of this peaceful nation. Japan has declared a super-Monroe doctrine over Eastern Asia (under which the Philippines would immediately fall if cast adrift by this country) based on the theory that the independence of China is menaced by some imaginary Western Power, and that to protect her own independence, she, Japan, must exercise control over the affairs of her larger but weaker neighbor. This doctrine of paramount political interest is now reinforced, as far as the United States is concerned, by the declaration that Japan must exercise supreme commercial control over future Chinese industrial developments. Unless the United States is prepared to accept this interference with its treaty rights, the alternative has been made very clear to us by Baron Shibusawa and the official Japanese publicists in this country. The result will be "disastrous." In plain words, it may lead to hostilities.

Is Japan's position justified? Is China's independence threatened, and, if so, by what Power? Before any discussion of these questions is possible, it is essential that certain facts be made perfectly clear, facts that will prove without the shadow of doubt that China's independence and neutrality are guaranteed through a series of interlocking conventions before which the agreement to respect the independence of Belgium fades into insignificance.

The integrity of China is guarded by four treaties, and it is of interest to note that Japan is a party to each, therefore binding herself four times over to respect the independence of her neighbor.

In chronological order these treaties are:

1. The Franco-Japanese Agreement of June, 1907; 2. The Russo-Japanese Convention of July, 1907; 3. The Root-Takahira Agreement of November, 1908; and 4. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance of July, 1911.

The wording of the portion of these instruments relating to the preservation of the independence of China is almost identical, as will be seen from the following extracts:

Franco-Japanese Agreement: The Governments of Japan and France, being agreed to respect the independence and integrity of China, as well as the principle of equal treatment in that country for the commerce and subjects of citizens of all nations . . . engage to support each other for assuring the peace and security in those regions, with a view to maintain the respective situation and

the territorial rights of the two High Contracting Parties in the Continent of Asia.

Russo-Japanese Convention: The two High Contracting Parties agree to recognize the independence and the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire, and the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in the said Empire, and they engage to uphold and defend the maintenance of the *status quo* and the respect of that principle by all the peaceful means possible to them.

Root-Takahira Agreement: They [America and Japan] are also determined to preserve the common interests of the Powers in China by supporting by all pacific means at their disposal the independence and integrity of China, and the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in that Empire.

Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance: The preservation of the common interests of all Powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in China. (Object B.).

There is a strong family likeness to be discerned in these solemn engagements. The importance (in the interests of the Powers themselves) of maintaining the independence of China is fully recognized. It is the cornerstone of Far Eastern diplomacy. In addition to the above citations of international law as applied to China it is also important to invite special attention to the following clause of the Portsmouth Peace Treaty between Russia and Japan:

Treaty of Peace Between Japan and Russia: Article III. The Imperial Government of Russia declare that they have not in Manchuria any territorial advantages or preferential or exclusive concessions in impairment of Chinese sovereignty or inconsistent with the principle of equal opportunity.

Article IV: Japan and Russia reciprocally agree not to obstruct any general measures common to all countries, which China may take for the development of the commerce and industry of Manchuria.

To the above guarantees for the preservation of China's administrative and territorial integrity, must be added the pledges given to the American Government, by France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan and Russia, to adhere to the commercial policy of the Open Door, conceding the right of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in China. The principle underlying the Open Door is based on the complete recognition of China's administra-

tive independence, and the undisturbed application of the Chinese treaty tariff, levied and collected by the Chinese Government. As explained by Mr. Choate, our Ambassador to Great Britain, in his Note to Lord Salisbury:

> It is the sincere desire of my Government that the interests of its citizens may not be prejudiced through exclusive treatment by any of the controlling Powers within their respective "spheres of interests" in China, and it hopes . . . to remove dangerous sources of international irritation, and thereby hasten united action of the Powers at Peking to promote administrative reforms so greatly needed for *strengthening the Imperial Government and maintaining the integrity of China, etc.*"

In subscribing to the doctrine of the Open Door, the Governments of France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan and Russia, therefore, entered into a solemn agreement with the Government of the United States to respect not only the principle of equal opportunity but the independence of China on which the principle is based.

It will be seen that the only great Power with whom Japan has not entered into any special agreement to respect and maintain the independence of China is Germany. But it is well to remember that until recent years, Germany and Great Britain were partners in the exploitation of China under an agreement between their official financial groups, approved by their respective foreign offices. It is also well to recall that the Governments of Germany and Great Britain entered into an agreement signed at London on October 16, 1900, to defend the integrity of China:

> *British-German Agreement:* (2) Her Britannic Majesty's Government and the Imperial German Government will not, on their part, make use of the present complication to obtain for themselves any territorial advantages in Chinese dominions, and will direct their policy toward maintaining undiminished the territorial condition of the Chinese Empire.
>
> (3) In case of another Power making use of the complications in China in order to obtain under any form whatever such territorial advantages the two contracting parties reserve to themselves to come to a preliminary understanding as to the eventual steps to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China.

The independence of China and the rights of all Powers to equal opportunity in that country would seem to be adequately guaranteed. Japan is a party to the most important covenants. If Japan now proclaims that these guarantees

are worthless, and that it becomes her duty to exercise paramount control over China by the declaration of an Oriental Monroe Doctrine, she announces to the world that the United States and the Powers of Europe can not be trusted to live up to their agreements. The pretension of Japan that her political and commercial interests in China are paramount and must be acknowledged by America would seem to be a clean-cut violation of all treaties and an imputation of bad faith against all the Powers who have solemnly pledged their honor to respect the independence of China. Japan's new doctrine, therefore, isolates her from the family of nations, and creates an issue that will have to be faced as soon as the Powers have time to devote to their interests in that part of the world.

The issues involved in the maintenance of China's independence and the preservation of the doctrine of equal opportunity have a direct bearing on the future peace in this country. Japan's policy of aggression towards her weaker neighbor at a time when no one can interfere creates another focus of international trouble which bodes ill for the peace of the Pacific.

Since the day when President Wilson penned his first "strict accountability" note to Germany, the attention of the nation has been focused on the tremendous drama being enacted on the stage of Europe. International law has almost ceased to exist. Solemn treaties and covenants underlying the existing code have been ruthlessly violated. Might reigns supreme. Thanks to widespread and intelligent publicity, these issues are clean-cut and comprehensible to the people of America.

Similar issues have arisen in the Pacific, but no voice is raised to warn the nation of their import. A seeming conspiracy of silence, of criminal indifference and childlike incredulity, operates to conceal the truth from the public; and the nation drifts onward to its peril. As Germany's armed might riveted the shackles of bondage on unoffending Belguim, so has the great Oriental military Power violated her pledges and sought to fasten the yoke of her imperialism upon unprotected China. The destruction of Belgium finds its counterpart in the rape of China, but the threat of dire punishment prevents the full truth from being proclaimed to the world by the defenseless victims of Oriental aggression. No Chinese official dares lift his voice in protest against the

violation of his country. The feeble cries of outraged China are drowned amidst the uproar of the mighty conflict of giants in Europe; the vociferous protestations of Japan that she is protecting her own honor (through the dishonor of her victim) distracts attention from the accomplished deed.

On January 18 of last year, the Japanese Minister at Peking presented twenty-one demands on the President of China, which, if accepted in full, would have converted China into a vassal state of the Mikado. These demands violated every principle that Japan's allies were fighting to maintain in Europe. Every argument advanced by Great Britain to justify her entrance into the war against Germany applies with equal force against Japan. There was no provocation; no justifiable pretext. Japan's independence was not threatened. Taking advantage of the life and death struggle in Europe, Japan stood forth in her " shining armor " and gratified her lust for power on her innocent and unprotected neighbor.

The Open Door policy was converted into waste paper; the basis of Japan's alliance with Great Britain was discredited and destroyed; the solemn promises embraced within the provisions of the Portsmouth Peace Treaty to respect the rights of China in Manchuria were publicly scouted, and other equally binding compacts were as indifferently set aside. The European signatories to the treaties were busy fighting for their own lives, and the one Government which could protest was dominated by the arch-priest of pacifism, who, on previous occasions, had tacitly acquiesced in Japan's interpretation of her mission in China.

The hour that Japan had patiently waited for had struck; the " opportunity which would one day surely come in the Orient " — Viscount Hayashi's prediction — had arrived. Japan, in her strength, could do as she pleased, and, if necessary, " put meddling Powers in their places." " She had waited long, preparing against the day of opportunity," and, when it dawned, she threw off the mask, worn merely in order to lull the suspicions of the world, and boldly followed in the footsteps of Germany by repudiating her solemn pledges to maintain the *status quo* in China. Strong pressure was brought to bear in order to prevent the truth from leaking out. All the resources of secret diplomacy and government-controlled sources of news were manipulated to

conceal the facts. Slowly, very slowly, however, the truth percolated through the meshes of the censorship. As fact after fact was disclosed to an amazed and unbelieving world, Japan denied and denied, until concealment was no longer possible. Then, and only then, after the accomplished fact, did she admit the truth as to the twenty-one demands, and sought to justify her attitude by classifying the vital demands as only "wishes" or "desires." But these "desires" are on record, and the threat hangs over China that they are to be revived at some future time; or, in other words, they will be transformed into demands when Japan, in her opinion, decides that the opportune time has again arrived. Last year Japan was caught in the act; the process of lulling the suspicions of the world is now being repeated all over again.

The truth concerning the number, nature and scope of the demands was repeatedly brought to the attention of President Wilson and the then Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, but not until the eleventh hour did the American Government place its position on record. As in the case of Belgium, there was no protest against the violation of international law. There was no publicity. The American Note to China and Japan was not handed out to the newspaper correspondents at Washington for publication in the papers of this country. The American people would have remained in total ignorance of this act of their Government had not a wide-awake English correspondent at Peking cabled it in full to the London *Daily Telegraph*. Its subsequent publication by one newspaper in this country aroused temporary curiosity; and, one month after the note was dispatched, it was finally corroborated by the American correspondent stationed at Peking.

This one incident is typical of the secrecy surrounding the policy of the Administration towards the issues in the Pacific. Prior to this and for some time afterwards (until the policy of the State Department in this particular was revised) every note to the European Powers was immediately handed to the press, but wild horses cannot drag from the State Department any information concerning the greater issues involved in the disputes with Japan. It is significant that even the American news services failed to perform their functions at this critical juncture. What influences operated to prevent this important note finding

its way promptly into the columns of the newspapers? Even after its publication in this country, there were no editorial comments—absolutely no intelligent discussion. It was immediately forgotten. It is well to recall its exact wording:

> In view of the circumstances of the negotiations which have taken place or which are now pending between the Government of China and the Government of Japan and the agreements which have been reached and as a result thereof, the Government of the United States has the honor to notify the Government of the Chinese Republic that it cannot recognize any agreement or undertaking which has been entered into, or which may be entered into between the Governments of China and Japan impairing the treaty rights of the United States and its citizens in China, the political or territorial integrity of the Republic of China, or the international policy commonly known as the Open Door policy.

An identical note was handed to the Japanese Government through the American Legation at Tokio.

This is clear and to the point. It places our Government on record as asserting that the United States will not recognize any impairment of international law as applied to China. In effect it is almost another " strict accountability " note; and as events proved, it had as little effect in deterring Japan from her course in China: as Germany disregarded the submarine note, so Japan politely ignored our right to interfere in China. Her army and navy were mobilized for war. Her fleet was in Chinese waters, cleared for action. Her forces in China had been doubled under the pretext of relieving the garrisons already stationed in China. No one could interfere. America was the only Power which could object. But a Higher Power intervened on behalf of Japan. The Great Buddha providentially came to the assistance of his chosen people, and caused a warship accidentally to run her nose into the soft mud of Turtle Bay in Southern California, providing the excuse for the assembling there of a Japanese squadron with colliers, repair and supply ships. A temporary advanced naval base was established between San Diego and the Panama Canal, superior to the American naval force at that time in the Pacific, for the legitimate purpose of protecting the salvage work. It was all perfectly correct and proper. Providence took the place of strategy on behalf of Japan, and during all the time that the negotiations were proceeding in Peking, a Japanese fleet was secretly ensconced within striking dis-

tance of the vulnerable coasts of the only nation which might intervene or protest. It was simply accident. We must accept Japan's explanation. But we must remember that Count Okuma told his people at that time that " diplomacy to be successful must be backed up by force." When weak and unprepared America attempted to preserve adherence to the accepted tenets of international law in China by the dispatch of another diplomatic note, the Premier of Japan smiled and proceeded to make China pay.

The American Note bore the date of May 16. One week later, with this warning before her, Japan compelled China to sign two treaties and exchange fourteen notes, which did impair the rights of America in China, circumscribed the rights of American citizens to do business with the Chinese Government, annulled two valuable American contracts with the sovereign state of China, deprived the Chinese Government of its political and administrative independence in two provinces, and, by reverting to the " Spheres of Interest " doctrine in Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, Shantung and Fukien, repudiated the policy commonly known as the Open Door policy. The American Government has placed itself on record that it cannot recognize these impairments of the treaties. The issue is clear.

America may never go to war in defense of these principles of international law as applied to far-off China. All the great Powers have declared their adhesion to the Open Door doctrine, and are bound by a series of interlocking treaties, conventions and understandings to respect the territorial and political integrity of China. While these Powers are engaged in a life and death struggle for the maintenance of their own independence, one of the signatories to the treaties (in pursuit of purely selfish aims) has broken through the ringed fence of international agreements. Might makes right; and, while this situation exists, America can only place herself on record as refusing to countenance or recognize the violation of principles in China to which all Powers have equally subscribed and which they have pledged themselves to uphold.

The fundamentals of international morality on which the future peace of the world must rest are now being ground into powder between the millstones of military expediency. If the sanctity of treaties is to be replaced in the future by the will of the strongest, there can be no peace. If, there-

fore, after the war in Europe, the Christian Powers acquiesce in Japan's spoliation of China; if the binding power of solemn covenants, alliances and other agreements does not apply where the rights of this defenseless and pacific nation are concerned; if meekness and righteousness, based on justice, are to be made the sport of armed force; if might is to be right, the future of America is clearly foreshadowed. For, as defenseless China, through her acceptance of the doctrines of pacifism inculcated in the spirit of the people through centuries of domination by the literati, passes under the yoke of the stronger military Power; so, too, in time, will the days of our pacific Republic be numbered, and (as Count Okuma was good enough to advise us) "we will be governed by those who have mended our ways."

If the Open Door doctrine, subscribed to by all the great Powers of the world, is powerless to save China; if treaties, conventions, protocols, understandings and alliances based on the preservation of China's independence are utterly worthless; if the defenseless nation is still considered as the prize of her two neighbors, America may well ask herself how she is to maintain the Monroe Doctrine when the strong-armed nations of the world, on conquest bent, laugh at our unsupported pretensions. And, if China goes under without a protest from America, if Europe stands idly by and acquiesces in Japan's demands, just so surely will the Monroe Doctrine be put to the test later, and unless we are prepared, it will be too late. There is only one alternative: America must arm, and arm rapidly. We must stop talking, and prepare to fight for our life.

George Bronson Rea.

INFLUENCE OF THE WAR UPON THE POPULATION

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

WHAT is to be the effect upon population of the war which is now being waged by the great Powers of Europe?

After a year and a half of conflict in which the successes and failures of one group of belligerents seem to balance almost exactly the successes and failures of the other group, it is possible to present in orderly fashion, certain fundamental facts relating to population, knowledge of which is essential in any serious analysis of war loss of human life.

In 1815 the Battle of Waterloo brought to a close the long period of nearly continuous European wars which began in 1793, and from which the great Powers emerged exhausted. In 1916, after the passage of a century of generally peaceful development, the leaders in the contests of the Napoleonic period, reinforced by large population increase and immense expansion of material resources, are again at war. Thus the century from 1816 to 1916 has had no counterpart. It began with the close of what was then the greatest war of all time, and ended with the beginning of a far greater contest. Yet the epoch-making war now in progress has been made possible by the population development of the century.

The population of 1816, the year in which general peace began, of Russia (in Europe), France, Austria, Germany, and the United Kingdom and Italy, was 164,390,143.[1] To a

[1] Population in 1816 of the Nations at War in 1916.

Russia (Europe)	45,000,000
France	29,676,148[2]
Austria	27,000,000
Germany	24,833,000
United Kingdom	19,500,000
Italy	18,380,995
	164,390,143

much larger degree than in our own time these nations were composed of peasantry, supported from the soil. Cities were small. Exclusive of Russia the number of inhabitants per square mile in the nations specified ranged from 104 in Austria-Hungary to 166 in the Italian States, a uniformity which reflects the generally agricultural character of the nations at that period.

In 1816 countryside and city were war-scarred, and most of the people of Europe were poor and bereaved. Yet economic changes, revolutionary in extent, were impending. The application of steam to industrial and transportation uses was about to open a new realm of activity and profit by the safe and rapid interchange of products, which was to provide employment for additional millions. Moreover, to nations already well populated, but having small geographical areas, this epoch-making development actually held out an invitation to increase materially their population. Hence, it appears that in 1914, after the passage of almost one hundred years, the number of inhabitants of the great Powers now at war had increased to 390,993,402,[1] almost two and a half times the number living in the same area in 1816.

In 1716 the population of the six Powers now fighting seems to have aggregated about 65,000,000. According to one authority, increase in the population of Europe in the sixteenth century approximated 25 per cent; in the seventeenth, 20 per cent, and in the eighteenth, 50 per cent.

The increase shown from 1816 to 1914 was approximately 150 per cent, and probably was unprecedented. Europe, sparsely settled, with great areas of wilderness and forest, and the tribal conditions described by Caesar, required at least two thousand years to develop the dense population existing in our own time, but the rate of increase which occurred from 1816 to 1916, if applied from the beginning of

[1] Population in 1914 of the Nations Then About to Engage in War.

Russia (in Europe, including Poland)	141,679,176
Germany	68,442,262
Austria	51,080,081
United Kingdom	46,498,959
France	39,947,699
Italy	35,597,784
Belgium	7,747,441
	390,993,402

this long period of growth, would have provided, almost a thousand years ago, the population recorded by the Powers in 1914.

During the century from 1816 to 1914 unoccupied area and natural advantages invited increase and development for Russia only. The industrial and economic changes which occurred from 1816 to 1914 exerted an immediate and remarkable influence upon all the others, and in general were responsible for population increase. In 1914 the inhabitants of Austria had increased to 195 per square mile; in France, to 193; in the United Kingdom, to 382. In the latter, however, the increase may be said to have resulted from exceptional causes. In Italy, the increase of population resulted in 321 inhabitants per square mile, but the latter country and Austria found relief to some extent from population congestion through emigration.

The most significant changes during the century occurred in the area which became the German Empire. In 1816 the inhabitants of Prussia and the other German States numbered 123 per square mile. Because of industrial development and the ambitious attitude of the nation, population increased with remarkable rapidity upon a small and unchanged geographical area, until, in 1914, the population of the Empire approached seventy millions. Having thus increased to nearly three times the population shown in 1816, and upon practically the same area, the German rate of increase was exceeded only by that of Russia. Colonial outlets, which the United Kingdom found so efficacious in meeting the same problem, proved of doubtful value to Germany. Emigration, the other main source of relief, steadily decreased. In the United States, for example, to which flowed a very large early German immigration, the number of persons born in Germany decreased in number 283,561 from 1890 to 1910. For the five years 1909 to 1913 inclusive, the total emigration from the German Empire was but 117,530. Thus, the number of inhabitants per square mile continued to increase until in 1914 it reached 328. If this unit were applied to the United States, our population would approximate one thousand millions.

It is evident that if the increasing number of the German people found no natural or adequate outlet, the characteristics of the nation were such as to suggest the probability of

reversion to age old methods for the purpose of reducing population pressure. From a strictly statistical standpoint, therefore, the present conflict might be considered as simply a logical outcome of population congestion. There are doubtless innumerable other factors to account in part for the war, but a statistician would be inclined to find the one here mentioned a sufficient cause.

To understand clearly the change in the population of the six Powers which has been in progress during the century, it is necessary to observe their population weight in 1816 as compared with that existing in 1916:

	Relation on a scale of 100	
Nation	1816	1916
Russia	27	36
France	18	10
Austria	17	13
Germany	15	18
United Kingdom	12	12
Italy	11	9
Belgium	—	2
Total	100	100

It will be observed that Russia and Germany only have increased their relative importance. Great Britain has remained stationary and the others have lost in varying degree. The significance of the relatively increasing importance of Germany and decreasing importance of France is obvious, but the thoughtful observer is likely to ask if the striking preponderance of Russia may not prove to be of greatest ultimate significance. This increase alone of all those recorded during the century, came from distinctly natural causes. Should the industrial development which in large part has been responsible for the increase in the other nations, (and the influence of which in those nations must now be nearly spent), become a factor for increase in Russia, it would be difficult to set bounds to her power.

With population increased to two and a half times that existing a century earlier, what were the human resources available to the great Powers when the present war began?

In 1910 or 1911 the number of men within the age groups

approximately 15-50 years in the nations at war was 87,-764,606.[1]

The natural increase which occurred since the enumerations here utilized, may be regarded as more than offset by the number of defective, dependent and ill, set by some authorities as high as one-fourth, so that 80,000,000 can be suggested as an approximation of the number of strong males actually available to the nations at war in 1914.

Estimates made before the Royal Statistical Society in March last, with later estimates by American authorities, indicate that approximately 30,000,000 men will have been called to all branches of military service by July 1st, 1916. Thus it appears that about three-eighths of all the available men in the nations at war are now with the colors, or will be by the end of the second year of the war, while in Belgium and northern France, and in practically all of Poland, the remaining theoretical five-eighths, as factors in war or national affairs, have been impaired or destroyed.

How many men of the total human resources a nation may spare for actual warfare without jeopardizing economic life, has never been determined. Although by the end of this war the problem will be nearer solution than ever before, a new uncertainty has been introduced by the fact that war has become largely a matter of machinery and supplies. Hence the pressing need for many thousands of operatives in munition and supply plants, so that the number of workers for war at home now bears somewhat the same relation to the number actually fighting that the hull of a ship below the water line bears to the structure above. In general one might venture the opinion that in this period, a nation can not hazard in the battle line much more than fifty per cent of all effectives.

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[1] Males of virile age (15-50) in Powers at War, 1910-11.

Austria-Hungary:	
Austria	6,919,000
Hungary	5,816,000
Belgium	2,089,650
France	10,034,400
Germany	15,658,578
Italy	7,426,807
Russia	28,661,500
United Kingdom:	
England and Wales	8,917,571
Scotland	1,146,739
Ireland	1,094,361
	87,764,606

If this be accepted as reasonable, the nations at war are fast nearing the limit of men available as shown by the latest censuses, and must hereafter depend almost entirely upon lads just reaching, or possibly only approaching, military age. To call upon mere boys, however, is a grave draft upon national vitality.

Losses for the first year ranged from 12 per cent to thirty-three per cent. At the end of the second year 40 per cent will not be excessive to cover service mortality and also incapacitated survivors. This would represent a loss by the Powers at war of 12,000,000 men, withdrawn, moreover, from the most virile element, set, it will be recalled, at 80,000,000 in all.

What is the normal increase in the male population of the nations now drawing so heavily upon their human resources, and when can they expect to repair the loss?

For the Census decade nearest 1914, the population of the belligerent nations increased 46,863,687.[1] Assuming the births to be divided with practical equality between the sexes, the males born in these nations during the ten-year period, exceeded those dying by approximately twenty-three and one-half millions.

Considering the increase above shown merely as an aggregate, the loss of 12,000,000 males represents about five years of normal excess male births over deaths. Even under most favorable conditions, five years would be too brief a period in which to replenish the great human losses already incurred. With 15 per cent of all males of virile age killed or incapacitated and many more impaired in strength, repair of losses would proceed at a slower rate than that previously shown when those removed by violent death or wounds, themselves contributed toward the increase.

The normal peace rate of increase can not, indeed, properly be accepted as indicating the rate of future increase. This becomes apparent at once upon inspecting the varying rates of increase heretofore shown by the several nations at war.

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[1] Ten Year Increase of Population

Russia	27,148,442
Germany	8,625,060
Austria-Hungary	4,053,154
Great Britain	3,761,439
Belgium	730,226
France	349,242
Italy	2,196,124
	46,863,687

Russia, for example, reported a normal increase of more than 13,500,000 males during the decade ending in 1914. Russian levies and Russian losses are unknown, but even if 3,500,000 men or even a larger number, have been killed or rendered useless, obviously the Russian Empire can speedily repair this loss, since the normal male increase is 1,300,000 per annum. Withdrawing the Russian increase from the aggregate decade increase of the warring Powers, the normal or peace increase to be expected in a ten-year period for the remaining five nations is approximately 9,850,000 males. It has been suggested that the war loss of males by these Powers by the end of the second year will approximate 8,500,000. For the Powers, therefore, exclusive of Russia, the loss approaches the normal male decade increase so closely, that the operation of adverse factors, such as loss of great numbers of virile males, bereavement and poverty, will make unlikely repair of this loss much within double the normal peace period for such increase.

Even this computation is too general. Clearly the nations at war will vary greatly in the period required to replace human loss. Germany and Austria-Hungary combined show a normal peace excess of male births over deaths of 6,400,000 per decade. They might be expected to repair a loss of 5,000,000 within at least fifteen years, but many factors are to be considered before even such bounds can be set. If the war is finally ended by some agreement under which Germany and Austria fail to extend their boundaries and to receive great indemnities, they will enter the new period of peace under staggering indebtedness. Loss of strong men, vitality, prestige and treasure, may be expected to retard somewhat the normal increase even of these prolific states.

In the case of Great Britain the problem of repair of human loss is somewhat complicated by the participation of many colonial troops, but here also, if the probable loss at the end of the second year in soldiers and sailors dead from warfare, exposure and disease, or incapacitated, reaches one million, more than a decade would be needed under conditions developing favorably, to repair the loss.

In Belgium, it is probable that the military loss has equaled the normal decade increase of male births over deaths, but the entire social structure of the nation has been so shaken and impaired that even if the kingdom receives

again the independence so richly its due, without immigration the loss of strong men is not likely to be repaired for a long period of years.

For France, uncertainty concerning recovery of human loss is naturally greater than for the other Powers. Although rich in enterprise and exhibiting a marvellous degree of sacrifice and patriotism, French population has long been practically at a standstill.

The total losses of the French army in the Franco-Prussian war amounted to 150,000, and losses of life from all causes due to war approximated 200,000. The Census of 1872 showed a decrease of population as compared with the enumeration of 1866 of 392,000. The Census of 1876, however, showed the largest increase (reckoned as annual increase per 10,000 inhabitants) since 1821-41. Thus but two years were required to repair the war loss in French males. Reasonably generous increase was again reported in 1881, but since that date the population of France has showed an average increase of less than 60,000 per annum, or only enough to increase the number of inhabitants one person per square mile, every four years.

How will the French Republic confront the enormous loss of strong men caused by this war? If reckoned on the basis of normal increase, a loss of 2,500,000 men will be replaced only after the lapse of 83 years. This, of course, would mean that France never could make good her loss, but would be doomed to actual decrease in population; for the capacity to increase, feeble under favorable peace conditions, would have been fatally impaired by the loss of strong males.

This seemingly logical conclusion, however, can not be accepted. The returns for the decade following the war of 1870 suggest the temper of the French people under discouragement and humiliation. From the thronging incidents and impressions of the present war stand out perhaps before all others, the patient restraint, limitless sacrifice and patriotism of the French people. Who can doubt but that these qualities will be manifested in the endeavor to repair human loss? Yet under the most favorable conditions, repair of such loss is likely to require at least two decades.

There is another factor which bears upon the replacement of population. Before the beginning of the present war, males were in a decided minority in all the seven nations in-

volved. Under the most favorable peace conditions, a shortage existed of 5,000,000 males.[1] Emigration to America was in part responsible for this phenomenon, though it occurs also in countries from which there were few departures. Added to the direct war loss of approximately 12,000,000, the male sex in the nations now at war may be expected to begin the new era of peace to be hoped for after the close of this conflict, 17,538,000 less in number than the female sex.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, France, because of constant wars, was reduced in proportion of males to females as 950 to 1,000. This proportion applied to the aggregate population of the Powers at war would result in an excess from all causes of approximately ten millions of females. Upon the assumption of an early termination of hostilities, the foregoing analysis has shown that an excess of approximately 17,600,000 females is to be expected at the close of the present war. This excess would represent for every 1,000 women, but 914 men.

From the maze of conflicting influences, many of which are entirely new in human affairs, and which may set at naught all expectations, some solution for the two interesting statistical problems here sketched will appear. They may be thus summarized:

First, will the new and grave aspect of life which accompanies the tragedies and momentous events of war, will bereavement, loss and quickened patriotism—and above all, will instinct, lead the men and women who survive to take up the burdens of home and nation after this war, to make good by increased fertility the loss in strong men which is now in progress in Europe?

Second, what is to be the effect on population change of the great excess of women?

Nature equips the male to meet emergencies of reasonable sex disproportion, and through the ages seemingly has

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[1] Excess of Females, 1910-11.

Great Britain	1,328,625
France	634,000
Germany	841,800
Austria-Hungary	699,711
Russia (including Poland)	1,344,400
Italy	627,997
Belgium	62,206
	5,538,739

expected this condition to exist. But, the impending disproportion in Europe will be unusual. It is possible, indeed, that sex equilibrium may be so disturbed as to affect social and economic conditions for several decades.

No statistician of our time has expected to see these problems worked out to a solution during his own lifetime, nor has he expected a solution to appear for many decades, yet before us in the quick march of events that are to follow the greatest of all wars, it seems probable that some natural law will begin to reveal itself, under the influence of which men and women will set about the early repair of human loss, or else one or more of the nations involved in this conflict will face continued weakness, which is certain to lead to their destruction or absorption at no distant date.

It must not be overlooked that the crude but effective method existing in past ages to protect the race has to a large degree been abandoned. In earlier periods of history, nations were not concerned with the economic aspects of events. Neverthless they unconsciously performed an important economic function by making war in such fashion as generally to secure the survival of the fittest. Under the most favorable conditions, only the reasonably fit survived to maturity, and therefore, while the waging of a war decreased the male population, in general the most virile survived.

Under modern conditions the perfection of medicine and surgery has enabled a large proportion of weaklings to reach maturity. They do not recruit the armies now in the field, but remain at home and breed. Meantime, the strong, who as of old are found on the field of battle, are being reduced by every known destructive agency, without regard to individual strength or prowess. Those who finally return from the war will be those who escaped shell, bomb and bullet by lucky accident, not those whose strength overcame adversaries. Hence the burden of carrying forward the nations is likely to fall more heavily than heretofore upon a weak or weaker human element.

Among thoughtful observers of the momentous events now transpiring in Europe, apprehension is general that the economic system prevailing before the war has been shattered beyond repair. It may matter little what form the conditions for peace ultimately assume. The withdrawal of 30,000,000 workers from active civil pursuits, has been met by

drafting women into the callings of men. Nearly half of the absent male workers either will never return, or will return physically or mentally weakened. The new activities of women, their numerical preponderance, and the new ideals and ambitions of war-aroused men, are likely to exert revolutionary influences upon reproduction, and upon the social and economic life of the nations concerned.

As we wonder and speculate, the ruthless hand of war may be fashioning a new age, to be far different from our own. It is clear at least, that in the presence of such possibilities, prophecy and opinion are alike immaterial.

WILLIAM S. ROSSITER.

ENGLAND'S SECRET DIPLOMACY

BY H. M. HYNDMAN, CHAIRMAN OF THE ENGLISH SOCIALIST PARTY

THIS is A. D. 1916. But nobody would believe it who came back to England after a Rip Van Winkle slumber of only twenty-one months since August, 1914. Then we were in the period of unconscious though steady change. Now we are under the complete control of bureaucratic domination, the effects of which are not yet perceived by the mass of the people. "This, Sir," said Mr. Stanton, the War Minister under Abraham Lincoln, during the Civil War in America, to an English visitor, "This, Sir, is a free country. I have only to touch that bell on the desk in order to have you locked up for the next three years and nobody will know where you are."

England has not quite reached that point yet. But branch after branch of industry and distribution have been put under arbitrary State management, and at least one Minister has at his disposal economic, political, social and military powers which would have been furiously resisted less than two years ago. Few people have any idea of the despotic authority which our Government has taken to itself under the Munitions Act and the various Orders in Council. Our Courts of Law have been superseded, the House of Commons has been reduced to a Bed of Justice and our ordinary liberties have been filched away. We have, in fact, undergone a reactionary revolution without knowing it. Our public servants of yesterday are our uncontrolled masters to-day. The entire administration of the country has been transformed, in order to attain success which has not been attained, and to establish an organization which has repressed individual initiative without securing collective efficiency.

The Foreign Office alone is practically untouched. It was in full harmony with the bureaucratic movement from

the start. Bureaucratic and secret before, secret and bureaucratic it remains. No modification was needed. For more than a century the Foreign Office has been dominated almost exclusively by its permanent officials.

The Foreign Office is a very close borough. Though Foreign Office clerks are now supposed to be selected as a result of open competitive examination, the fact that the competitors themselves are nominated from above restricts the field of choice. So much so, indeed, that a study of the lists shows the same family names occurring again and again over a long period of years. This does not mean that they have escaped the strict qualifying examination; but it does prove that the free competition which was recommended by the Civil Service Commission has not been achieved so far.

But that which gives the Foreign Office as public office its main, and so far quite unshakable, influence is its secrecy. Everything is mysterious. Criticism is " not in the public interest." The sacred traditions of " the Office " must be upheld at all costs. The people, therefore, have little chance of knowing what is being done in their name, until, for good or for ill, the matter is virtually settled, and confirmation is demanded from a docile party majority for an accomplished fact.

The position arises in this way: The right of Treaty-making belongs absolutely to the King. The Cabinet is the King's Executive Committee: unknown, in its present form, to the Constitution, but none the less powerful on that account. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, chosen by the party Prime Minister, is the trusted agent of the Cabinet; and to this Minister come, through the Foreign Office, all that mass of " private letters " from Ambassadors, as well as confidential information from other quarters which, at critical periods, and even in those ordinary times which lead up to critical periods, are very much more important than the despatches printed *in extenso* for public perusal and information.

Here is where the Foreign Office differs from any other department. There are secrets, no doubt, in all offices, though the fewer there are the better. But in the Foreign Office, as at present conducted, secrets are of the very essence of its being. Moreover, so long as we are bound to carry on business with other countries, most of which are even less democratic than our own, it is difficult to see how

confidential communications can be dispensed with, extremely dangerous as they are. When Ambassadors have revealed to them facts which go directly contrary to the solemn public assurances of the monarchs and statesmen of the foreign nations to which they are accredited—by no means an uncommon case—they are bound to keep their own Government fully informed as to what is really going on. Their public despatches convey the assurances given: their "private letters" warn their own superiors at home that those same despatches are wholly untrustworthy. How are the people to be consulted or properly informed under such circumstances? At present we suffer from the drawbacks of both systems.

Let us consider some of the historical operations of the Foreign Office. Previous to the outbreak of the Crimean War in October, 1854, not only were our Government and the Foreign Office concealing secret despatches which would have entirely changed the course of public opinion, they were also keeping back the proposals of Nicholas I to Sir Hamilton Seymour, when the Czar promised not to occupy Constantinople and offered much better terms than Turkey has ever been able to secure since. More than this, Lord Aberdeen's Administration actually suppressed the secret treaty entered into by Nicholas I himself in 1844. This treaty was concluded at Buckingham Palace between the Czar on the one side and the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen himself on the other, the Prince Consort being present. The English statesmen then undertook, should the guardianship of the Holy Places come up for discussion, that the views of Russia, as claimed by her under the Treaty of Kainardji, should be supported by England, the French claims being ignored. A distinct promise was given by the English negotiators to this effect.

Naturally, therefore, Russia expected that a Cabinet headed by the same Lord Aberdeen would not take the extreme course of backing the claims of France against the Muscovite Empire on this very question, which he and his eminent coadjutors had solemnly undertaken not to do. Had the English people been duly apprised of the existence of this clear agreement, accepted by men whom they had every reason to respect, would they have been moved to the pitch of exasperation against Russia which gave Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet assurance of the national support in declaring war?

Passing on to the Schleswig-Holstein surrender, which so greatly lowered our prestige and influence in Europe, we can see again that had all the facts been revealed to the country, England would never have acted as she did. Either Denmark would have been told plainly that she could not rely upon our assistance against armed attack, however good her case might be; or, the nation, having pledged itself to give help when needed, would have held by its promises to the end. What actually occurred is a matter of history. Our Foreign Minister, Lord John Russell, stated in his despatches that if Denmark were attacked " most serious consequences would ensue "—we should go to war, in short. Lord Palmerston as Prime Minister said in the House of Commons in 1863 that " if any violent attempt is made to overthrow the rights and independence of Denmark, those who make the attempt will find in the end that it would not be Denmark alone with which they would have to contend." This obviously meant the same thing. It was inconceivable that England had no intention of fighting at all.

When, however, war was declared by Prussia and Austria together against Denmark, our Government wholly failed to act up to its strong public utterances and still stronger private assurances. All we did was to warn off the Austrian Navy from any action against Denmark by sea. In fact, when our statesmen found that France was unwilling to help on land, although she was given plainly to understand that we should not greatly object if she happened to seize the Rhine Provinces of Germany, they left Denmark to face the Germanic Powers entirely alone. All the world now knows the real reasons for the Prussian attack. Prussia wanted the harbor of Kiel as a naval base and full possession of Holstein for herself.

Could any amount of publicity have been more injurious to the character of Great Britain for good faith than this record of the hopeless failure of secret diplomacy, even when largely under the control of a Prime Minister so deeply versed in Foreign Affairs as Lord Palmerston? The success of Prussia in this nefarious business was the first step in that campaign of forceful aggrandizement whose effects we are now experiencing.

Again, in 1870, our Foreign Office had so conducted our national business that we were entirely deluded as to what was going on. France was still, for us, by far the most

important military Power in Europe. The fear of French aggression was ever present with our rulers, and the possibility of an attack by Prussia upon an isolated and unprepared France seemed remote.

If, however, all the warnings given at the time were published, it would be found that our own Government was as much to blame for not understanding the situation as was the French Ministry for refusing to pay any attention to the reports of Colonel Stoffel from Berlin.

Once more the nation was sacrificed to Foreign Office incapacity and traditional secrecy. Had the truth been fully declared and the voters appealed to on the serious issue at stake, there can be little doubt as to what the decision would have been. Great Britain would have abandoned her selfish neutrality; Prussia would have been called upon, after the declaration of the Republic, to grant peace on reasonable terms; Russia, Austria and Italy would almost certainly have joined with us in putting pressure upon the invaders; and our natural friend and ally would have been saved from unjustifiable humiliation and temporary ruin. More than this, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine would never have taken place, France would have been attached to us by bonds of good feeling as well as interest, the entire course of European politics might well have been changed and the present terrific war averted.

The next period of difficulty and danger was the Russo-Turkish war of 1878-79.

Never was secrecy, however, more sedulously cultivated nor the people more persistently misled. Lord Salisbury's whole proceedings were Venetian in their subtlety and unscrupulousness. But his one object throughout was to keep England out of war; and war might possibly have occurred but for his dexterity. When, however, a Foreign Secretary solemnly assures the House of Lords that a secret agreement, to which he himself was a party, which was reprinted with complete accuracy, and could not have been disclosed by Mr. Marvin without Lord Salisbury's own consent, "is wholly unworthy of your Lordship's confidence"; when the same statesman systematically sends cipher despatches to more than one important British Agent abroad whose purport is in direct contradiction of his published despatches —when these and similar methods are constantly used, it may be admitted that even permanent officials most devoted

to Foreign Office traditions could scarcely go further in the direction of deceiving the country. It is no excuse to say that all this was done in the national interest. The nation itself, which must bear the brunt of failure,—if failure there be,—is kept in the dark.

This truth it was the destiny of the same able Minister to establish beyond all possibility of question when, more than a decade later, he traded away to Germany, for bootless advantages in East Africa, a small but exceedingly important island much nearer our shores. Following upon the much-desired acquisition of Kiel by the war with Denmark, the Prussian Government had long tried to obtain from Great Britain the cession of Heligoland. All previous Foreign Ministers refused to listen to these suggestions. Lord Salisbury persuaded himself, or was persuaded, that this little place was being steadily washed away by the sea, and that no amount of concrete or granite facing or fortification could head back the forces of the ocean. Thus our great commercial rival, whose vast ambitions Bismarck had publicly voiced only a few years before, was presented with the most dangerous naval fortress in the North Sea, which, as we have lately seen, the German Government had determined to make in deed and in truth the German Ocean—a terrible blunder, the effects of which the man who was guilty of it did not live to witness. But ought not a matter of this gravity to have been publicly discussed and publicly decided, before any such surrender was made?

The whole of our relations with Egypt form another example of the danger to the country of negotiations and agreements and treaties entered upon secretly and carried out in the same way. Unquestionably, the acquisition of the Suez Canal shares belonging to the Khedive in 1875 led, step by step, to the position which we now hold in Egypt. A strong effort was made to induce France and afterwards Italy to join in a common occupation and control, and then in a common expedition to put down the rising under Arabi Pasha. The Foreign Office—misinformed, notwithstanding its secrecy, as to the standing of the French Government—believed almost up to the last moment that M. Gambetta would certainly induce France to accept the secret agreement that the two countries would act together. This proved to be impossible, and Great Britain drifted alone into the occupation of Egypt, undertaking that she would act

only as a trustee for European interests and retire when her task was fulfilled. For this purpose Mr. Gladstone, without any appeal to the country, suppressed the rising of a people "rightly struggling to be free."

Beneficial as our rule, on the whole, may be to the mass of the Egyptians, there can be no doubt that it has on more than one occasion led us to the brink of war; and we were induced by the necessity for "regularizing" our position to give so much support to France, later on, in her aggression upon Morocco, that our antagonism to Germany was intensified.

Since the outbreak of the present tremendous war, however, such matters have been almost completely overlooked in the stress of our conflict with the Germanic Powers. Any inquiry into the events which led up to the struggle between Germany and the Allies is still generally regarded as unpatriotic, unless it tends to prove that our Foreign Office has been entirely right in all its proceedings and that Germany has been solely to blame for all our misfortunes. Unfortunately, the attacks upon our diplomacy and the demands for the entire abolition of secrecy in foreign affairs—in itself quite impossible until democracies control the planet—have been conducted chiefly by a group of men who are regarded by the public at large as pacifist fanatics, or even as people of very suspicious pro-German sympathies. Consequently, any fair summary of the situation becomes extremely difficult. This propaganda, in fact, has strengthened our leading politicians against the remonstrances of those who, like myself, for many years warned their countrymen that Germany was preparing for war, and that secret intrigues and public misrepresentations of her real policy were not effective means of making ready for an attack by the best organized, the best educated, and the most effective military and industrial Power in the world. That Power, controlling and disposing of nearly 70,000,000 inhabitants, together with other States making up nearly 90,000,000 more, has been avowedly preparing for the present campaign since our own war in South Africa. Rather, from that date she has hastened on her preparations; for the acquisition of Kiel and the eagerness to secure Heligoland, together with the attention and expenditure devoted to her fleet, showed that the aspirations of the German Empire to the complete hegemony of Europe and the development

of her sea power formed a natural continuation of the policy of Frederick the Great and Bismarck. But the early years of the present century can have left our statesmen in no doubt as to the object in view. The preamble to the Navy Act stated, in so many words, that the German Navy aimed at challenging our supremacy on the ocean.

This may have been quite legitimate, in view of the enormous and admirably organized expansion of German trade and commerce after 1878. Competitive industrialism is commercial war: commercial war all through history has, sooner or later, involved the competing nations in naval and military war. Even on general grounds, therefore, we might have been quite sure of what was coming. Very fortunately indeed for Europe, however, in 1914, the extreme Junker and militarist party in the Fatherland took control and forced the pace, thinking to strengthen their own position and to head back the steady advance of Social-Democracy for two or three generations. Had the policy of the cooler heads in Germany been followed—a policy which involved the continuous cajolery of Great Britain and the maintenance of reasonable relations with Russia, until all was quite ready for the final move—the outlook when Germany at last did strike would have been far worse than it is to-day. Whether King Edward VII was right or wrong in his semi-secret endeavors to form a coalition against the German menace, our statesmen knew perfectly well, both then and later, that the danger existed. It was even advertised in public documents and enforced by private speeches of unmistakable purport, such as the clear and powerful address of the Emperor to his Generals in 1908. Nor do I think there was ever known, in a country whose Government was officially proclaiming its peaceful intentions, so persistent and subsidized an agitation against the fleets of a friendly country as that carried on in Germany against English Sea-Power for many years before the outbreak of war. The whole world, outside England, knew what all this, and the growing animosity of the German dominant classes to this country, meant and must mean.

Our Liberal Ministry also could scarcely have misunderstood the objects of the sudden increase of the German ship-building programme, as soon as our own expenditure on the Navy was reduced, or the subsequent refusal of the German Government to enter into any binding agreement to slacken

the pace of competitive armaments. But still our leading statesmen kept up their system of political optimism for domestic consumption. The country was repeatedly told that our relations with Germany were constantly improving. Our working classes were encouraged to send over mission after mission to the other side of the North Sea, in order that they might be " put through " in the most approved fashion, see what they were intended to see, hear what they were meant to hear, and told what it was desired they should believe. Even in 1911, when the two countries were within an ace of war,—serious strikes being on foot from one end of Great Britain to the other,—the people were informed that there was no danger of misunderstanding because the arrangements regarding Morocco had so far satisfied Germany that hostilities in Western Europe were now impossible. So, in 1912, after the return from Berlin of Lord Haldane (who as War Minister had actually cut down our artillery, our most important arm on land), Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons, on the strength of his fellow-lawyer's information, that our relations with the German Government and people could scarcely be better. Yet in 1914, the same Prime Minister told us at Cardiff that he knew in 1911 that war with Germany was more than probable. Further, Lord Haldane actually communicated to a Western American newspaper—it was not so many months ago—the astounding statement that, so far from being satisfied with what he learned at Berlin in 1912 (as Mr. Asquith had guaranteed him to be), he came back " very uneasy " in his mind —confident, in fact, that the Emperor and his entourage were bent upon war! Sir Edward Grey and the Foreign Office were parties to this same deliberate and long-drawn deception of us common Englishmen as to the truth. Lord Haldane was in fact the traveling agent of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as well as his confidential friend.

Moreover, during the whole of this period of misrepresentation, we now know, even from the careful selection of the despatches which alone the public is allowed to read, that secret agreements had been entered into with France by which she undertook the naval defence of the Mediterranean, leaving to us the main control of the North Sea and the Channel; and that under certain conditions this would develop into an Alliance with France and her Ally Russia, pledging us to help our neighbor on land. In pur-

suance of this arrangement Sir John French spent several seasons with the French General Staff in carefully studying the French North-Eastern frontier on the spot; and we renewed our guarantees to Belgium that, if her neutrality were infringed, we should come to her assistance. Thus, apart altogether from this last undertaking, we were virtually pledged by Sir Edward Grey and our Foreign Office to a great war on land such as we had never been committed to in the whole course of our history. M. Clemenceau told our Government plainly that unless we could put at least 300,000 men on the right flank of the Germans within a fortnight of the outbreak of hostilities our help would be useless. Also, no limitation was made as to the number of troops we might be called upon to furnish. Lord Derby, indeed, recently assured us that we are under agreement to our Allies to keep millions of men under arms and in the field either by voluntary service or compulsion. All this when Sir Edward Grey, being pressed in the House of Commons to disclose the full truth, told us that we were under no binding engagements to fight; when likewise we, a non-military Power, were in no way making ready to meet these appalling obligations—obligations over and above the task incumbent upon us of maintaining an overwhelming navy for ocean rule and safe transport, beside the necessity of giving pecuniary aid—unknown millions sterling—to the countries with whom we were supposed not to be allied!

Can a more crushing indictment of secret diplomacy be found than this bald statement of facts?

But the curse of secrecy went much farther than this. For some reason never yet explained the permanent officials in the Foreign Office decided many years ago to follow up and expand the Declaration of Paris. Such a decision could only advance the interests of the great military nations of the Continent. After preliminary surrenders at The Hague, this policy led to the Declaration of London. By that instrument we practically abandoned altogether those rights of capture which had been seriously weakened in 1856. Thus our Sea-Power, vainly attacked for centuries by our actual and possible enemies, was to be surrendered by ourselves. That this was the intention cannot be disputed by anybody who reads Sir Edward Grey's own instructions to the British representatives at the Conference in 1909, at which the Declaration of London was drawn up and signed. "The

Freedom of the Seas " was the phrase used by our friendly enemies, even then conspiring against our influence and independence, to cover a deadly assault upon our chief weapon of offense in a great European war, and to apply to the sea rules which they themselves have been careful never to observe on land. The Declaration meant what it said: that neutrals should be considered before belligerents in all future wars; that private property at sea should be exempt as far as possible from capture; and that all doubtful questions of prizes should be decided not in our own Prize Courts, under the International Law which had been held valid for centuries, but by a nebulous International Justiciary. In regard to that tribunal of neutrals and antagonistic belligerents we were certain of only one thing: that the overwhelming majority of the so-called judges would be bitter advocates, holding a brief in their own interest against us.

This wholesale surrender was engineered by the permanent Staff at the Foreign Office, and our delegates, who acted upon their instructions, fathered by Sir Edward Grey, were acknowledged pacifists. The country did not in the least understand the overwhelming gravity of the matter: the House of Commons, in which Sir Edward Grey's party had a crushing majority, could not believe that the final surrender of the naval rights which had time after time saved us from ruin was really contemplated. So the Declaration of London, to which Sir Edward Grey and the Foreign Office had already bound us to the fullest extent possible, came within an ace of being accepted as the final Law of the Sea. Happily—or as the men of old time would have said, " providentially "—the House of Lords was roused to a consideration of the whole subject, and, in spite of the vehement support of the Government and its Lord Chancellor, refused to accept the Declaration of London on behalf of the English people. When, therefore, the present war broke out, we were in nowise bound by this unratified and consequently invalid Declaration against our navy and ourselves. Under the circumstances the Declaration of Paris itself might quite legitimately have been denounced.

That was not the view of the Foreign Office. Resolved to carry out its own predetermined policy, which, as matters stood, was distinctly anti-national, this Department persuaded the Government to decree by an Order in Council, and without any reference to Parliament, that the Declaration of

London should be acted upon as if it had been fully ratified by all the Estates of the Realm. Protest against this arbitrary proceeding was useless. Though the Germans at the beginning of the war were flouting their own solemn Conventions and committing acts of piracy and murder almost every day, our Government persisted for eight months in allowing them advantages to which they could have no possible claim. The whole thing was and is inexplicable. Taken by itself, this enforcement by Star Chamber Order, for month after month, of the unratified Declaration of London against our Fleet and our country, in favor of the Germans and their trade, ought to put a stop for ever to Foreign Office control. Those who can best judge the result of this policy say that it has cost the Allied Armies hundreds of thousands of men.

Foreign Office diplomacy in the Balkans has been similarly fatal. That department always stands in terror of some one Power and seeks to curry favor with it at all costs. Such was the attitude of England to Germany until the declaration of war. Such was the position assumed towards Russia and the United States after war had begun. The great Muscovite Empire was needed to supply soldiers to the Allied forces and must be ingratiated at all costs: the great American Republic was needed to supply food and munitions and must be considered in all matters relating to "freedom of the seas" for Germany. Thus Constantinople was guaranteed as a prize when peace should come to the one; the other obtained almost unrestricted sale of her products, including cotton, through neutral ports. In both cases we were secretly pledged by our own officials to steps which could scarcely fail to damage our own interests. Obviously, Bulgaria and Roumania, to say nothing of Greece, could not regard the presence of Russia at the Golden Horn with favor, seeing that, in a very short time, their water-communications with the outside would lie entirely at her disposal. Nevertheless, it had been quite possible in the early days of the war to harmonize all the antagonistic demands of the Balkan States, and even to undermine the relations between Germany and the Porte. But this demanded a definite policy, supported by strong action from the very start. And that is precisely what has been lacking throughout. Secrecy, however profound, will not help the diplomacy of incapacity. Concealment in the Balkan negotiations may indeed have been necessary; but vacillation

was fatal, whether things done were made public or not. German diplomacy had put all Europe against her in 1914. English diplomacy put all the Balkan States against her in 1915.

The fatal Dardanelles operations, which have cost us the loss of 200,000 men to no purpose, were entered upon as much to make good our blunders at Sofia, Bucharest, Athens and Constantinople as to satisfy the requirements of Russia. Our Foreign Office, relying upon the political supremacy of M. Venizelos in Greece, as it did upon the parliamentary dictatorship of M. Gambetta in France more than thirty years before, felt confident that the Greek Army would support our ill-thought-out naval raid, and that Greek islands would afford a convenient base for our own army. The Government, therefore, as Mr. Asquith admitted in his speech of November 2nd, plunged into this desperate venture in the highest of high spirits. Constantinople was at our mercy: 30,000,000 quarters of Russian wheat were ready to our hand. Our statesmen had forgotten that German influences were supreme at the Greek Court and that the Staff of the Greek Army had been trained in Germany.

Similarly it was thought quite safe at one and the same time to cajole and snub the astute Coburg Czar of Bulgaria. Worse still, at the most critical moment of all, when Bulgaria had already agreed to throw in her lot with Berlin, our Foreign Office actually decided to ignore information direct from the King of Roumania to the effect that we must consider Bulgaria enlisted against the Allies and make our arrangements accordingly. Nay, it actually set to work through inferior agents in Bucharest to intrigue against King Charles.

Even this did not complete the marvellous tale of Sir Edward Grey's mistakes. Having failed all round in his endeavors to persuade the rulers of the Balkan States that the Allies would win, our Foreign Secretary began to offer "*Danegelt*" in order to secure military co-operation, a proceeding which exhibited our weakness to the world in a most disgraceful form. In any case, we may say that a Foreign Office which ceases to convince by reason and tries to bribe by the surrender of British territory, in order to turn a neutral State into an ally, is a Foreign Office for which the nation has no further use. It has not left itself a single blunder to commit.

The hopeless incompetence of Sir Edward Grey and the Foreign Office is in fact now generally recognized, and he is

only kept in office because, for some inscrutable reason, it is thought that his withdrawal would be regarded as a triumph for the Germans. But what has happened with Serbia has at any rate proved conclusively that no such powers as those now claimed by the British Foreign Office ought ever to be entrusted to any Department.

Not even our shameful betrayal of Denmark in 1864 was so discreditable to us, as a nation, as our deliberate sacrifice of Serbia in 1915. Granted that Serbian politicians intrigued, intrigue is the natural weapon of a weak State surrounded by ruthless enemies. And we knew, or ought to have known, all that was going on. Had our Foreign Minister, therefore, told Serbia plainly that, being unable to send an army to her defence she must rely upon herself and act accordingly; had he refrained from dictating to Serbia what should be her attitude towards Bulgaria at the critical time; had he insisted—as, in view of our tremendous subsidies to that Power, he was entitled to insist—upon Russia coming to her aid; had he even decided promptly to act in accord with France, when our ally called upon our Government to go forward—Serbia would have been saved. But Sir Edward Grey meddled and muddled all through. He promised assistance and never gave it, made an agreement with France and then backed out of it, held back Serbia from securing herself against Bulgaria and talked platitudes about Balkan solidarity when Bulgaria was already in the German camp.

And so it has come about that England, already responsible for the ruin of Belgium by her refusal to render her long-drawn guarantee of protection effective, is now doubly responsible for the ruin of Serbia by a policy which can only be described as both weak and treacherous.

Even in the matter of the Declaration of London, Sir Edward Grey still refuses to allow the navy to emancipate itself from Pro-German domination. The pretense that this or that single clause of the Declaration is rescinded, when the whole document stands together and never was binding, except as made valid by an undiscussed Order in Council, is worthy of the long line of subterfuges with which we have been gulled ever since April, 1914.

What, then, is the remedy for a diplomacy which is entirely out of touch with democratic opinion and is quite incapable of handling successfully the methods devised by itself? The tendency at the moment is to demand universal disclos-

ure and general publicity for all matters relating to foreign policy. This seems impossible, for reasons already given. To make public all confidential reports to the national Government would shut out the representatives of the nation from necessary information of the very highest importance. The people are entitled to protect themselves against a continuance of such systematic concealment as that which is complained of, but they would be unwise to demand that all the details necessary to the formation of a sound judgment, some actual, some possible, some still problematical, should be set before them at every stage of international negotiations. But if a fully-explained referendum were made to the entire adult population before any treaty or agreement were entered into on their behalf, there would be little or no danger in entrusting the survey of all foreign information, even the most secret, to a small Foreign Affairs Committee, independent of party, and directly nominated by democratic vote. This would put a stop altogether to that irresponsible and ruinous secret diplomacy whose effects have proved so pernicious, and would force the people to take far more interest in their relations to foreign countries than they do today.

A democratically chosen Committee of Foreign Affairs, small in number but high in character, with power to reorganize the Foreign Office and to call for the production of all documents, is a necessity if we are to avoid great and final disaster. Time presses. The war is not by any means at an end. The resumption of our full rights at sea and the decision as to captured vessels by our own Prize Courts would hasten on that end more, perhaps, than any other step we could take. Never in our history was the nation more determined, never were unnecessary failures judged more leniently than they have been, say, in the past fifteen months. But that is no reason why we should stereotype deadly incapacity or sit down patiently under bootless and destructive ineptitude.

H. M. Hyndman.

THE WAR AND FRENCH FINANCE

BY EDOUARD JULHIET

The ties which have for more than one hundred and fifty years bound the great republics of America and France have been, up to the present time, ties of friendship, sentiment and common political ideals. One of the results of the present European War has been the creation of economic bonds: American bankers are lending France billions of dollars; American factories are working night and day to supply France with their products. A kind of partnership which will last for years is being formed between France and America. Will this very profitable partnership involve corresponding risks to America? Will France, despite her bleeding and her lavish spending, maintain her yet unquestioned financial strength? Will the large investments of the United States in the business of France be well secured by the present and future resources of France?

These are questions to be thoroughly debated between the two partners with facts and figures.

When the war broke out at the end of July, 1914, France was enjoying the greatest economic prosperity, industrial as well as agricultural. It is unnecessary to dwell on the agricultural prosperity, when it is so apparent from annual crops valued at about $2,200,000,000. But it may be well to remind Americans that France, an agricultural nation until 1870, started between 1870 and 1880 to become an industrial nation, and has in the last thirty years developed her industries in a remarkable way.

Take for example the iron industry which is such an important factor in modern economics. Many Americans will be surprised to learn how well the production of iron ore in France compared with that in Germany:

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

Years	*France* Million tons	*Germany* Million tons
1880	2,875	4,245
1890	3,947	7,698
1900	6,050	12,793
1910	15,500	22,455

In thirty years the production of France has increased five times, being the same proportion as the increase of Germany.

In 1880 the coal production of France was nineteen million tons, in 1912, forty-one million tons—an increase of more than 100 per cent. Today France leads in the production of aluminum ore, supplying nearly the entire output of Europe and three-fifths of the world's production.

This activity in mining has given a great impetus to metallurgy. In 1901 the production of cast iron was between two and three million tons. In 1913 it was in excess of five million tons—a large figure for a population of forty millions. In recent years, French manufacturers have particularly developed special and electric steels. The electro-metallurgic furnaces installed in the United States have been of French manufacture. For ten years France has supplied the United States with high grade automobiles, and she was the first to put into practical use the aeroplane invention of the Wright brothers.

During these years that French manufacture and agriculture were prospering, French trade increased also in a remarkable manner, thanks in part to her unusual transportation facilities.

France has an excellent geographical position. Washed by three seas, reaching out towards America beyond the rest of the Continent, towards North Africa and the wealthy Orient, she possesses on these three seas numerous harbors, such as Bordeaux, Cherbourg, Havre, Dunkirk, Saint Nazaire, Brest and Marseilles. All these harbors are being constantly improved for greater efficiency. Inland transportation facilities are equally complete. France has 700 miles of railroad for each million inhabitants as against 600 miles in Germany. France has also a very complete system of highways covering 420,000 miles, giving easy access to the remotest corners of the country and representing an outlay of several hundred million dollars. These roads, once abandoned for the railroads, are now regaining

their value through automobile traffic. As a result of these favorable conditions France's foreign and domestic commerce has become very large. The following figures represent the value of her foreign commerce:

Year	
1890	$1,640,000,000
1900	1,761,000,000
1910	2,681,000,000
1913	2,969,000,000

The relative value of this foreign trade figured per inhabitant amounts to $74.98 per capita as compared with $74.02 for Germany and $42.19 for the United States.

The weak spot in France's foreign commerce is the excess of $300,000,000 in imports over exports. But this figure is offset by two economic factors which are almost constant. They are the revenue derived from foreign investments and the large sum of more than $60,000,000 spent annually by tourists in France.

The figures $567,000,000, the increase of the tax budget from 1870 to 1912, sum up in a striking way the growth of wealth in France. Only a quarter of the sum, approximately $121,000,000, is derived from new taxes. The balance has been automatically obtained from the increase in taxable property, which means a proportionate increase in public wealth.

But these increases in riches have not changed the French characteristics of economy. France saves annually a billion dollars: 16 per cent. of her income. Most of this sum is invested in securities. In this way the last few years she has been increasing her personal property on the basis of five billion dollars every five years. Today her personal property is undoubtedly worth over thirty billion dollars. The practically untouched riches of France's immense colonial possessions covering more than four million square miles and inhabited by fifty-five million people, must be added to the several elements of her great economic power. A part of these domains, Algeria, Tunis and Morocco, which are more extensive than the United States, is of immediate and great value and promises still greater wealth.

Such is France—prosperous and peaceful—upon whom the heavy mantle of a frightful war has fallen. War has taken by surprise her financiers, manufacturers and mer-

chants. The German banks, warned by their Government several months before the war, had gradually mobilized their resources, whereas the French banks had their money distributed over the whole world. Her manufacturers were not prepared to turn out on a large scale ammunition and war supplies. Her merchants had not laid up stocks of metals, cereals, leather, woolens, meats, etc. So it is fair to ask: What will be the effect of the war that thus took France unawares? How seriously will its losses affect her industries, her agriculture and her finances?

It is interesting to note that only a very small number of French factories have fallen into the hands of the Germans. Even in the North, hardly a quarter of the factories are in the invaded zone. All the great industries of the department of the Loire, of Burgundy, Franche-Comté, Dauphiné—all of the metallurgical factories of Creusot, of the region about Paris, of Normandy, and Brittany, of the Southwest, Centre and Southern France have not been damaged. All the industries of luxuries, the silk factories of Lyons, the textile industries, the jewelry and art object industries of Paris, the porcelain factories of Limoge, are absolutely unimpaired.

The industrial strength of a factory does not lie chiefly in the machinery. Americans know that a factory derives its value much more from its geographical position, its supply of raw materials, its managing staff and its workmen, than from its plant. The working apparatus is a mere tool which is often changed and quickly amortized. In two years a metallurgic plant can be completely refitted at a cost of twenty million dollars and becomes a new plant equipped with the latest improvements. The cost price of steel turned out in such a plant will be fifteen per cent lower than under the old.

Let us admit for the sake of argument that the factories destroyed in the North of France and in the Ardennes have to be rebuilt. This will take two years at a cost of two hundred million dollars ($200,000,000), and the factories so rebuilt will be new and will produce steel products at a much lower cost than before. Many of the factory engineers have come to America to buy ammunition and machinery. They have learned a great deal in the United States, and this experience acquired here about American

machinery, together with necessity, will all contribute towards making over French industry and will give it a greater impetus than it has ever received before.

The important thing is to have plenty of raw materials of good quality. France is immensely wealthy in iron ore and this is both mined and turned into steel very economically. The last world statistics given at the International Geological Congress at Stockholm in 1910 show the metallurgical iron-ore wealth accurately known and exploitable as follows:

In France	3,300,000,000	tons
In Germany	3,600,000,000	"
In Great Britain	1,300,000,000	"
In United States	4,257,000,000	"

Then, too, France has also very rich coal deposits, yielding forty million tons yearly. French coal costs a little more than English coal, but in view of the proximity of the two countries, English coal is easily obtainable for French metallurgy. Moreover, France is well supplied with hydraulic power. Ten million horse power are being used or can be used, and we all know the growing importance of electricity.

Rich in raw materials, its equipment practically unimpaired, French industry will start up again all the more easily because it has money in abundance. On the other hand, French industrial companies are deriving large profits from innumerable war orders, such as ammunition, revictualling, automobiles, clothing, etc. On the other, they have their strong liquid assets to fall back upon. One company reports that it has $4,500,000 in reserve, and $5,500,000 for current and working assets after the deduction of outstanding debts. Another company has redeemed $6,500,000 on a total investment of $7,500,000 and has in addition to this $1,200,000 in reserve. Many other industrial companies report similar conditions, especially in the North of France.

One contingency could have endangered this industrial prosperity—the shortage of laborers through a large part of the working population being killed. But this danger was avoided, for it so happened that early in the war many workmen were recalled from the front to be employed in the war industries. Those who have remained in the army are mostly employed in numerous tasks involving little danger, such as repairing arms, shoeing horses, caring for automo-

biles, etc. Others are serving in the artillery where the risks are less than in the infantry.

If we deduct from the 1,200,000 Frenchmen killed or seriously wounded, the colonial troops, white and black—the professional soldiers, the shopkeepers, clerks, "*rentiers*," teachers, priests, capitalists, all of whom represent about 30 per cent. of the soldiers in the trenches; and if we further deduct the peasants, who represent 60 per cent., we shall find that the proportion of workmen actually in the trenches is barely 12 per cent. It is quite probable that up to the first of January, 1916, the total number of workmen killed and seriously wounded did not exceed 150,000. While these figures are sad and depressing, they are by no means large in proportion to a working population of two and a half millions.

Women are taking the place of men in many lines of work. 25,000 women are employed on the railways and street car lines. At the end of July, 1915, 47,000 women were engaged in the manufacture of munitions, their principal duties being drilling, stamping, cartridge-setting, wrapping and packing.

After the war France will receive many immigrants of the laboring classes. The foreign laborer has always been willing to go to France, where the climate, good food and wine, and the cheerfulness of the people, make a workman's life easy; where French thrift allows a stranger to save without attracting undue attention; where democratic and liberal ideas permit a man to live as he pleases, free from the domination of an arrogant and imperious aristocracy. Every year the workmen of Italy and Spain, where wages are low, have been accustomed to flock to France in large numbers. This immigration will continue to a greater extent after the war. Lastly, we must not forget the strong contingent of workers from the French colonies, more particularly the Arabs from Algeria and Morocco, and the Kabyles, a bronzed and rugged race of mountaineers, who for several years have been working in French factories where they form a strong complement of unskilled labor. They constitute a resource which will prove very valuable and almost unlimited in the future. Thus we see that the scarcity of labor will not be a serious problem for French manufacturers. On the other hand industry will be greatly stimulated by the opening up of new markets. Russia will be closed for a number of years to the Germans; so will Italy, Algeria and Morocco. These

countries already bound to France by so many commercial and political ties, will afford her bigger openings.

French industry is already showing signs of renewed activity. Of 37,380 factories inspected by the Minister of Labor only 51 per cent were working in August, 1914; whereas in July, 1915, 79 per cent were running. The number of operatives, which had fallen in 1914 to 35 per cent of the normal number, because of the general mobilization, had risen in 1915 to 69 per cent. It is true that certain industries have been doing very little work. The textile industry has fallen to 11 per cent of the normal. But the metal, chemical and leather industries have been greatly stimulated by the needs of war. Factories have doubled and tripled their equipment and are showing an activity much above the normal. These facts prove that war, in spite of the ruin it has wrought, cannot have any serious or lasting effect on French industry. Of course, this industry will have to redouble its efforts, but it will be towards a more rapid growth rather than in a struggle for existence. It is very probable that France will enjoy a period of great industrial prosperity, as she did after the war of 1870.

It is in the field of agriculture that France has suffered most, and the damage done there will take longer to repair.

France's agriculture, which covers 75 per cent of its territory and employs 41 per cent of its population, has been badly hurt by the war. But the material or physical injury does not amount to much. The farm buildings destroyed in the North of France by fire and shell will be rebuilt in a few months. The fields which have been torn up by explosions of mines and by miles of trenches can be put in cultivation immediately after the retreat of the enemy. This surprised Richard Harding Davis as he went over what had been battlefields the year before, and he wrote:

> To-day the fields are cultivated to the very butts of the French batteries. . . . Where there were vast stretches of mud, scarred with intrenchments, with the wheel-tracks of guns and ammunition-carts, with stale, ill-smelling straw, the carcasses of oxen and of horses, and the bodies of men, is now a landscape smiling with peace and plenty, with miles of growing grain, green vegetables, green turf. The French spirit and nature working together have wiped out the signs of the German raid.

The same miracle—this resurrection of the soil—will be performed wherever the land is free of the enemy. The war

will leave no other trace than humble wooden crosses marking the resting places of the dead.

The use of meat for army rations has not seriously diminished the live stock of the country, for the French army is fed principally upon imported meat. The French herd and flock have been diminished by less than a quarter of their normal number and this loss will be quickly made up. In certain provinces cattle had ceased to increase because there was no more ground left for breeding purposes, but in four or five years, the normal increase in the Charolais and Limousin herds will bring French cattle up to the former number.

While we see that the physical damage inflicted by the war upon livestock, farm buildings and fields is of slight importance, the damage to French agriculture by the death of countless peasants in the battlefield is undoubtedly serious. How many of these humble toilers, so eager for work, always thrifty, working the soil fourteen hours a day, leaving no foot of land uncultivated, will return to their villages? They are the artisans who created the great riches of peaceful France. Their blood will have saved their country, but the country they died to save will suffer bitterly by their loss. Farm labor, which even before the war was scarce, will certainly be insufficient. On some farms all the men will have been killed as in the case of a Poitou family, where the father and three sons died for their country. In many instances the men of the family will return crippled, unable to work and will only be an added burden to their families. Some villages in Burgundy have lost half of their able-bodied men.

Is the situation, then, really threatening for the future of French agriculture? Can it be that this steady and inexhaustible source of national wealth will be crippled for many years to come? The answer is no. The missing peasants will be replaced, the plow will not lie rusting for the lack of hands to guide it, and the reaper will leave the barn as usual when the harvest time comes, even if the owner of the farm is no longer there. Woman will take the place of man. The humble peasant woman of France will be the savior of French agriculture. Every American who has stayed for any length of time in the country districts of France has noted the part played by woman in farming. She is the hardiest specimen of womanhood, the first to rise in the morning and the last to retire at night. She is the mistress

of the dairy and the poultry yard, the helpmate of her husband in the more arduous labors of the farm. She manages the finances of the farm, yet she never shuns the coarsest work, and is not afraid of spoiling her hands, or of tanning her face. The French peasant woman has always been able to run the farm unaided, save for such help as the old people and children might be able to give. To this splendid woman France of the next decade will be indebted for keeping intact the riches of the land. This is not a mere dream or conjecture. Last summer, agricultural France was as perfectly cultivated as in times of peace. The furrows were perhaps a little less deep; the weeds were perhaps less scrupulously destroyed, but not an acre of land remained untilled. In the South the vintage went on as usual but the vintagers were women, children and old men working under the direction of the wife of the absent farmer.

It must not be forgotten that there will also be an increasing use of agricultural machinery. It was not so many years ago that the crudest sort of plows were used, the reaping and threshing were done by hand, and the grapes were pressed by the bare feet of boys. Within the last few years all this has changed. Improved plows, threshing machines, mechanical reapers and wine pressers have come into use, and these and other machinery will lessen the need of farm labor, and so compensate for the loss of men. The earnest efforts of the entire agricultural population, the Government, and the large landed proprietors will be required to work such a transformation, but this effort will most certainly be made because the French peasant will never live with even a part of his land uncultivated. The peasants of France have never been deaf to the call of the soil.

Fortunately, the French farmer has to help him, 6,200 agricultural syndicates and 4,100 farming loan associations. These 10,000 local associations are permeated with a genuine spirit of co-operation and have at their disposal valuable resources, and they will do all that is necessary to promote the work of reconstruction on the farm lands of France.

Thus, we see that although the war has been a terrible trial, it cannot endanger French farming. A troublesome period of re-adjustment may be foreseen, but French agriculture will meet this crisis by replacing the peasants who have been killed in the war with women, children, agricultural machinery and with the foreign labor already referred to.

Another aspect of the situation it is not so easy to forecast with accuracy—the financial effect of such a gigantic war. It is simple enough to calculate the present expenditures, but how long will they continue? It is possible, however, to demonstrate that in spite of the immense cost of the war, it is relatively small when compared with the wealth of France. This war has already cost France some six billion dollars, and is being carried on at a rate of about half a billion a month. These are two definite figures on which we can base our calculations. Supposing the war to last until the end of 1916, the total cost to France would be approximately eleven billion dollars. Such an expenditure would represent an annual fixed charge of six hundred million dollars, to which we must add two hundred millions for pensions to mutilated soldiers, widows and orphans, making in all eight hundred million dollars. Before the war France had a national debt of $6,500,000,000 and an annual expenditure of $1,100,000,000 (of which $260,000,000 went toward the public debt). This budget will have to be increased 72 per cent, and new resources will have to be found to meet the additional $800,000,000, which will represent the new burden the future generation will have to bear. Here the private fortunes of French citizens come into play. There is no clearly defined line of demarcation between the finances of a country and the fortunes of its citizens. The citizens are the associates of the *res publica,* and French citizens are the stockholders of the great corporation which is called France. France will call upon her citizens for an increase in the budget in such proportion as may be necessary. The total annual income of France's citizens is more than six billion dollars, that is to say, the cost of the war for one year. A 12 per cent on the total income, if all the incomes were taxable, would produce the $800,000,000 which would be necessary to insure the future handling of the war debt and of the war pensions. This percentage of 12 per cent on incomes can be all the more easily borne in view of the fact that the steady increase in the wealth of the country will later allow the rate to be diminished, and also because four-fifths of the war expenses are paid in France itself, one-fifth only being paid to foreign countries.

If necessary France could resort to the system adopted by Germany before the war of taxing not only incomes but also the fortunes themselves. Stocks and bonds alone amount

to more than twenty-eight billion dollars. From ten to twelve per cent of this is invested in foreign securities. By these different means, which can be used simultaneously, the new resources will be obtained. The well known "*rentier*" will pay most of them, for taxation on fortunes will be more and more the rule of French finance.

The foreigner has little idea of the enormous amount of wealth in France because it is so well distributed. Fortunes of moderate size are numerous. Statistics show that 43 per cent of all inheritances are in excess of 2,000 francs, and the appraisals made in 1907, in view of the income tax bill showed that 95 per cent of the private incomes were under 50,000 francs. As a result of being so widely distributed, French wealth may be underestimated abroad, and yet it is very large.

Another source of strength of these savings is the tremendous gold stock which is behind them. The following table shows the quantity of gold for each inhabitant in 1912:

France	$30.02
United States	19.39
United Kingdom	18.28
Germany	14.08

French national wealth rests on this foundation of gold as a solid rock. At the present time, in the midst of war, the Bank of France has more than a billion dollars of gold in its vaults.

Private fortunes have so far been very little affected by the war. A large proportion of the population is being fed either directly or indirectly by the State, and this is in fact one of the largest expenses of the war. The regular allowance for a soldier's family with four children amounts to more than three francs a day, almost a workman's wages in times of peace. The family savings have remained intact. They have even increased, for today everybody is economizing in France. Table board, clothing, entertainments, jewelry, automobiles, servants, art expenditure, all luxuries have either been cut down or done away with altogether.

France can also derive enormous revenues from the creation of Government monopolies. Moreover, in about thirty-five years, between 1948 and 1960, all of the existing railroad concessions will expire and the Government will come into possession of this wealthy system of roads free of all debts

and encumbrances. The value of these roads exceeds four billion dollars, and could be realized now if the Government extended the concessions.

The country is still in its full financial vigor, and the French public stands ready to help by subscribing war loans. Nearly three billions have already been subscribed. A loan issued six months hence would bring forth several billions and another issue later would have the same result. To cover the interest on this war debt, the French citizens will be willing to sacrifice a part of their income; most of this interest will go back to them, since the loan will be entirely subscribed in France.

The French nation will bear the burden of both loans and income taxes without a murmur. France is a highly centralized and democratic country in which every citizen is a shareholder of the State. France is not federated like the United States or Germany. The national debt is high, but the "*départements*," the "*cantons*," and the cities have hardly any debts or expenses. The national budget provides for all the important needs of the country such as roads, canals, courts, prisons, schools, universities, telegraph and telephone service. French citizens are accustomed to supply their Government with funds for all the services. They will now increase this outlay. They will contribute eleven, perhaps fifteen or even twenty billion dollars to get rid of the brutal aggressor who has attacked them so savagely. They depend on these expenditures to insure peace for a long time to come.

In this article I have eliminated from discussion anything which was not based on facts and figures. I have not taken into account contingencies which might be favorable to France when they were mere conjectures. Whatever my personal opinion might be as to the financial outcome of the war, I have made no mention of the possible enrichment of France by the iron and potash wealth of Alsace-Lorraine, nor of the commercial treaties which will be entered into by the Allies for their mutual benefit after the war. I have not mentioned the possibility of limiting armaments, which would each year lessen the budget by three hundred and sixty million dollars normally expended for the army and navy, and which would set free for the pursuit of national prosperity young men who in time of peace spend three years with the colors.

Supported by facts and figures alone I have shown:

That French industry, struck by war in the midst of prosperity, will not be seriously injured, for the reason that only a small part of its equipment has been destroyed, and that its workmen have formed only a small part of the war's casualties. Upon the return of peace, French industry, which has been rapidly growing for thirty years, will continue its progress from where it left off.

That French agriculture, in spite of the great number of peasants killed in battle, will continue its normal production, thanks to women, to foreign labor, and lastly to the more extended use of modern agricultural machinery.

That the cost of the war, in spite of its apparent size, is relatively small when compared with the accumulated and potential wealth of France. All the losses and destruction of property due to the war represent but a small part of the wealth of France, and have not even touched the deep and lasting sources of her prosperity.

France, famous for her love of thrift, a nation which saves a billion dollars every year, a nation which has the highest reputation for performing in the most scrupulous manner all her international obligations, will not fail to retain the confidence of every American.

EDOUARD JULHIET.

NIGHT OFF GALLIPOLI

(FIVE SPIRIT SONGS)

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

I

A delirious voice:

Sweeter than sleep and the dream of death
To float on the flow of the tempest's breath—
A leaf in the lift of the air's caresses,
A bloom in the sway of the sea's brown tresses.
A bird that the hawk of the storm possesses!
Death, thou art best,
Being rest.

II

Voice of a youthful Turk:

If only up the straits the tempest flew,
Up the blue waters, past the perilous spray
To where the clustered cypresses are blue
Above pale stairs that touch the lisping bay,
I should not care, I should not greatly care—
If only up the straits the tempest flew!

If only up the straits my spirit flew
As once I flew when sails were all my wings,
To that deep garden where the moon is blue
And sea-sounds soften close-lipped whisperings,
I should not care, I should not greatly care—
If only up the straits my spirit flew!

Death could not keep me from the arms of you,
But I should die again upon your mouth
While all the swaying garden changed from blue
To red, and softer grew your bosom's south.
I should not care, I should not greatly care,
Dying again upon the mouth of you!

III

A poet's voice:

I knew the stars would come,
Brighter than English stars
And purer than the stars of battle!
They shine on Thessaly,
On the pale Argive plain,
And leave a lovelier light on Lesbos.

O Grecian stars, how oft
At home, in the grey sea,
I longed to know the lands ye guard!
Now death, propitious, speeds
My soul on those dark tides
Whose foam ye lit when Helen fled.

Blow, wind of Tauris, blow!
This is the sea that heard
The Lesbian's cry, and further south
The shining song of him
Whose heart was washed with tears.
O southward-blowing wind, blow on!

IV

Voice of a Breton Fisherman:

Douarnenez! Douarnenez!
O little town on the fishing bay!
O southern sea, too soft, too blue,
Let me thro'! let me thro'!
Till the green and the cold of the western sea
And the lonely cliffs of Brittany
And home, my home, Douarnenez,
Break on mine eyes with the breaking day!

V

A host of spirits:

We fought and saw the stars and fell.
To fight and win were better;
To fight and fall is well.

Perhaps a god directed so
We should be overcome;
Perhaps; we may not know.

We knew the trumpet call of life;
We knew the call was not
To victory, but strife.

And if, indeed, no god there be
That hung the stars we saw,
Yet we who fought, yea, we

Who died, out on the bloody sod,
We know beyond all doubt
In us there was a god.

Strong Spirit, who hast wrought
A fighting world for men,
Take us; like men we fought.

FOR THEM THAT DIED IN BATTLE
(1914-1916)

How blossomy must be the halls of death
Against the coming of the newly dead!
How sweet with woven garlands gatherèd
From pastures where the pacing stars take breath!
And with what tender haste, each with his wreath
Of welcome, must the elder dead return
To greet about the doors with dear concern
These much-loved, proud-eyed farers from beneath.
For these that come, come not forspent with years,
Nor bowed with dragging pain, nor weak with tears;
They mount superbly through the gold-flecked air,
The light of immolation in their eyes,
The green of youth eternal in their hair,
And Honor's music on them like sunrise.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

AND SOME MINOR CONTEMPORARIES

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

[The following essay was Swinburne's last prose composition. It is now printed, for the first time, from the original manuscript.—THE EDITOR.]

THE list which comprises the names of the very greatest among great poets or among men otherwise great can naturally never be a long one: briefer yet is the list of those who are only less great than these, and who first began the work or gave the example which none but they could follow, could complete, or could excel. Above all others enrolled in this latter list the name of Marlowe stands high, and will stand for ever. The father of English tragedy and the creator of English blank verse was therefore also the teacher and the guide of Shakespeare.

There is no such test of critical faculty and genuine instinct for true appreciation of poetry as the estimate given or accepted of Marlowe's place among poets. For his countrymen, at all events, there is none as yet, and probably there never will be. Most writers and most readers above the level of such as would do well to abstain, and should in pity be prohibited, from writing or from reading, are much of one mind about Chaucer and Spenser, about Shakespeare and Milton, about Coleridge and Shelley. Those only who know and understand, as Pindar and as Dante would have expressed it, can hope or can be expected to appreciate the greatness of the man who began his career by a double and incomparable achievement: the invention of English blank verse, and the creation of English tragedy.

It has not always been duly remarked, it is not now always duly remembered, by students of the age of Shakespeare that Marlowe is the one and only precursor of that

veritable king of kings and lord of lords among all writers and all thinkers of all time. The names usually associated with his by painstaking and well-meaning historians of dramatic poetry are hardly memorable or mentionable at all, except from a chronological point of view, among the names of dramatic poets. Lyly, Greene, Peele, Nash, and Lodge were true though not great poets, who blundered into play-writing—*invitissimâ Minervâ*—in search of popularity or bread. Lyly, Nash, and Greene were writers of prose which it would be difficult to overpraise if we had here to consider the finest work of Greene in romantic fiction, of Nash and Lyly in controversial satire. Thackeray has given to the sweetest and loftiest verses of Peele the immortality which they could hardly have expected or attained, beautiful and noble and pathetic as they are, but for the more than royal dignity conferred on them by association with the deathless name and memory of Colonel Newcome. But their plays, though something in advance of the unreadable *Gorboduc* and the unspeakable *Locrine,* have no particular claim to record among the trophies of our incomparable drama: they belong rather to the historic province of antiquarian curiosity than to the aesthetic or spiritual kingdom of English poetry. No man can be more grateful than I for the research of the learned and laborious historians whose industry has been devoted to the noble task of lighting up the dark ways of study for all future students of the highest, the wealthiest, the most precious and golden branch of a matchless literature. For all these illustrious scholars it was a matter of obvious and obtrusive necessity to register all surviving literary documents which belong to the subject of their study. For a writer whose aim is confined to the indication and illustration of poetic and dramatic quality, of imaginative or spiritual excellence, the attempt would be worse than a superfluous impertinence: it would be an injurious aberration or excursion from the straight line of his intended labor.

Nash is always readable, even when religious: and something of the " lightness and brightness " of his sunny and fiery spirit gives life to his fantastic little interlude of *Summer's Last Will and Testament.* The graceful author of *Rosalynde* is unrecognizable in Lodge's lamentable Roman tragedy *The Wounds of Civil War.* The *Selimus* and *Alphonsus* of Greene are feeble and futile essays in hopeless and heartless imitation of *Tamburlaine the Great;* very

bloody, very wordy, very vehement, but essentially spiritless and passionless. Had Shakespeare never retouched his *Titus Andronicus,* and earned by his surely slight and transient additions in Greene's own semi-lyrical style the shamefully famous expression of the dying man's undying rancor, that strangely fated play could hardly have been remembered except as the third in this trinity or triunity of rhetorical and rhapsodical horrors. The composition of *Orlando Furioso* is as pitifully scandalous as the story of its author's roguery in the disposal or venditation of his rubbish. *James the Fourth* is a comparatively creditable piece of work; but its few, poor, meagre merits are noticeable mainly because of its date. There is something more of liveliness and coherence in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:* enough to exasperate the reader who can see what a far better and what a really charming work of realistic and fantastic invention might have been made of it—by the nameless author, for instance, of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton. George-a-Greene* is an honest and homely expansion of a good old ballad into a passable if rather formless little play. It might savor of paradox to avow a preference for so tardy and so singular a survival of the old moralities as *A Looking-Glass for London and England;* but, if that preference is not perverse and capricious, no more final proof of the fact that Dr. Lodge and Master Greene (M.A.) ought never to have strayed or staggered on to the board could possibly be exacted. For there is not only too much to amuse the reader of this quaint and belated sermon in scenes, there is something for him to admire and enjoy. And it is a pity, if not a shame, that even the smallest and least precious jewel of poetry should have been misframed in so barbaric a setting.

Something of the same regret may probably or must surely be felt by readers of *The Arraignment of Paris.* That George Peele might and should have left a more honored name among English poets than he chose or than he could manage to leave, is painfully or pleasurably obvious when we compare the lovely lyrical and pastoral opening of this little courtly interlude with the weary and wordy commonplace of the rhyming and rhymeless verses that follow and fill out its five acts—" tedious and brief." Quaint and pretty casualties or felicities of expression may be found here and there to relieve the general platitude of style and matter. The " oration " of Paris in the fourth act is noticeable, if not memor-

able, as a decent exercise in blank verse, when few could achieve anything better in that line than "untimely breathings, sick and short essays." But it has no more claim to be classed among plays or even among attempts at playwriting than any of Lyly's courtly allegories in dialogue; effusions or elaborations of devout and decorous ingenuity with which a critic, or even a chronicler, of dramatic poetry or fiction has naturally no concern.

It is lamentable that neither Shakespeare nor Marlowe should have taken in hand so magnificent and suggestive a subject for historic drama as the reign of the greatest Plantagenet: it is deplorable that Peele should have ventured on it. Difficult and exacting as even the greatest among poets might or rather must have found it, that a man of any literary capacity whatsoever should have dropped upon the nascent stage an abortion so monstrous in its spiritless and shapeless misery as his villainous play of *Edward I,* is a riddle beyond and also beneath solution. There is hardly a passable line or couplet in all the vile expanse of its twenty-five chaotic scenes; the treatment of character and the handling of incident would be disgraceful to a child. The community in platitude of metre, baseness of spirit, and brutality of dullness, between the detestable scenes which do their bestial and futile utmost to pollute such names as Joan of Arc and Eleanor of Castile, may not suffice as thoroughly as we may wish they might suffice to establish the infamous identity of the author of *Edward I.* with the author of the fourth scene of the fifth act of the First Part of *King Henry VI;* but at least it goes very far to confirm all rational English readers in their confidence that this villainy is the branding badge of but one minor poet—not of two curs, but of one cur. The heavy tumidity of *The Battle of Alcazar* is relieved by the really fine scene which reminded Lamb of Marlowe, and is rather honored than disgraced by the kindly raillery of Shakespeare. The miserable traitor and apostate Stukeley would have had no more reason to thank George Peele than to thank the anonymous author of a later play devoted to the commemoration of his misdeeds for the feeble attempt to present them as the achievements of attempts of a melodramatic megalomaniac. The soliloquy which closes the fourth act is matchless, I should hope, for drivel of desperation and platitude of bombast, in all the dramatic memorials of ambitious and hopeless impotence.

The scriptural tragedy of *David and Fair Bethsabe* hardly deserves either the exuberant effusion of Campbell's praise or the all but unqualified scorn of other critics. It is a poor thing on the whole; yet there is the mark of a real though certainly not a great poet on the earlier scenes. But Voltaire's farce on the same subject "translated" with such adorable impudence "from the English of Hume," is much better worth reading and far more provocative of reperusal. Whether Peele is or is not responsible for the authorship of *Sir Clyomen and Sir Clamydes* is a matter which may be left for debate to the wise men of Gotham who question the authenticity of Shakespeare's part in *The Two Noble Kinsmen.* I should hardly suppose that even this meanest among the precursors of Shakespeare must be credited or discredited with the production of so lamentable if not so belated an attempt to re-open "King Cambyses' vein." The only redeeming point in all the narcotic or hypnotic rubbish is the sometimes rather amusing humor of the clown, Subtle Shift —a not unwelcome survival of the Vice who gives occasional life to the mysteries and moralities which preceded the birth of tragedy or comedy in England as in France.

"These three gifted men," Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, have been thus bracketed by such critics as in three hundred years' time may possibly chain together the contemporary names of those three gifted men, Charles Mackay, Haynes Bayley, and Alfred Tennyson. It is shameful that it should not be (if it be not) superfluous to say that Marlowe differs from such little people, not in degree, but in kind; not as an eagle differs from wrens or tit-mice, but as an eagle differs from frogs or tadpoles. He first, and he alone, gave wings to English poetry; he first brought into its serene and radiant atmosphere the new strange element of sublimity. And, innovator as he was, revolutionist and creator, he was no less loyal, no less competent an artist, no less perfect and instinctive a workman in words, than Chaucer or than Spenser was before him. He had neither the boyish humor nor the childlike pathos of Chaucer; he had nothing of Spenser's incomparable melody and all but inexhaustible fancy: but among all English poets he was the first full-grown man; young indeed and immature if set beside such disciples and successors as Shakespeare and Milton, but the first-born among us of their kind. Flutes and lutes and harps and harpsichords we had heard before the organ-music of his verse astonished and

entranced all ears not naturally sealed against the higher strains of harmony, all hearts not religiously closed against the nobler tones of thought. And Shakespeare heard at once, and cast off shard by shard the crust of habit which fostered and sometimes fevered the jigging vein of his rhyming mother-wit, sweet and exquisite as it was; and Milton long afterwards prolonged and magnified by reverberation the music of "Marlowe's mighty line." His place among poets is exactly as questionable as Dante's. M. de Lamartine thought little or nothing of Dante, and M. de Lamartine was once a very great poet indeed. When such another champion assails the fame of Marlowe, it will be time for those who know better to undertake his defence. The reviler of Shakespeare can be no other than a scurrilous buffoon, "a decent priest where monkeys are the gods," and where Ibsen is the idol. The anatomist of Shakespeare—the superior person who knows all about the weaknesses of that inferior nature, who can expound the qualities and define the influences which made him the man he was, and precluded him from the dubious chance of showing himself a greater and a stronger man than the soft, flaccid weaklings in whom his pitiful and unmanly ideal of heroic or philosophic manhood is so degradingly revealed—the thinker whose masculine intelligence can fathom Shakespeare's at a glance and dismiss it with a smile —is worthy to be classed and remembered as a representative man after the order of Archquack Emerson. Collier the cleric and Rymer the railer are dead and damned to something less, let us hope, than everlasting fame; pity may surely be allowed to believe in a briefer term of expiatory survival, a milder infliction of purgatorial remembrance, for their successors in the inheritance of contempt. "*Zoïle aussi éternel qu'Homère*"—what hardest of all hearts would not pity the case of Zoilus, eternally alive (or, in Browning's characteristically audacious phrase, "immortally immerded") in "the eternal cesspools" to which, when a living soul, he contributed all the irrepressible exuberance of effusive or explosive malignity which tortured what served him for a brain, and corroded what sufficed him for a heart? No other creature, alive or dead, can be quite so utterly and so hopelessly pitiable.

A much less incongruous and fissiparous trinity or triunity of pre-Shakespearean playwrights would be revealed in the reunion of three associated names much less inhar-

monious than the copulation of Greene's and Peele's with Marlowe's. Greene, Peele, and Lodge hang very well together; three really good poets at their best, who can only have been whipped and spurred into scribbling for the stage by insanity of ambition or stimulation of hunger. The dullness of *The Wounds of Civil War* is so dense and malarious that it is difficult for a suffering reader to remember the existence of *Rosalynde.* Nothing more perfectly and absolutely worthless, or more difficult for patient application to dig through, has ever been reissued in the various reissues of Dodsley's *Old English Plays:* stupendous as is the stupidity of perversity which has always ignored James Howard's really excellent comedy of *The English Monsieur,* and selected for infliction on modern readers a piece of noisome nonsense which must make his name a stench in the nostrils of the nauseated readers.

But enough or too much has before been written on this pigmy trinity of dwarfish dramatists. It is not with their names, it is with no such names as theirs, that poets or judges of poetry will ever associate the deathless name of Marlowe. To one man only did Shakespeare ever pay the tribute of a passing word—a word of honor, of regret, of admiration, and it might also seem of affection. And to Marlowe alone it is that we can feel as though such a tribute had been due. But to him we may feel that it would be strange if not a word of homage had been offered, not a token of regard had been vouchsafed, by Shakespeare.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

SHAKESPEARE'S LATER WORKMANSHIP

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

IMAGINE a gallery hung with tapestries and having many side-doors to left and right with passages that lead into mysterious parts of the house; or a long garden alley out of which by-paths branch and are lost in glooms of shade and echoes of lapping water, faint, unseen, at times distant and anon close at hand. At close of day in such a place, you will be haunted first by the uncanny feeling "I have been here—just here—before, either in this life or in some previous one," and next by whispers, footfalls, shadows that form themselves at the crossways ahead and fade down them as soon as surmised.

So, at the close of Shakespeare's day, are we haunted as we follow *The Winter's Tale;* and by many ghosts, but chiefly by the ghost of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* Indeed (to speak fancifully a little longer of a play that cannot be criticised without fancy) I cannot read these two plays in close succession but I am constantly put in mind of Coleridge's allegory, *Time, Real and Imaginary,* to give it a new application:

> On the wide level of a mountain's head
> (I know not where, but 'twas some faery place),
> Their pinions ostrich-like for sails outspread,
> Two lovely children ran an endless race—
> A sister and a brother.
> This far outstripped the other:
> Yet ever runs she with reverted face
> And looks and listens for the boy behind:
> For he, alas! is blind!
> O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd
> And knows not whether he be first or last.

Like *Pericles, The Winter's Tale* slips a long interval of

years between its third and fourth acts, like *Pericles* employing a chorus to beg our forgiveness for the breach made in the sacred unity of Time. They are yawning gaps, too: fourteen years in *Pericles*, sixteen in *The Winter's Tale*. But of course we recognize them to be necessary as soon as we see what Shakespeare is trying to do; which is, to reconcile the mistakes, wrongs, sufferings of one generation of men and women in their hopes for the next. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, but through their repentance and under God's mercy the children's teeth shall *not* be set on edge." That is the recurrent task of our Shakespeare in these his last years, in the sunsetting—

> On the wide level of a mountain's head
> (I know not where, but 'twas some faery place):

and as yet Shakespeare, master of resources though he was, could hit on no device to avoid these gaps, having to present, in an action of some three hours, the children Marina and Perdita first as babes exposed, helpless as innocent, to the surge of the sea or the beasts of the forest, anon as maidens grown up to reunite parental hearts long astray, redeem inveterate wrongs, cancel old woes, heal the past with holy hope.

Critics have accused *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale* of this common fault: that each has a double plot which is also a separated plot—separated by the break between Acts iii and iv. In a previous paper we have examined the double plot of *Pericles*. In *The Winter's Tale*, it is urged, the first three acts made a complete independent tragedy. By the end of them the boy Mamillius is dead; Antigonus is dead; and—far worse—for aught we know Hermione is dead, of a broken heart. The words of the Oracle are fulfilled; and Leontes, childless as well as wifeless, is very righteously left to a lifelong remorse. So far Shakespeare has worked strictly in terms of tragedy; and the action, tragically conceived, has been tragically rounded off. Then (say the critics) in the last two acts, after a supposed interval, Shakespeare tacks on a complete independent comedy, which, picking up the thread of the story at its most tragic point, conducts us out into a garden of pleasant romantic devices where old wrongs meet to be reconciled as in this world they never do and never are.

I do not think much of this fault-finding. To start with,

I think it unfair to drag *Pericles* into the comparison, since (as we have proved to our satisfaction) the first two acts of *Pericles* are not Shakespeare's work; and therefore in opposing its last two acts against its first three the critics oppose them against work for two-thirds of which he was not responsible; whereas in setting the last two against the first three acts of *The Winter's Tale* they are dealing with work for which he is wholly responsible. Here, if faulty workmanship be detected, Shakespeare and Shakespeare only is to blame.

Next, ruling out *Pericles* for this reason and taking *The Winter's Tale* by itself, I find the fault-finders pedantic. They do their best, but with stock definitions. "Here," they say, "in Acts i, ii, iii, we have Tragedy; there, in Acts iv and v, we have Comedy. *Therefore* Shakespeare is guilty of the attempt to work into one drama two different stories in two separate categories of Art. Q. E. D."

Quite so, O my little wiseacres! *That is precisely what Shakespeare was attempting to do.*

In a world where Nature mixes comedy with tragedy and often shades one into the other indistinguishably—as who can say "it is wet" or "it is fine" of a Summer shower? —Art, if she be Nature's mirror (as Shakespeare held) must always be impatient of hard definitions. They have their disciplinary uses: again and again while he is learning his trade they may restrain the artist from "mixing up things that differ"—which Horace rightly put in the forefront of his *Ars Poetica* as the prime offense against Art. But for him they must be in the end a matter of tact rather than of strict law which *de minimis non curat.* They are, after all, conventions: they are, at the best, inductions from the practise of great artists who have gone before; as Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides preceded Aristotle, and but for them he would have had not only no theory but nothing to theorize about. As he goes on, the great artist with a sense of growing power perceives that (as the saying goes) it is "up to him" to improve the best. At the same time he perceives that in Art, as in Nature, truth is a matter too delicate to be grasped by schoolmen. *La Verité consiste dans les nuances:* and in the division of labor between him and the critics, it is his, not theirs, to lead the way in discovery.

Be this granted or not, no one can begin to understand Shakespeare's later plays who does not perceive that they

have one common and constant aim—to repair the passionate errors of men and women in the happiness their children discover, and so to renew the hopes of the world; to reconcile the tragedy of one generation with the fresh-hearted comedy of another in a third form of drama which we may call " romantic " if we will.

Moreover—and for a minor point—it is not true of this particular play, *The Winter's Tale,* that Acts i-iii make a rounded play in themselves. A number of threads are deliberately left hanging. For example, while the doom of the Oracle has been exacted, its promise of hope yet waits to be fulfilled—*The King shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.* The pith of an oracular response lies always in the riddle, and this is the sole riddle in the answer brought by Cleomenes and Dion from Delphi. " That which is lost " is, of course, Perdita, as her name tells us: and the means of her putting away has already been introduced, and very carefully, into Act iii. That Hermione lives we do not know, to be sure: yet if, as patrons seated in the Globe audience, we know our Shakespeare of old, we ought to have guessed in Paulina's protestations a something held up his sleeve. I grant that it takes a guess, and that Leontes must by no means be allowed to guess.

But—to return to my main argument—if the critics be unintelligent who condemn the general structure of *The Winter's Tale,* they multiply stupidity when they proceed to convert and use it in condonation of certain flagrant faults: as, for example, when they argue that *because* Shakespeare, by compressing two plots into one play, overcrowded the time at his disposal, *therefore* we must overlook the monstrously sudden growth of Leontes's jealousy; that he left himself no room to develop rationally: or, for another example, as when Gervinus, to excuse the unworkmanlike trick by which Shakespeare scamps the recognition scene between Perdita and her father, sagely pleads that " The poet has wisely placed the event behind the scenes; otherwise the play would be too full of powerful scenes."(!)

I shall come to both these examples by and by. Just here I wish to say that, the purpose of these papers being less to give information about Shakespeare than to suggest ways of reading him by which we can increase for ourselves our profit and delight, I have no quarrel with any critic on the mere ground of fault-finding: for I hold that as a rule he

does us better service who draws our attention to apparent faults than he who glosses them over with ready explanations or quick assurances that they are beauties rather than blemishes.

If we can discover *for ourselves* that an alleged or an apparent fault is, or is not, a real fault, we bring off a critical success, however small: our first business in this world being to judge for ourselves. It is a historical fact that Shakespeare invited the applause of the Globe Theater audience, and it should cost our modesty no great effort to rise to that average. Or we may forget the Globe audience and remember only that Shakespeare is addressing *us*.

But if we would be critics our first task consists in discovering *what the author is trying to do*. This discovered, we understand where his true difficulties lie, and when we come upon an apparent fault in his work we can pretty easily determine whether to condone it—nay, perhaps even to admire it—as an honest attempt that has fallen short or to condemn it for a piece of scamped and careless workmanship. Thus in *The Winter's Tale* the gap between Acts iii and iv comes of honest failure to do an extremely difficult thing, yet a thing well worth doing, which Shakespeare essayed again and again until at length, in *The Tempest*, he mastered it. But the play abounds in flaws far less venial.

I begin with the jealousy of Leontes. This is actually baseless as Othello's: and it has far less excuse than Othello's, for it lacks both a villain to suggest and circumstances to feed the delusion. It is a caprice of self-deception, a maggot suddenly bred in a brain not hitherto supposed to be mad. "During less than twenty lines," says Professor Wendell, "Leontes is carried through an emotional experience which in the case of Othello had been prepared for by above two acts and, when it came, occupied nearly two hundred and fifty lines. Lacking due preparative, it strikes us as monstrous."

Granted that Leontes, as contrasted with Othello, has a naturally jealous disposition—then, *Why are we not warned of it?* Camillo and Antigonus must surely—as observant courtiers—have sounded their master's nature and detected its master-weakness. But Camillo, who opens the play, hints no such knowledge: it comes upon him in Scene 2 like a thunder-clap. Antigonus and all the rest of the courtiers are simply bewildered: Leontes strikes them as a man

snatched out of his wits. And what of Hermione herself? She has been Leontes's wife for several years, and an attentive wife. Yet she has no inkling at all of this master-weakness. The revelation of it in Act ii, Scene 1 outrages not only her honor but her understanding. . . . Then, I say, if neither the courtiers nor Hermione have guessed, *a fortiori* we are not prepared. I ask any candid reader of the play if the surprise of Leontes's insane jealousy does not hit him, as it hits everyone on the stage, like a blow on the face?

If, on the other hand, Leontes be not a man *naturally* jealous, the awakening of jealousy and the haste with which it possesses him shock probability no less. The apologists on this side are even more at fault. They can only suggest that Shakespeare lacked time and room to develop the change in the man. But I take up the little volumes of the Temple Shakespeare in which, for handiness, I have been re-reading his later plays (they give the famous Cambridge Text). I note that *The Tempest,* a Court play, occupies 106 pages of print; *Pericles,* 116 pages; *The Winter's Tale,* 147 pages; *King Henry VIII,* 148 pages; *Cymbeline,* 169 pages. Now, *The Winter's Tale,* like *Cymbeline,* was written for the theatre: Doctor Simon Forman's diary records that he witnessed a performance at The Globe on May 15th, 1611. A short while before, he had witnessed a performance of *Cymbeline* at the same house. If, then, for *Cymbeline* Shakespeare could be allowed a space of time correspondent with 169 pages of print, why in *The Winter's Tale* had he to compress his action within a space less by 22 pages—or between one-eighth and one-seventh? We are dealing with workmanship, and this is an eminently practical question, as any playwright will tell us. Shakespeare *had* time, or could have found time, to make Leontes's jealousy far more credible than it is. I maintain that he bungled it.

But the play abounds in careless workmanship. Let me follow up this really important flaw by instancing a few lesser ones:

(a) The Oracle. "It seems," says Coleridge, "a mere indolence in the great bard not to have provided in the oracular response (Act ii, Sc. 2) some ground for Hermione's seeming death and sixteen years voluntary concealment"; and Coleridge even suggests how it could have

been conveyed, in a single sentence of fifteen words. Shakespeare let the opportunity go. The resurrection of Hermione thus becomes more startling, but at a total loss of dramatic irony.

(b) Prince Florizel in Act iv, Scene 4, appears in shepherd's clothes. "Your high self," Perdita tells him,

> The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
> With a swain's wearing.

Yet before the end of the scene he is exchanging a fine court suit for Autolycus's rags.

[This, by the way, would seem to argue some imperfection in the text as it has reached us; since obviously such a blunder could not have survived the first dress rehearsal. Yet, strange to say, *The Winter's Tale* seems to be about the most carefully printed play in the whole of the First Folio.]

(c) Next let us take the fate of Antigonus: and let me begin by quoting Professor Sir Walter Raleigh on the fate of this poor man, disposed of in "the most unprincipled and reckless fashion":

> Up to the time of his sudden death Antigonus has served his maker well; he has played an important part in action, and by his devotion and courage has won the affection of all the spectators. It is he who saves the daughter of Hermione from the mad rage of the King. "I'll pawn the little blood which I have left," he says, "to save the innocent." He is allowed to take the child away on condition that he shall expose her in some desert place and leave her to the mercy of chance. He fulfills his task, and now, by the end of the third Act, his part in the play is over. Sixteen years are to pass. and new matters are to engage our attention; surely the aged nobleman might have been allowed to retire in peace. Shakespeare thought otherwise; perhaps he felt it important that no news whatever concerning the child should reach Leontes, and therefore resolved to make away with the only likely messenger. Antigonus takes an affecting farewell of the infant princess; the weather grows stormy; and the rest must be told in Shakespeare's own words.

> Antigonus:
> Farewell;
> The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
> A lullaby too rough: I never saw
> The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
> Well may I get aboard . . . This is the chase!
> I am gone forever!
> (Exit pursued by bear.)

This is the first we hear of the bear, and would be the last, were

it not that Shakespeare, having in this wise disposed of poor Antigonus, makes a thrifty use of the remains at the feast of Comedy. The clown comes in to report, with much amusing detail, how the bear has only half dined on the old gentleman, and is at it now. It is this sort of conduct on the part of the dramatist that the word Romance has been used to cover. The thorough-paced Romantic critic is fully entitled to refute the objections urged by classic censors against Shakespeare's dramatic method; but if he professes to be unable to understand them, he disgraces his own wit.

This is soundly said; and yet Sir Walter has not plumbed the deep damnation of Antigonus's taking-off. Its true offence is against economy of workmanship. The bear is a naughty superfluity.

Students of this play may find a little profit and much amusement in an acting version prepared by John Kemble for Drury Lane, in 1802. Let me quote the precedent passage as printed by Kemble; or rather a part of it, chiefly for the sake of its stage directions.

Antigonus says:

> Blossom, speed thee well!
> There lie: (*laying down the child*)
> And there thy character: (*lays down a paper*)
> There these: (*lays down a casket*)
> Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
> And still rest thine— (*Rain and wind*)
> The storm begins! *

There we behold the child Perdita laid with wealth in jewels and the evidence of her high parentage beside her. All we have now to do as a matter of stage-workmanship is to efface Antigonus. But why introduce that bear? The ship that brought Antigonus is riding off the coast of Bohemia and is presently engulfed with all her crew. The Clown sees it all happen. Then why, in the name of economy, not engulf Antigonus with the rest—or, better still, as he tries to row aboard? I can discover no answer to that. If anyone ask my private opinion why the bear came on, it is that the Bear-Pit in Southwark, handy by the Globe Theatre, had a tame animal to let out, and the Globe management took the opportunity to make a popular hit.

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* Kemble is all wrong with his commas, as is the Cambridge text. The casket and papers cannot breed Perdita pretty. How should they? The right reading is, of course,

> "Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
> And still rest thine—The storm begins!"

(d) Next, for Autolycus: I challenge anyone to read the play through, seat himself at table, and write down what Autolycus does to further the plot. Let me not deny the knave his place in the picture. That is appropriate enough, and delightful. But as a factor in the plot, though from the moment of his appearance he seems to be constantly and elaborately intriguing, in effect he does nothing at all. As a part of the story he is indeed so negligible that Mary Lamb in the *Tales from Shakespeare* left him out altogether. Yet Autolycus is just the character that Charles and Mary Lamb delighted in. Again I give you my private opinion: which is that Shakespeare meant to make a great deal of Autolycus, very carefully elaborated him to take a prominent and amusing part in the recognition scene, tired of it all, and suddenly, resolving to scamp the recognition scene, smothered him up along with it.

This brings us to the great fault of all: to the recognition scene; or rather to the scamping of it. To be sure, if we choose to tread foot with Gervinus and agree that "the poet has *wisely* placed this event behind the scenes, otherwise the play would have been too full of powerful scenes"; if, having been promised a mighty thrill, in the great master's fashion, we really prefer two or three innominate gentlemen entering and saying, "Have you heard?" "You don't tell me!" "No?" "Then you have lost a sight."

I say if we really prefer this sort of thing, which Gervinus calls "in itself a rare masterpiece of prose description," then Heaven must be our aid. But if, using our own judgment, we read the play and put ourselves in the place of its first audience, I ask: Are we not balked? In proportion as we have paid tribute to the art of the story by letting our interest be intrigued, our emotion excited, are we not cheated when Shakespeare lets us down with this reported tale? I would point out that it nowise resembles the Messengers' tales in Greek tragedy. These related bloody deeds, things not to be displayed on the stage.

It is a question of simple *ἀναγνώρισις*—Leontes recognizing Perdita as his child; and the Greek tragedians never (I think I am right in saying never) weaken the dramatic effect of *ἀναγνώρισις* by removing it out of sight of the audience. *Ἀναγνώρισις* (Recognition) and *Περιπέτια* (Reversal of Fortune) are in fact the two hinges upon which all Greek drama turns.

But apart from our own natural expectation, and apart from all rule of tragic workmanship, let us test Gervinus with his "otherwise the play would have been too full of powerful scenes" by what we know of Shakespeare; who never flinched from cumulative effect but on the contrary habitually reveled in it. Did he suffer us to lose that breathless moment when Sebastian and Viola stand and gaze and con each the other, incredulous?

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons! Did he cast Lear's recognition of Cordelia into *oratio obliqua?* Did he cut out anything from *Macbeth* or from *Hamlet* because "otherwise the play would have been too full of powerful scenes?" Or let us consider *Cymbeline.* In *Cymbeline* we hold our breath while Shakespeare accumulated no less than twenty-four dénouements within the space of one final Act! And in Leontes's recognition of his daughter there is nothing at all to weaken—rather everything to strengthen and lead up to and heighten—the great recognition of Hermione.

Why, then, did Shakespeare shirk it? That I cannot answer, save by borrowing the words of Elijah:

> Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened.

—by which I mean no more than just this: The longer we consider these later plays that fall to be dated between the great tragedies and *The Tempest,* the more we are forced to feel that—to cast it in terms befitting the vagueness of the surmise—"something had happened." I am not referring to that strange sunset atmosphere which so many have noted; nor to that sublime confusion of dates and places which some set down to carelessness, but which I believe to be part of the method which deliberately sets the story in a fairy haze, so that it belongs to no age but to all time. The anachronisms in *The Winter's Tale* are as flagrant as those in *Cymbeline.* "Whitsun pastorals," "Christian burial," Giulio Romano, the Emperor of Russia and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the Oracle of Delphi—"the *island* of Delphi!" They jar us less than the anachronisms of *Cymbeline,* but only because *Cymbeline* professes to be history of a sort, whereas *The Winter's Tale* but professes to be a tale: and Bohemia is as

welcome to a sea-coast as Prospero to happen on a West Indian islet in the Mediterranean. "Faery—deliberate faery" is the answer—"the light that never was on sea or land"—but do we not *wish* it was? Faery—deliberate faery: the nursery tale of Snowdrop translated into *Cymbeline,* Danaë and the floating cradle translated into *Pericles*: the Princess turned Goose-girl, the disguised Prince, the clownish foster-father and foster-brother, translated into this play.

No: I am not thinking of *these* touches, which may as easily be beauty spots as blemishes: but rather of those laxities of construction, of workmanship, with which maybe this paper has been disproportionately concerned: of the *tours de force* also, mixed up in *Pericles* and *Henry VIII* with other men's botch-work, confused here, in *The Winter's Tale,* with serious scampings of artistry.

Coming back to our strict enquiry into the workmanship of *The Winter's Tale,* we must admit that the play never lodges in our minds as a whole, is never compact as (for instance) *As You Like It,* or *Much Ado,* or *Twelfth Night,* or *Measure for Measure,* or as *Macbeth,* or *Othello,* or even *Antony and Cleopatra* is compact, or as *The Tempest* is compact. It leaves no single impression. We think maybe of Hermione's most noble rebuke:

> Adieu, my lord:
> I never wished to see you sorry; now
> I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

We think of her, grandly innocent, in the trial scene: or we see her, in the last Act, the statue made life, in the hush of the music, stepping down to forgive Leontes, brought to him, like Alcestis from the grave, turning from him to stretch hands over Perdita who kneels:

> You gods, look down,
> And from your sacred vials pour your graces
> Upon my daughter's head,

then, catching her, holding her a little away, searching her eyes to make sure of bliss,

> Tell me, mine own,
> Where hast thou been preserved? Where lived? . . .

Or again we think of Paulina, that admirable woman in Shakespeare's gallery; prototype of Nurse Berry in *Richard*

Feverel, with a touch of Madame Sans Gêne, and of that excellent scene in which she beards Leontes, and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot stay her tongue. But first of all, when *The Winter's Tale* comes to our mind, nine out of ten of us think of the sheep-shearing feast and Perdita handing flowers—gem of all pastorals:

> I would I had some flowers of the Spring that might
> Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
> That wear upon your virgin branches yet
> Your maidenheads growing—O Prosperina,
> For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall
> From Dis's waggon! . . . Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
> That die unmarried ere they can behold
> Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
> Most incident to maids: bold oxlips and
> The crown imperial: lilies of all kinds,
> The flower-de-luce being one. . . .

—never the total play; but ever separate scene after scene, and this the unapproachable one, in which Florizel and Perdita, no active persons in the drama, find themselves the center of it, being young and innocent and in love. That is all, but it is enough.

> Love is enough: ho ye who seek saving,
> Go no further, come hither! there have been who found it,
> And these know the House of Fulfilment of Craving. . . .
> Here is the cup with the roses around it,
> The World's wound will be healed, and the balm that hath bound it:
> Cry out! for he heedeth, fair Love that led home.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Shakespearean Reverberations, and the Doings of Sir Herbert Tree.—Mahler's extraordinary Symphony

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

You may, if you choose, divide all Shakespeare into two parts. There is, first, the Shakespeare of the famous speeches: the moralizing and quotable Shakespeare: the Shakespeare of "Half-Hours With the Poets":—in short, the Shakespeare who adorns from time to time the pages of the *Congressional Record*. The other Shakespeare is the Shakespeare who is treasured by those for whom he counts chiefly and supremely as a master of beautiful speech: for whom he is less precious as philosopher, as moralist, as dramatist, as psychologist, as historian of souls, than as mere poet; the poet who wrote such things as

> Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,

—a line that you will vainly seek in the *Familiar Quotations* of the inestimable Bartlett. For it is the Shakespeare who is *not* to be found in Bartlett that some of us most jealously and unalterably love—the Shakespeare, unmauled and untortured by the anthologists and the rhetoricians and the compilers of calendars, who exists solely for the deep delight of those who would renounce without a qualm the philosophical humanist who is so publicly and notoriously Shakespeare in exchange for the sheer poetic artist who is Shakespeare no less, but whose ways, for Congressmen and calendar-makers, are secret and withdrawn.

In the midst of pageants and festivals to do him spectacular honor, will no one pause in quietness to praise the subtler and rarer Shakespeare: the mere poetic craftsman, the conscious literary artist, the deliberate and incomparable stylist, the cunning magician of rhythms and images, the sovereign master of beautiful words? You will find the

two Shakespeares—the Congressman's Shakespeare and this other Shakespeare (who yields his bounties only to those for whom the beauty of words can put a spell upon the heart that is like the spell of the sea's voice or of a face once seen within a dream)—you will, of course, find these two, we say, jostling one another everywhere in the Plays; but you will find the Congressmen and the anthologists and the compilers of calendars and school "readers" unfailingly selecting the sententious and moralistic Shakespeare, and leaving the merely poetic Shakespeare for the secret joy of those trifling and irresponsible souls for whom a casual miracle of inspired craftsmanship is more precious than all the wisdom of the Folios. We believe it was Mr. Brownell who remarked that "poetry subsists by individual gems." But the gems by which it does indisputably subsist are, as a rule, those showier and less treasurous gems which are bound to catch most easily the primitively appraising eye of the multitude. For millions who, dutifully esteeming their Shelley, have parroted with unction:

> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought,

only a few hundreds have loved and murmured:

> . . . like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

So, with the unapproachable master we are all now busily rediscovering, the "individual gems" are almost as certain to be lines out of the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, or any other equally circulated possession, as they are certain *not* to be some one of those innumerable and unextolled miracles of sheer poetic inspiration wherein, through cadenced loveliness and the "shape and hue and odor and sweet sound of words," he has his conjuring way with our deeper hearing and our visioning eye.

Well, we are all, just now, submitting ourselves to that immortal wizardry, so perhaps even the comparatively uncelebrated Shakespeare whom we have here desired to praise may come publicly, for a moment, into his own, if the *Verslibrists* will cease their own exegetical discourses long enough for him to be heard, and if Mr. Masters and Mr. Lindsay and Boston's indomitable and ever-jocund Queen of Song shall not wholly have seduced us from the old manner of poetry to the new before the Tercentenary festivals are past.

Quite naturally—though perversely—it was Sir Herbert

Tree's production of *King Henry VIII* that turned our reflections in this speculative direction. "Perversely," we said: because, in *King Henry VIII*, you will find neither of the two Shakespeares we have striven to define: neither Shakespeare the moralizing humanist—he whom we have called the Congressman's Shakespeare—nor Shakespeare the supreme poetic stylist. There is, to be sure, plenty of quotable moralizing in *King Henry VIII*, plenty of verse that is meat for Bartlett and the Congressmen,—from Wolsey's "Farewell" oration backward and downward. But not much of it, as we all know, was written by Shakespeare; indeed, Mr. Arthur Symons, through consideration of its metrical structure, outdoes all the modern commentators in his belief that Shakespeare had no share in the play whatever. *King Henry VIII* is, in fact, as Quiller-Couch rather wearily observes, "anybody's child." For the authentic presence of Shakespeare the necromantic master of colored sound, the sly and exquisite artificer of tonal and rhythmic loveliness, you will look here, to be sure, for the most part in vain. We have always treasured Anne's imagined "glistening grief" and "golden sorrow" as indubitable Shakespeare, pure and un-Fletcherized—*pace* Mr. Symons; but assuredly there is little in the play that is cut from this same rich cloth. So you come to take it—this "chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophies, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with the baptism of a child" (as a Teutonic commentator described it)—in the spirit suggested to us by Quiller-Couch: that is to say, as a procession in tapestry,—an unfolding picture: in brief, as a pageant; and that is exactly the view of it that is enforced by Sir Herbert Tree's production at the New Amsterdam.

Doubtless it is not intentional on his part, but certainly it is due to Sir Herbert's participation in the performance, and in a lesser degree to Miss Edith Wynne Matthison's, that the sense of tragedy remains serenely unaroused by what loiters in the memory as an entertainment scarcely less gaily pleasurable than one of Mr. Ziegfeld's roof-top "Frolics" or any of the gayer diversions of the dazzling Mr. Cohan. For this, we have said, Sir Herbert is chiefly responsible. Wolsey is hardly a towering creation of poetic tragedy, and if you share Dr. Johnson's view that, in this play, the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine, you

will say that Sir Herbert could scarcely have educed from the part any more than Shakespeare (or another) put into it. On the other hand, you may side with the faithful Hazlitt, who considered the character of Wolsey and the description of his pride and fall "inimitable," having, "besides their gorgeousness of effect, a pathos which only the genius of Shakespeare could lend to the distresses of a proud, bad man like Wolsey." But whatever degree of pathos and essential tragedy you may feel in the character, Sir Herbert does little to enforce it. His Wolsey is an imposing figure to the eye, a virile and magnificent apparition; but he gives you small hint of the imperious power, the masterful predominance, of the great priest. This Wolsey is fidgety and neurosthenic in movement and bearing; he plucks uneasily at the sleeve of his dazzling flame-bright robe, and is forever anxiously fingering his face, like one who has shaved without satisfaction. And not a drop of pathos does he succeed in wringing out of the great "Farewell" soliloquy. Here Sir Herbert's poverty of vocal resource is disturbingly conspicuous. He is not, of course, an actor of marked gifts; and to make the most of Wolsey you must be able to bring to it at least as much as Irving brought to it; and that is a good deal more than Sir Herbert can do. As for Katharine, it is not easy to make her lovable, but assuredly it is possible to make her affecting,—a figure of tragedy and of haunting pathos. Miss Matthison invests her with dignity and queenliness and passion, but she fails to give her either tragedy or pathos. She gives her, instead, a kind of monotonous lugubriosity that is far from being either tragical or touching. She made little, when she might have made much, of the Vision scene—which Dowden was as certain in attributing to Fletcher as Quiller-Couch is confident in claiming for Shakespeare, but which, whoever contrived it, is certainly rich in opportunities for the player.

But you readily forgive the hiatuses in Sir Herbert's Cardinal and Miss Matthison's Katharine when you remember—as you must ever do with joy and thankfulness—the superlative King Henry of Mr. Lyn Harding. Here is the sort of impersonation which will always make the Shakespeare of the theater an unmodified happiness. In its vididness and gusto, its completeness and veracity of detail, its magnetism, its eloquence, its superb authority, it is the most richly satisfying Shakespearean study we

have seen on the New York stage in many a month. And when, in addition to Harding's quite perfect King (who refuses to let you remember that Dickens called Henry "a most intolerable ruffian and a blot of blood and grease upon the history of England")—when, besides this most persuasive creation, you get such spectacle as the picture of Wolsey's banqueting hall and the splendid and incredibly spacious scene of the coronation in the Abbey, with an astonishingly veritable rose-window glowing in the rear and the King playing cuckoo in his little bird-house above the shining crowd,—then, we can promise you, Shakespeare (even if he is largely Fletcherized) will appeal to you as an entertainment not unworthy of comparison with the best of musical comedies.

Philadelphia, April 4th.

They gave Mahler's Eighth Symphony last night in Philadelphia for the sixth time in a month. The Academy of Music, as at the previous performances, was crowded. Two hours before the doors were to be opened a line of intending ticket-buyers reached around the corner of Locust Street and far up the block along Broad, waiting patiently in the raw Spring wind. As we write, further performances of the Symphony are announced. It is having a run like a Belasco play; even the traffic policemen outside the Academy are excited about the matter, and on the New York trains invading barbarians from the North are suspected of an intention to observe at first-hand these remarkable activities. And remarkable indeed they are. We do not recall in this country a comparable degree of public excitement over an exhibition of music outside the opera house since the first performances of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, or the great days of the Straussian Era—and that was in the remote dawn of the century.

Five years ago this Spring, Gustav Mahler abandoned in despair his arduous and stormy activities in New York and returned to Europe, an embittered and heart-broken man, mortally sick. On the 18th of May they buried him in the Grinziger Cemetery at Vienna. It is pleasant to remember that in the previous Autumn, at Munich, he had conducted a triumphant première of the Eighth Symphony, which he regarded as his magnum opus. "After the performance," says Mr. Leopold Stokowski (the able conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the director of the

American representations), "the vast audience sprang to its feet, and a scene of such enthusiasm ensued as one sees only once in a life-time. To those who knew, in part at least, the inner sadness of Mahler's life, there was something infinitely tragic in his figure at this moment of supreme triumph."

So Mahler returns as a conqueror to the country which he left in defeat. That he happens to be dead is merely, of course, a fulfilment of the traditional and familiar destiny of the artist.

It is not a triumph that has been won by inexpensive lures, by any deliberate address to the groundlings. This Eighth Symphony is austere and exacting in theme and in treatment: an expression, conceived upon the loftiest and most uncompromising plane, of a supremely exalted subject. Mahler has essayed nothing less than a setting of the Final Scene of *Faust,* which he has prefaced with an elaborate setting of the Latin hymn, *Veni, Creator Spiritus.* This, clearly, is no "meat for little people or for fools." It is not every day that a composer elects to write music for Goethe's tremendous conception of what Rosenkranz called "the Human in the process of its union with the Divine, through Redemption and Atonement." Schumann, Liszt, Rubinstein: these are chief among those who had tread where Mahler now has entered—if not quite in angelic vestments, at least as mystic, as poet, as visionary and rhapsodist. And let us without further ado express our persuasion that this is the most eloquent treatment of the subject, the one which comes closest to the spirit of Goethe's text, that we know. You could never say of this music what Mr. Ernest Newman said of the æsthetic religiosity of Gounod: that it is "Catholicism *sucré.*" Now, of course, Gounod, judged by any touchstone that implies a sense of the graver artistic values, is a contemptible and trivial figure. Yet of Schumann, too,—an artist of incomparably loftier stature than Gounod,—you cannot but feel that his setting of the sublimer parts of Goethe's drama justifies at times the epithet of Mr. Newman. And Schumann was by far the profoundest musical intelligence that had sought to plumb the bottomless spiritual philosophy of the *Faust* Epilogue until Mahler essayed his cyclopean setting of that marvellous piece of cosmic symbolism.

This endeavor Mahler approached in a manner un-

deniably portentous. But it is no affair of the critic's, so far as his function as a suggester of valuations is concerned, what means an artist chooses to use in embodying his conceptions. A good deal of witless comment has been provoked because Mahler in this choral symphony (or symphonic cantata, as you choose) asks for extraordinary forces —for two mixed choruses, a children's chorus, eight solo voices, an enlarged orchestra, with piano, organ, and—a mandolin: in all, more than a thousand performers. These facts are interesting, but irrelevant. The point, since one is discussing not a circus but a work of art, is rather: What has Mahler succeeded in doing with his 950 choristers and his eight soloists and his immense orchestra—and his mandolin?

Well, it is indisputable, we think, that he has handled them like a master: with a constructive technique that takes the breath by its surety, its resourcefulness, its imposing command of mass and its fertility in detail. Here is a superb piece of tonal architecture: majestic and harmonious in plan, noble in its amplitude and sweep of line. These aspects, of course, since they are external and largely intellectual, engage most obviously the eye and ear. What of the stuff within—the spiritual and poetic content of the work, and the character of its inspiration? We think it must be evident to any sympathetic student or listener that a good deal of the spiritual quality of Goethe's conception had found its way into Mahler's heart, and has been precipitated upon the pages of his score. This music, in its best moments, has caught something of the unique ecstasy, the mystical passion, the otherworldliness, the ineffable serenity and tenderness, the rapturous exaltation, of the original. Such moments are the speech of the *Pater Ecstaticus* (so movingly and memorably sung by Mr. Reinald Werrenrath); the line, "*Wenn du hehr gebietest,*" in the speech of *Doctor Marianus,* with the succeeding interlude and choral passage; and the lines beginning "*Neige, neige,*" of *Una Pœnitentium,*—especially the music, of exceeding loveliness, to the ecstatic "*Er kommt zurück.*" In the First Part—the setting of *Veni, Creator Spiritus*—you will not easily forget the overwhelming tonal plangency and power of the *Gloria Patri;* though, as a whole, the opening division of the symphony is less costly in the quality of its ideas than the second—the setting of the scene from *Faust.*

That all of the texture of the music is not of this rich and glowing quality is scarcely remarkable. Mahler undertook a venture that would have taxed the genius of a Wagner. Bayard Taylor reminds us that in Goethe's poem are "circles within circles, forms which beckon and then disappear: and when we seem to have reached the bottom of the author's meaning, we suspect that there is still something beyond." How, indeed, shall any music save the greatest convey, without numerous haltings and lapses and futilities, Goethe's transcendent imaging of "the victorious vitality of God and the omnipotence of Divine Love?" So one need not be surprised to find Mahler repeatedly stumbling and groping in his music, and writing pages that are empty or dull or commonplace—in which there is a mighty striving rather than a mighty realization. There is no need to specify these pages: they will be identified by those who are most deeply moved by that in the work which is indubitably beautiful and impressive.

It is curious that Bayard Taylor, writing almost half a century ago, should have spoken of the closing scene of *Faust* as "a symphony": "an ever-rising and ever-swelling symphony, with its one theme of the accordance of Human and Divine Love"; as—again—"this mystic Symphony of Love." It almost seems as if he had previsioned the tonal possibilities of the poem—possibilities which Mahler, in this symphony of present actuality, has to so singular a degree realized and fulfilled. For this, despite its lack of continuous excellence (indeed, its frequent discouragements to those who would wish it consistent in eloquence and felicity), is one of the noble and outstanding works of our time. There are things here—occasional inspirations perfect for their devotional tenderness, their uplifted spiritual beauty—of which their creator might justifiably have said, with the singer of the *Odes of Solomon*, "So are the wings of the Spirit over my heart, and I have been set on His immortal pinions."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

WOMAN: THE ENEMY[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Women cannot aspire beyond the heights to which the normal world has already attained.

Their ideals are only the reflections of the material life of humanity. They want comfort, peace, plenty, stability, recognition.

Some women see higher than others—but there is a limit to all feminine aspiration.

You may soar to the mountain tops, until the inevitable woman subdues you to her limitations: then you are dragged down, not because you could not have resisted her power, but because you were too weak, easy-going, sentimental, too enmeshed in your sexual instincts.

She is an enemy, whose love is only a mantle to hide her true nature. She epitomizes the life of the unessentials,—the life which, in a thousand different ways, aims at stifling the heroic spirit and the soaring intelligence of mankind.

* * * * * *

These great truths were discovered by Stanford West—discovered and rediscovered—through various lamentable encounters. It was the dream of West's intellectual life (and that his intellect was subtle and far-sweeping and profound you will have perceived at once by our notation of his views on The Sex)—it was his dear and lofty dream to give to the world "a gigantic Ethic of Culture" running to ten volumes, which would cover every branch of human aspiration: a work in which, taking courage for his bride, he would defy convention and the Fafners of bigotry and prejudice, and turn "the white light of his intellect" upon the fallacies

[1] *The Man of Promise.* By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company, 1916.

of our civilization. Especially would this formidable treatise expose the psychology of sex, the true place of woman in the world's moral and intellectual activities. There was preliminary publication in a magazine (doubtless *The Spectator*—for West abided in London); and then, at last, Volume One of the Ethic of Culture was presented to humanity. In it the author was revealed as "cold and unsentimental." He attacked ruthlessly the very structure on which modern education, morality, and art were based. He insisted upon a natural aristocracy wherein there would be no concessions to the demands of illiteracy, and he advanced a series of radical reforms in which the democratic idea was not included. He outlined, further, an æsthetic *rationale* for criticism wherein morality and ethics played no part. He censured, boldly and unsparingly, the most sacred aspects of Western civilization. One suspects, in fact, that the author had come upon Nietzsche.

A week after the book appeared, a storm of public indignation and censure broke upon West's head, and he and his devoted wife Alice found themselves ostracized. Alice wept, and displayed bitterness. To her it seemed that the foundation had been knocked from under their whole existence. She charged her husband with bringing disgrace upon them, for the things he wrote about her sex reflected, as it seemed to her, upon their personal relations. . . . "They think," said she, "you don't respect me." She pleaded for her standard of greatness—"the one recognized by the world." And she asked him if he thought it paid,—to bring upon them scorn and hate for the sake of the pleasure he derived from his thankless endeavor to Nietzscherize the British public. Clearly, as West saw, there was no convincing her; so, haunted by the futility of high ideals and unattainable goals, he gave up his plan of intellectual evangelization, and produced a popular novel, becoming almost immediately "the center of an influx of beneficent admiration." Alice, having successfully aborted the nine unborn volumes of the Ethic of Culture, was "radiantly happy," but West, conscious of the tawdriness of his success, recognized, in profound dejection, a victory of Woman the Enemy. He had fallen into decadence because of his wife: his present spiritual defeat was due directly to her love and the force of her ideals.

When West looked squarely at the facts of his life, and

analyzed them with a " cynical disregard for his emotions," he arrived at the conclusion that it had been his idealistic consideration for women which had always held him a slave. In each woman who had intimately touched his life he had been deceived. The tyranny of women—had not that been his curse? For the tragedy of West's experience of The Sex's influence as a spiritually azotic force had begun in his college days. One by one, beginning with his mother, the women who had crossed his life had taken something vital out of it.

There was Irene Brenner, with whom, in his college days, he had enjoyed an existence composed largely of " blind, stifling kisses." Drowned in " the unfathomable mystery of sex " and detained by the " soft tenacity " of this lady's arms, our intellectual Samson forgot his studies, his cultural future, the drama upon which he had been ardently engaged. But there came a time when he remembered that the world was still unconquered; and he became aware that Irene was now his foe. He told her that he must resume his work; for " two of the greatest men living " had told him he would some day do wonderful things. But Irene, with the brutal directness common to her ravening sex, had charged him with being tired of her. Her sneering smile was too much for West. " Something reeled in his brain ": the familiar " red fog " of fiction passed into his eyes. Since she was now disclosed as his foe, what more natural than that he should have struck her a terrific blow, then a rain of blows that " snapped and crackled like distant fireworks ": that he should then have caught hold of her hair and twisted it till her head bent back, laughing loudly and hysterically the while? Then, observing that the Enemy was now making " a low, whimpering sound like a sick animal," her prey desisted.

That had been the first onslaught of the Enemy. Others followed. There was Margaret Moore, the actress, whose unexpected achievement of pregnancy, while sharing his apartment, caused him infinite annoyance and brought about their parting,—though not until his use in her behalf of his position as a dramatic critic had resulted in his discharge and humiliation. Then came Evelyn Naesmith, for whom he left his wife—Evelyn, who " understands the inmost promptings of my nature," he told Alice: " a thing you never understood." But Evelyn, too, disclosed eventually the feat-

ures of the immemorial Foe: for "she sought, through her tears and entreaties, to render him unfit for sustained thinking," and began to "tear away the other interests of his life—his fellowship with men, his hours of recreation, his excursions into the field of music and painting."

His final sacrifice is for the future of his daughter, for whose sake he renounces all dreams of greatness and returns to a college professorship in his boyhood town.

And so we are shown how Woman, "by her conservatism and social conventionality, interferes with true greatness and conspires instinctively and unconsciously against the higher nature of the man she loves." Thus Mr. Willard Huntington Wright refutes unsparingly and beyond retort the notion of Meredith,—that women either draw us back to the conditions of primitive man, or lift us higher than the topmost star: but that "it is as we please: the poet's Lesbia, the poet's Beatrice: ours is the choice." With this strabismic view Mr. Wright permits us no longer to have patience. Nor may we now remember, save with disdain, that Maeterlinck has told us that women "lead us close to the gates of our being . . . for they know the things that we do not know and have a lamp that we have lost."

But Mr. Wright has his own quaint attitude toward the masters. He classes Maeterlinck and Botticelli with—Massenet. At other times, he inclines toward academic and conventional groupings, and intimates a rather middle-class disapproval of persons like Swinburne, Tchaikovsky, and D'Annunzio. The quality of his own performance is not such as to indicate a spontaneous affinity with distinguished art. He loves the *clichés* dear to the mechanical fictionist: his people are seized with "gnawing doubt"; their nostrils "dilate with passion"; "something snaps" in their brain; they cry "don't touch me!" and "before either of us leaves this room . . ."

This book suggests to us the droll and curious fancy that Mr. Robert W. Chambers, going suddenly and wildly insane, had made a meal of many printed pages torn from the writings of Strindberg, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Bernard Shaw, and had then sat down and projected his resultant sensations into one of his own beloved and inimitable works.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. An Autobiography With a Memorial Address by Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

The manuscript of the autobiography contained in the recently published volume entitled *Charles Francis Adams* was sent by Mr. Adams to the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1913. A prefatory note informs us that this "autobiographical sketch," as Mr. Adams called it, was to "serve as material for a memoir to be prepared for publication in the *Proceedings* of the society, when the occasion should arise." Full authority, however, was given to the editor of the society to make such use of the material as he saw fit. No properly qualified biographer was found, and the "sketch," which turned out to be far more than a sketch, was published entire.

It is fortunate that we possess the autobiography of Charles Francis Adams in its original unity and completeness. Henry Cabot Lodge's memorial address serves admirably as an introduction to Adams's own story. Like all that Mr. Lodge has written in this kind, it is distinguished in style, tactful, eloquent, and really illuminating. More specifically, it supplies needed shadings, preparing the mind's eye, as it were, for the intellectual glare of Adams's pages, softening in advance the effect of the asperity or eccentricity occasionally noticeable in Adams's narrative and opinions. But the very excellences of Mr. Lodge's address serve but to emphasize the exceptional quality of the autobiography which follows. Memorial addresses are seldom literature; the autobiography of Charles Francis Adams is.

As a narrative of concrete facts and achievements, the story is best described by the term which Mr. Adams himself finally applies to it—a *resumé*. It is a record, compact—almost impatiently concise at times—recounting all manner of highly complex activities, soldiering, travel, business, politics, historical research and writing—a record almost entirely lacking in the sentimental, voluptuously regretful, or gloating tone of reminiscence. The subject-matter is sufficiently important and varied. But the story deserves the name of literature—it deserves to be ranked among the rarely successful autobiographies—because it is an extraordinarily dynamic expression of personality; and the ways in which the author's personality finds characteristic expression are principally two.

In the first place, a really strong personality values all things by its own scale. Charles Francis Adams hardly ever fails to evaluate his life experiences, and his valuations are singularly frank and decisive. It is more to him that he helped to save the Fells for Boston than that he was president of the Union Pacific Railroad. His ten years of service on the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners, from 1869 to 1879, were "prosperous, active, useful years—years good to live, good to look back upon." In 1890, he severs his connection with the Union Pacific, "conscious of failure," but profoundly glad to escape. There is no self-deception in his estimate of either episode; in each case there is a critical weighing of the values given and received; and the keenly critical spirit extends even to the estimate of personal relations. "In the course of my railroad experiences," writes Mr. Adams, "I made no friends, apart from those in the Boston direction; nor among those I met was there any man whose acquaintance I valued. They were a coarse, realistic, bargaining crowd." This valuing is done from the point of view not only of a man possessed of marked likes and dislikes, but also from that of an essentially philosophic mind. In a kind of philosophic self-expression, then, the autobiography excels.

In the second place a strong personality impresses its own peculiar quality, its tastes, preferences, instinctive views, with a force that somehow sets free new energy in those who come in contact with it. This is eminently true of Charles Francis Adams's personality as expressed in his autobiography. The narrative often is lit by flashes of extraordinary insight, but its value as a whole is not, of course, to be measured by one's concurrence with the particular views expressed. Caustic often, sometimes extreme or eccentric, Mr. Adams never fails to waken in his reader the response of a heightened vitality, an increased sense of personal worth. It is not usual, indeed, for an author, in dwelling upon the not conspicuously unhappy days of his youth, to lay the principal stress upon the errors, methodically listed and numbered, of his upbringing and education. Charles Adams's unsparing though quite unmelancholy recital of such mistakes is the least engaging part of his life-story—though it is instructive. It alarms one's democratic complacency to read: "The common schools my father did not care to send his children to; and I have always been glad of it. I don't associate with the laborers on my place, nor would the association be agreeable to either of us. . . . I believe in school life; and I believe in the equality of men before the law; but social equality, whether for man or child, is altogether another thing." Then, too, one may not be inclined to sympathize with the assertion that Harvard College—College, not University, the author would have us note—is an institution that needs "reforming altogether," or to take seriously the suggestion that a course in chess might prove of more benefit to college students than some of the subjects in which instruc-

tion is regularly given. It would be impermissible to insist upon occasional asperities or oddities of opinion, or even upon the pervading tone of almost bitter self-criticism, as characteristic traits of the autobiography, were it not that the story as a whole is so vital and genuine that its defects are to be accounted as virtues.

One does not, of course, read this narrative merely as a character study: the story possesses much objective interest and charm. The earlier chapters have somewhat the fascination of the best of novels of the modern school—the school which joins keen interest in life as an adventure to the lucidity of realism and of an emancipated point of view. Some of the later chapters are memorable in a way that the fictional comparison cannot suggest. Especially to be valued is the chapter entitled "Washington, 1861," with its strong impression of the feeling of the time and its familiar, penetrating views of notable men—rather especially, of Seward and Sumner. Seldom are historic mists so effectually pierced.

Frankness, sincerity: these are inadequate words to designate the quality of this autobiography of Charles Francis Adams. The story vibrates to the note of reality—the reality of intense life and conviction.

The Meaning of Personal Life. By Newman Smyth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

There is a marked difference between Mr. Smyth's approach to his subject and that of writers who have handled the same problem within contemporary memory. Gone are the old sweeping arguments from analogy; gone is the self-assurance of the writer untrained in scientific thought who jauntily set out to "reconcile science with religion." Conspicuously absent, too, is the wistful pessimism of a Mallock or the rigorous skepticism of a Shaler. The truth is that while science has pretty successfully imposed its method and viewpoint upon all modes of thought, it has itself become less dogmatic than formerly; it leaves openings through which religious thought may pass to freedom. Into such openings as are afforded by William James, Bergson, and the biologists, Mr. Smyth eagerly presses. His book is, so to speak, an extract of all that is most hopeful, from the spiritual point of view, in the writings of modern scientists and philosophers. All who dabble in modern philosophy and science have felt a certain change in the scientific spirit. James did much; other philosophers, though disagreeing among themselves, have urged on the newer tendency; even psychic research has had its influence: the sheer inertia of materialism has been overcome; scientific pessimism has gone rather out of fashion.

Mr. Smyth's treatise is an attempt to systematize the newer tendencies of thought in a manner sufficiently thorough to do full justice to scientific facts and yet untechnical enough to make the

way easy for the general readers. The method employed is that of scientific inquiry—the method which the special sciences have imposed upon philosophy. Instead of ostentatiously assembling "evidences," the author searches humbly for meanings; he seeks to discover the tendency, the general direction, and hence the destination of life, after the modern method; he would faithfully follow the facts as far as they light the path, and then with some confidence take a leap into the dark.

It cannot be said that this mode of procedure as carried out by Mr. Smyth is wholly satisfactory. To begin with, the author is not very successful in avoiding the twin dangers of superficial generalization and excessive scientific detail. On the whole, there is in his work rather more detail than penetration. Then, too, Mr. Smyth appears to be not especially blessed with the Jamesian gifts of suggestive phrasing and clear, incisive summary. Thus the reader is sometimes left in no small doubt as to whether the discussion of a particular class of facts has materially advanced to argument, or whether the advance actually achieved is really dependent upon the preliminary criticism of materials. Furthermore, as a philosophic thinker the author is hardly critical enough to be clear. He draws, for example, upon Bergson's vitalism, upon James's pragmatism, upon Clifford's peculiar form of idealism, without making it quite plain how much of these systems of thought we may safely accept, or precisely where lies their common ground. Something of the same unsureness of touch is felt in dealing with the teleological argument. Apparently his method does not include a search for *design*, or purpose, in the universe; he looks merely for *meanings*. Yet the distinction is rather a fine one: the reader feels that the meaning of the word *meaning* itself needs to be more carefully defined, and distinguished if possible from that of the kindred words *design* and *purpose*. Finally, despite the method of scientific inquiry which he employs, Mr. Smyth visibly has a hard struggle to prevent his work from turning wholly into a work of edification. Edifying the chapters upon "The Fulfilment of Personal Life in Jesus Christ" and "The Creative Spirit of Christianity" surely are; and for these the preceding chapters in a measure clear the way, if they do little more.

Even as philosophic exposition in the stricter sense, Mr. Smyth's treatise is worth while. To be sure, what may be learned from modern analyses of memory or of the phenomena of aphasia, or what may be gained by attempting to take a leaf out of Bergson's book without accepting Bergson *in toto*, is on the whole rather little. Nevertheless, the author does fairly achieve two worthy ends. First, he demonstrates the inadequacy of materialism. At no point in the series of life-development is materialism a sufficient hypothesis; psycho-physical parallelism is merely a working theory; spiritualism is an allowable if not the necessary alternative. Secondly, Mr. Smyth makes credible the essential reality of the personal self. Once the

self has been taken apart in thought, he points out, it is difficult to put it together again; yet it has never been really taken apart. Its assertion of reality and of its own worth cannot be mechanistically explained.

GERMANY VS. CIVILIZATION. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

Of American books about the war, this of Mr. Thayer's is perhaps the most genuinely unpassioned and the most effectively rhetorical that has been written. Mr. Thayer, who recently gave us *The Life and Letters of John Hay,* is notable among American prose writers for the clarity and grace and the sinewy strength of his style. As a biographer he has shown himself capable of fine sympathy and judicious interpretation. One expects much of Mr. Thayer; but unfortunately it cannot be said that his book, *Germany vs. Civilization,* is in any respect a valuable contribution to the subject which forms its theme.

The defect is not merely that Mr. Thayer has nothing new to offer in the way of explanation or philosophic forecast. There is, besides, a certain superficiality of thought throughout the book, and a tendency toward sweeping generalization. The very questionable view that the behavior of the German people in relation to the present war is explicable on the ground of inherited savagery is urged with unjustifiable sureness and unnecessary bitterness. The effect upon the German mind of the recent German philosophers and pseudo-philosophers—Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi and the rest—is emphasized beyond critical moderation. The general impression left is that the creed of Kultur is not merely an influence, of such weight, say, as the philosophic element in the French Revolution, but a sort of yellow streak that runs from top to bottom of German society. The author's denunciation of the Kaiser gives an impression of that potentate as such a demon *ex machina* as perhaps never was or can be. It seems unhistorical in temper, and even a little childish.

Mr. Thayer's book is chiefly an appeal to feeling. In estimating such a book one perhaps ought not to apply too strictly mere scholarly standards of criticism. But the question may be asked: Just what good end can be accomplished by such an appeal at such a time? Americans, it may be supposed, have pretty generally made up their minds as to the right and wrong of the present war. Indignation, presumably, has passed into sober conviction.

A certain degree of violence of expression may no doubt be forgiven a man whose heart is generously stirred by reports of German iniquities in Belgium. These things are bad enough, some of us think. No true American can regard without detestation the German policy of frightfulness. We are, most of us, "human, all too

human," and we are not at all Nietzschean. But, on the whole, the best commentary on the tone of Mr. Thayer's book is supplied by the very calm and judicial spirit of some of the best English writers who have dealt with the war.

THE CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY. By Henry Otis Dwight. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

The year 1916 marks the one-hundredth anniversary of a society which has unobtrusively exerted a tremendous spiritualizing and civilizing influence. The work of the American Bible Society has been the faithful carrying out of a single large and simple idea—the supplying of the Scriptures to all who will receive them. Those to whom the simplicity of the idea suggests ease of accomplishment or unfruitfulness of result should read Henry Otis Dwight's History. It is an inspiring record showing how the effort to live up to one of the " nearest duties " may result in an unlooked-for extension of the sphere of activity, in unforeseen difficulties and in unanticipated success.

The idea of a national Bible Society did not, of course, originate in the United States; the British and Foreign Bible Society was established in 1804, antedating the American Society by twelve years. Before 1816 there were in this country many local societies, of which the Philadelphia Bible Society, organized in 1808, was the oldest. These societies, however, lacked largeness of vision; the spiritual needs of a vast and growing country were imperfectly realized. It was not until 1810 that the devoted efforts of Samuel J. Mills and other " like-minded young men " who felt the missionary call, revealed the extent of " destitution " among American frontiersmen. On returning from his first missionary expedition Mills was supplied with Bibles by the New York and Philadelphia societies. The distribution which followed, was, however, but a drop in the bucket. The reports of Mills and his companions stirred religiously minded men, and at last, in 1816, as the result of action taken by the New Jersey Bible Society, under the leadership of its president, the Honorable Elias Boudinot, a national organization was formed.

The scope of the society's work extended widely and rapidly. As Mr. Dwight remarks, " Home and foreign missions are among the things which God has joined and man may not put asunder." The society found that it could not consistently limit its work to the United States; opportunities for foreign service were too obvious to be put aside, and very early in its career the distribution of Bibles in Latin America was begun. In time the field broadened to include the whole world. An enthusiastic faith led to the undertaking of enterprises of ever-increasing size. In 1829, when the population

of the United States was about thirteen million, the society resolved that it would " endeavor to supply all the destitute families in the United States with the Holy Scriptures, that may be willing to purchase or receive them, within the space of two years, provided sufficient means be furnished by its auxiliaries and benevolent individuals in season to enable its Board of Managers to carry this resolution into effect." This resolution is indicative of that combination of faith, zeal, and good sense which has fortunately governed all the decisions of the American Bible Society. In 1833, a " most Christian enthusiasm " led to the serious consideration of a proposal to attempt the supply of every destitute family in the world within the space of twenty years. Mature thought and friendly advice from foreign societies brought about the abandonment of the time limit, but effort was not thereby shortened, nor was the ideal once clearly envisioned ever lost sight of.

The growth of the work necessitated the translation of the Scriptures into a multitude of different tongues. Nothing more clearly brings home to the reader the civilizing effect of the society's efforts than do these many translations. " One of the great services to the world performed by Bible translators and Bible distributors," Mr. Dwight truly remarks, " is their taking a language which is the dress of miserable, impoverished and perhaps vile thought, and putting into it the noble, pure and inspiring thought that fills the Bible." Even in the early days it was found necessary to translate the Scriptures into almost a dozen different languages for American distribution alone. Today the society can show a list of one hundred and sixty-four languages in which it has promoted the translation, printing or distribution of the Bible. In fourteen different languages and systems the Bible has been printed in embossed letters for the blind. " What! " said a blind woman to Dr. Howe, " do you think I can read the New Testament which you are printing? Then I can die in peace! "

Throughout the experience of the society the demand for the Bibles has been enormous and pathetically insistent. From all parts of the world applications have flowed in " as eager as the pleas of men in a bread line." And the good accomplished by the distributions which the society has made is incalculably great. The Bible, as one missionary has said, is the best missionary. It can go where other missionaries cannot go and accomplish what they cannot accomplish. Without the help of notes or oral explanations it accomplishes its work of reviving or creating spiritual life. The belief that a community without Bibles becomes degraded, does not rest upon faith alone; it is confirmed by observation, and the terms " destitution " and " famine " which are used to describe a lack of the Scriptures are employed with perfect propriety. Up to the beginning of the present year the American Bible Society has placed in the United States alone 70,000,000 copies of Scripture. Who can

estimate the effect of this distribution upon the civilization and moral tone of the country?

The difficulties encountered by the society enhance the interest of the story which Mr. Dwight has told. It is pleasant to read of the manner in which obstacles were surmounted and to observe how nearly every effort, however uncompromising it might seem at the beginning, bettered expectation in the outcome. Particularly agreeable is it to read of the faithfulness of many of the Southern auxiliaries in the earlier years of the war and how the Bible passed across the lines without question as by a special dispensation. Such things make the ideal of a universal Christian community seem less remote.

A-B-C OF GOLF. By John Duncan Dunn. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1916.

In the *A-B-C of Golf*, John Duncan Dunn reduces the science of the golfing stroke, i.e. the full drive, to its simplest possible element—body balance. It is only when the body is kept in perfect poise that the player can put the full measure of his strength into the blow; otherwise a large proportion of his available energy must be wasted in keeping himself from pitching forward on his nose, or in simulating the physical agonies of a contortionist. Manifestly, if one has to fight to keep his feet, he won't have much margin of power to put into the ball.

The same theory has been advanced by Mr. Marshall Whitlatch, an earnest student of golfing technique; moreover, Mr. Whitlatch offered a guaranteed panacea against all varieties of non-balance: "Keep the head still—absolutely so—and everything will come right." This dictum at least possessed the merit of simplicity, but the results in practice were not invariably satisfactory, and it made golf a particularly dull kind of business.

The author of the *A-B-C of Golf* points out that we are all born tent-peggers, and he invites us to take up that particular position and notice how smoothly the full power of the body can be put into the stroke: one can't help hitting with accuracy and force. And the reason is very simple—the weight of the body lies naturally in the same plane with the application of the force. Now with the golfer, the club-head moves in an entirely different plane, and its movements must be perfectly synchronized with those of the body muscles if satisfactory results are to be obtained; with the body coming into the same stroke a hairbreadth too soon or too late the stroke is ruined.

The only way in which this all-important "timing" can be secured is the maintenance of adequate body poise or balance. When the body is in balance it will come into the stroke at the precise instant that it is needed; the player does not ever have to think about

it. Moreover, the full power of the body, or weight, will then be utilized and the utmost possible efficiency conferred upon the stroke. The argument seems to be conclusive, but how are we to arrive at the happy conditions upon which success depends? The answer to this question is the book itself, in which the author gives his pupil a certain series of " setting-up " exercises designed to show him how he may attain correctly the top of the swing and how he should feel when he gets there. The only other thing is to hit as hard as possible.

The manual is illustrated by line drawings accurately reproduced from photographs of the author in action. The bulk of the text is devoted to the full driving swing, but that, in the eyes of the average golfer (not to say duffer), is *the* master-stroke, iron play and putting being merely incidental considerations.

Many ponderous tomes have been written on the art of golf, but it is more than doubtful if anyone ever learned to play from a perusal of their pages. At least the *A-B-C of Golf* presents a reasonable working theory and so is worthy of attention from the 12-handicap golfer.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

NORTH BRITISH SENTIMENT

(From the Glasgow Herald)

We have had a good many American journalists among us since the war began, all of them intent on knowing what we are doing, some of them inquisitively concerned with what we are thinking and saying. But the majority of those who have tried to get a little beneath the surface of things have perhaps been disposed to assume that the chief object of our meditations is "our noble selves." Colonel George Harvey, of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who was recently an honored guest in this country, made the happy discovery that what the British people and those domiciled among them were thinking about their own affairs was not altogether such an important question as the color and direction of their thoughts regarding the attitude of the United States. His investigations, as disclosed to the readers of his magazine, are interesting to us, and ought to be important to his countrymen. What do we think about America and American policy since we girded ourselves for Armageddon? It is a curious but by no means inexplicable circumstance that when Colonel Harvey began to ask that question the frankest and bitterest replies came not from the British-born but from Americans resident in our midst, some of them the mothers of sons fighting in the trenches for the cause, not as they conceived it of the Allies alone but of their Fatherland, others working themselves to the bone under the Red Cross, and the rest men of generous and adventurous blood who, in spite of Presidential denunciation, put their "passionate sympathy" with justice and righteousness higher even than "their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States."

The distant view, as Colonel Harvey implies, depends for its interpretation on something more than mere visualization. His Americans, glowing with enthusiasm for a noble enterprise and projecting their own fine instincts and ambitions across the seas, are dismayed to find that in the familiar landscape of home an unfamiliar climate prevails. So we are told, ghosts revisit the earthly scene with messages and appeals that none can hear among those other ghosts in frock coats and Norfolk jackets. To us the distant view is not perplexed by emotional interferences. But we have been keen enough to perceive, as Colonel Harvey remarks, that our judgment of the American people should not be confused with our judgment of the American Government. He found here no feeling against the American people because of what the President has done or left undone. But the critical attitude towards the Administration does exist. "The most increasingly powerful man in the Empire" said to him "there is not a particle of feeling in England against the American people. In point of

fact, there exists rather a sense of sympathy arising from a notion that their real attitude has been misrepresented. It is your Government only that is criticised, and that not severely by thoughtful persons who look ahead." And the cause "is to be found in the rooted belief, constantly reiterated, that we are fighting your battle, and that your Government not only treats the common enemy with the greatest consideration, but seems to go out of its way to annoy and harass us."

On the whole that is a just appreciation of the situation, whoever uttered it. We are not hostile in the faintest degree to Americans; we are critical and, what is more, suspicious of the American Government. But is that a situation with which either we or our American friends can be satisfied? If we are justified in setting aside difficulties and dangers due to differences and antipathies between the two peoples, how much is the case improved by admitting that a public opinion which is unable to make itself operative—which is indeed rather doubtful of the wisdom of making itself too audible—is not the decisive factor and that an Administration which has sometimes acted as if it were wholly out of sympathy with the Allies is? Colonel Harvey found the case of the *Lusitania* constantly quoted against his country. If he returned to our shores he would not discover that the quotation had lost in pertinence because of the manner in which it is suggested the controversy is to be wound up. Nor would he find that our kindly feelings for the people who have succored so many of the miserable sufferers by the war and expressed much valued sympathy for the work the Allies are doing entirely outweighed our fears that the Executive, after chastising our enemy with a whip of very small cords, might devote himself with all his might to lashing us with scorpions. Already the refusal to acknowledge the validity of our blockade is a much heavier blow struck at the Allies than the much attenuated rebukes administered to Germany for acts that outraged not law alone but every human attribute. Colonel Harvey assured the "foremost Cabinet Minister" that there was not the slightest likelihood of the American Government prohibiting or limiting the export of munitions. History, however, has been in the making since he gave that purely unofficial assurance. Germany had not then made the demand that she would be justified in treating armed merchantmen as ships of war, nor had Mr. Lansing approached the belligerents with a series of proposals which seem to us now suspiciously like preparatives for the German policy of wholesale murder on the sea. If we are not to be hurried into one of the most momentous diplomatic crises the war has provoked, it is time the American people were rousing themselves and justifying our confidence in the benevolence of their attitude towards our cause. It is not for us to interfere in their domestic politics and to prescribe methods. But it is the interest of every true man on both sides of the Atlantic to secure that when the world returns to the ways of peace our relations with each other shall not be overshadowed by memories of needless worries and embittering controversies.

A FOREIGN VIEW OF OUR POLITICS

(From the London Shipping World)

The North American Review for February contains a budget of good things; but to men of Britain, interested in the political, social, and diplomatic questions of the United States, the article of the Editor, Colonel

Harvey, will prove to be the most attractive and informing. The chief title of the article is "Wilson and a Second Term"; and the Editor satisfactorily proves that, personally and technically, President Wilson's claim to stand for a second term for the Presidency cannot be challenged. Of course, a second term is contrary to the avowed policy of the Democratic Party, contrary to the gospel as preached by Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Grover Cleveland, and W. J. Bryan. In this technical respect, perhaps, President Wilson is less hampered than ex-President Roosevelt, who, through the assassination of President McKinley, did really serve two terms, though he was only *elected* for the second term. Notwithstanding the excellent case made out by Colonel Harvey, in justification of the candidature of President Wilson for a second term—and, indeed, as intimated even by him—the opinions of the electors within the Democratic Party are important, and no doubt represent votes. But the Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who knows, pronounces the judgment that will stand, namely, "Regardless of futile attacks, regardless even of his own inclinations, Woodrow Wilson must be the next Democratic candidate for President." But our readers have observed that Senator Root, presiding at a meeting of the Republican Party of New York, the other day, criticized and condemned severely the alleged neutrality policy of President Wilson; and we continue to believe that, with Elihu Root as the candidate, the Republican Party would sweep the country next November. President Wilson has been brave in words, but irresolute in action. "Foreigners," said Mr. Root, "have learned to believe that it does not matter how shocked the United States may be. Its resolution expends itself in words. It was unnecessary," he continues, "for the United States to go to war on account of Belgium, but it was their duty publicly to protest. Instead, they acquiesced. The President counselled neutrality between right and wrong, and the Government appeared as approving German treatment of Belgium." These are the dishes that will be served up in every State of the American Union from today until the polls close next November with Woodrow Wilson as the defeated aspirant for the second Presidential term.

BRITISH BLUNDERS

(*From the English Baptist Times*)

The editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who has recently been visiting this country, has just published a fine article giving his impressions. We have every reason to be gratified by his testimony to the extraordinary efforts we are making, and to our determination to carry the war through to a successful issue, no matter what the cost. He is also just as confident of victory for the Allies as we are ourselves. His criticisms are as valuable as his optimism, and we may learn something from the candid judgments of a friend. They may be summed up in the epigram which he quotes with approval. "Germany," he says, "has been trying her utmost to win for sixteen months, and cannot. Great Britain has been trying to lose for sixteen months, and cannot." This, of course, is a great exaggeration, but it contains an element of truth. We have frittered away our resources, and lost through mismanagement chances of success which, rightly used, would have had far-reaching effect.

The Battle of Loos was a case in point. A great success was within our grasp, and we let it slip through sheer bungling. Readers of Ian Hay's book, *The First Hundred Thousand,* will be able to appreciate the truth of this statement. We had personal testimony to it the other day. A friend was traveling to London in a carriage with two other occupants. One was an officer of high rank just home on leave, who described to his companion the Battle of Loos, in which he himself had taken part. It will be remembered that the Scottish regiments rushed some of the enemy's advanced trenches, held them all day against tremendous counter-attacks, and then, as no supports came up, they had to retire and abandon their gains. This officer told his friend that the failure to send up supports was due to the carelessness of the officer in command, who had *forgotten* to secure communications with the advance parties. The same officer also *forgot* that he had wagonloads of shrapnel shell two miles behind the guns, waiting for orders which never came. At nightfall, as the wagons were being taken back to the depot, German shells found them out and blew them all to fragments. According to the officer's story this forgetfulness received its due punishment the next morning, but that did not bring back to life the thousands of men who had died, nor did it recover the gains which had been simply thrown away.

A PLEASING ANTIDOTE

(*From the London Chronicle*)

Never before this war has the British nation enjoyed so many opportunities of seeing itself as others see it. Countless articles have been written by foreign observers upon the way the country is bearing itself, and if we exclude both the denunciations of enemies and the commendation of Allies from the catalogue, as lacking impartiality, and turn to the comments and criticisms of neutrals, we may perhaps learn some useful lessons.

Mr. George Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has been visiting England, and in the current issue of his commanding organ gives us his views of "England Today."

There can be no question of his title to do so. When here he appears to have had rare chances of diagnosis. He received the confidences of many people, from "the foremost Cabinet Minister" to a young subaltern who had been wounded and gassed in Flanders.

His judgment is, in many respects, flattering, but it need not on that account be dismissed as valueless, and, at any rate, it provides a pleasing antidote to much of the hypochondria of home critics.

SEEKING AN ANSWER

(*From the London Shipping World*)

The January number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, edited and owned by Colonel Harvey, is of absorbing interest, especially perhaps because of an article by Colonel Harvey himself on "England Today." It is as full of good things as a Christmas pudding, and as sustaining. Colonel Harvey gives a kind of symposium, holding the mirror up to events and to opinions as they pass along. A lot of shrewd things, and

true indeed, are said about President Wilson, and here is a philosophic bit with a bite in it. It transpires in a conversation. One of the speakers, an English editor, when the ladies had withdrawn, said, "The official attitude of her (America's) Government he believed they understood." "I do not understand it," interjected a noted huntsman present. "That is, unless what I read in a Manchester paper today is correct." "And what was that, pray?" "It said that, in dealing with President Wilson, it is safer to be inhuman than illegal." Well, what is the reply to that?

LOOKING TO HUGHES

(*From the St. Johnsbury Caledonian*)

George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in his usual able and convincing manner discusses the Republican nomination for President in the March number of his magazine. Briefly summarized, his findings are as follows: The Republicans must name a man able to beat Wilson; the favorite sons now under discussion are not large enough men for the tasks of a President the coming four years; it is an impertinence to further mention Justice Hughes in connection with the Presidency; and "the Republican Party would stamp itself a coward by refusing, at this crucial time, to nominate for President Elihu Root, the foremost statesman now living in this country or in the world." His first choice would be to give Theodore Roosevelt the Senatorship from the State of New York, but if he was to be the Republican nominee for President he would have Elihu Root for Secretary of State.

There is little to disagree with in what Colonel Harvey has said about the Republicans' duty at this time. We believe there are eight fundamental requirements in the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. He

Must secure sufficient revenue to support the Government.
Must protect American industries.
Must restrain unwarranted expenses of the Government.
Must reorganize the diplomatic service.
Must prepare the nation to defend itself.
Must extend the commercial activity of the nation.
Must protect American interests in times of war as well as peace.
Must harmonize the Republican party.

The ability of Hughes, Root or Roosevelt to fulfill the first seven of these requirements is not questioned, but when the eighth requirement is considered Justice Hughes surpasses the others. Therefore we fail to see the impertinence in insisting upon Hughes as the Republican candidate for President. Not one of the first seven requirements can be fulfilled unless the eighth one has been, and it certainly is proper for the Republican party to select the man who can harmonize their ranks and make success and the accomplishments of these other things possible.

WHEN THE RIGHT PREVAILED

(*From the Detroit Saturday Night*)

To President Wilson every candid man must accord the honor of this demonstration of national unity. Had he heard the recent prayer of his

discoverer, Editor Harvey, uttered in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "to take his frost-bitten ear off the ground and stand up and lead," he could not have returned a more manly answer. To a man of spirit, serving his country as he thinks best, it is little less than maddening to find himself confronted in foreign embassies with the opposition of the very people whose interests and ideals he is endeavoring to protect. In this humiliating dilemma, humiliating to his country as well as to himself, he turned from what seemed popular to what he knew was right and challenged the opposition, honest and dishonest alike, to a show-down before the American people. He turned up some pro-German propagandists in Congress, as is usual on such occasions, and a highly organized pro-German lobby as a result of his challenge; also a strange assortment of liars who did not hesitate to carry their lies to the floor of the Senate, where they were promptly denied by those who knew, supported by a denial from the White House itself—a proceeding that seemed superfluous for a President who until yesterday was the butt of jokes the country over for his record as a peace-keeper. In the House of Representatives Acting Chairman Pou made a fairly good job on that mischievous brood of statesmen and interlopers when he proclaimed:

"All the imps of hell never devised a more ingenious lie than the declaration that has been made that President Wilson wants war."

But the right prevailed, and the President, ungagged and unfettered, is again free to speak for the country—for the whole country. Congressmen who were willing to embarrass him and imperil the nation in their eagerness for peace have seen their shame or changed their minds in sufficient numbers to remove immediate danger, and to give promise of good behavior in the future.

ON SPEAKING THE TRUTH

(From the Boston Post)

If any objection at all can be advanced to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March it is on the score that it is too much of a good thing rather than too little. The human mind in these days of many happenings is almost too busily engaged keeping up with current events to have either the leisure or the capacity left for the full enjoyment, and proper appreciation of the great variety of interesting philosophical disquisitions to be found in this issue. Colonel Harvey resumes his compliments to the Administration and presents them with a vigor which is probably not so deeply appreciated at the White House as in other quarters, and which we should ourselves have found perhaps more to our taste had they not appeared at a time when the President was engaged in a conflict with a meddlesome Congress in which every right-minded man was unquestionably with the responsible executive and not with the mush-headed busybodies of Oklahoma, Texas and other nests of Bryanism. Desirable as truth always is, there are times when all the truth need not be squandered at once, and the past month has been one of these times. At the present juncture the magazine miscellanist would rather not see the President embarrassed by unnecessary criticism, however just in point of detail that criticism may be. Much more to the purpose of our present needs are the colonel's observations on the subject of preparedness and militarism, which are wholly convincing, written in the right spirit,

and worthy of the attention of the extreme pacifist, in such moments as that extreme pacifist is capable of using his thinking apparatus effectively. The colonel's conclusions are fittingly summed up in the fine passage:

"We believe it to be possible for a nation as for a man to be strong without being brutal, to be armed without being a brawler, to be prepared to defend its own rights without being irresistibly impelled to attack the rights of others."

That is a worthy sentiment and puts the whole case in a nutshell, which is one of our reasons for believing that some of the advocates of scuttle can carry it in their heads without serious inconvenience.

A COMPLETE DEFENSE

(*From the San Francisco Chronicle*)

Colonel Harvey concludes that with respect to Colonel Bryan the President squared himself and a good deal more by appointing him Secretary of State.

In regard to his obligation to his party, the conclusion reached was that since all former Democratic Presidents who had expressly stood for single terms had sought and received second nominations, Mr. Wilson is simply following Democratic tradition, thereby demonstrating that with respect to the party the President is right and the convention was wrong.

In respect to the President's obligation to his own conscience, Colonel Harvey seems to find more difficulty, for that subdivision occupies three pages of intricate reasoning in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. After "brushing aside" some things, the conclusion seems to be that if one does not mind the careful concealment from the public, until after election, and even until now, of his views as made known to the platform committee, there cannot be the slightest suspicion of the President's good faith to himself.

But Colonel Harvey really rises to the occasion when he discusses the President's obligation to "the country," which in this branch of his subject he seems to consider as synonymous with the Democracy. There his reasoning is conclusive. Summarized, it is that the country and the Democratic party are identical, that there is no Democratic party or policy except the Wilson party and policies, and that, whatever his obligations elsewhere, public necessity demands that he consider his supposed or implied pledge as a mere scrap of paper, go in for the nomination, get it, and then get elected if he can.

The President is under great obligation to Colonel Harvey for his defense.

NO EMBARRASSMENT FOR VOTERS

(*From the New York Call*)

Fearing that the reader may not catch the drift of these utterances, Colonel Harvey prudently observes that

"There was more to the same effect, but upon the whole the ayes seem to have it. Although 'nothing new has happened,' and there is 'no fear of invasion,' nevertheless, since 'new circumstances have arisen' and 'we are daily treading among the most intricate dangers,' careful weighing of

the evidence seems convincing that the President thinks something ought to be done by way of national defense."

It is said in Washington that this is "decidedly embarrassing the Administration," but Colonel Harvey deceives himself if he thinks it will in the least embarrass the voters. These contradictions simply stimulate them to more positive action, electorally speaking. The parallel isn't by any means a deadly one, mainly because the voters are too deadly stupid to see it or think of it. We Socialists know, for we have been in this deadly parallel business, for, lo, these many years, and we have yet to find any contradiction so positively absurd that the voters wouldn't swallow it at the ballot box. If they can swallow the contradictions of capitalism—and they do at every election—this little matter will give them no trouble. One might imagine that the mass of the voters were as intelligent as Socialists, to judge from the easy confidence with which Colonel Harvey presents his evidence that Wilson tumbles all over himself.

THE ACCEPTED VIEW

(*From the Sandusky Journal*)

Woodrow Wilson will be the nominee of the Democratic party for a second term as president. Of this there is no doubt. In certain quarters, however, there is a disposition to point to the Democratic platform adopted at the Baltimore Convention, declaring for a single term.

George Harvey, editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, cannot be said to be very friendly to President Wilson, even though he was an early supporter, if not the "discoverer" of the executive. He has made some very bitter criticisms of the Administration policies. In the February number of the REVIEW, however, he concludes a very thorough and searching discussion with the assertion that Wilson, "regardless of futile attacks, regardless even of his own inclinations, must be the next Democratic candidate for president."

"So far from impugning his own integrity by accepting a renomination, President Wilson would be recreant to his trust and would play the craven's part should he refuse," declares Mr. Harvey, and that view will be accepted by most people.

AMBASSADORS-AT-LARGE

(*From the Janesville Gazette*)

"Colonel Edward M. House, maker of cabinets, confidential adviser and ambassador-at-large in full charge without responsibility" is the manner in which Colonel George Harvey, "the original Wilson man," refers in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to Mr. Wilson's peripatetic plenipotentiary who has arrived in Washington. Colonel Harvey might have added the adjective "unconstitutional," for the appointment of Colonel House without "the advice and consent of the Senate" is unquestionably a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, as it is a reflection on the men appointed to the diplomatic corps by Mr. Wilson and an open confession of Mr. Wilson's own distrust of them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MR. ROOSEVELT

SIR,—In THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April is printed a letter from Mr. Roosevelt in which he refers to me, rather contemptuously, as "*a*" Mr. Kennan; accuses me of concealment, meanness, dishonesty and cowardice; characterizes as "monstrous iniquity" my suggestion that there might have been some connection between the Harriman quarrel and the Alton investigation; and finally declares that I am "unfit to be believed," and that he "would refuse to accept my unsupported assertion on any point whatever."

In the brief reference that I made to Mr. Roosevelt in my article on the Chicago & Alton case in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I endeavored to treat him with courtesy. It seemed necessary to point out the fact that the rupture of friendly relations between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Harriman occurred in the fall of 1906, and that almost immediately thereafter, the Interstate Commerce Commission began an attack on Mr. Harriman which was based on transactions that were then nearly eight years old. A reference to this chronological sequence of events seemed to me justifiable and proper, as a possible explanation of the Commission's sudden interest in ancient railroad history. In making such reference, however, I tried to be as courteous to Mr. Roosevelt as I could—purposely avoiding a discussion of the Roosevelt-Harriman controversy on its merits, and explaining it only so far as seemed to be necessary in order to show its possible bearing on the Chicago & Alton investigation. Mr. Roosevelt calls my forbearance "concealment," and replies by attacking my personal character. No self-respecting man will silently submit to the charge of untruthfulness, nor ought he to do so if conscious of his own sincerity. In Mr. Roosevelt, the making of this charge has become a habit; and in replying to such an accusation from him, it seems necessary, and in the public interest, to devote some consideration to those traits of his character which have prompted him to describe as "unworthy of belief" so many men who have disagreed with him on questions of fact.

I first saw Mr. Roosevelt, in New York City, more than twenty years ago, at a meeting of the old Fellowcraft Club, to which I was taken by Richard Watson Gilder, and at which Mr. Roosevelt made a short speech on tendencies in modern literature. The first impression that he made upon me was that of a robust hater and vehement denouncer of people who were repugnant to him. In the class of "undesirable citizens," at that time, happened to be a certain well-known American novelist. I cannot now remember all the unpleasant things Mr. Roosevelt said about him; but he summed

up his estimate of the obnoxious writer's character and art in the words: "Some men are bad, and some men are immoral; but ——— ——— is a malignant pustule!" As this characterization was made, with a fierce gesture and a clenching of the strong white teeth, I said mentally to myself: "If this young Civil Service Commissioner fully develops his capacity for hatred and his natural gift for denunciation, he will be, in the maturity of his powers, an unpleasant man to encounter."

About this same time, according to the recollection of a well-known author and publisher, Mr. Roosevelt came from Washington to New York "mainly in order to have the satisfaction of saying, with solemn emphasis, in the sympathetic circle of the Civil Service Reform Association, 'Damn John Wanamaker!'" (*Memories of a Publisher,* by George Haven Putnam, p. 141). Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt could have given perfectly good reasons for condemning the novelist and damning John Wanamaker; but be that as it may, the incidents are of interest as showing that his disposition to denounce the conduct of his opponents as "monstrous iniquity" became apparent almost at the beginning of his public career.

After the meeting at the Fellowcraft Club, I do not remember seeing Mr. Roosevelt again until we were thrown together in the Cuban campaign, when he was with the Rough Riders and I, as Vice-President of the Red Cross, was serving in the field hospital at the front. He then came to me several times for food and medicines, which, on account of the unprepared state of the army, he could not get elsewhere.

Between 1902, when he instructed the Secretary of the Navy to give me transportation on the cruiser *Dixie* to Martinique, and 1904, when he invited me to luncheon at the White House to discuss with other Far Eastern travelers the Russo-Japanese war, I saw Mr. Roosevelt frequently and talked with him concerning many different affairs. I was then the staff correspondent of *The Outlook* in Washington, and my duties made it necessary for me to go to the White House often, and to talk with the President about various Governmental matters that had been referred to me from the home office. Among such matters were the political activities of J. Edward Addicks in Delaware, with regard to which I made several reports to him; and the attempt of two Texan cattle syndicates to get possession of a large part of the Indian Reservation of the Standing Rock Sioux. In the latter case Mr. Roosevelt felt confident, at first, that my statements were erroneous; but when, partly upon my initiative, he sent Mr. George Bird Grinnell to the Standing Rock Agency to make an investigation, he found that my information was in every respect accurate. I am glad to do him the justice of saying that when he was fully convinced of this he blocked the syndicate "steal" with characteristic promptness and vigor.

During my stay in the Far East, from 1904 to 1906, I wrote Mr. Roosevelt a number of times about the question of Japanese immigration, which was then becoming acute, and I was the first, so far as I know, to suggest to him the expediency of allowing the Japanese to limit emigration on their side of the Pacific. Within a year or two thereafter he negotiated with the Japanese Government the so-called "gentlemen's agreement," which is still in force.

After my return from the Far East I saw Mr. Roosevelt several times, by appointment, at the White House, and once, I remember, after talking with him for an hour and a half, I was asked to stay a little longer and tell

him more things while he was being shaved. Then again, toward the end of his second term, he gave me confidentially, in his White House office, his reasons for believing that Mr. Taft would be the best possible candidate to succeed him. Finally, after he joined the staff of *The Outlook*, of which I was also a member, we were again thrown more or less frequently together, and I met him occasionally at the editorial lunches.

These personal details have little interest perhaps in themselves, but they show what opportunities I have had to observe Mr. Roosevelt, and they also show, incidentally, that when he now speaks of "*a*" Mr. Kennan, as if hearing of me for the first time, he is not wielding the proverbial "big stick," but is using a rather small domestic pin.

I have always regarded Mr. Roosevelt, with respect and esteem, as a man of sincerity and integrity. I do not think that he would, or could, make a statement that he did not believe to be true. Unfortunately, however, he is easily swayed by passion, and when he is angry—righteously angry as it seems to him—his judgment and his memory are so colored by personal feeling that he can neither see with perfect clearness, nor remember with perfect accuracy. He is not consciously unjust or untruthful; on the contrary, he passionately believes that his judgment is fair and his memory infallible. He can review his past controversies with the firm conviction that he has always been right, or nearly right, and that those whom he regards as his enemies have always been "monstrously" wrong.

It is this dominating influence of personal feeling that makes him see the characters of other men not objectively, as they are in themselves, but subjectively, as they appear to him in the light of personal relationship. If a man sympathizes with him, agrees with him and supports him, such man is a good and honorable citizen; but if, on the other hand, a man opposes him, or questions the wisdom or propriety of his actions, such man becomes an undesirable citizen with a more or less defective moral character. The Taft whom Mr. Roosevelt confidentially sketched for me in the early part of 1908, while he and Mr. Taft were still friends, differed widely from the "deceitful" and "hypocritical" Taft whom he saw in his mind's eye during the election campaign of 1912. The eminent railroad president whom he always addressed, between 1901 and 1905, as "My dear Mr. Harriman;" whom he invited again and again to the White House as an honored guest; whom he said it was "a real pleasure to see;" and whom he desired to consult about his letter of acceptance, his message to Congress, and other "Government matters not connected with the campaign," became a totally different Harriman when the quarrel occurred in 1906, and when Mr. Roosevelt looked at his former friend through the distorting medium of a changed personal relation. This disposition to judge men narrowly by their relation to him, rather than broadly by the sum total of their activities, has long been a trait of Mr. Roosevelt's character, and it was notably shown in his attitude toward the struggle for honest government in Delaware, when a notorious political adventurer tried to get into the United States Senate by methods that all the best men of his own political party condemned and combated.

Bearing in mind this characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt, let us inquire whether, at the time of the Alton investigation, the President was, as a matter of fact, influencing the Interstate Commerce Commission, or taking a hand, personally, in its policies and activities.

In the recent trial of the New York & New Haven Railroad directors for alleged conspiracy to violate the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law, Mr. Charles S. Mellen, former president of the road, testified that he went to Washington in 1907—the year of the Alton investigation—for the purpose of finding out whether, under the provisions of the Panama Canal Act, his road would be allowed to keep its Long Island Sound steamers, or would be required by the Interstate Commerce Commission to sell them. He went first, not to the Commission, but to President Roosevelt. The latter sent for Commissioners Knapp and Prouty, and presumably consulted them; but he seems to have taken the final determination of the question into his own hands when he said to Mr. Mellen: "I cannot promise you any kind of protection if you break the law; but as far as I and my Administration are concerned, if you do not sell, you will have no trouble about those steamship lines." (*New York Times,* Nov. 11, 1915).

A little later, that same year, Mr. Mellen again went to President Roosevelt, to ascertain whether the Interstate Commerce Commission would interfere if the New York & New Haven Railroad Company should buy the Boston & Maine. Again the President seems to have taken the decision of the question into his own hands by saying: "I would buy it if I were you." (Testimony of Mr. Mellen, *New York Times,* Nov. 23, 1915). Mr. Henry M. Whitney of Boston, who evidently thought that in railroad matters the President was more to be feared than the Interstate Commerce Commission, wrote to Mr. Mellen, on the 21st of May, 1907: "I have also thought it possible that the Little Father in Washington might like to get his finger in the pie [the purchase of the Boston & Maine] in which case * * * it might result in infinite harm to all your interests." (*New York Times,* November 23, 1915).

It would thus appear that in two important cases at least, the President did have a "finger in the pie," and did influence or control, more or less effectively, the Interstate Commerce Commission. Is it wholly unreasonable or "monstrous," then, to suppose that, at or about the same time, he put his strong and capable finger into the "pie" of the Alton investigation, even if he did not make or bake it? I would not contend, for a moment, that Mr. Roosevelt inspired or encouraged the investigation of Mr. Harriman's long-past activities merely because he had had a quarrel with him. He did not look at the matter from that point of view at all. As Mr. Taft in 1912, seemed to him an unworthy candidate for the Presidency, whom it was his duty to oppose, so Mr. Harriman, in 1908, seemed to him the leading exponent of a dangerous railroad policy, whom it was his duty to check. In each case, the quarrel first changed Mr. Roosevelt's view of the man, and then, in each case, the changed view resulted in antagonistic action, based on a sense of duty.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks it "monstrously iniquitous" to suppose that he would ask the Interstate Commerce Commission to proceed against a railroad president merely because he, Mr. Roosevelt, had had a personal disagreement with him. That is not at all my supposition. If he suggested, inspired, encouraged, or controlled the Alton investigation in any way, he did so with the firm and sincere belief that he was under a moral obligation to make an example of a man whom he had come to regard as a dangerous railroad speculator and monopolist. But he did not take anything like this view of the railroad president until after he had quarreled with him, although

all of Mr. Harriman's more important operations, including the reorganization of the Union Pacific, the Alton transaction, the purchase of control in the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific "corner," and the Northern Securities merger, had been fully set forth in the newspapers, or litigated in the courts, and had been well known, not only to students, but to the general public for years. It cannot reasonably be supposed that the President, throughout the period of his friendly association with Mr. Harriman, was wholly ignorant of them; and yet neither he nor the Interstate Commerce Commission took action upon them until after the quarrel in 1906.

In order to show that Mr. Roosevelt *did* exercise some control over the Alton investigation, I shall have to call as a witness Professor William Z. Ripley, of Harvard University, who seems to have been present at the taking of testimony by the Interstate Commerce Commission in New York, and who, according to his own account, was "usually" allowed to cross-examine the witnesses. For some reason best known to himself, Professor Ripley wrote me a letter, on the 10th of March, 1916, to tell me what he was going to do to me in the April number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Sympathetically remarking that I "had perhaps floundered in affairs over my depth," he kindly explained to me that a certain prominent member of the "looting" syndicate was treated gently as a witness, and was allowed to give his testimony in the seclusion of a hotel room "*because the Commission had received orders from Washington to apply the soft pedal.*" Of course no one in Washington could give the Commission "orders" except Theodore Roosevelt; and if he controlled the investigation in its later stages, there is a strong probability that he had something to do with it in the beginning. Inasmuch as the chief object of it had been attained by applying the loud pedal when Mr. Harriman was examined, perhaps the President thought it would be expedient to put on the soft pedal in examining the other members of the syndicate. I must say, however, in justice to Mr. Roosevelt, that Professor Ripley has been known, at times, to make wild statements, and this may be one of them. I certainly should not quote it if the two gentlemen named had not recently been in correspondence with regard to this very Alton matter. But if the statement is not true, Mr. Roosevelt has ground for a quarrel, on this point, with Mr. Ripley, not with me. I trust that he will not put the Harvard professor into the class of "undesirable citizens" merely because he told me that, in the Alton case, the Interstate Commerce Commission, while sitting in New York, took its "orders" from Washington.

GEORGE KENNAN.

NEW YORK CITY.

A PLAN FOR A TARIFF COMMISSION

SIR,—I have read with interest and profit the article by Professor F. W. Taussig in the February NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on "The Proposal for a Tariff Commission." The writer does not go into details as to the way in which this tariff commission should be constituted, but his inclination toward a permanent commission is clearly manifested, and the conclusion which he reaches is that the aim of such commission should be to assist Congress in the intelligent and careful framing of tariff legislation. The question is left open—designedly, I suppose—as to how the commission shall be constituted.

What would the people of this country say to a permanent tariff commission which should have representatives of the manufacturers of all articles directly affected by the tariff, of transportation of all kinds, of those who till the soil, of financiers, of labor organizations, of university men, of members of the governmental departments which deal with the administration of tariff laws, of editors, publishers, teachers, missionaries and diplomats, and of military and naval officers?

The commission would be large, but it would be representative. Professor Taussig speaks of the permanent commission having an excuse for its continued existence in the frequent changes of the tariff law which it would recommend. I would suggest that more changes be made in the commission, and fewer in the laws; that new blood, representing all lines of activity, be constantly infused into the commission, and that no one be allowed to remain on the commission long enough to feel that he was indispensable to it. A service of sixteen years in the Wisconsin State Senate, during the creation of most of the commissions that have been so much talked about, within and without the State, has led me to think that commissions made up of experts (so-called) are not the best guardians of our liberties. The field of the "expert" investigator is often, if not usually, far removed from that of the legislator or of the governmental administrator.

Professor Taussig assumes that a scientific tariff can hardly be looked for. It will perforce be a series of concessions to expediency and policy. Through such a commission as I have suggested, entire publicity should be attained, and publicity would tend to create an active, intelligent public opinion, which is of vital importance. The commission should have authority to employ any expert needed for any kind of investigation, at home or abroad, that the commission might deem it desirable to make. The facts resulting from such investigations should be carefully preserved and tabulated in such form as to be of general use, and of special value to Congress for expressing, in legislation, the tariff policy of the country.

I am not so much concerned about the non-partisan character of the members of a tariff commission—that is, that the commission should be divided among the political parties of the country—as I am about its representative character. Men in all parties are engaged in almost every kind of business, and they are all out for the same thing. If we can have on this commission men of intelligence and integrity, who are in truth representatives of their various vocations, it is a matter of very little concern to me what particular party title they bear.

I would have this commission serve without pay, but allow their reasonable expense for attendance on their duties. Appropriations for the work of the commission should be generous. The Government should provide the commission with permanent headquarters, but its methods and activities should be unhampered from without. Everything should be done in the broad light of day. It would be a sort of a continuous debate, conducted under the public eye, and never behind closed doors.

I would not have the commission make recommendations to Congress, but would confine them to categorical statements of facts, based upon sufficient evidence to support their statements. An enlightened public opinion would look out for the form of the legislation.

It would be a different kind of a commission from what we have been used to, but less likely, I think, to deteriorate in its personnel, as commissions

sometimes do, and less inclined to assume dictatorial airs (somewhat characteristic of expert commissions) or to tincture its utterances with any sort of doctrinal finality.

I should expect such a commission, in the course of a few years, to do more toward getting the tariff out of politics than any other kind of commission that could be created. Let it be understood that this commission is created to dig up the facts, and then let Congress, in the presence of the people, face the facts and develop the needful lgislation.

It seems to me that Professor Taussig's aim would be realized in a commission whose make-up and functions are as I have described. It would stand for an immediate purpose. It would at least get facts together as soon as possible, calculated to promote the interests of the business represented on the commission, and bring that information to the attention of Congress without unnecessary delay.

I believe the point is well taken by Professor Taussig in his article that any assistance that the commission can render to Congress will be more effective if devoted to a definite, known situation than if conducted along expert lines, abstractly or theoretically.

I have included some unusual elements in this commission, to which I may refer briefly. Transportation of property and intelligence enters so largely into the problems of the manufacturer of today, that it cannot be left out of the account in adjusting tariff duties for manufacturing business conducted over such an extensive territory as the United States.

We are talking about preparedness. Manufactured articles—high explosives and the like—are prime conditions of preparedness. It is important, therefore, that such lines of manufacturing as enter directly into the production of military supplies should be viewed from every standpoint, and especially with reference to our land and naval forces and their operations.

Labor organizations are ever-present in this country, and their demands must be taken into account in adjusting tariffs. Any intelligent investigation of a question relating to the tariff must always give a hearing to the men who are affected by the tariff, and it is possible that labor has not been so much heard in the tariff debates as it should have been.

On the other hand, we have heard so much about special interests, and selfishness, and subordination of the Government to the promotion of private enterprise and schemes, that we have become prejudiced against the captains of industry, for instance, and do ourselves the injustice of depriving ourselves of the means of knowledge which they possess. The men who make steel know more about steel than the men who talk about the steel-makers. The men who export oil products or agricultural implements, or any other article of export trade, presumably know more about the difficulties to be dealt with and the methods to be followed, if success is to be attained, than the others, who hold up their hands in holy horror lest they be contaminated by some plutocratic touch.

I have mentioned also university members, editors, publishers, teachers, diplomats and missionaries, as peculiar agencies of instruction and publicity. They are diffusers of knowledge, and any tariff legislation that is wise for the United States must take into account all the relations of the United States outside, as well as all the economic conditions within the country. If I knew of any better publicity agents than these for the diffusion of intelligence, I would suggest them.

This commission is not proposed with reference merely to conditions that now exist, while the war goes on in Europe, but to such as may at any time prevail. Professor Taussig's proposal relates to a permanent tariff policy in this country, and it challenges the attention of our best statesmen, regardless of party affiliation.

Of course, I am not oblivious to some objections that will be made to this plan of creating a tariff commission, but I do not think of any objection that is insurmountable.

JOHN M. WHITEHEAD.

P. S. Since writing the above letter, my attention has been called to a kindred thought expressed in Congress by Mr. Hill of Connecticut, in a speech on House bill No. 702, relating to a protective tariff on dye stuffs.

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.

WANTED FOR MEXICO: "INTELLIGENCE AND FIRMNESS"

SIR,—The President is going to get our poor soldiers into a trap. You know it is almost impossible to get supplies to our men for more than a few hundred miles in the interior of that part of northern Mexico where Villa is now operating. Carranza won't let us use the railways, so what will our men do if President Wilson keeps up his do-as-little-as-possible plan?

He does not understand the Mexican character or he would not take such awful chances. Whatever he does is done on too small a scale. When our gunboats were at Vera Cruz it would have been a small task to repair railways and reach Mexico City. From there, as we got railways repaired, we could have taken all the other important points, meanwhile putting the Government on a sound financial basis. The capital is the strategic point for attack.

But it will be harder to fight in the mountainous districts than anywhere else. And we have selected one of them (Villa's home district, at that) to send a handful of soldiers into. It is criminal ignorance to proceed in this way. Grant that Carranza were truly loyal to the United States, he cannot prevent his troops from deserting to Villa. With Mexican armies on all sides and the water supplies (springs, lakes, rivers) poisoned, what can our soldiers do if they get far enough from the base of supplies?

It would not be such a task to subdue Mexico and set her on her feet again if we went at it right, but we are going at it all wrong. What good will it do merely to catch Villa? We have got to take hold of the financial end of that Government if we are ever to help the unfortunate masses who need help.

And until we help them back to permanent peace we cannot hope for relief from anarchistic conditions on our border. What else can the starving people of that hapless country be expected to do but murder and rob? We have got to help ourselves by helping them. Our interests are all bound up together. Just having different customs and different colors of skin and different names for our respective countries cannot prevent the great Law of Brotherhood instituted by God from continuing to rule us just the same. And according to that, if we would rise in the scale of civilization ourselves, we have got to help our fellow men to rise with us: both individuals and nations.

What we need is not "Preparedness" on a gigantic scale, but intelligent and firm use of the forces we already have. All our troops ought to be on the way to Mexico right now and the militia drilling. We shall gain nothing by delay. The Mexican masses are too ignorant to put faith in the United States until after we have controlled their country long enough for them to see that we meant to teach them how to govern it right when we took it over.

Oh, why can't some power bring Mr. Wilson to see the truth about the Mexican character! You cannot rely on them as we do on a white man's word of honor, because their natural instincts make treason the most natural thing on earth. From their point of view, how can a man be fool enough to place consideration higher than his immediate personal interest? Honor doesn't pay, in their estimation.

Please, please, try and help the Administration to bring common sense to bear on this international tangle! The wisest course is always the simplest, bravest, most direct course. Shall we make of this a short, decisive subduing of the lawless element in the entire Mexican nation, with several years of later assistance that will enable them to stand on their own feet; or shall we send our best men in by handfuls to catch a few individual bandits, and have American blood spilled to no purpose but to make ourselves a laughing-stock among nations? We can't help Mexico this way; we are only injuring ourselves.

LAURA ALTHEA HILL.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.

CAN WAGE-EARNERS SAVE?

SIR,—In an article, "Capitalism and Social Discontent," by J. Laurence Laughlin, in the March issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the writer asks the question: "Then why is it that in the labor literature of our day, 'Capitalism' is used as a term of reproach or objurgation?"

The answer from the viewpoint of Labor is that capitalism represents a condition of society under which the working classes function only as possessors of powers for the creation of returns upon capital possessed by the capitalist class. A pleasing conclusion reached by the writer was stated in the words: "Betterment cannot be permanently or even sensibly advanced so long as men are merely receivers of wages." But the suggested remedy of extending capitalism so as to give laborers, through their ownership of capital, some of the advantages of capital, is profoundly useless.

Before a wage worker can derive any income above his wages he must possess capital, and to obtain it he must save it out of his wages. Saving is an impossibility because the whole mechanism of the wages system so turns as to make wages equal only to the cost of subsistence. The writer agrees that so long as men are merely receivers of wages no sensible or permanent betterment can take place, but in spite of the conclusions expressed in this statement he proposes in another place that men lift themselves out of their positions by saving! The worker would hardly appreciate such an invitation to create something out of nothing.

It appears from the article itself that so far as economics is concerned, no hope can be held out for the wage worker as such. The writer passes to an entirely different field and speaks of individual qualities, such as

patience, persistence, foresight, as keys to success as a capitalist One is tempted to ask if it is the capitalist class or the working class who display these qualities in greater abundance? The difference in position is, however, due to much more than these. While the possession of certain characteristics may take individuals out of their class, no change in general class relations is effected—and would not be if all men approached moral perfection.

The mass of wage workers find themselves compelled by iron necessity to work for wages, and from the moment they become employed the production of capital begins. Capital is spoken of in the article as being "saved," but the main point of interest is that it is *created*. Nor is there such a loose relation, or any relation at all, between wages and the price of products as the writer intimates. The price of commodities is governed by the same law which determines wages. The value of commodities is regulated by the labor required for their production. Wages, which represent the price of labor power, are determined in the same way, being equal in value to the value of the commodities for which the worker exchanges his wages for the purpose of keeping himself alive. The value of wages paid is reproduced in the value of the products. And more: an increased value is produced—a value in excess of all values of capital consumed. It is precisely this surplus value which the capitalist appropriates as his own, and out of which he can set a portion aside for purposes of increased production—boasting meanwhile that it represents his "savings." It represents nothing more than a portion of unpaid labor.

To ask the workers to save is useless. They are dispossessed before they even have an opportunity to do so. A more or less clear comprehension of their position leads inevitably to social unrest. The remedy is neither less capitalism nor "more capitalism," but no capitalism at all.

MERVYN SMITH.

BERLIN, ONTARIO.

THE CASE FOR THE WORKING MAN

SIR,—The case for "Capitalism" as presented in the March REVIEW by Professor J. L. Laughlin does not carry conviction with the working man. While agreeing with Professor Laughlin's summary of the good that capital has accomplished, the laborer cannot accept the conclusion that "the true remedy for a healthy 'social discontent' is more capitalism." "The situation," says Professor Laughlin, "is one of the laborer's own creating. The remedy is, in the main, not social but personal." The weight of his argument seems to fall upon three main propositions. They are:

1. The enormous mass of modern industrial capital has come into existence by a personal process of saving.
2. A person who has self-control, patience, persistence, foresight, prudence, and a willingness [to wait], inevitably becomes a possessor of savings and is thus a capitalist.
3. The improvement of the position of the poorer laborer is largely dependent on internal ethical growth and self-control.

The first proposition can hardly be true if we accept the common meaning of the word "saving," that is, being economical. The term is usually applied to the efforts of working people to accumulate a small surplus out of meagre earnings. Much of our industrial capital is being furnished by men of

wealth, and it is supplied from the excess of income from previous investments. When a competency has already been secured, the decision to re-invest a part of the income would hardly be considered as saving. Professor Laughlin's objection would certainly hold here, that the securing of capital without any personal sacrifice removes the very stimulus to character and virtue which the existing system (Capitalism) should provide.

Wide experience and close observation will certainly show that Professor Laughlin's second premise is untenable. The assumption that the possession of savings *inevitably* follows the exercise of such virtues as foresight, patience and self-control, cannot be admitted in view of the many factors which make the accumulation of savings impossible in the case of the average working man. Among these adverse conditions are (1) an unfavorable situation or environment, (2) physical or financial misfortune, and (3) inadequate income. The first two, being more or less accidental, may be prevented or overcome, but the last affords no hope. Wages may not be increased at the expense of dividends. The average income of workingmen's families in this country is not above $650. Our Government reports indicate that it should be at least $800. It is therefore probable that such families practice sufficient foresight, patience and self control without having "material success set forth as the reward for the exercise of the simplest virtues."

From these somewhat sophistical premises, Professor Laughlin draws the conclusion that "the improvement of the position of the poorer laborer is largely dependent on internal growth and self-control." As to how these shall be achieved, he gives no hint. The drowning laborer clutches in vain for a straw of help. Our present industrial organization does not give favorable opportunities for the development of these mental and spiritual qualities. It is evident that our common schools have not supplied them. They can be attained only under the improved economic and social conditions for which the working people are striving. When Professor Laughlin assures the working man that "the true remedy for a healthy 'social discontent' is more capitalism," he is offering him stones, not bread.

ALBERT LEA MALLERY.

BERTHA, MINN.

LARGE PRINT, ETC.

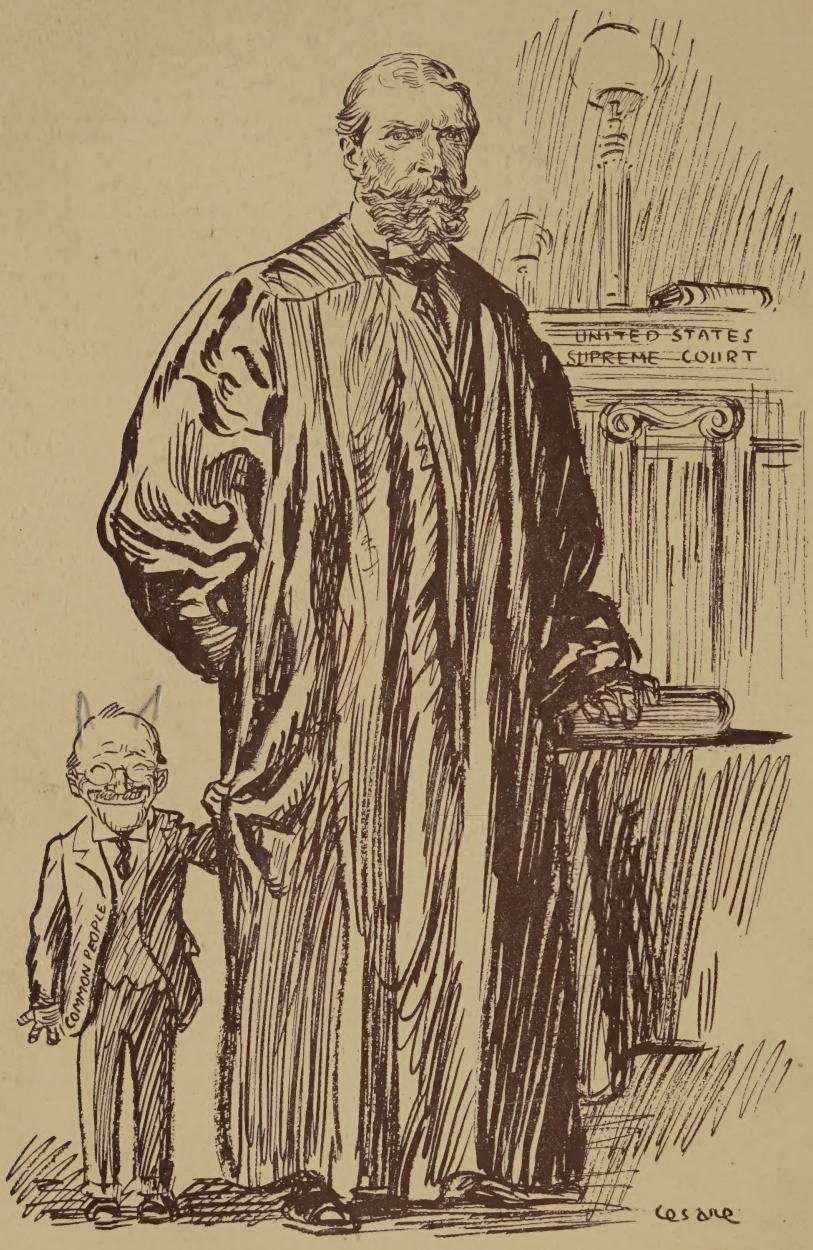
SIR,—Allow a stranger to congratulate you upon your articles castigating the President.

A learned friend who had considered him a paragon of consistency was no doubt of the opposite opinion after I mailed the number on the President's dealing with Mexico, and your journal gained a subscriber—but the reason for the subscription given in the letter of thanks was "the largeness of the print."

I am sorry that you have to be a thorn in the side of the President, yet you may save us from perdition. Your analysis of his late speeches was very clever, and was like a torpedo hitting his manuscript, or copy of speeches, for apparently they are no more.

THOS. R. EVANS, M. D.

OAKDALE, W. VA.



"NOBODY FOR HUGHES—BUT THE PEOPLE."

—From *The New York Sun.*

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE, 1916

"VOX POPULI"

ON THE EVE OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

We present elsewhere in this Review evidences, drawn from the editorial pages of leading public journals, of the accuracy of our deduction that "never since this Republic demanded that George Washington become its first President has there appeared so striking an instance of the Office seeking the Man"; that "never has been a call so peremptory," never "a constantly swelling force so certain to prove irresistible," and that "rightly or wrongly, wisely or not, the Will of the People will prevail, and Charles Evans Hughes will be the next Republican candidate for President of the United States." There is little to add now to the statement of facts which was then set forth in justification of the opinion thus definitely expressed. The only change that has taken place during the past month, partly in consequence of that publication, is to be found in the growing concretion of a sentiment whose very spontaneity involved a certain vagueness. What was apparent has become real. The hardly perceptible movement has taken form and has acquired strength in such measure that scoffing from whatever source has yielded to irresistible conviction.

Recent political happenings have served only to confirm

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the judgment adventured somewhat in advance of common recognition. Massachusetts led the way with an emphatic repudiation of the bogeyman, in the face of a vigorous and expensive canvass; the hard-thinking, native-born farmers to the north promptly followed with a vote of two to one for the man who was not a candidate; within a week Oregon, in the felicitous words of our discerning neighbor the *Sun*, "signalled back to Vermont" from across the continent with an overwhelming majority for Hughes over the two leading Western candidates who had made active personal campaigns; Kansas swung into line "to a man"; twelve members of the Wisconsin delegation followed suit; Michigan, whose primaries had been carried for Ford, with but one dissenting vote out of 1,400 in State convention, pronounced Hughes her second and real choice; Nebraska put aside both her own favorite son and her neighbor's; Minnesota responded no less readily,—and so on.

Simultaneously a poll of Republican members of the House of Representatives showed 62 for Hughes to 11 each for Burton and Cummins, and 10 for Roosevelt, and a remarkable test by the *Literary Digest* of Republican members of State legislatures produced 894 for Hughes, 352 for Roosevelt, and 181 for Root.

"But," remarked the Boston *Transcript* quite truly from its own standpoint as an earnest advocate of the nomination of Mr. Hughes, "the best omen in the political development of the day is the announcement from New York that the Progressive Executive Committee report the Progressive party as ready to support Justice Hughes on two conditions: (1) That the Republicans refuse to nominate Colonel Roosevelt. (2) That the declaration of principles which Mr. Hughes will make immediately after his acceptance of the Republican nomination and his resignation from the bench, proves him to be in sympathy with the principles of Americanism for which the Progressives under Mr. Roosevelt's leadership are fighting. No reasonable Republican having the welfare of the nation at heart could ask for more at this time from the Progressive organization. No reasonable Progressive can find fault with the Americanism which Mr. Hughes would champion, were he free to declare himself."

And the distinguished editor of the Hartford *Courant*, himself a delegate-at-large to the convention, added pointedly respecting the Progressive announcement:

That may be taken as a purely formal condition. The Progressives would not have made such a statement, even with the condition attached, if they had not believed that it could be easily complied with. They know pretty well in advance what Justice Hughes stands for in public life. The tentative promise to support him is, in fact, an expression of confidence, and this confidence in him will be his strength in the convention and before the people. Whether or not he is to be the choice of the convention no man can now say, but there are few, if any, who doubt that, if he should be nominated, his election would be practically a foregone conclusion.

But as a seeker of truth and light we would not attach undue importance to the views of those whose predilections may impair their vision. While cheerfully recognizing the political sagacity of both the *Courant* and the *Transcript,* which was the first to herald the inevitableness of Mr. Hughes, we have long suspected Dr. Charles Hopkins Clark of Republican leanings and of late we have found Mr. James T. Williams, Jr.'s criticism of our present Administration so very strongly helpful as to be most disquieting. We turn instinctively for guidance, therefore, to members of the family whose fidelity to forward-looking ideals is hardly less questionable than that of Colonel Mouse himself. Of these the first and foremost, of course, is Dean Henry Watterson, who is firmly convinced that Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated but not elected, only to be removed from the White House at some distant day "feet first."

Then comes the *World,* the didactic leader of the Administration press, whose president, Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, is to attend the St. Louis convention as a delegate and be voted as a segment of Mr. Charles F. Murphy's "unit." That, however, like the Charleston judge's wife, is "a circumstance over whom one has no control." The point is that Mr. Cobb agrees with Mr. Watterson that probably the Republicans will surrender to Our Colonel and declares further with marked positiveness that in no conceivable instance can the nomination go to Mr. Hughes. There are "four obstacles" in the way. The first is "the undisguised opposition of the Old Guard, which knows that if elected he will smash the machine." The second is Theodore Roosevelt "who knows that the nomination of Mr. Hughes would end his own political career." These are obstacles no doubt; also to many minds they are most excellent reasons. Then there are the "misgivings about the propriety of nominating a Justice

of the Supreme Court" and the lack of information respecting Mr. Hughes's opinions, etc., etc.

So the situation appeared to the *World* on May 12th. A week later, although the intervening Vermont primaries signified "nothing so far as the Hughes candidacy is concerned," and "all reports of a drift toward Hughes or toward anybody, except as the Republican leaders start it or stop it are nonsense," oddly enough the Roosevelt movement had actually "petered out." Finally, on May 23rd, we learned that "Roosevelt's Boy Scouts are now making their last drive against the Hughes candidacy," but that "where the rank and file has had a chance to express itself it has shown a decided preference for mind over noise." In other words, not unfamiliar to our readers, "nobody wants Hughes—but the people," and the *World,* to its credit be it said, believing that "what the United States requires most of all is not less brains but more brains in its political leadership," would now "welcome the nomination of Justice Hughes by the Republican convention."

Frankly, the *World* could hardly do less without discredit to its creator. Joseph Pulitzer evinced his opinion of Mr. Hughes when in his will he designated him as a trustee of his estate. The duties were nominal. The fee was $100,000. Mr. Hughes is a poor man. Nobody would have dreamed of criticizing him for accepting the appointment. He declined it without hesitation upon the ground that a public official has no right to accept remuneration from private sources,—not even a Carnegie pension, for which, as a former Professor in Cornell University, he might, of course, have applied.

From the converted *World* we turn to the unregenerate *Times,* only to be lost in a fog of bewilderment. "A Strange Boom," it calls the general uprising for Hughes, and proceeds impatiently:

> There is a great clatter, a sort of accelerated and pumped-up enthusiasm about the so-called Hughes boom. Colonel George Harvey hears it in every breeze, demands it himself, and forthwith translates himself into "the people," "the man in the street," and so on. How are you going to find out the opinion of 8,000,000 Republican voters? A "straw vote," the writing in of Mr. Hughes's name on certain primary tickets, always at the suggestion of some Republican editor or politician, a newspaper vote: such is the gauge of the voice of the people.

This was on May 17th. Four days later, however, we read:

The *Times* was wrong about Hughes. The people are calling him. The German people.

"The German people"—of Vermont and Oregon, which have a larger percentage of native-born citizens than any other two States in the Union. But let the *Times* continue:

The continuing use of the name of an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court as a pawn of politicians is coming to be, is become, offensive and painful to those Americans who believe that a Justice of that tribunal should have no part or lot in politics. What public confidence can it keep if the path from it to the White House is not barred as it always has been barred? Decisions for political motives—that is what will be the fact or the belief if the Supreme Court is a training ground of Presidents. Never has a President been taken thence. Never will one be taken thence unless a great tradition, which stands on the impregnable necessity of keeping the Supreme Court out of politics, is violated.

Mr. Justice Hughes must see that the spectacle of his robes fluttering in the winds of rumor or rustling up the back stairs of deal and combination is unseemly. If he takes his boom seriously, he should get off the bench.

Can it be that the *Times* forgot that on April 28th it had said no less caustically:

Isn't *The Manchester Union* a little officious in declaring that "there are but two courses open to Mr. Hughes, with an immediate decision imperative in order to safeguard the Supreme Court against the imputation that a member of that austere body may remain in his place on the highest bench in the land and continue to be a receptive candidate for the Presidency"? In short, Mr. Justice Hughes must resign and say yes or say no for good, after the manner of General Sherman. Mr. Justice Hughes is believed to be fully capable of attending to his own business, and probably he knows a little more about "that austere body" than some of the purists who are bent on "smoking him out."

The task of reconciling these sharp declarations we leave most humbly to our determined neighbor, merely suggesting that on the very day—May 21st—when it was sneering at the most notable popular demand of recent years, it might have derived some enlightenment from its own headlines on Page 3, to wit:

See Hughes Boom Making Great Gains—Reported that One Favorite Son Will Withdraw and Another Support the Justice

—Oregon Vote Impressive—Borah Says Hughes Would Have Carried Every State Primary Had His Name Been On the Ballot.

We shall be surprised if Dr. Charles R. Miller does not view the inevitable outcome in Chicago "with grave concern." Meanwhile we commend to his earnest consideration the prophecy, printed elsewhere, of the New York *Herald*, not only the shrewdest political forecaster in the country but nearly if not quite as "disinterested" as President Wilson's morganatic ambassador, and to the following from his wise alma mater of Springfield, Massachusetts:

It no longer avails to account for the growing Hughes strength as "the artificial creation of masters of manipulation who are using the Justice's name as a blind," to quote the New York *Times*. The strength of an unsought candidacy lies first in the understanding of this man's character as shown in his work as Governor of New York, and second in the search for a harmony candidate who would heal the breach of 1912. Republicans of the rank and file possess more keenness of judgment than exploiting politicians are ready to credit them with. The average man remembers that the series of speeches which Mr. Hughes made in 1908 on behalf of Mr. Taft as a Presidential candidate furnished ample proof of the manner of man he is. He exhibited such moral and intellectual force in the presentation of policies and issues as gave to the country the only advocacy on the Republican side that is remembered.

And if there lurks in our neighbor's mind a doubt respecting acceptance, we would direct his attention to the following explicit utterance made with undoubted authority over his own signature by Mr. James T. Williams, Jr., Editor of the Boston *Transcript*, in a dispatch from Washington:

If the Chicago convention nominates Charles Evans Hughes for the Presidency he will accept the nomination and simultaneously send his resignation from the Supreme Court to the President. No authorized announcement of this fact will be made by Mr. Hughes in advance of his nomination, and he will not consent to involve the great court in politics by making any statement of his political views in advance of the convention. If nominated he will stand upon the platform of the convention that nominates him, and if he cannot accept its platform he will not accept its nomination. There have been efforts within the last few weeks to induce Mr. Hughes to resign from the bench and announce his candidacy for the Presidency. These efforts have failed and they will probably fail if renewed. Mr. Hughes has too much respect for the Supreme Court to become a candidate for the Presidency while he is a member of that tribunal

and he has too much respect for the Presidency to decline a nomination to that office if it is offered to him.

He is attending to his work as a member of the Supreme Court, and that he will continue to do unless and until he is nominated for the Presidency. Then he will resign, and devote every day until the election to his campaign.

The Second Ballot is our guess.

ROOSEVELT AND THE PROGRESSIVES

We have expressed the opinion that Hughes would not be nominated and that Roosevelt would cut his throat if he were. We still hold to that belief.—*New York World.*

"Reserving the right to object,"—as the Honorable James R. Mann would remark—or at least to question the accuracy of its prognostication, upon what ground does the *World* base its judgment that Mr. Roosevelt would, *if he could,* "cut the throat" of Mr. Hughes? Surely not upon anything that he has said nor upon anything that can be justly inferred from what he has said.

"I have not expressed and do not intend to express myself as being for or against any man," he declared as late as May 1st. And three days later, alluding to the *World's* assertion that in private conversation he had referred to Mr. Hughes as "that Baptist hypocrite," he said flatly, "This is just as preposterous as if it had been said that Mr. Hughes had called me a Dutch Reformed dinosaur. One statement would be just as true as the other and just as ridiculous." Granting that this denial would lack conclusiveness if it could be shown that the learned and discriminating Justice has in fact instanced Our Colonel as a rare specimen of archisaurian reptiles with ambulatory feet, two-headed ribs, perforate acetabula and no interclavicle, of the Dutch Reformed persuasion, the point must be heeded that no evidence to that effect has been adduced. What we do know Mr. Hughes said of Mr. Roosevelt, not in private conversation to be sure, but in a public speech in 1908, is this:

President McKinley, a victim of insensate passion, laid down his life, trusted and beloved by all the people. To the difficult task then devolved upon him, with the problems created by an unparalleled prosperity came a new leader, dear to the people's heart. He entered upon his work with courage and determination, and four years ago

he received an overwhelming vote of popular confidence. For seven years, with lofty aim and unconquerable spirit, he has labored for the people, and to-day, by virtue of his sincere devotion to their welfare, his valiant attack upon evil in high places, his zeal for the common interest, whether in the protection of the public domain or in insistence upon the freedom of interstate trade, or in the maintenance of high standards of administration, or in the recognition of the rights of labor, or in the care of our natural resources, the forceful and representative leader is typified to the popular imagination in the person of Theodore Roosevelt.

And he added, as if having in mind the very situation existing to-day, these significant words:

The business of the great national departments has been in worthy and competent hands. The mention alone of Hay, Root and Taft suffices to call attention to the honorable conduct of affairs in which all our citizens take just pride. The dignity and honor of the nation have been maintained and troublesome difficulties have been adjusted with an access of prestige. And every American has been gratified by the possession of world-wide influence attained by the President both by reason of his personal qualities and because of the distinction in our international relations of which he has been the head.

While admitting that the immediate question is not what Mr. Hughes thinks of Mr. Roosevelt but what Mr. Roosevelt thinks of Mr. Hughes, the fact nevertheless is patent that Our Colonel could not easily put himself at loggerheads on matters of principle with one who held his own administration in so high esteem. But this consideration bears no weight in the view of the *World* and Mr. Watterson, both of whom are convinced that Mr. Roosevelt is consumed by a devouring passion to re-occupy the White House at whatever cost to his own reputation or his honor. We prefer to believe and do believe the contrary. While not questioning for a moment that Our Colonel frankly shares with many others the opinion that he is better equipped than any other by both temperament and experience to take the helm at this or perhaps any juncture, we can detect no sign whatever of insincerity in his recent utterances. It is easy, even natural, to scoff at his declaration that he does "not wish the nomination," but there is every reason on both public and personal grounds why he should not care to be nominated unless satisfied that he would be elected,—and it would be surprising indeed if his doubts upon that score did not resolve into virtual certainty. To our mind the mere fact that

so astute a politician pronounces unequivocally for compulsory universal military training,—which surely none better than himself must realize the country would reject overwhelmingly,— is conclusive that he has no expectation of becoming the candidate. When further he expressed the "earnest hope that the delegates will nominate some man on whom all Republicans and all Progressives can unite," he not only placed an impassable barrier before both himself and Mr. Root, but he practically left a clear path for only one man—Charles Evans Hughes.

Theodore Roosevelt as President never did and never could render so great a service to his country as he is now rendering as a patriot. The evangels of which he has become the foremost herald are neither fantastic nor dubious; they are true and splendid and are recognized as such gladly and gratefully by millions whose regard is priceless. That he would or will permit impairment of this unique and inestimable possession through common self-seeking is simply inconceivable. That he would or will strive for the perpetuation of a Government which he considers ignoble by conniving at the defeat of Charles Evans Hughes as a candidate for President on a platform embodying the very "great and vital principles" which he himself is upholding so admirably is the acme of absurdity. The *World* must make another guess to fit its wish.

THE UNITED DEMOCRACY

After backward-gazing Chicago, forward-looking St. Louis should be restful. Not since Andrew Jackson took counsel by proxy at Baltimore in 1835 has the Democratic party been as harmonious in National convention assembled as it promises faithfully to be this year. An extraordinary, an amazing spectacle it is bound to be. We doubt if a harsh word will be spoken. In any case, if by inadvertence there should be, the speaker will be knocked down and reasoned with. Glory be, at last we have a United Democracy—united in purpose, in thought, in everything that appertains to peace and prosperity. Chairman William F. McCombs, who will salute his fellow workers after the manner indicated by the classical phrase, is united. Speaker Champ Clark, who may unhappily be prevented by official duties from accepting the

distinguished honor of presiding for a while, is nevertheless united. Senator James A. O'Gorman, who unselfishly declines what some regard as a virtually certain re-election, is united. Senator James Edgar Martine, the first product of personal selection, will continue to be united unless or until separated at the primaries. Senator Underwood is united. Colonel Henry Watterson, although less active than in the days of Tilden, is united. Mr. Henry Morgenthau is united. Messrs. Untermyer and Brandeis are united. Messrs. Charles R. Crane and Norman Hapgood are, or at least were until recently, united. And so we might continue indefinitely. We have never seen anything like it.

The programme of the great convention, although only tentative at this writing, is encouraging. Mr. Martin H. Glynn, who spoke up bravely in reply to Mr. Root, will probably strike the preliminary top-note; the platform, formulated in cloistered aloofness, will, it is understood, be firm in approval of certain policies; the two militant Secretaries, Messrs. Josephus Daniels and Newton D. Baker, will have general charge of affairs; Judge Woodchuck will emerge in the nick of time to remake the nominating speech; and Brother William Jennings Bryan, by order of Nebraska, will sit with the pressmen instead of on the floor and report the proceedings for the *World* for $1,000 per eight-hour day.

Blissfully, though somewhat listlessly, we contemplate the prospect at St. Louis. The cynicism of Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, who, when asked if he was going to attend the funeral of Wendell Phillips, replied that he was not but that he approved of it, makes no appeal to us.

We refuse to stay away from St. Louis.

AMERICA IS THE ISSUE

America is the issue. There is nothing else of consequence in this year's campaign. It may be strange, and it is discreditable, that such should be the case; but so it is. We had thought that after all these years, and after the great events with which they have been marked, there would be no need again of raising such an issue. It has been forced upon us, however; partly by insolent alien aggression, and partly—from one point of view the more culpably—by

domestic pusillanimity and potential treason. The issue is not to be dreaded, for there can be no doubt of the ability or of the will of the American people to meet it and to dispose of it. The hope is that they will dispose of it so radically, and indeed so remorselessly, that it will not be raised nor so much as heard of again within the lifetime of the youngest and most longeval person now living between Eastport and San Diego.

For it has already been raised too often. Our history began with it, and has been marked again and again with its repetition in protean phases. The original colonists came hither, to Jamestown and to Plymouth, for the sake of an America which should free them from the evils of the European system. They found themselves still subject to those evils, however, because of the division of the continent between two rival Powers, in whose frequent wars they could not avoid being involved. Consequently, they did the major part of the work in expelling one of those Powers, and leaving the other supreme over all between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. But in that very achievement the same issue in another form was raised again, and the work which had been begun in colonization and advanced in the conquests of the French and Indian war, had to be carried further in Revolution and Independence.

The issue was raised again in the first Presidential Administration, when it had to be decided whether this nation should maintain neutrality, or be dragged as a catspaw into European broils. A little later it arose again, over our right to navigate the Mississippi and the menace of having a great and potentially hostile Power planted between that river and the Rocky Mountains; and it was settled, apparently, by our acquisition of the great territory in question. Ten years later saw us involved in another foreign war to establish American rights at sea; and that had passed by only a few years when the Holy Alliance forced it upon us once more.

We have not yet celebrated the centenary of the Doctrine which was supposed to establish the principle of America First, forever; yet in the less than a hundred years we have again and again been compelled to reassert that principle against some more or less open challenge. Of all such occasions, the latest, the present, is the most flagrant of all. Never, in the times of the Orders in Council and the Ber-

lin and Milan Decrees, were American rights at sea more cynically ignored, more ruthlessly or more savagely violated. Never, in the days of Gallican and Anti-Gallican, was the pernicious spirit of alien-inspired faction more rampant than it is to-day. We are called upon to inquire of the world whether America has any rights which other nations are bound to respect; and to demand of ourselves whether our political courses are to be determined by our own interests or by those of alien lands.

The issue transcends immeasurably all personal or partisan considerations. It is not factional; it is national. It embraces within itself all other questions of policy which may be raised. Questions of tariff and revenue, questions of immigration and naturalization, questions of army and navy, questions of anything that can be conceived, all hinge and hang upon the one supreme question, Shall this Republic be sufficient unto itself to fulfill its self-proclaimed mission, of being a free and independent nation, having "full power to do all acts and things which independent States may of right do"? Are American citizens to be free to traverse the high seas in safety? Are American industries to be protected against the torch and the bomb of agents of alien Powers? Are American laws to be made and enforced, and American principles to be maintained, without being warped or twisted to suit the sinister designs of alien Powers? In brief, is America to be able to live her own life, unimperilled by the wars of other continents; or is she to be dragged, as in colonial days, into alien quarrels in which she has no proper lot nor part? Are we Americans and is this America? Or are we subjects of some European prince and is this the fighting ground of European Powers?

There is no exaggeration in saying that this is the one supreme issue, the only one worth thinking or caring about in this year's campaign. It is no question of this party or of that party; but of America. It is no question whether this candidate or that candidate is the most available; but of America. It is no question of this petty principle or of that picayune policy; but of America. The question of robust, unwavering, unhyphenated and fully prepared Americanism is the one by which every candidate is to be tested in an acid test. It is the one upon which every party convention will be expected unequivocally to declare itself.

GERMANIA PACIFICA

" Timeo Teutones et dona ferentes."

One of the most interesting and perhaps the most significant of all the features of the present preparedness-pacifist controversy is the zeal of Germany and Germans for the latter side. The German Government, through its Chancellor and other Ministers at home and its Ambassadors abroad, as well as through its press, has become the very apostle and protagonist of peace and disarmament—for the United States. Alone of all the Governments of Europe it takes that stand. In season and out of season, it never wearies of assuring us that the United States has nothing to fear from it. We might disband our army and scuttle our navy, and we would be just as safe as we are now. Germany has no designs against us or against anybody in the western hemisphere. Much as she desires a " place in the sun," she covets no foothold in America. And it grieves that irenic empire to the heart to see us wasting our substance upon military preparations.

The same, even more earnestly and vehemently, is the tone of Germans in America. If we cannot say, to paraphrase a famous remark of Horace Greeley's, that every pacifist is a German, at least we can say that every German is—professedly—a pacifist. Is there an organization opposed to preparedness? You will find Germans among its founders and promoters. Is there a society for peace at any price? Its roll of members is rich in German names. Is there a petition against army and navy increase? Its signatures have a distinctly Teutonic cast.

To the most detached and disinterested observer this must be a strange phenomenon. For Germany vaunts herself upon being the most militant—or militaristic, in pacifist patter—of nations. Here, conspicuously above all other imported elements, they cherish a warlike disposition, and are leagued in warlike organizations. No others have their *" Scheutzen Corps."* No others have in this country a national league of semi-military organization, such as that which Prince Henry of Prussia came hither to promote. Above all other naturalized citizens, the German is in fact a militarist. Is it not a singularly suggestive circumstance that in profession he is above all others a pacifist?

" Timeo Teutones et dona ferentes."

"LUSITANIA" DAY: MAY 7, 1916

BY "HISTORICUS"

THIS is the first anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania,* a day whose recurrence will always bring with it very painful memories for all loyal Americans until a German Republic or a Constitutional Monarchy arises on the ruins of German Militarism.

The writer hoped to be able to write an article in praise of President Wilson's attitude, alike in his recent address to Congress and in his spirited dispatch to the German Government on the savagery of her submarine warfare, followed, it was hoped, with an absolute demand upon her that she should abandon "frightfulness" and cease her constant violations of all the laws alike of God and man in her frantic and foolish efforts to make herself not only the lord of all lands but also the mistress of all seas. Happily, many other Americans loyal to the bravest and best traditions of their fathers have expressed in substance the same views, giving credit to the President for his belated but very welcome stand in favor of the honor and dignity of the greatest Republic in history. Unfortunately, he did not draw the sharp distinction between the interference by Great Britain with our making more money and the killing by Germany of our innocent people, and perhaps in consequence of his failure at any time to have drawn sharply and distinctly that awful distinction, we are now sunk into a greater depth of humiliation and degradation than ever; for to his manly, moderate and clear demand that the rights of humanity should be recognized in this dreadful war, there comes back the same familiar, outworn reply, evasive when it is not false, and always insolent, yielding in very truth hardly anything except in words, and making even such light concessions dependent upon our granting the impudent demand that we should require other nations to observe what Germany

pleases to call international law,—violations of which she says interfere with the movement of commerce,—as a condition precedent to her respecting those laws when they involve the loss of the lives of thousands of innocent men, women and children who have done nothing whatever to deserve the terrible fate Germany has inflicted upon them, and continues to inflict upon them.

This reply of Germany's recalls inevitably the murder of the little school-children on the peaceful streets of Scarborough on their way to school by bombs dropped upon them by Germany in willful murder. So many like atrocities have been committed by Germany since the war began that it is not wonderful that her military and naval leaders, who are now the only authorized spokesmen of her sixty-five millions of people, should have come to regard it as their right to kill whom they choose, when they choose, and where they choose, and of whatever nationality.

It is of course very late to speak the truth, but it is never too late to do so. For over sixty years the spirit of pan-Germanism has dominated the governing classes first of Prussia and then of Germany, conferring on those classes and the navies and armies they controlled the absolute right to murder, ravish and drown all men, women and children of whatever nation and under whatever protection, if such treatment by them would by its "frightfulness" aid Germany in her mad scheme of world conquest. If the most sacred treaties stood in the way of such infernal deeds they were but "scraps of paper." If a peaceful and happy nation stood in their path, they had the right "to hack their way through it." From such views—and these are their words, not ours—the dullest mind could foresee that they must wage war with the help of liars, spies and criminals; and so they have done, infesting our neutral and peaceful country with many thousands of such scoundrels, engaging in all kinds of atrocities from day to day. It follows as the day the night that no nation, hoping to preserve its own respect or the respect of its loyal citizens, can hope to maintain diplomatic relations with Germany—unless she mends her ways.

While all the rest of the world has been progressing towards a larger measure of liberty and humanity, pan-Germanism has separated itself from all forward-looking nations, and, turning its back upon democracy with contempt,

has marched steadily backwards toward the dark ages of "government by the divine right of kings" and an absolute naval and military autocracy—a movement whose steps in this twentieth century after Christ can only lead Germany sooner or later to the abyss of Hell. It may take more time than was hoped; more peaceful women, more children, may be assassinated; more nuns in their holy works of love and charity may be submitted to unnamable outrages; more shrines of religion, more homes of art dedicated to the uplifting of the human spirit may be destroyed by Krupp's monster cannon: but let us never forget that

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all,

and that out of this mad welter of barbarous murder, which the governing class in Germany persists in miscalling warfare, may emerge for Germany also the great happiness of "government of the people, by the people and for the people," and sweep away the horror now making them a demented nation, vainly trying to force upon mankind "government of a military caste, by a military caste, and for a military caste," who have only one motto—"whatever helps our swords and guns to hack our way through is right, no matter how foul or brutal it may be; for our only motto is '*Deutschland über alles.*'"

Whoever wishes to know the truth as to the extent to which German barbarity has gone need only read a very temperate and moderate article by Paul van Dyke, Professor of Modern European History in Princeton University since 1908, printed in the *New York Times' Current History of the War* for the month of May. One may become impatient at his moderation, but among other truthful statements he makes, he quotes the official doctrine of the United States and the practice of its officers with regard to hostages and retaliations fifty years ago, contrasting it with the doctrine and practice of the German Government, and of its army and navy, on the same subject today. The German practice in these matters, so opposite to our own, was actually flung into our teeth by the deliberate application of it to our own citizens after the most solemn warning to Germany that it should not apply it to them—a warning to her in the most ex-

plicit terms not to destroy any merchant vessel of the United States and not to cause the death of any American citizen.

On the 7th of May, 1915, under direct orders given by the naval and military authorities of Germany, one of her submarines sank the *Lusitania* with over a thousand passengers on board, drowning a large number of innocent men, women and children, among them more than a hundred Americans. We immediately contended *in words* that this act was unlawful and in violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity. We refused to accept the miserable palliations offered by Germany for the deed, and we based our protest against it on very distinct grounds. We said we were contending for something much greater than any rights of property or privileges of commerce. The Government of the United States was contending for nothing less high and sacred than *the rights of humanity,* and it is upon this principle of humanity as well as upon the law of nations founded upon it that the United States took her stand, a stand to which Germany also had assented by her signature to the Hague Convention of 1907.

"In doing his duty as a citizen by forming his own opinion as to whether the stand taken by the Government of the Republic on the high and sacred rights of humanity was right or wrong, it is proper for every loyal American to take into account what lies behind the *Lusitania,* for this nation was confronted with a theory of the German military authorities," which the writer has placed plainly before us all in their own words and their own practices described by themselves. Precisely the same attitude which underlies the utterances and acts in time of war on the part of the German naval and military authorities, which Professor van Dyke described in German words, underlies, as he truthfully says, the famous Zabern incident which occurred shortly before the outbreak of the war. Both, he said, proceed "from *a certain abnormal caste consciousness, a certain exaltation of all military and naval persons above all civil persons, a certain deification of armed forces as the incarnation of the greatest human qualities and the highest potential of patriotism, which makes the gains of war seem like the smile of God.*"

In December, 1913, there was a serious difficulty between the garrison of the Alsatian town of Zabern and its inhabitants. In the course of this difficulty a lieutenant of the regiment in garrison wounded severely with his saber a lame

schoolmaster who had made to him what he considered an insulting remark. The lieutenant and his superior officers—for he claimed to have acted in the spirit of orders given to them in regard to their attitude toward the civil population—were court-martialed, but were acquitted by the military authorities.

The affair created an extraordinary excitement in Germany. The leading papers, with few exceptions, condemned the action of the Government which supported the military authority, but the action of the pretended representative assembly of Germany was even more significant. After speeches by General von Falkenhayn and von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Reichstag passed (293 to 54) a vote of lack of confidence, which would have brought about the fall of any responsible ministry in any constitutional Government, but of course such vote had no influence in a despotic naval and military Government such as that of Germany.

The American Republic owes it to herself, to the world, and to the German people to stand by her own principles and the principles of humanity, and to assert them without compromise against any attempt in the past or in the future on the part of the German naval and military authorities to apply to American citizens their principle of government: "That excessive humanitarian notions should not limit the only true humanity, which very often lies in a ruthless application of certain severities indispensable to war."

President Wilson himself wrote lately to Senator Stone (who impudently insisted on designating the ships on which free American citizens might sail) "that to forbid our people to exercise their rights for fear we might be called upon to vindicate them would be a deep humiliation indeed. It would be an implicit, all but explicit, acquiescence in the violation of the rights of man everywhere. It would be a deliberate abdication of our hitherto proud position as spokesman even among the turmoils of war for the law and the right."

These be brave words indeed, and they make every loyal American feel more proud of his country and its President than he had been at liberty to feel since the declaration of neutrality at the outbreak of the war and the many humiliations we have accepted at the hands of Germany in that long interval; but where do we stand today? It is fitting that Mr. Bryan should sound, as he has sounded, a loud note of

triumph over the surrender by President Wilson of these brave words, and their inevitable implications, for here we stand on the anniversary of the bloody massacre by Germany of one hundred and fifteen of our innocent men, women and children on a peaceful errand, on a peaceful ship sailing the high seas under the protection of the law of nations and of their American citizenship, and nothing really done.

It is hateful for any American to express the opinion that this acquiescence on the part of President Wilson is due to the advice, said to have been given to him by Mr. Bryan at the outbreak of the war, that he must never lose sight of the German vote, but now that the election is so near at hand that thought necessarily appears to have far greater importance than it really possesses.

It is true that there is a small body of bribed or demented Germans scattered all over our country organized into alliances and other associations, who, long before the war broke out, were engaged in converting such few Germans as were amenable to their solicitations into treason to the fundamental principles of the American Government. Those principles are contained in the Declaration of Independence, in our Constitution, and in the undying aspiration of Mr. Lincoln for government by the people. In addition to the few German traitors among us hating this doctrine and striving to destroy it, must be added a much smaller number of demented Irishmen who cherish the same traitorous hopes and who are now shown to have been in actual league with the German traitors. But outside of these two small bodies, there are the great overwhelming masses of American citizens of Irish birth or descent, or of German birth or descent, who are as loyal to American democracy as any man born and reared under our flag. They are, in this generation, the representatives of the spirit of that brave Irish brigade led by General Meagher into the heart of many battles and of those devoted German brigades who equalled the highest measure of heroism attained by any of the soldiers on either side of our Civil War. If General Meagher may be cited as an example of the loyalty and bravery of the Irish soldiers of the Republic, General Schurz may be as fitly cited as an example of the loyalty and bravery of the German troops who fought as gallantly in the same historic struggle.

Unhappily, however, politicians feel the importance only of the men nearest to them and think nothing of the great

masses of " the plain people " who stood by Mr. Lincoln all through the Civil War, and will today stand by any public man who represents to them in very truth a loyal American, no matter what may be his party name or affiliations. Unhappily, too, for the Democratic Party, it seems definitely committed to the support of a candidate who, although he has moments when he sees the clear vision of American courage and fidelity to liberty, soon sinks back into what appears to be a childish apprehension of the Irish hyphens and the German hyphens, and betrays alike the dignity and honor of a trusting people committted to his hands.

No matter from what land or from what blood a citizen comes, so that he be, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, a loyal American in the sense in which so many of our great ancestors proved themselves to be, he is welcome to our fellowship and friendship as if he or his ancestors had never lived a day beyond the protection of the Stars and Stripes. So long, however, as German militarism, with all its hateful implications, is allowed to dominate the German people, we must observe with reverence and with sorrow each recurring anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania,* as we do our anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, dropping this observance as soon as the German people resume their rights of self-government and again take their place in the family of civilized nations.

Meanwhile, we shall continue to hope, even against hope, that the war which German militarism is still waging with such unexampled savagery against Christian civilization and democracy will be defeated, and that liberty will again emerge victorious, with blessings for all the children of men.

Let us take to heart the prophecy of Carlyle:

> Man has walked by the light of conflagrations and amidst the sound of falling cities, and now there is darkness and long watching until it be morning. The voice of the faithful can but exclaim: As yet strikes the twelfth hour of the night. Birds of darkness are on the wing, specters arise, the dead walk, the living dream. *Thou eternal Providence will cause the day to dawn.*

"HISTORICUS."

ENGLISH DEMOCRACY IN WAR TIME

BY SIDNEY LOW

SCENE: The British House of Commons at Westminster. An exciting debate is in progress on the conduct of the war in the East. An honorable member in khaki, with one arm in a sling, rises to address the assembly. He is a distinguished officer lately returned from the Dardanelles. The House is crowded in every part—with one exception. The front bench on the right hand of the Speaker's chair, which is allotted by custom to the members of His Majesty's Government, is almost empty. Not a single Cabinet Minister—and there are twenty-two of them—is in his place. The sole occupants of the Ministerial Bench are two or three under-secretaries. The gallant officer is dilating at some length, and with much frankness, on the mistakes which have occurred in the management of the Gallipoli expedition; and he comments with especial severity on the conduct, or as he plainly regards it the misconduct, of certain generals in high command. The House follows him with close attention, and his discourse is punctuated with frequent cheers. Suddenly he pauses in order to make a dramatic appeal to the ministers, and discovers that there are no ministers to answer his question. The responsibile executive of Great Britain has not thought fit to listen to this pointed indictment.

The colonel comments on their absence in tones of resentment which find an echo throughout the Chamber. It is an insult to the House, he exclaims, and the remark is received with applause. The under-secretaries huddle together and whisper; but they have no explanation to give of the absence of their chiefs, who, in fact, after listening to a statement from Mr. Asquith, have gone off to their dinner in a body, not apparently thinking it worth while to waste time over the proceedings of that High Court of Parliament which is theoretically the supreme governing organ of the British

Empire. The indignation of the House at this open testimony to its insignificance waxes furious; and when a member moves that the sitting be suspended to mark its sense of the ministerial conduct, the motion is carried without dissent.

The incident is a characteristic illustration of the relations which prevail between the executive and the legislature in Great Britain at the present moment. Nothing has been more remarkable than the rapid growth during the war of the Cabinet autocracy and the shrinkage of the influence and authority of Parliament. According to the theory of the British Constitution the Cabinet is simply a committee of high officials, appointed by the King to administer the national business under the strict supervision of Parliament. The members of this committee are supposed to be accountable to the representatives of the people at every stage. It is within the rights of every member of Parliament to address questions to them on any matter of public policy; and it is assumed that they must be at all times prepared to defend and vindicate their conduct of affairs in the House, which can cause them to modify their plans, or deprive them of their offices if it is not satisfied with their explanations. No new law can be passed unless it is approved by the majority of the House of Commons on the second and third readings of the bill and in committee; and no expenditure can be incurred without the sanction of a vote. Theoretically, these safeguards should make the Government the obedient and disciplined servants of the representative assembly. American, as well as English, constitutionalists have frequently insisted on the intimate association between the administration and the legislature under the Parliamentary, as contrasted with the Congressional, system. In the United States, it is said, that there is no such constant and direct control of the Chief Executive as in Great Britain, where the Cabinet officers are also the leaders of the dominant party in Parliament. But no American President, not even Lincoln, during the crisis of the Civil War, could have acted with more independence than the Cabinet of Mr. Asquith. We have seen again and again that the control of the House is almost nominal, and that the Ministry does practically what it pleases with the smallest possible regard to the wishes or the susceptibilities of the elected legislature.

This is not solely a consequence of the war. It is true that in every country, and under every constitution, the

Executive must be clothed with extraordinary powers when it is carrying on hostilities against the national enemy. In war time it is impossible to allow full scope for the discussion and deliberation which democratic government prescribes at other periods. Sometimes the emergency is met by abolishing the ordinary forms of constitutional procedure altogether and placing the administration in the hands of a virtual dictator acting under the authority of martial law,—which, as a great English jurist has said, is not law at all. At the opening of the European War in August, 1914, it was not deemed necessary in Great Britain to adopt this extreme course. The Government was, however, invested with all sorts of exceptional powers under a statute, hastily passed, called the Defence of the Realm Act, which dispenses with many of the restraints placed by the law and by the legal tribunals upon executive action. While this act was generally approved, it was not regarded as relieving the Cabinet from the necessity of submitting its actions to Parliamentary approval, or of freeing it from legislative criticism. It was still assumed that the Cabinet would continue to exercise its functions subject to the direct control of the popular representatives, and therefore indirectly of the electorate as a whole. But no committee of public safety, no dictator invested with plenary power, no autocratic sovereign in a continental monarchy, could have been less trammelled by discussion or criticism than the Cabinet of King George V.

The functions of the House of Commons have been virtually in abeyance since the autumn of last year. It would be idle to say that the members as a whole, any more than their fellow-citizens outside the walls of Westminster, are completely satisfied with everything that has been done, or that they are not at times extremely anxious for fuller explanations. Their anxiety and their dissatisfaction are mostly ignored by ministers. Occasionally Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey will come down to the House to deliver an exposition on military, diplomatic, or financial policy. Then there may be a debate, and one or two independent legislators may assail the ministerial pronouncement with searching questions or pungent criticism. Criticism and question glance harmlessly from the objects of the attack. Ministers are well aware that nothing will follow. There will be no vote of censure, and no effectual attempt to curtail their complete liberty of action. The free-lances of Westminster

are as impotent for practical purposes as the free-lances of Fleet Street. The Cabinet does what seems good to its members, and offers no more explanation than it thinks fit to give. The House of Commons might as well adjourn for the duration of the war for all the practical effect that its discussions can produce.

But though this Cabinet autocracy has reached its consummation during the war, the development has been making steady progress for many years past. Various causes were combining to deprive the legislature of its theoretical authority, and to increase the power of its ruling committee. The British Prime Minister is not only the leader of the House of Commons, and the head of the national Administration, but he is in reality the Chief of the State in the same sense as the President in America and in a much larger sense than the President of the French Republic. He is, of course, subject to the vast and shadowy prerogative of the Crown; but as the King can exercise the prerogative only on the advice of his "Council," and as the Prime Minister and his colleagues are in fact the Council, it is clear that in practice this is no limitation of his authority, but practically an extension of it. There are all kinds of things which ministers can do in the King's name without subjecting themselves to any legal penalties. It is true that if their action does not meet with the concurrence of the House of Commons they can be overthrown by an adverse vote of that assembly. The Ministry has almost a free hand so long as it remains in office; but it can be deprived of office if it fails to please the representatives of the constituencies.

This technical control of Parliament was more effective when ministers were constantly engaged in a struggle to maintain themselves in the House of Commons, and were seldom able to hold their majority together long enough to secure a protracted term of office. But a Ministry, returned after a general election, can now usually rely upon keeping its majority together for the full term of a Parliament. Party discipline is exceedingly strict; and however little a member may approve of any particular measure of his leaders, he will not vote against them when the question is made one of confidence. He has no desire to turn out his own party, and so bring in the Opposition, and perhaps lose his seat and the salary attaching thereto. A majority once obtained may be considered fixed for five years at least. The

most effective check on the Cabinet has been the existence of the so-called alternative Cabinet, that is the group of Opposition leaders with the minority of the House behind them, and something like half the electorate as well. This group, though invariably outvoted, can criticise with effect; and its leaders must be treated with a certain deference even by the ruling committee, because there is always the possibility that at the next general election they may be installed in office. Subject, however, to its wholesome respect for the Opposition the Cabinet exercises what is practically irresponsible power between one general election and another. The House of Commons has been elected by the same process which has installed the Cabinet group in office; and every elector in the United Kingdom is well aware that in casting his vote for his local candidate he is really doing his best to place the leader of the Liberal party or the leader of the Conservative party in the position of Prime Minister, President of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and Chancellor of the British Empire.

The existence of the rival Front Bench has been the salutary check upon the ministerial despotism. But when the two Front Benches combine their forces their is no real check at all. This is what has now happened. In the early part of the war the Conservative Opposition, from patriotic motives, declined to exercise its normal functions of criticism and hostile comment. The party system, which is in fact a necessary, though an unrecognized, part of the British Constitution, went to pieces. There were symptoms of its revival in the Spring of the present year, when an energetic newspaper campaign had drawn attention to the serious deficiencies of the War Office and the Munitions department. At this juncture Mr. Asquith created a coalition Cabinet, and invited the Opposition leaders to join him in the Ministry. Here, then, we have an Administration which " bosses " not only the majority in Parliament, but the minority as well. The faithful Liberal cannot get up to oppose the Cabinet, because that would be opposing his own leaders and the caucus by which he has been elected; and the faithful Unionist is in a similar case. He no more wants to bring discomfiture upon Mr. Balfour than his former rivals wish to inflict a blow upon Mr. Asquith.

Moreover, the Coalition Government has deprived the private members on both sides of their leaders. A British

Ministry, as at present constituted, forms a rather numerous contingent of very well-paid office-holders. There are the twenty-two members of the Cabinet, receiving salaries averaging over $20,000 a year each. Outside this solid little company there is another platoon of minor ministers, under-secretaries, financial secretaries, civil lords of the Admiralty, lords of the Treasury, officers of the Royal Household, and so forth, all of whom have a substantial share of the spoils to the extent of from $5,000 to $10,000 annually. Altogether there are between fifty and sixty party officials who are dependent for their status and their salary on the continued existence of the Ministry. These office-holders include the greater proportion of the men of influence and ability in Parliament. The two Front Benches are the men who have won their way to "Cabinet rank" by long experience or conspicuous talent, while the under-secretaries and the civil lords and the rest are the capable younger men destined in due course to take their places.

If there are any independent members in the House of Commons, and there are some, they are a regiment without officers. Nearly all the leaders or potential leaders have been branded with the official mark, and those that are left are the rank and file, men who do not carry any great weight of authority either within the walls of Westminster or without. The anti-Ministerial campaign has been conducted by one or two Irish and Radical irregulars, by Sir Arthur Markham, a wealthy Liberal coal-owner, who is respected for his courage and independence but not taken very seriously, and by Sir Henry Dalziel, a Radical journalist, who has sat for many years in the House without making any great impression upon it. The head of the Labor party, Mr. Henderson, has been given a Cabinet office; the Ulster leader, Sir Edward Carson, was also brought into the Ministry, though he afterwards left it because of a disagreement with his colleagues over their Balkan policy; and Mr. John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist chief, may almost be called a minister "without portfolio," even though he has preferred to remain outside the Government.

Thus it has come about that the Government is able to treat parliamentary criticism with indifference. Independent members get up in their places and emit pungent comments upon the conduct of the war from time to time; but ministers do not mind, for they know very well that no action

unfavorable to them is likely to follow. The critics cannot divide the House against the Government. If they made the attempt, the party machine, that is to say in the present case the two party machines, would be set to work and the ministerial majority would be overwhelming. Practically, therefore, the critics of the House of Commons can do no more to affect the policy of the Executive than the critics of the newspapers. In fact, they can do considerably less; for the people do read the newspapers of Lord Northcliffe with their circulation running into millions, whether they agree with them or not; but the speeches of private members of Parliament are given only the briefest summaries in the press, and very few people know that they have been delivered.

It follows that the Cabinet autocracy is virtually unchecked. Finance, legislation, and administration, are disposed of as they please by this all-powerful committee of twenty-two, which is free from the control of public opinion, and which cannot be displaced except as a result of a general election, if even by that; because at the next general election, which probably will not be held until after the close of the war, both party caucuses will be working together to reinstate the present leaders. In reality it is not the Cabinet as a whole which exercises these vast powers. A debating society of twenty-two is much too large to govern, and its present swollen and unprecedented size is only due to the desire to incorporate in it the leading men of all the parties in the House of Commons. The real Government of Britain at this moment is neither the House of Commons nor the Cabinet as a whole, but the small Inner Cabinet, consisting of the Prime Minister and some of his most influential colleagues. Who exactly these persons are is not precisely known, though it has been stated that the actual direction of military affairs from day to day rests with the War Council of five, that is Mr. Asquith himself and Mr. Lloyd George, the leaders of the Liberals, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law, the leaders of the Unionists, and Mr. McKenna, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But outside this War Council there are two or three other ministers, such as Sir Edward Grey, who also belong to the inner ring.

Thus we get a very curious state of affairs. The British Cabinet is technically "unknown to the Constitution." The law has never recognized its existence, and there is no statute or Act of Parliament from which it derives its powers.

Legally the executive authority in England is the King-in-Council, that is to say, the King acting by the advice and consent of the members of the Privy Council. It is a mere convention, never embodied in the law, that the only members of his Council whom the King consults are the small number of them who happen to be ministers for the time being. It is also only the result of usage and a curious series of accidents that this committee should sit in secret and carry on the supreme business of the country by private consultation among its members. The British Cabinet is not only a secret committee, but an entirely informal one. It has no secretary, no office, no seal, no permanent location, no means of writing a letter or receiving one in its corporate capacity, and no minute-book. No note is taken of its proceedings at any session, and no record is kept of its decisions. But now, as we have seen, the process of secrecy and informality has been carried a stage further. There is a committee within a committee; and even though we know who are the members of the larger Cabinet we cannot tell who make up the real ruling Council from day to day, and by what members of the supreme Executive the all-important decisions of the moment may be taken. True, the inner committee, like the Cabinet as a whole, is supposed to be responsible to Parliament; but in point of fact the responsibility in either case is extremely vague. In practice at the present moment the governance of England is a kind of dictatorship with the Prime Minister as dictator, calling to his councils from time to time such of his associates as he may think fit to select.

One curious result of this evolution is the emergence of the House of Lords. The Second Chamber, which a few years ago was regarded as a kind of dignified survival, only waiting to be transformed into a senate more in accordance with the democratic idea, has acquired a new importance during the past few months. It has become almost the only arena for independent and authoritative criticism of Administrative acts. The press can be gagged, and, if necessary, muzzled by the censorship. The House of Commons can be ignored, or kept in subjection by the party machinery. But the House of Lords cares little for the party machine, it has no seats to lose at an election, and it retains its right of free speech. Moreover, it contains a considerable body of men of high reputation for statesmanship and experience: men who have governed great dependencies, or have gained

distinction in various fields of action, jurists, pro-consuls, captains of industry, and eminent financiers, such men as Lord Bryce, Lord Milner, Lord Cromer, Lord Halsbury, the ex-Lord Chancellor, and Lord Courtney. What these peers have to say is worth hearing, and in the House of Lords they are able to make their voices heard. In consequence the debates in the Upper Chamber are more interesting just now than those in the Commons, and the speeches of the "Elder Statesmen" who take part in its discussions are followed with close attention by the public. It is singular enough that in this crisis of British affairs, while the democratic assembly is powerless and almost unregarded, it is the "Gilded Chamber" of the hereditary aristocracy which succeeds in giving expression to public opinion. Hardly anybody would have predicted that a great war would have conferred a new lease of life and a new sphere of influence upon the House of Lords; but that seems not unlikely to be the case.

SIDNEY LOW.

THE PERIL OF ESPIONAGE

BY JOHN B. STANCHFIELD

It is a narrow and erroneous—though commonly accepted—conception of the spy which portrays him as an erratic adventurer setting forth in war to discover and ferret out the military moves and plans of the enemy. Indeed, it may be doubted that such a description was ever sufficiently comprehensive, since the spy has in all periods of history operated in times of peace, and his machinations have been employed in diplomatic, political and civil life. To-day, at all events, the work of the secret service agent is certainly not melodramatic. It is rather a prosaic and intensely systematic, business-like occupation, pursued alike in peace and war. Romance has been eliminated from espionage, as it has from war by science and military organization.

Naturally, any estimate of the extent of the activities of foreign espionage in our country in time of peace must be, at least for us laymen, a matter of mere conjecture. The consciousness of danger from this source varies with the temperament of the individual. Some there are who think the peril is negligible, just as these same persons insist that military and naval resources are unnecessary to insure the integrity of our territory and the vindication of our national rights and honor. Others accept with credulity extravagant reports of the existence within our boundaries of organized alien forces ready, at a word from a foreign chancellery, to spring to arms and capture our principal cities.

The sane view, I believe, takes a middle ground and assumes the constant presence here of secret service agents of each of the Great Powers—agents organized and directed with more or less system toward the discovery of all important facts relating to the political, industrial, naval and military conditions of the country. From time to time our daily

papers tell us of the apprehension here or there of a foreigner having in his possession drawings of some fortification, or of the mysterious disappearance from the Bureau of Naval Construction of plans connected with the construction of a great battleship. And how many of such incidents fail to reach the light of publicity?

There results, therefore, a deepening conviction that this condition must be met by investigation and correction. But how far in this direction shall we go?

In the first place, whether or not we espouse the cause of the pacifists or of the exponents of preparedness, it would seem to be fundamental that, unless we adopt a policy of complete disarmament, we must at least safeguard the present existing defenses of the country against the covert aggression of espionage. Further, even the advocates of disarmament will not question the urgency of veiling from the scrutiny of the outside world the secret operations of our Government, particularly those of the Department of State.

But this is not all. Besides preventing the discovery of data concerning military affairs and state secrets, we must prepare to meet the danger of the actual destruction by spies of the instrumentalities of our Government and of their positive interference with every kind of internal measure designed for national protection. In this field, moreover, we must not only protect our fortresses and our battleships from mysterious destruction by fire or high explosives; we must also safeguard our national highways and means of communication—our railroads, telegraph and telephone systems, and our wireless apparatus. We must also protect all plants, factories, mills and mines engaged in or available for the production of military or naval ordnance, ammunition, stores or supplies of any kind, and those, as well, which in time of war may be indirectly connected with the military efficiency of the nation. In other words, our system of defense against espionage must embrace three broad departments:

1. The protection of the instrumentalities and operations of the Government itself, its navy and army, its forts, arsenals, and plants, its military, naval and state secrets.

2. The protection of all plants and factories not owned by the Government but directly engaged in the manufacture or production for the Government of ammunition, arms, explosives or other articles used in the conduct of warfare.

3. The protection of all agencies and instrumentalities the integrity of which in time of war would become of vital importance to the country. This class includes all factories, plants, mines, mills and other agencies in which any materials are or could be produced which would be necessary in time of war, such as clothing, foodstuffs and steel rails, and also all instrumentalities for transporting troops and war supplies and for transmitting information, such as railroads, telegraph and telephone lines and wireless apparatus.

The President of the United States has himself recently directed attention to the importance of incorporating and amalgamating our privately owned industries into the machinery of national defense and of making them an integral part of that system, by requesting the heads of the various engineering and scientific societies to undertake the work of "collecting data for use in organizing the manufacturing resources of the country for the public service in case of emergency." It is said that in the State of New Jersey alone there are eight hundred plants producing articles that would be needed by the Government in the event of war. This projected systematization of our industries would make it possible rapidly to mobilize these vitally necessary auxiliaries of the national defense. But constant maintenance of the maximum potential value of these elements of defense requires assiduous protection against espionage.

The guarding of these plants and factories involves not only the prevention of their actual physical destruction and the maintenance of secrecy as to their processes and capacity, but also the duty of securing them against paralysis produced by the fomenting of labor strikes and the enticement of workmen.

It was my initial purpose when I undertook the preparation of this paper to devote myself entirely to a consideration of what legislative measures should be adopted to bring about the results which I have outlined. But the more seriously I consider the subject, the more forcibly are there brought to my mind the comparative futility and impotence of punitive legislation as compared with administrative measures looking toward the *prevention* of the activities of espionage. The spy enters upon his undertaking with full notice of the hazards of his venture. He accepts the risks, whatever they are. He is willing, if need be, to pay the penalty of death. He is not deterred, in peace, by provisions of

penal law any more than he is restrained, in war, by the danger of summary execution. Therefore, besides punishing the offense, let us make it, as far as may be, impossible of commission.

How, then, are we to meet the problem? Three remedies suggest themselves: (1) The adoption of a policy of greater secrecy in connection with matters of national defense; (2) the adoption and development of a system of counter-espionage, in other words, a secret service engaged as a specialty in the occupation of watching and spying upon spies; and (3) punitive legislation.

I cannot express in terms too emphatic my conviction of the necessity of rigorous measures for the enforcement of secrecy in these matters of vital national concern. I firmly believe that this Government cannot too jealously guard the data concerning its military, naval and state affairs. I would recommend a law prohibiting the publication or discussion of any facts or information concerning the national defense except such as are expressly issued for publication by the Government itself. Today, unfortunately, no very ingenious system of espionage is required for the discovery of details of our armed strength. The spy, if he can read English, can ascertain almost all that he desires to know by a perusal of the *Congressional Record* alone.

Liberty to visit our fortresses and our battleships should be curtailed. The affairs of the executive offices of our military, naval and state departments should be more strictly safeguarded. The employes should be rigidly examined before acceptance, and those who handle documents and plans which might be of value to possible enemies of our country should submit to search. Harsh as this measure may seem, an honest and patriotic employe should appreciate its necessity and its value as a protection to himself and his home.

Quite as necessary as these negative precautions is the establishment of a spy system of our own—a force of trained men, preferably connected with the War Department, who will make it their business to know every foreign spy, so that his movements may be a matter of government record. Such a system of counter-espionage exists in practically every European country.

Although the existing laws go further than is ordinarily believed toward the punishment of espionage and its related activities, they are far from sufficiently comprehensive.

Treason and misprision of treason are defined and made punishable, but treason is, unfortunately, limited to levying war against the United States or adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort (U. S. Const. Art 3, Sec. 3; Federal Penal Code, Secs. 1 and 2). We have also on our statute books provisions for the punishment of correspondence with foreign Governments " with an intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign Government . . . in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or to defeat the measures of the Government of the United States " (Fed. Penal Code, Sec. 5); for the punishment of seditious conspiracy to overthrow, put down or to destroy by force the Government of the United States, or to levy war against them, or to oppose by force the authority thereof, or by force to prevent, hinder or delay the execution of any law of the United States, or by force to seize, take or possess any property of the United States contrary to the authority thereof " (id. Sec. 6). The Federal Penal Code punishes also the recruiting of soldiers or sailors within the United States to engage in armed hostility against the United States, and it likewise punishes enlistment for such a purpose (id. Secs. 6 and 7). There are further provisions punishing the act of falsely pretending to be an officer of the United States, and of concealing or embezzling any arms, stores, money or other property of the United States, and punishing bribery and attempted bribery of any officer or official or employe of the United States (id. Secs. 32, 35 and 39). By Section 42 of the Federal Penal Code it is, moreover, made criminal to entice, procure or assist in desertion from the army or navy.

A most suggestive provision of the Penal Code punishes with a fine of not more than $50 or imprisonment for not more than three months, or both, the act of enticing any artificer or workman " retained or employed in any arsenal or armory to depart from the same during the continuance of his engagement or to avoid or break his contract with the United States " (Sec. 43). But this provision is limited to plants actually owned and operated by the United States.

Physical injury to fortifications or other military or naval works is punished with a fine of not more than $5,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both (id. Sec. 44). Similarly, injury to telegraph, telephone or cable systems is punishable by a fine of not more than $1,000 or im-

prisonment for not more than three years, or both, but only when such systems are operated or controlled by the United States (id. Sec. 60). Arson of buildings or works, the property of the United States, is punishable by a fine of $5,000 and imprisonment for twenty years (id. Sec. 286).

With the exception of the sections punishing injury to the military or naval works or other property of the United States, and those relating to the enticement of desertion or the enticement of workmen from Federal shops, these penal provisions, over which I have cursorily passed, are not directed specifically or intentionally to the prevention or punishment of the acts which are embraced within the meaning of the word "espionage." It is only because the spy frequently finds it necessary, in order to accomplish his purpose, to resort to the commission of what we may call an ordinary crime, that he brings himself within the purview of those more or less general provisions.

Before the year 1909 there seems to have been no statute, aside of course from the Articles of War, for the punishment of spying as such. In that year there was enacted what is now Sec. 45 of the Federal Penal Code, punishing with fine and imprisonment the unlawful entry upon any fort, military reservation or army post. Finally, in 1911, there was passed a law entitled "An act to prevent the disclosure of national defense secrets" (Act of March 3, 1911, Chap. 226; 36 Stat. at L. 1084), now Sections 45a and 45b of the Federal Penal Code. These two sections attempt to cover the entire subject of obtaining unlawful information respecting the national defense. The first punishes, with imprisonment for one year, or a fine of $1,000, or both, any person who—

(1) For the purpose of obtaining information respecting the national defense, to which he is not lawfully entitled, goes upon any vessel or enters any navy yard, naval station, fort, battery, torpedo station, arsenal, camp, factory, building, office or other place connected with the national defense, owned or constructed or in process of construction by the United States, or in the possession or under the control of the United States or any of its authorities or agents;

(2) When lawfully or unlawfully upon any vessel or in or near any such place, without proper authority, obtains, takes or makes, or attempts to obtain, take or make any document, sketch, photograph, photographic negative, plan, model or knowledge of anything connected with the national defense to which he is not entitled;

(3) Without proper authority receives or obtains, or undertakes

or agrees to receive or obtain from any person any such document, sketch, photograph, etc., knowing the same to have been so obtained, taken or made;

(4) Having possession of or control over any such document, sketch, photograph, etc., willfully and without proper authority, communicates or attempts to communicate the same to any person not entitled to receive it, or to whom the same ought not in the interest of the national defense be communicated at that time; or

(5) Being lawfully intrusted with any such document, sketch, photograph, etc., willfully and in breach of his trust, so communicates or attempts to communicate the same.

Section 45b provides that anyone who has committed an offense under the preceding section, and who communicates or attempts to communicate to any foreign Government any of the documents or information so obtained or intrusted to him, shall be imprisoned for not more than ten years.

Even with the specially added provisions to which I have just referred, the existing laws are entirely inadequate to meet or cope with the activities of espionage. The entire body or system of legislation is unsound in principle and deficient in scope.

The sections relating to the surreptitious obtaining of information concerning the national defense do not recognize any distinction whatever between the procurement of such information by an alien spy in the employ of a foreign Government and the communication or betrayal of such secrets by a citizen or by an official of the Government to whom they have been intrusted. Manifestly there is a great moral and ethical distinction between these two acts. The former, though injurious to our national interests, involves little or no turpitude, for the alien resident owes us legally but a qualified allegiance and morally little if any duty. The latter is a flagrant violation of a sacred obligation, if not literally of the oath of allegiance to the nation. My first suggestion, therefore, is that our legislation on this subject should differentiate between such acts, even if of the same character, when committed by aliens and when committed by citizens. When done by an alien, the act should be punishable as one of espionage; when perpetrated by a national, it should be punishable as treachery. We cannot, without a Constitutional amendment, make such an act, especially when committed in times of peace, an act of treason, because the Constitutional definition of treason is exclusive. But there would seem to

be no reason why Congress can not classify such acts and give them the name of treachery. Moreover, I believe that the punishment of such treachery should be more severe in the case of an official, who would thereby commit a breach of an express trust, than in the case of a citizen who has no connection with the national defense.

And further, in the case of persons intrusted with the safeguarding of national secrets or property, the legislature should constitute it a crime negligently to permit such secrets to fall into the possession of unauthorized persons, or such property to be damaged, destroyed or illegally removed. An official or employee of the United States should be held to a more strict accountability than that merely for positive wrongdoing or breach of trust. Such an official should, on the contrary, be charged affirmatively with the safety of the secrets or property committed to his care.

In the next place, I believe that the theory of punishing misprision of treason should be extended so as to apply to acts of espionage and treachery as above defined. In other words, the law should make it criminal for a person within the United States, having knowledge or reasonable ground to believe that such an offense is about to be or has been committed, not to make prompt report to the proper officers.

To recapitulate the foregoing suggestions, they are:

1. The differentiation between espionage and treachery.

2. The creation of an offense which, for brevity, we may call misprision of espionage or misprision of treachery.

3. The creation of an offense of criminal negligence in guarding the nation's secrets and property.

There still remains to be considered the kind of activities against which the laws on this subject shall be directed; in other words, the scope and extent of the legislation to be constructed in conformity with these legal principles. Our present legislation fails entirely to protect the secrets, documents and archives of the Department of State, and the factories, mines, railroads and other privately owned properties which, in the event of war, would be most intimately connected with the national defense. There must, therefore, be an enlargement of the scope of the statutes which punish the obtaining of information concerning the national defense and which punish physical injury to forts, factories and armories of the United States, the enticement of desertion from the army or navy, and the enticement of workmen or

artisans from the arsenals or factories of the United States.

All governmental records should be included within the purview of the statute relating to the improper procurement of information—the secrets of the Department of State and the data about to be collected with respect to the organization of the national resources, as well as all military and naval secrets. Also, we must punish any interference with privately owned plants, factories, mills, mines, railroads or other enterprises engaged, or which have been or may be engaged in the construction, manufacture or transportation of any arms or ammunition or stores for the army or navy, and also any interference with our privately operated telegraph, cable and telephone lines and wireless systems. With the completion of the planned systematization of our manufacturing and industrial resources, it should be possible to draft a law defining with sufficient particularity the agencies of this character relating to the national defense. But if such a statute is found inadvisable, I would suggest a provision of penal law prohibiting in general terms any interference with plants, factories or other enterprises connected with the national defense, and authorizing the Secretary of War to designate from time to time such plants, factories and enterprises as, by reason of their activities or the adaptability of their machinery or other features, are in fact connected with the national defense. These agencies so designated by public proclamation would then come automatically within the intendment and purview of the general statute. Further, with respect to such plants, any law on the subject should punish not only actual physical injury, but also any interference with the sources of supply, either of materials or implements or of labor. In thus forbidding interference with labor, the suggested measure would be an enlargement of the present provision relating to the enticement of workmen from Federal factories and arsenals. Of course, any statute designed to effect this purpose would be carefully framed so as to condemn not the ordinary industrial strikes, but only interference with labor when brought about with the intent to embarrass the measures of the Government.

There will arise, of course, the query as to how far Congress may go in the direction of my suggestions without transcending its Constitutional limitations. In so far as legislation is required in order to protect privately owned means of transportation and communication, the interstate com-

merce clause of the Constitution is ample to empower Congress to enact the necessary measures. The other proposed subjects of legislation, it is pertinent to consider, are embraced within the following powers expressly conferred upon Congress by the Constitution:

> 12. To raise and support armies . . . ;
> 13. To provide and maintain a navy;
> 14. To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces;
> 15. To provide for calling forth the militia;
> 16. To provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia;
> 17. To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district . . . as may . . . become the seat of government of the United States; and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by consent of the legislature of the state in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock yards and other needful buildings; and
> 18. To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by this constitution in the government of the United States or in any department or officer thereof. (Constitution, Art. 1, Sec. 8.)

In addition to these express powers, the Government of the United States, like any government, has, inherently, the power to maintain and preserve its own integrity.

The only suggestion which, in my opinion, would raise even a debatable Constitutional point is that relating to the protection of privately owned plants and factories which are or can be used for the national defense. In so far as the statute may be able specifically to mention or accurately to define plants then in use for the manufacture or construction of supplies necessary for national defense, I can see no Constitutional objection, for without the right to protect the agencies engaged in the production of munitions or supplies of war, the Government would not be able to "provide and maintain a navy" or to "raise and support armies." With respect to a general provision covering factories and plants to be designated from time to time by the Secretary of War, there may be some question, but I think that upon study such a provision will be found to be Constitutional. The possible objection would be that an attempt to vest such a power in the Secretary of War is unconstitutional in permitting an executive officer to exercise the function of legislation. But

this ground does not appeal to my reason. The legislature defines the offense as interference with a plant connected with the national defense, and it places upon the Secretary of War merely the duty of proclaiming the existence of the facts with respect to such factories or plants as are in truth connected with the national defense. There is some precedent for such a law. In the case of our reciprocity treaties, the President is authorized by proclamation to declare the existence of such a state of facts as will bring into effect a reduction of our tariff rates. Again, in the case of the administration of our immigration laws, administrative officers are invested with the power of determining whether incoming aliens are or are not desirable citizens, and the decisions of the immigration officers are not reviewable by the courts, but are conclusive, except where there has been such flagrant abuse of discretion that it can be said that the officials have entirely failed to attempt a compliance with the law.

However, if the Constitutionality of any part of the proposed legislation should be deemed doubtful, I believe that the exigencies of the situation warrant a Constitutional amendment. The necessity of legislation to protect our privately owned enterprises must be manifest. In times of peace a shoe factory or a plant engaged in the manufacture of clothing, having especially developed facilities for the production of army stores and supplies, may not have a single government contract, and would therefore be at the mercy of a system of spies intent upon the demoralization of its labor force or the actual physical destruction of its machinery. If the Secretary of War were empowered to designate such a plant as one connected with the national defense, this factory could be protected by the Federal Secret Service and by the proposed system of counter-espionage.

Without some comprehensive scheme of this character for the protection of our industrial auxiliaries of national defense, the nation will always be vulnerable. If a thoroughly organized system of espionage is to be able to destroy, or to entice workmen from, our privately owned ammunition plants and from our copper mines, and to foment strikes and industrial disorders in our railroads and to cripple our means of communication, we shall be utterly at the mercy of a foreign enemy, no matter how strong or well protected from secret scrutiny may be the actual military and naval arms of the Government.

JOHN B. STANCHFIELD.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF INCOMES

BY W. H. MALLOCK

THE ideas prevalent as to the modern distribution of wealth, which underlie the arguments of extreme social reformers, have been mainly derived from economic and social thinkers who either neglected statistical methods altogether, or who flourish when these methods were at a stage much less advanced than that which they have now reached. The import of such ideas is that in modern countries, of which the most conspicuous examples are America and the United Kingdom, the bulk of the national income, in proportion as its total increases, tends to pass into the hands of a small and super-opulent class, the vast majority of the citizens being left in a condition of absolutely or relatively increasing poverty. Such, for example, was the teaching, still constantly quoted, of Mill. It was the teaching of Marx. It was the teaching of Henry George. But Mill made no attempt to translate his vague assertions into any definite and statistical form whatever. The statistical computations of Marx were, as a later Socialist writer has said of them, no more scientific than the physical speculations of Thales; whilst, according to Henry George, the nature of the case was so obvious that statistical investigation of any kind was unnecessary.

But since the days of George, to say nothing of those of Marx and Mill, statistical methods have very greatly improved; and it has gradually become more and more evident how fundamentally at variance with fact these traditional ideas with regard to the distribution of wealth are. The statistics of distribution are still in a very imperfect state. Much, however, has been learned in the course of the past twenty-five years; and one of the greatest advances made in statistical method has been the development of the method

of international comparison. In a work recently published, namely *The Wealth and Income of the People of the United States,* by Dr. W. I. King, Instructor in Statistics in the University of Wisconsin, materials have been brought together which have, for comparative purposes, even more significance than the writer himself recognizes; and it is my object in these few pages to call attention to some of the more important of them, supplementing them with certain others.

One of the most important comparisons which the work of Dr. King suggests is that between America and the United Kingdom. Dr. King divides his subject into two parts, one being the distribution of what he calls "wealth," by which he means exclusively permanent property or capital, the other being the distribution of incomes. This use of the term "wealth" is perhaps not very fortunate; for wealth in the popular mind is less closely associated with capital than it is with spendable income; and millions of men may be earning large incomes by work who would, in Dr. King's language, have no wealth whatsoever. Indeed he admits that such is the case himself, and that the net results of distribution in any country are mainly to be looked for in the distribution of the means by which life may be enjoyed, rather than of shares in farm lands, of factory walls, and of machinery. We will, therefore, confine ourselves here to the distribution of incomes; and, before dealing with the figures for the United States as Dr. King gives them, certain others shall be summarized which he omits, though by implication he often alludes to them. These are figures relating to the United Kingdom. Of the distribution of capital, or capital values in that country, he gives a tabular account. He gives no corresponding account of the distribution of incomes. His figures for the United States are brought down to the year 1910. In dealing with the United Kingdom it will be convenient to take the year 1907 and the years adjoining, because with regard to that particular period the available evidence is more than usually ample.

Two methods of computation, each independent of the other, united to show that in the year 1907 the income of the United Kingdom was approximately 10,500 million dollars. There was also direct evidence to show the aggregate amounts of two groups of incomes respectively—namely those at the top of the scale, which exceeded 25,000 dollars a

year, and those at the bottom, which did not exceed 800. With regard to the intermediate groups an index is to be found in the official records of houses, as classified and enumerated in accordance with their rental values, rent being taken to represent on an average from one-eighth to one-twelfth of the incomes of their respective occupiers. If, then, on the basis of such evidences we divide incomes into the following classes: (1) Those not exceeding 2,500 dollars a year; (2) those between 2,500 dollars and 5,000 dollars; (3) those between 5,000 dollars and 25,000; and (4) those exceeding 25,000, the respective aggregates of these groups will have been as follows:

Amount of individual incomes.	Aggregate in millions of dollars.	Approximate percentage of total.
Up to 2,500 dollars.....	8,200	78
2,500 to 5,000.....	700	7
5,000 to 25,000.....	950	9
Exceeding 25,000.....	650	6
	10,500	

Now as to the idea common amongst extreme reformers that the bulk of the national income, in any modern country, is swallowed up by a minority called "the rich," it must be observed that "rich" is a term the meaning of which is relative. But when we recollect that "the rich," as described in popular oratory, are identified by Marx with "great factory lords," that an English radical statesman has recently described them as the lords of "piled up aggregations," and that they are invariably typified in Socialist caricatures in America by species of bloated ogre as hugging or staggering under sacks each labeled "5,000,000 dollars," we shall be justified in assuming that "the rich," as the reformers imagine them, can hardly be persons with less than 25,000 dollars a year. We shall at all events (as I have pointed out elsewhere) be straining the implications of the word to their utmost, if we take it that these monstrous plutocrats are a band none of whose members has incomes of less than 5,000 dollars. If, then, we adopt this latter and absurdly comprehensive definition, we shall see from the above table that the actual share of "the rich" in the income of the United Kingdom, instead of forming any preponder-

ant part of it, was at the date in question little more than one-seventh, whilst the sole class which really represents the popular conception of riches took, as a matter of fact, hardly more than one-seventeenth.

Now, the figures just given, except those relating to the largest incomes and the lowest, in view of the evidence on which they are founded, might, if they stood alone, be made the subject of more or less sceptical criticism. It might also be urged—and this is a more important matter—that, even if substantially correct, they relate to the affairs of one country only, and possess no general significance. Let us, then, turn to Dr. King's tables relating to the distribution of incomes in the United States, and see how the affairs of one country throw light on those of another.

In the year 1910 the entire income of the Continental United States was in round figures 30,500 million dollars, and if we start with dividing this into four groups of incomes, classified as they have just been classified in the case of the United Kingdom, their respective amounts, according to Dr. King's tables, are as follows:

Incomes up to 2,500 dollars	23,000 million dollars
2,500 to 5,000	2,100 million dollars
5,000 to 25,000	3,000 million dollars
Exceeding 25,000	2,400 million dollars

Let us now take the case of Prussia, which, says Dr. King, is the European country which provides us with the best data for a comparison. The figures, as Dr. King groups them, do not completely coincide with the grouping that has been here adopted with regard to America and the United Kingdom, for the lowest of the Prussian groups, as shown in his synopsis, consists of incomes up to about 2,400 dollars instead of 2,500, and no comparable division is made between incomes ranging from 2,500 dollars to 25,000; but, these discrepancies being allowed for, the comparative results are remarkable. The income of Prussia in the year 1910 was, according to Dr. King's tables, made up as follows:

Incomes up to 2,400 dollars	4,500 million dollars
2,400 to 25,000	875 million dollars
Exceeding 25,000	310 million dollars

Let us now take the three countries together, and express in each case the income of each group in terms of percent-

ages of the total, as has been done already in the case of the United Kingdom:

Range of Incomes.	Approximate percentage of total income. United Kingdom	United States	Prussia
Up to 2,500 dollars.....	78	76	78½
2,500 to 5,000.....	7	7	16
5,000 to 25,000.....	9	9	
Exceeding 25,000[1].....	6	8	5½

The close similarity of these three sets of figures—figures worked out in three different countries by independent investigators dealing with different data—forms a striking confirmation of the substantial accuracy of each. Not only does it exhibit the radical fallacy of the belief that income in modern countries passes mainly into the hands of the rich, but it also disposes of the idea that distribution in any one country is the result of local accident, and shows that it is and must be determined by some general principle, to which certain human activities, wherever they operate, naturally and necessarily conform. And that such is the case will become more and more evident, if, still using Dr. King's figures for America, we carry our comparison of these with the figures for the United Kingdom further.

Dr. King in his tables for America deals with family incomes, and not with incomes received by and legally pertaining to individuals. Thus, whereas the total number of persons " gainfully occupied " was 37 million, the total number of family incomes with which he deals was 28 million. But this procedure practically affects his figures in the case of those families only whose joint incomes (mainly consisting of wages) did not exceed 1,400 dollars. It appears that in cases such as these a family whose joint income was as much as 1,200 or 1,400 dollars would comprise on an average one principal worker whose earnings reached, but did not exceed, 800 dollars. Dr. King expressly says that in this respect the figures can represent no more than a rough approximation to the truth; but they will enable us, if we so accept them, to make a very interesting comparison between such incomes and incomes below a certain limit in the United Kingdom; for if the sum of American family incomes not exceeding

[1] Dr. King mentions in a note that the figures given by him for this group of incomes may possibly be excessive. Should this prove to be the case, the parallelism between the United States and the United Kingdom would be even closer than that represented above.

1,200 or 1,400 dollars represent individual incomes not exceeding 800 dollars, the sum of such incomes in America will correspond to the sum of such incomes in the United Kingdom as are not subject to income-tax. The sum of these last was in the year 1907, about 6,500 million dollars out of a total income of 10,500, or, in other words, just short of 62 per cent. According to Dr. King's figures, the sum of family incomes in America not exceeding 1,400 dollars was, in the year 1910, 19,200 million dollars, or 62¾ per cent of a total income of 30,500 dollars.

Another example may be given, taken at random, showing the similarity of the results reached by independent methods of computation. In the year 1907 there were in Great Britain and Ireland about 130,000 houses the rental values of which ranged from 250 dollars to 300, and which are roughly computed to represent the same number of families, their incomes ranging from 2,700 or 2,800 dollars to 3,400. In the United States, as shown in Dr. King's tables, the number of incomes lying between the same limits was about 230,000; the two numbers being in almost the same ratio as that borne by the population of one country to the population of the other; whilst the aggregate of such incomes was 3½ per cent of the total in the United Kingdom, in the United States, according to Dr. King's figures, it was about 3¼ per cent. We need not insist on such similarities too strictly, but they are evidently very close. A similarity yet more significant is one of an allied though not identical kind.

According to the idea which prevails generally, the distribution of incomes is what is called "pyramidal." This means that, if incomes be grouped in accordance with their magnitude, the smallest will be the most numerous, the number decreasing in proportion as the amount increases. Now, as I have pointed out elsewhere, if Socialist theories of modern society be true, this is not only what does happen: it is also what is bound to happen until the present structure of society is altogether revolutionized. In every modern country, so the Socialist argument runs, the masses work for wages which are doled out to them by an employer; and the amount which they receive for their work is in every case the subject of a bargain, in which each party aims at doing the best he can for himself. Now, if the two parties met on equal terms the result would be substantially equitable. The worker would get from the employer as much as

his work was worth. The terms, however, on which they actually meet are in their very essence unequal. The wage-earner has nothing to sell but the faculties of his mind and body. He must, therefore, sell these faculties from week to week, or he will starve. The employer can afford to wait; and he thus can compel the wage-earner to accept a price which bears no relation to the value of the product of the work performed by him, but is simply determined by the minimum which will keep the wage-earner alive. Socialists, it is true, have of late years found themselves unable to deny that certain small sections of the wage-earners have contrived to secure something more than mere starvation wages; but they still maintain that, with regard to the great majority, the tendency of the existing system is to beat wages down to a common, and to the lowest possible, level. Now, if we examine (as by means of contemporary records we can do) the case of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find a condition of things which does more or less coincide with the picture which such theorists draw. The great majority of the adult male workers barely earned as much as two-and-a-half dollars a week; a small minority earned three dollars; those who earned three-and-a-half dollars were a minority smaller still. About fifty years later, however, an English statistician noted, as a mere empirical fact, that this scheme of distribution appeared to be undergoing a change, and that larger incomes up to a certain point were increasing in number, while the numbers of the smaller were declining. Since that time the change, which relates almost exclusively to incomes earned as wages, has become more and more pronounced, and may be roughly expressed thus: If we suppose the wage-earners to be divided into five groups, the individual earnings in each of which are indicated respectively by the numerals 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, the number of the typical composition of a staff of a hundred men in England, in the year 1800, have been more or less like this: Group 3, would have comprised 75 men; Group 4, 15 men; Group 5, 5 men; Group 6, 3 men, and Group 7, 2 men. A hundred years later the typical composition of a similar staff of men would have been more or less like this: Group 3, would have comprised 75 men; Group 4a, 5 men; Group 4, 10 men; Group 5, 75 men; Group 6, 7 men, and Group 7, 3 men. These figures, though they broadly correspond with facts, must not be taken as representing facts in detail. They

are given only as indicating the general character of a change which has taken place first in England, and subsequently in the United Kingdom between the beginning of the nineteenth century and today. It is a change which affects wage-incomes up to a certain limit, that limit being approximately 480 dollars. Earnings above that sum revert to the traditional order, and decrease in number in proportion as they increase in magnitude. Such being the case with regard to the United Kingdom, the remarkable fact which we are here concerned to note is that a parallel scheme of distribution has developed itself in America likewise. Incomes—mainly wage-incomes—up to 800 dollars, are divided in Dr. King's tables into seven groups, beginning with 200 dollars, and rising above one another in steps of 100 dollars each. The number of incomes in the lowest group is 20,000; in the second, 270,000; in the third, 1,700,000; in the fourth and fifth, 2,600,000, and in the sixth and seventh, 3,500,000. Then we come to an eighth group, consisting of incomes between 800 and 900 dollars, the number of which is 2,700,000; then to incomes between 900 dollars and 1,000, the number of which is 2,200,000; then to incomes between 1,000 dollars and 1,100 the number of which is 1,800,000; and so on till we reach the upper end of the scale. What, then, is the meaning of these facts which are, in their general character, common to both countries?

What gives to these facts their peculiar interest is this—that they entirely refute the Socialist and ultra-radical doctrine with regard to the nature of the bargaining which takes place between the modern wage-earner and the employer. They demonstrate that whatever may be the price which the former pays the latter for his work, it is not determined (except in a minute number of cases) by the minimum on which a man can live. It is the very essence of the Socialist argument that the employer will never pay more than such a minimum if by any means he can avoid doing so—that whenever he does so, he does so against the grain. Why, then, if the employers of America can get some 300,000 workers for less than 300 dollars a year, do they pay 1,700,000 at the rate of 400 dollars? Why, if they can get 1,700,000 at the rate of 400 dollars, do they pay 2,600,000 at the rate of 500? And then, again, there comes the converse question, Why, if the employers of America can be obliged to pay 3,500,000 workers at the rate of 800 dollars a year, can only 1,800,000

workers get out of them as much as 1,100 dollars, and only 710,000 as much as 1,400 dollars? The absolute figures for America and the United Kingdom differ; but the nature of the phenomena is in both countries identical. What is the explanation of them? There is only one explanation possible.[1] It is this, that wage-prices are determined by the very factor the operation of which the theory of socialism denies. It is true that so far as the consciousness of the two parties —the wage-earner and the employer—is concerned, the price is determined by the process of isolated bargainings, but the results of such bargainings are in each case determined by the value of the work done—a value which varies with the faculties of the men employed; and though they may not always coincide with this value absolutely, they necessarily gravitate towards and are never very far away from it.

It will, however, be asked why, if such is the case, this scheme of wage-distribution, which is peculiar to the modern world, did not prevail a hundred years ago, when the whole industrial process was simpler than it is today; for the congenital faculties of the human race were presumably the same in the eighteenth century as they they were in the nineteenth, as they are now in the twentieth. And the answer to this question is that, as the industrial process has become more and more highly intellectualized, demands have arisen and opportunities have been created for the exercise of a variety of faculties which, though they were always latent in men, were previously undeveloped because there was no industrial use for them; and these, being now developed in response to a novel demand for them, exhibit themselves in a series of graded efficiencies, each of which finds its index in the rate of wages paid for it, just as a man's clothes are an index of his height and figure. Moreover, the distribution of wages conforms to the same scheme in one country as in another, because everywhere the potential efficiencies with which men are born are distributed by nature in very much the same way.

It is impossible, within the limits of these few pages, to discuss this question of the international distribution of wages in detail. It must be enough for the moment to point

[1] It has been suggested that this phenomenon may be accounted for by the fact that the lower rates of wages are those earned by women. Dr. King's analysis shows that this is not so. The scheme of distribution in question is specially notable in the case of married men.

out that the principle of distribution, as above indicated, does not apply to the wages of manual work only. It applies to the reward of effort of all kinds. In the first place it applies to salaries, which are the reward of mental work, such as that of the clerk, the supervisor, the manager. The growth of this class, intermediate between the employers and the manual workers, is a purely modern phenomenon. It can be traced with some accuracy in the United Kingdom for at least a hundred years. In that country the number of these subordinate mental workers has increased three times as fast as the population, whereas the number of the manual workers relatively to the population has declined. The growth of this class is the outward and visible sign of that intellectualization of industry, of which, under the employers, it is the instrument, and is intelligible only when regarded in this light. Its growth can be traced in America for a short time only; and if it be taken as a whole, Dr. King observes that statistical details with regard to it are still very defective; but if we confine ourselves to the records of "factory establishments" since the beginning of the present century, it will be found that the situation in America has become by this time essentially the same as it is in the United Kingdom. The subordinate mental workers have so increased at the expense of the manual that the proportion of the one class to the other is now in both countries similar, and in both countries the average earnings of the mental worker bear practically the same ratio to the average earnings of the manual, the amount of the former being in each case about twice that of the latter.

Finally, with regard to those who are neither salaried workers nor wage-earners, though a difference in the methods of classification adopted in the two countries renders direct comparisons of a detailed kind difficult, the net results of distribution coincide so closely that these must evidently be due to the action of the same pervading principle. The distribution of income, and the distribution of efficiency, must on the whole (though there will naturally be exceptions) coincide within narrow limits. In the American Tables all occupied persons other than wage-paid or salaried workers are classed together as "entrepreneurs"; but since, as Dr. King observes, some of these persons make "princely incomes," while the average income of an "entrepreneur" is hardly twice that of a skilled mechanic, it is evident that

most of these cannot, in the ordinary sense of the word, be "employers" at all. The typical employer of today can hardly be a person making less than 5,000 dollars a year; and since the total of incomes exceeding that sum is, both in America and the United Kingdom, only about 15 per cent. of the total, the "employers," even if they managed to take twice as much as was due to them, would diminish the incomes of the great mass of the people by not more than 7½ per cent. As matters stand, the close similarity in the distribution of these larger incomes from 5,000 dollars up to those exceeding 25,000 in America, the United Kingdom, and in Prussia also, is in itself sufficient to indicate, without closer study, that the coincidence of income with efficiency of some sort or other is a law which prevails throughout the distributive system from the bottom of the scale to the top. The exceptions (if such there are) which would most readily occur to an objector, would naturally be those incomes of colossal magnitude which are practically peculiar to America, and are of more or less recent origin—namely, those exceeding 2,000,000 dollars. But these, though they make their recipients the talk of half the world, are not so much as one-hundred-and-twentieth part of the income of people of the United States; therefore, for purposes of imagined redistribution, it makes very little matter whether we take them into account or no. If, however, these world-famous incomes being excluded, we concern ourselves with the larger group consisting of incomes in excess of 25,000 dollars, the proportion of these to the total will be very nearly the same in the United States, the United Kingdom and Prussia—that is to say, about 6 per cent. The similarity goes yet deeper: for the distribution of incomes within the limits of this group is in the first two countries nearly the same likewise, and would probably prove to be in Prussia were the data for a comparison available.

It is impossible here to pursue this subject further; but the outstanding facts which have been thus briefly noted are sufficient to show how widely different is the distribution of incomes in the modern world from the conceptions of it which are most popular, and how much more complex, more general, and more deeply seated are the causes to which its distribution is due than those which alone figure in the crude theories of Marxian, and even of later, socialism.

W. H. Mallock.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION PLAN: ITS FACTS AND FALLACIES

BY JAMES B. REYNOLDS

In most quarters of the United States the idea of a Tariff Commission is received with applause. But much of this enthusiasm is based upon a mistaken idea, though one that circulates with great gusto. The people really believe that by the creation of a Commission they will be eliminating politics from the tariff. There is no better slogan than "Take the Tariff Out of Politics." Nor is there any more misleading. When people are taken out of politics, when oxygen is taken out of the air, when several things of that kind occur, then there will be an absolute divorce of politics and tariff, and not before. It cannot happen before that time, for the tariff is the great economic question of the nation, and being such is something for the country itself to decide. What kind of a tariff is to be made is settled at the polls, and will be until the end of the present chapter.

There is also prevalent the idea that a Tariff Commission will settle all tariff trouble, that its influence will in some mysterious way bring together the man who regards a protective tariff as a deity and the one who regards it as a devil, and make lion and lamb lie down together in a pasture of harmony. Such a commission is looked upon by far too many people as a kind of philosopher's stone by means of which prices can be made high for those who wish them high and at the same time low for those who wish them low. It is felt that such a body could equally satisfy the wants of those who wish nothing but American-made goods sold in the United States, and those who disdain to use anything that is not made abroad. The things that a commission can accomplish, according to some of the advocates of it, make up a splendid picture, glorious in color and utopian in sig-

nificance. But, alas, such a picture possesses many of the qualities of a mirage, and vanishes into air under the sunlight of scrutiny.

This does not mean, however, that a Tariff Commission is not a good thing, that it cannot be made of real benefit to the country. It can do such and can be made such, but only with a real appreciation of its natural and proper limitations. The Tariff Commission idea, as a matter of fact, has been sadly injured and its permanent creation postponed by what has gone on in the house of its friends. It has been regarded there and proclaimed abroad as a worker of miracles, instead of being invested with merely normal and possible functions. It has been demanded that upon it be conferred the power to make rates. Many of its ardent friends have insisted that it be made like unto the Interstate Commerce Commission, and given the same power over tariff duties that that body has over freight rates. But the matter of what shippers shall pay to the railroads for carrying freight, and what rates of duty a foreign producer shall pay for the privilege of selling his goods in the American market-place, are very dissimilar things, and must be handled in totally different fashion.

It was this demand for kingly power for a Tariff Commission that hurt the cause. It aroused Congress and the American producer and the foreign importer to vigorous protest and to open hostility. Congress has never yet been in a mood to give away the tariff-making initiative and power conferred upon it by the Constitution, and there is no symptom that any such mood will come into being. It was the fear that a Tariff Commission would attempt this trespass upon its power that kept Congress from passing legislation to create any such body. Had the advocates of a commission been less extravagant in their demands, there would not have been the same antagonism to overcome.

There are those who base a great part of their enthusiasm for a Tariff Commission on what European nations do in this regard. More correctly, they base it upon what they *think* European nations do. As a matter of fact, the European tariff commission system is very different from the popular notion of it in this country, and a further important element in the case is that the tariff-making methods of the United States and foreign countries are so different

that it would be almost impossible for them to proceed on parallel tracks. Tariff-making in Europe does not involve the preliminary and basic discussion of what kind of a tariff it is to be. There is no three-cornered contest as to whether the new law shall be one for protection, for revenue only, or for that newly arrived tariff theory of Mr. Underwood's, a competitive tariff. In all the European countries where the tariff commission idea is prevalent, the one theory upon which tariffs are made is the direct and personal benefit to the country making it. Nor does a new tariff law follow upon the heels of a national election in which the party in power has been changed. Their tariffs are made to fit the needs of the nation, and are not the sequence of a political victory. Since there is no dispute as to what shall be the basic theory of a new tariff law, it remains only for those making it to do the detailed work, and to see that each industry of the nation receives fair play and just treatment.

An important difference in the tariff situation in the United States, as compared with other countries, is the very important parliamentary one. Under the procedure of most European countries, important measures are carefully prepared, either by officers of the Government or those whom such officers select, and then these measures go before the parliamentary body with the backing of the Administration and the full force of Government support. Furthermore, the original tariffs, in the case of many countries, are not intended to go into practical force, but to serve merely as a basis for the making of commercial treaties with other countries. For this reason, the part played by an Administration abroad is the one that dominates the entire tariff situation. The detailed discussion on the floor of parliamentary bodies is much less important, and it is merely a question of the Administration securing sufficient support from a parliament to secure the passage of a tariff which it has itself framed. This is, of course, absolutely contrary to the practice under our own form of government. Theoretically, at least, Congress is independent both of the President and of the Administration, although this independence varies with the years, and runs the whole scale from fact to fiction.

As a matter of fact, no country of Europe has yet established such a body as the Tariff Commission would be in the United States. There is no other nation in which an

investigation of industrial conditions, as started by the former Tariff Board with its extended examination of costs of production, has been conducted. The European method of tariff commissioning does not involve this direct and thorough system of inquiry, this sending of field agents to learn facts at first hand and at close range. The European method has been in the nature of frequent and friendly conferences with all the interests concerned, while the consumers have been represented by the government officials themselves. There is no formal governmental body which holds formal hearings, and there is no making public of the testimony that is given at these conferences.

When the last French tariff was made, it was entrusted to a commission of many members, largely made up of manufacturers of a widely divergent mass of products, and of men who would be vitally concerned in the new rates of duty. This commission spent several years in framing a tariff bill, and then presented it in its entirety as a Government measure in the French Chamber of Deputies. In Germany, there is a large committee which, in the preparation of the last tariff, was very active at a certain stage of the proceedings, and this committee is sometimes referred to in America as the German Tariff Commission. This body, however, which numbered thirty-six, was primarily an advisory body, made up of the great leaders in the industrial world, and its members were men of large affairs, working for a trivial sum per diem, and devoting most of their time to their own personal business. The assistance which they rendered to the Government in the making of the law was because of their experience as business men, not because of any special investigation which they undertook.

In Austria, in the making of tariffs, the Government receives assistance from a committee of the associated Chambers of Commerce, which attempts to straighten out beforehand the conflicting demands of the producing interests, and present to the Government a plan which has the support of the business world. This body represents, primarily, the producing interests, and is in no sense the determining factor in the making of the tariff. In both Austria and Germany, the real responsibility is placed in the hands of the officials of the different ministries. To such officials the tariff question can be safely left, in which again there is a radical difference between the situation there and

here. There are Government officials in European countries who have devoted themselves solely to the industrial effects of the tariff for a period of many years, and are, therefore, familiar in a personal and practical way with the facts regarding costs and competition in the different industries.

In the case of the United States, with the changing of officials consequent upon the incoming of the different Administrations, there is no such force upon which to rely, and, consequently, it becomes necessary to do work all over again each time a tariff law is changed. So it is not safe to transplant bodily from Europe a tariff-making system that is of value there, because of the vastly different type of soil in the United States in which tariff seeds are sown, and from which tariff bills sprout forth.

The forerunner of the Tariff Commission that is to be was the Tariff Board. That was an institution to which Congress never gave its real sanction. It did, however, relent from its spirit of antagonism to the idea of the Board's existence sufficiently to give it necessary appropriations for three years, but refused to make it a part of the governmental body. As a matter of fact, the Tariff Board was a good deal like Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* for like her it was "never born, but just grew." When the Payne-Aldrich Tariff was passed, it contained a provision permitting the President "to employ such persons as may be required" to assist him and the officers of the Government in Customs matters. President Taft took advantage of that clause in the law to construct a Tariff Board. This Board took up an entirely new problem in the United States, that of direct and personal investigation of industrial conditions and production costs. It was pioneer work, and was surrounded with all of the difficulties attendant upon such an undertaking. What the Board tried to do was directed along three different lines:

First: To secure, as to articles in the tariff, concise information regarding the nature of the article, the chief sources of supply at home and abroad, the methods of its production, its chief uses, statistics of production, imports and exports, with an estimate of the *ad valorem* equivalent for all specific duties. This was an endeavor to follow out what President Taft meant by "translating the tariff into English."

Second: To make an inquiry into actual costs of production both at home and abroad, especially comparative costs upon the same or similar articles. This was carried on with a full realization of the fact that there are many manufactured articles of such exceptional quality that no comparison can be made between the products of different mills; but realizing also, on the other hand, that there are many standardized articles in the case of which definite results can be secured. The work along this line was planned to deal entirely with actual costs and not with hypothetical, or average, costs.

Third: To secure accurate information regarding actual prices at home and abroad, the peculiar local conditions affecting any particular industry, and the general conditions of home and foreign competition to which it is subject. This embraced both the technical and commercial sides of the question.

What the results of the Tariff Board's efforts were, and whether or not it justified itself and its existence, is a question that is not necessary to consider at this time; and the testimony of a member of it, who might naturally be prejudiced in its behalf, is not the proper source from which to gain such information. One clear result, however, was the insight that the work of the Tariff Board gave into the possibilities inhering in a Tariff Commission,—and, what is equally important, the impossibilities as well.

To the important and leading question: Is there a proper field for a Tariff Commission? my answer, as the result of three years' experience in Tariff Board work, is decidedly that there is, but that such a Commission should be founded upon a proper basis, and its work confined within its natural and proper boundaries. There is a field for a Tariff Commission, not for the purpose of determining what kind of a tariff shall be put upon the statute books of the country, but, after the country has determined what it wants, or what it thinks it wants, to give genuine and expert aid to the men whose duty it is to draw up a law in conformity to the verdict of the voters. By the use of a Commission, real inquiry at first hand into tariff problems and industrial conditions can be obtained.

The present system of framing a law as the result of a series of hearings, with the clashing of opposing forces before a committee, has elements of weakness that have long

been realized. In that particular, it is merely a question as to whether or not, under our old methods, proper provision is made by the Government for an adequate inquiry into the nature of tariff legislation and the industrial effect of each schedule. There are a great many people in the country who think that the present system of hearings is sufficient, and there is no need for either change or the creation of any new agency; but there is also a vigorous idea that some body should be brought into existence, or some agency created, which should conduct a continuous inquiry of an impartial and non-partisan character regarding tariff matters which are of vital importance to the industrial life of America.

A properly constituted Tariff Commission, with its work sanely planned and carried out, can be of great value to all branches of the Government, to Congress, and to the President. There is hardly a sphere of Governmental activity at Washington that does not need to have some source of information to which to turn on customs and tariff matters. The Executive Departments of the Government need it for proper guidance in the making of regulations and the interpretation of tariff law. Congress needs it for facts and figures dealing with industrial conditions and the tariff situation in the world in the making of new tariff laws or changes in the old. The President needs it, because it is his duty both to approve all tariff acts before they become law, and to recommend to Congress, should he so desire, changes in the existing law.

One result of a Tariff Commission would be the ability to have in the United States a tariff law in which the duties should be specific. This would aid greatly the proper administration of the tariff and the knowledge of both the American producer and the foreign importer as to what the law really means, and what it spells in dollars and cents as to the duties which it levies. That a tariff made up of specific duties is the proper one for any large commercial country, there should be no question. The system of *ad valorem* duties is based on a wrong principle, and its proper administration is almost impossible. From a protectionist standpoint it is a very faulty thing. When the amount of duty depends upon the market or selling price, it creates a condition of affairs in which, when prices are high and the American manufacturer needs less duty for protective purposes,

he receives the most protection; when prices are low and he needs as much duty as possible to prevent his being undersold, then he receives the least protection.

From an administrative standpoint, with *ad valorem* duties there is always the matter of under-valuation. At best this can only be reduced to a minimum, and to do even that requires the expenditure by the Government of a vast sum of money each year for purposes of inquiry and investigation. Other great commercial nations of the world have long ago reached the conclusion that the best customs duty from a national standpoint is the specific duty. The great barrier in the way of having such a system put into effect in the United States is the way in which our tariffs are now made. They are constructed in a rush and hurry by committees of Congress which have neither time nor opportunity nor expert knowledge sufficient to construct a tariff law based upon the scientific principles that specific duties make necessary. Therefore, it is the natural and the inevitable result that *ad valorem* duties are used because of the ease with which they can be assessed by the tariff makers. A Tariff Commission, with its knowledge and its force of experts, could be utilized by turning into specific duties, so far as possible, the wishes of Congressional committees regarding the different articles under a tariff law, and in this one particular could justify its existence.

With the question of a Tariff Commission arises the question of costs of production, and whether or not it is possible to obtain such. The experience of the Tariff Board was that, if proper co-operation is given by the American manufacturer, costs of production can be secured, so far as this country is concerned, and it was also its experience that a great many foreign costs can be obtained through similar co-operation by manufacturers across the water. The Board did not delude itself, however, into the belief that a mere statistical knowledge of comparative costs of production is an all-sufficient basis for a tariff judgment. To all figures of production costs there must be applied common sense and practical business judgment. Conditions of competition in the different industries must also be considered, and the fact that the question of prices is oftentimes more fundamental than the question of costs.

Remembering, however, that tariff rates are in any case merely rough approximations, there can be gathered a fund

of information in regard to the production and cost of articles here and abroad that would be of immense value to any body of men entrusted with the framing of a tariff law. There are innumerable articles, of course, concerning which cost of production, even if it could be known, would be of little value in drawing up a system of tariff duties. But there are many articles, standard both in quality and in world-wide use, in regard to which production-cost figures could be obtained that would go far towards showing the practical difference between manufacture here and abroad, and the conditions surrounding it.

Another line of work which a Tariff Commission could profitably follow would be to root out the inconsistencies and the little annoyances that creep into any American tariff law. It is impossible for any committee to be watchful and careful on all points; and during the making of a law so complicated, and covering so many branches of human activity as a tariff law, there are many things which creep in unobserved, and whose presence is not discovered until the law is in active operation. The result generally is a multitude of contradictions and inconsistencies. These are matters that are usually of little importance, except to the individual concerned. They are merely things that pester the individual and disgust him with the whole system of tariffs because of the one case in which the tariff shoe pinches him unjustly.

There are certain essentials that must be kept in mind in any Tariff Commission law, and in any organization of such a body. One of these is permanency. Its tenure of office must be such as to leave it untouched by any change of national administration. Unless this is the case, such a body will be weakened and handicapped both in its powers and in its work by uncertainty as to the perpetuation of such powers in the future. It must have a tenure strong enough to outlast the administration of a President not in sympathy with its efforts. One of the great values of a Tariff Commission would lie not in any report on any particular tariff act, nor any result of a particular inquiry or investigation, but in the permanent continuance of an unbiased study of industrial conditions from year to year. One great element to be avoided in the work of such a Commission is haste and hurry, and the leaving of ragged ends which lack of time does not permit to be incorporated into

the work in hand. No matter how formidable in result a report might be in connection with an investigation as regards a present or a proposed tariff, it would, after a short time, have an interest merely academic or historical, owing to changing conditions of industrial affairs. Such investigations would really serve their best purpose as the foundation for a continuous study of industrial changes year in and year out. It is, therefore, essential that for the success of any commission the tenure of office must be such as to make the members independent of the goodwill of any individual, and free from the influence or control of any political party.

Another essential element is the proper formation of the commission, and the practical appreciation of the fact that it is a business proposition and not one of theory. It should be realized that the tariff question is one of business and not of mathematics and, if a tariff commission is to be successful, and is to do work of genuine benefit, it must be kept out of the control of the theorist and the statistician. Both of these qualities are important enough in their own way, but they do not fit in with a work that deals with the business problems of the country. There are too many ways of using figures known to experts to make it safe to place entire guidance in the conclusions of a statistician, and both he and the mere theorist are too warped in mind, and not sufficiently susceptible to argument, to make them safe advisers in matters which vitally concern the business of a whole nation.

It is essential, too, that the Tariff Commission have the sympathy and goodwill of the manufacturing interests of the country. Without genuine aid on their part, a Tariff Commission will fall far short of doing its proper work. Any Tariff Commission should proceed on the principle that co-operation is better than compulsion. Without the co-operation of the manufacturers, no tariff body can obtain the real facts or make findings of real value. This was made plain in the work of the Tariff Board, and to this fact every member of the Board can bear witness. It was the willing assistance given to that body by the manufacturers of the country that enabled it to secure information necessary to its work. It is only by utilizing the knowledge and the experience of the manufacturer, the comprehensive knowledge that comes from years of training in industrial

life, that any body can secure the right perspective and the facts indispensable to the making of fair reports.

It was the experience of the Tariff Board that its most valuable help came from American manufacturers who of their own accord gave of their time and their trained knowledge to help the Board in its work. Information that comes from compulsion, and unwillingly, falls far short of accomplishing results. It is lacking in essential details that can be supplied only through the willingness of the manufacturer to co-operate with the investigating body. Testimony given under compulsion, though it may be accurate so far as it goes, is unwilling and half-hearted, and therefore incomplete. The whole truth can be much better ascertained by co-operation with fair-minded and public-spirited business men than by the exercise of legal powers of a compulsory nature. It must also be remembered that much of the information received must be held as confidential by any Tariff Commission, so far as details of private business are concerned, and that the most valuable kind of confidential information can be secured by personal and informal conferences which could not be obtained by the examination of witnesses under oath, or by any drastic power of inquisition given by law.

But a Tariff Commission has its pitfalls as well as its merits. It is always dangerous to have a commission of inquiry in existence to take up grievances. The fact that there is such a body to appeal to encourages complaint on the part of men who otherwise might be satisfied with conditions. The creation of any tribunal for the receipt of grievances and the investigation of their merits, tends to keep matters in a constant stir. In the case of a Tariff Commission, it would keep the producers of the country in continual apprehension of changes and the necessity of readjusting themselves to new conditions. As things go on today, the manufacturer knows in a general way how long an existing tariff will endure, and can govern himself accordingly. It is, of course, axiomatic that business can adjust itself to anything but uncertainty. Consequently, to many business people the creation of a Tariff Commission would mean that above their heads would always hang an industrial Sword of Damocles to keep them and their affairs in uncertainty.

There is also danger that a Tariff Commission might

get into its head the idea that it must constantly make recommendations for a change in order to justify its existence. Even if nothing serious were wrong there might still be the ambition to demonstrate industry and improvement by inquiries and investigations that might better be left alone.

There would be grave danger in the situation unless the duties and powers of the Tariff Commission were strictly defined by law. It is not enough to say that a commission shall be "non-partisan." What "non-partisan" means in relation to the tariff is something that I do not know. Everyone who has either studied the tariff question, or who has had experience in business, is "partisan" toward some one kind of tariff. The man who has no ideas of any kind as regards the tariff might be a non-partisan, and from that angle be fitted for a place on a commission, but he would be of no value to such a work. Therefore it must be assumed that the members of the Tariff Commission will be partisan, but sanely so. This means that their recommendations must be confined to the presentation of facts, and not extended to the giving of advice upon tariff matters in general.

There was proof of this in the work of the Tariff Board. In connection with the woolen schedule investigation, we conducted a very thorough inquiry into the cost of producing raw wool, not only in the United States but in all of the wool-producing countries. The results of that investigation were something that the Board, made up of members of both political parties, and of different tariff beliefs, could unite in presenting. We proved to the satisfaction of each member of the Board that the average wool grown in this country costs over nine cents a pound more to raise than does the wool of Australia, and that it costs twice as much to raise as the wool of South America. Upon such a statement of fact all the members of the Board could and did agree. If it had been necessary, however, to report to Congress what recommendation the Board should make as to tariff duties on wool, there would have been a complete division in the Board, and two conflicting reports.

There would have been a report from some members stating that wool was so important an article to the country's growth and existence that it was necessary so to protect the wool-grower that he could at all times turn with

profit his attention to the raising of sheep, and that he should have sufficient protection from wool raised in other countries, no matter how great that protection must be. On the other hand, other members of the Board would have reported that the difference in the cost of the production of wool here and abroad was so great that, in order to give complete tariff protection, so high a duty was necessary as to involve a bad economic policy; that there was a limit beyond which duties should not go, no matter what the apparent necessity of an American industry; that any industry that required for its protection a duty beyond a certain point was an industry not fitted to the country, and too artificial a one to be part of the country's necessities; therefore, as wool could not be protected without an enormous duty, it would be well to put it on the free list. Agreeing, as we all did, on the facts in the case, those would have been the divergent opinions we would have expressed if called upon to report to Congress our recommendations in regard to the proper duty on wool.

Such would be the case in any Tariff Commission when faced with a similar problem. Any fair-minded commission can be a non-partisan commission, so far as facts are concerned; but when asked for recommendations as to what tariff policy should be pursued, the members will naturally and inevitably divide, and the line of cleavage will follow the tariff ideas of which the members are respectively the partisans.

One important question to answer in all of the discussion regarding the formation of a Tariff Commission is this: Is the creation of such a body worth while? The reason for doubt on this point does not imply that the Commission cannot secure real results, or that its investigations and reports will not be of value. Further, there is still the question whether, when these results are obtained, and these reports made, they will be acted upon, and whether they will be put to practical use by the lawmakers of the nation. Those who entertain such doubts point to the lack of result that followed the work of the Tariff Board so far as legislation was concerned.

There is, of course, no question as to the fact that, so far as immediate legislation was concerned, the work of the Tariff Board was a mere prologue without a play. The fruits of its investigations were spurned by the men who

were framing tariff bills in Congress, and deliberately so. This, however, was the result rather of political policy than of anything else. The majority party in the House of Representatives had taken the position that it cared nothing for the differences in costs of production here and abroad, and for such other inquiries as the Tariff Board was making, since a tariff law was to be framed upon other lines entirely, and that, furthermore, they took no stock in the Tariff Board idea.

Before any such legislation was definitely planned or projected, President Taft invited Mr. Underwood and the members of the Tariff Board to an evening conference at the White House. At this meeting the President formally tendered the services of the Tariff Board to Mr. Underwood, as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, for any tariff inquiry or assistance that the Committee desired. At this time the Board was at least bi-partisan, if not non-partisan, and made up of representatives of both political parties. There was a marked lack of enthusiasm on the part of Mr. Underwood, as he acknowledged this offer from the President, and he carefully refrained from making any promises as to the proffered services. As a matter of fact, there was no attempt at concealment on his part as to what his views were regarding a Tariff Board, and regarding the intention of the Ways and Means Committee to do their work unassisted and unhindered by any tariff body. So, instead of being on a basis of co-operation, the Ways and Means Committee and the Tariff Board revolved in different orbits, and, instead of paying heed to the Board's reports, the Ways and Means Committee used much of its energy in an endeavor to discredit them. If that is to be the case with the work of a Tariff Commission, and if the result of its inquiries are to be set aside as of no practical value for legislation, then there is serious doubt as to whether the establishment of such a body is worth the effort and the expenditure.

The fact that the Tariff Commission idea is very popular in the country does not necessarily mean that, after it is established, there would be equal approval of it and of its work. It is natural that before legislation is passed, everyone supposes that the project which he favors will be framed into law in accordance with his own views. Thomas B. Reed spoke truth when he said that " an un-

written tariff fits every district." Thus, an unwritten Tariff Commission law fits the approval of everyone desiring such legislation.

Much of the failure or success of a Tariff Commission would depend upon its membership, and fully as much upon its conduct of its own duties. There are two elements in American life that it must satisfy as to its efficiency and fairmindedness. These are the American producers, and the members of Congress. Unless it appeals to the producer, so that he will be willing to co-operate in the gathering of information and to aid by putting at the disposal of the Commission the knowledge gained by his own experience in different types of American industry, it will be impossible for the Commission to make its inquiries effective, and so it will fail to achieve success. Even if it has such co-operation, and with the helping hand of American industry succeeds in getting real facts into its reports, these reports will be of only academic value unless Congress believes in them and enacts them into law. If these two factors of the problem can be worked out satisfactorily, there is a real field for a Tariff Commission, and such a body can secure both in this country and abroad such information, both in quality and in quantity, as will make a Tariff Commission a permanent Government factor and a potent tariff-making force.

James B. Reynolds.

THE LAND PROBLEM IN MEXICO

BY LEBBEUS R. WILFLEY

THE general impression which prevails in the United States that an agrarian question lies at the basis of the present revolution in Mexico, is not supported by the facts, as an investigation of the situation will show. In the first place, there is no general agrarian question in Mexico. Oppression in Mexico is general and there are abuses which are universal; but this is not true, with one exception which will be mentioned later, of those abuses arising out of the administration of landed estates. The land question is local, and differs in different localities. It is serious in only one state—Morelos.

There can be no general land question in Mexico, for two reasons: First, because the Indian does not want land, and second, if he did want it, it exists in great abundance for all. Only about fifteen million people, the majority of whom are Indians, live in Mexico, which is a country of over 800,000 square miles, or 500,000,000 acres. The fact that the Indians do not want land has been demonstrated many times and in various ways. It was demonstrated conclusively on a national scale by Benito Juarez, the great author of the Reform Laws of 1857-59 and the hero of the Mexican people. This was done in the following manner: Under the Spanish régime the Indians dwelt in villages (as they do now) and were given the free enjoyment and use in common of all lands adjacent to the villages. The village proper was a rectangular plot of ground twelve hundred yards square, with a church in the center. This was called the *Fundo Legal.* Surrounding this was a body of ground called *Egidos,* where the villagers raised their crops. Beyond this were the Communal Lands, which corresponded to the town common of English and New England towns. Here the

Indians grazed and watered their cattle and gathered their wood and charcoal.

When the liberal party triumphed under the leadership of Benito Jaurez, the Government not only nationalized all the property of the Church dedicated to the use of public worship, education, etc., but it confiscated many valuable *haciendas* in various parts of the Republic owned by the Clergy. These *haciendas* were sold to the friends of the liberal party. At the same time, this Reform Law of 1859 provided that the public lands surrounding the villages should be divided among the Indians and that the head of each family should receive title to his quota in his own name. This was done. The theory was that the Indian should no longer be treated as a child and a ward of the nation, but as a responsible citizen. On the same theory and at the same time, the Mexican Constitution, which is modeled after the United States Constitution, was given to the Mexican people. The net result of this law of reform was that the Indian lost his lands.

In happened in this way: The neighboring *haciendado* immediately began acquiring title to the small Indian farms around the villages. In those states where the rich lands were scarce, as was the case in Morelos, this process was carried on until the big land owners had acquired all the lands up to the edge of the towns, leaving the Indians with only their shacks in the villages. This was easily done. The new purchasers of the confiscated *haciendas* were mainly Spaniards. The Spaniard always wielded a powerful influence with the officials of both the Government and of the church.

Those things which cause people to become attached to the soil in Northern countries do not exist in Mexico. The soil is rich, the climate is salubrious, and the wants of the peon are few, hence the value of the private ownership of land does not appeal to him. He was therefore easily induced to part with his lands, and under all the circumstances it would have been miraculous if he had received fair compensation for his holdings. The operation of the above mentioned law is better illustrated in Morelos than in any other state, for the reason that there the soil is rich and scarce, and well adapted to the cultivation of sugar. In the states where land is plentiful and poor the Indians still hold their lands.

Since this nation-wide experiment of Benito Juarez, a number of experiments have been made by governors of dif-

ferent states, and always with the same results. On two occasions, for example, the governors of the State of Zacatecas divided large tracts of lands among the peons. They held them for a few years only. In too many cases the land was mortgaged and sold to get money with which to dissipate.

No, the Indian does not want land. What he wants is permanent employment at a reasonable wage. He wants to live in comfort without the anxiety and labor which are incident to the successful management of landed estates. This trait of the Indian character is well illustrated by the fact that a great majority of the race prefer to dwell on the table-lands which occupy the central part of the Republic, where the climate is cool, the land poor and dear, and water scarce, rather than to live in the low lands along the coast, where the climate is hot, the soil rich and cheap, and water plentiful. The trait of the Indian character which causes him to do this is the key to the proper understanding of the land problem in Mexico.

In fact, there can be no full comprehension of the so-called "land problem" without an understanding of the character of the Mexican peon. The great problem in Mexico is not the *land* question, but the *Indian* question.

The general impression which exists in the United States, that Mexico is a Latin country, is a mistake. President Diaz estimated that in ninety per cent of the Mexican population Indian blood predominated, and that considerably over fifty per cent of the population was of pure Indian blood. In this fact we have the A B C of a correct understanding of the Mexican situation; and the X Y Z of it lies in the knowledge of the fact that the Mexican Indian is similar to the North American Indian with whom we are familiar, except in two respects. The North American Indian was a nomad, and a warrior; while the Mexican Indian is attached to his village, and is a pacific individual. Otherwise they have the same characteristics: they are treacherous, revengeful, cruel, lazy, opposed to modern civilization, lacking in initiative, in the power of forecast, in self-restraint, and are devoid of interest in the general welfare of the community. (Of course there are exceptions to the rule. There are some exceedingly clever Indians, and, with opportunity, this class would undoubtedly come to the front.) The real problem in Mexico is the problem of the races. With ten per cent of the popula-

tion Caucasian and ninety per cent Indian, how is it possible for a constitution and a body of laws to be evolved and adopted by the two races which would be applicable to both? The proposition is an absurdity. The preponderance of Indian blood in the population of the country constitutes the great fundamental problem which embraces and overshadows all others in Mexico. It is the basis of all revolutions, for the reason that revolutions such as usually occur in Mexico could not take place except in a community where the masses of the people are in ignorance. It makes real democracy in Mexico impossible, and it gives rise to all of those problems which are now vexing that unfortunate country, and the solution of which is fraught with so much difficulty.

The fact is that the real land problem in Mexico is *not more land for the people, but more people for the land.* It is well known that in many of the states the people are actually "land poor."

Much has been said and written about a few great estates in Mexico, like the Terrazas estate in Chihuahua, which are pointed out as types illustrative of the general situation. This is misleading. There are several large estates in the country, parts of which have been acquired by unfair and illegitimate methods, but they are the exception and not the rule, and are not sufficiently numerous to give rise to a general agrarian problem.

Two further facts which have important bearing on the Mexican land question should not be overlooked. In the first place, most of these large tracts of land are without water, and must be irrigated to be made productive. In the second place, by the nature of the case, the cultivation of sugar must be done on a large scale to make it profitable. This is so all over the world. These two facts render the operation and ownership of small tracts of land difficult and unprofitable by individual owners.

It will thus be seen that the land problem in Mexico exists in a few localities only, and that abuses arising in connection with it are in no sense general. Strictly speaking, it exists only in one locality: in the State of Morelos.

LEBBEUS R. WILFLEY.

MISREPRESENTATION IN RAILROAD AFFAIRS

BY GEORGE KENNAN

No public question or private transaction can ever be profitably discussed unless the essential facts involved therein are accurately set forth. In an article entitled "The Chicago & Alton Case," published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January, 1916, I criticized as inaccurate and misleading certain statements concerning this case made by Professor William Z. Ripley in a recently published book entitled, *Railroads: Finance and Organization.*

These erroneous and misleading statements were: 1. that the Chicago & Alton Railroad, when the Harriman syndicate bought it, was doing "a constantly expanding business"; 2. that the syndicate made a profit of $23,600,000 out of its financiering; 3. that the operations of the syndicate were "concealed," "covered up," "never disclosed," and "obscured in the published accounts"; 4. that the reorganization of the road created "the need of high rates for service in order to support the fraudulent capitalization"; 5. that as a result of the recapitalization the road was "physically crippled"; and 6. that Mr. Harriman was a "conspirator," whose management of the property was "unscrupulous," "fraudulent," "piratical" and "predatory." (pp. 77, 262-266.)

In my article on the Chicago & Alton case, I furnished what seemed to me to be proof that each and every one of these statements was erroneous. Does Professor Ripley, in his reply (published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April, 1916) question my proofs, or attempt to make good his original assertions? Not in any way whatever. He brings up sundry new matters, and proves conclusively that the capitalization of the Alton was largely increased—a fact that has never been disputed—but he does not join issue with me on

any of the points that I raised. So far, therefore, as silence can give consent, he tacitly admits that his statements with regard to these particular matters were so erroneous that he does not care to defend them. Having cleared the ground to this extent, I now purpose to consider his latest statement of the Chicago & Alton case, which is contained in his REVIEW article.

The unproved and unprovable assertions on the first page, with regard to Mr. Harriman's influence and power, do not seem to call for serious criticism. Everybody knows that Mr. Harriman was a prominent figure in the great fields of transportation and finance; but few believe, or can be made to believe, that he controlled "the greatest banking institutions" in the country; that he did what he liked with "the vast resources of the New York life insurance companies"; that "laws were enacted at his will"; and that "State and national conventions" assembled only to "take his orders." Able and influential Mr. Harriman undoubtedly was; but he never exercised the almost supreme control over railroads, banks, insurance companies, legislatures and political conventions that is here attributed to him. When, therefore, Theodore Roosevelt intervened, as Mr. Ripley says he did, and "thwarted his" (Mr. Harriman's) "purpose to become an absolute dictator in transportation affairs," the President would seem to have acted without sufficient knowledge, or upon inadequate provocation.

But would it not have been well for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Ripley to agree in advance upon their joint defense? Mr. Roosevelt says it is "monstrously iniquitous" to suppose that his "personal disagreement with a railroad president" had anything to do with the prosecution of Mr. Harriman by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Then comes Professor Ripley with the declaration that it was "Theodore Roosevelt" who "blocked the path" of the ambitious railroad president and "thwarted his purpose." Who, then, really did do it? According to Mr. Ripley it was Theodore Roosevelt; but the latter seems to disclaim responsibility. This conflict of testimony leaves the question in doubt, and possibly we may never know who it really was that brought about the investigation of Mr. Harriman's past activities, and thus saved the country from an "absolute dictatorship in transportation affairs."

Professor Ripley's re-statement of the Chicago & Alton

case from his 1907 point of view does not seem to need comment. Neither does the page of statistical proof that the capitalization of the Alton was expanded. All this ground we have covered before. The only new matters brought up are: 1. the responsibility for the present financial condition of the Alton Company; 2. the mortgaging of 34 miles of unbuilt road; 3. the alleged attempt to "cover up" the discount on the 3 per cent bonds by means of "deceptive bookkeeping"; and 4. the alleged "concealment," in general, of the syndicate's operations.

1. The responsibility for the present financial condition of the Alton Company.

Professor Ripley says that the Alton was "financially assassinated" by the Harriman syndicate in 1899. (p. 541). When Mr. Harriman and President Felton severed their connection with the Alton, after the transfer of control to the Toledo, St. Louis & Western in 1907, the road was paying the stipulated dividend of 4 per cent on its preferred stock, and earning 5 per cent on its common. It was, therefore, not only a solvent but a prosperous concern. What happened afterward? Between 1907 and 1912, under the Shonts management, the gross earnings increased 13.5 per cent, while the net earnings fell off 27.8 per cent. In 1912 the road was doing $1,726,296 more business than in 1907, while, at the same time, it was earning $1,227,109 less money, owing largely to the fact that it had increased its operating expenses from 65.5 to 78 per cent. If the year 1907 (the last year of the Harriman-Felton management) be compared with the year 1915 (the latest year for which a report has been made) the result is equally instructive. In this period of eight years, the volume of business increased more than 11 per cent (11.21); the operating expenses rose from 65.5 per cent to 81.3 per cent, while the net earnings fell off nearly 40 per cent (39.67). This, in itself, is quite enough to account for the Alton's present financial condition, and for this the Harriman syndicate cannot possibly be held responsible. Mr. Harriman left the road on a dividend-paying basis in 1907, and two years later he died.

2. The mortgaging of 34 miles of unbuilt road.

At the time when the Chicago & Alton Railway Company was organized, it was thought expedient to secure the right to build, in the future, a short cut, or air line, between Springfield Junction and Murrayville, which would shorten

by about five miles the distance between Kansas City and Chicago. When it was proposed to put a mortgage on a part of the road, to secure a part of the bond issue, the question came up: should such mortgage be made to cover this legally authorized but as yet unbuilt cut-off? Counsel for the company and counsel for the trustees both advised that the short branch line be included. Upon this advice Mr. Harriman and his associates acted; but in order to proceed openly and above board, they distinctly said, in their listing application to the New York Stock Exchange:

> This line has been surveyed, but has not yet been constructed. By advice of counsel it was included in the description, so as to fasten the lien of the mortgage thereon as soon as constructed.

By quoting selected parts of the testimony of the Rock Island Company's controller, Mr. Charles W. Hillard, Professor Ripley tries to make it appear that in this mortgaging of an unbuilt branch line there was something crooked, if not illegal. As a matter of fact, however, the mortgaging of a short stretch of unbuilt line was not only a legal but a very common practise. At a later stage in the hearing, Controller Hillard himself said:

> I would like to make a little explanation. I fear the language I used in answering the question propounded yesterday was not as it should have been. It has been taken as a criticism of making a mortgage on a road before it was constructed. That I know to be a very common thing. . . . I know it to have been true for many years. I have done it myself. (Official testimony, pp. 21-22).

If Professor Ripley had wished to be even reasonably fair, he would have quoted this part of Controller Hillard's testimony, as well as the parts that he selected—but then, of course, he could not have made the misleading impression that he was apparently trying to make.

3. The alleged attempt to " cover up " the discount on the bonds.

By again quoting a selected part of the testimony of Controller Hillard—a part drawn from him by the improper leading questions of the Commission's counsel—Professor Ripley tries to make it appear that an ordinary and customary treatment of items in double-entry bookkeeping was an attempt to conceal the sale of the 3 per cent bonds to the stockholders at a discount of 35 per cent. The matter in question was the propriety of charging the discount against

the surplus of $12,444,000, obtained by capitalizing sums spent for past betterments. The Rock Island controller—a more or less critical but apparently a fair and candid witness—tried to explain to the Commission that this treatment of the items was only " a matter of " bookkeeping " judgment." " Having done what they did do," he said (that is, having capitalized past betterments), " they had a perfect right to credit this $12,444,000 to profit and loss; and then the discount on bonds was a proper charge against profit and loss." (p. 11 of Hillard's testimony). The witness disapproved the capitalization of sums spent for past betterments, but he saw nothing wrong in the bookkeeping. By skillful elimination and substitution, however, Professor Ripley makes Mr. Hillard seem to condemn the method of keeping accounts. In the testimony relating to the bookkeeping, Professor Ripley quotes Commissioner Lane as asking the following question, and Mr. Hillard as making the following reply:

Commissioner Lane: If those things could be done . . . would not a practise of that kind destroy the integrity and uniformity of railroad accounts generally?

Mr. Hillard: It would upset the whole system.

The reader naturally supposes that the question of the Commissioner and the reply of the witness related to the method of bookkeeping, that is, to the setting off of the bond discount against the $12,444,000 surplus for the alleged purpose of concealment. In fact, however, they related to a wholly different matter. In Professor Ripley's quotation they are made a part of Mr. Hillard's testimony on a question of bookkeeping. In the official record they appear as a part of his testimony on the question whether a later board of directors can properly reverse the action of an earlier board. Professor Ripley puts two scraps of testimony together as if they belonged together, but in the official record they are four pages apart and relate to wholly different matters. Mr. Hillard did not say that the Alton's bookkeeping methods would " upset the whole system " of railroad accounting. He said that if one board of directors should pay for betterments out of revenue, and a later board should reverse that action and charge those same betterments to capital, such a practise would " upset the whole system." (Mr. Hillard's testimony, pp. 12 and 16).

It is proper enough, in quoting the testimony of a witness,

to omit such parts of it as may not bear on the matter in hand; but it is not proper, by eliminating four pages—1600 words—to make a witness seem to say what he did not say. Commissioner Lane's question and Mr. Hillard's answer are made by Professor Ripley to discredit the bookkeeping; while, in reality, both related to an entirely different subject which had been taken up after the question of bookkeeping had been dropped. In order to make the quotation fit the place to which he transferred it, Professor Ripley found it necessary to omit Commissioner Lane's words: "and revoked from time to time as the directorate changes." This clause, if allowed to stand, would show what the true context was, so Mr. Ripley suppressed it. Such garbling of official testimony is not permissible.

Mr. Ripley, however, resorts to elimination and substitution not only when he quotes the testimony of Mr. Hillard, but also when he quotes the testimony of Mr. Harriman. In the latter case he eliminates fourteen pages; and if, after reading in the official record the first part of his quotation, you wish to find the last part, you must skip from page 117 to page 131. Five asterisks are hardly enough to indicate the omission of five or six thousand words. The matter under investigation was the failure of the Alton Company to pay dividends on its common stock. Mr. Kellogg (the Commission's counsel) asked Mr. Harriman: "Don't you think that when stock of a railroad company is put out, there is some obligation, at some time, to pay something on it?" Professor Ripley quotes Mr. Harriman as replying merely: "Yes, sir." Then the professor puts in five asterisks and coolly jumps fourteen pages to another question. What Mr. Harriman really said was: "Yes, sir—wait a minute!"—showing that he wished to make an explanation. Mr. Kellogg, however, would not listen, and was already asking another question when Mr. Harriman again said: "Wait a minute!" The witness finally got a chance to explain; but his "Wait a minute!" and his explanation are in the fourteen pages that Mr. Ripley omits. (Mr. Harriman's testimony, pp. 117 and 131). Such manipulation of documentary material is not creditable to a professor of economics. It might be the last resort, perhaps, of an unscrupulous attorney who felt conscious that he had a desperately weak case; but it is not fair controversy, nor is it fair to Mr. Harriman.

The whole question of alleged "concealment" by means of "deceptive bookkeeping" seems to me to be conclusively settled by the wide publicity given in the press to the discount on the bonds, which, according to Professor Ripley, it was the purpose of the syndicate to conceal. No sane and reasonable man juggles with his books in order to conceal a certain fact, while, at the same time, he publishes that fact broadcast in the newspapers. The sale of the 3 per cent bonds to the stockholders at a discount of 35 per cent was made known to the public through all the leading financial journals of New York. References to it may be found in various letters and circulars issued and widely distributed by the Alton Company in the summer of 1899; in the *Manual of Statistics* for 1900, p. 81; in *Moody's Manual* for 1901, p. 1198; in the listing application to the New York Stock Exchange, Nov. 17, 1900; in the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* for July 22, 1899, and April 14, 1900; and in every number of the Investor's Supplement of the *Chronicle* from 1900 to 1905. Nothing but a fixed determination to blacken Mr. Harriman's reputation could have led counsel for the Government to charge the Alton syndicate with a resort to "deceptive bookkeeping" as a means of covering up this discount.

4. The alleged "concealment," in general, of the Alton syndicate operations.

This charge may best be refuted, perhaps, by means of quotations from the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* of New York. In the course of the Alton investigation, counsel for the syndicate and counsel for the Commission both agreed that a file of this well-known journal should be put in evidence, and either side should be at liberty to refer to it as an authority on financial transactions. (Mr. Harriman's testimony, p. 386).

The *Chronicle's* references to the Chicago & Alton reorganization began as early as February 4, 1899, when it made public the fact that the road had been purchased by the syndicate, and that "the deal would be financed by Kuhn, Loeb & Co." As the earlier steps in the reorganization have never been questioned and are not now in dispute, I pass over references made to them in the numbers of the *Chronicle* for February 11, February 25, March 4, March 18, April 1, April 8, May 20, June 24, July 1, and July 15, 1899, and begin with the number for July 22, 1899, when the syndicate issued a

circular offering the 3 per cent bonds to the stockholders at a discount of 35 per cent. This is one of the matters that Professor Ripley says was "covered up," and that he thinks the Interstate Commerce Commission uncovered in 1907. The *Chronicle* published it in July, 1899, and explained what the syndicate proposed to do with the proceeds of these bonds.

One week later—July 29, 1899—the *Chronicle* announced that Goldman, Sachs & Co. had arranged to purchase from the syndicate $10,000,000 of these securities. This is another "concealed" matter that the Interstate Commerce Commission triumphantly brought to light seven years after the *Chronicle* had made it public.

On the 7th of April, 1900, the *Chronicle* announced the incorporation of the Chicago & Alton Rail*way* Company, and said that it would lease the Chicago & Alton Rail*road* Company for a period of ninety-nine years. "A new corporation was necessary," the *Chronicle* explained, "because the charter of the old company would not permit the merger of the new acquisitions," (the Quincy, Carrollton & St. Louis Railroad and the Peoria Northern Railroad). Professor Ripley, however, gives a different explanation, based on the theory of more "covering up." He asserts that the purpose of the syndicate in creating a new corporation was to "obscure the income account" of the old company, and that it was merely a shrewd "device." But he furnishes no evidence in support of his assertion, nor does he show that the "income account" of the old company ever was "obscured."

On the 14th of April, 1900, the *Chronicle* printed the annual report of the Alton Company for the year ended December 31, 1899. This report showed that the company had capitalized the sum of $12,444,000 which had been spent for permanent betterments and had previously been charged to revenue.

May 5, 1900, the *Chronicle* noted the fact that another mortgage had been executed to secure $22,000,000 of 3½ bonds, and one week later—May 12, 1900—it explained that this mortgage was a lien on the stock of the old company, as well as on the track and equipment of the Peoria Northern.

On the 12th of May, 1900, the *Chronicle* announced the declaration of a 30 per cent "extra" cash dividend on the stock of the old company, and said that this dividend represented "the accumulated surplus earnings of the company which had not been distributed to the stock."

May 19, 1900, the *Chronicle* clearly stated the fact that the 30 per cent dividend covered a part of the surplus of $12,444,000 obtained by capitalizing sums spent for permanent betterments in previous years. It also explained the relations between the Alton Railway Company and the Alton Railroad Company, and set forth the terms on which the latter had been leased to the former. Finally, it gave the amounts of the new securities that had been distributed proportionately among the members of the syndicate, and a little later stated that the market value of the cash and new securities so distributed was $1,115.75 for every $1,000 subscribed.

November 17, 1900, the *Chronicle* published in full the listing application to the New York Stock Exchange, in which every feature of the reorganization that could possibly interest or concern an investor was fully and clearly described.

First and last, in the two years 1899 and 1900, the *Chronicle* published no fewer than thirty-six editorials, statements, circulars, reports, notices, or news items, relating to the Chicago & Alton reorganization; and if there was any fact "uncovered" by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1907 that had not been uncovered by the *Chronicle* six years earlier, I have been unable to find it.

Professor Ripley says, in his latest article, that "everything hinges" on the question "whether frank and full publicity prevailed," and whether those who bought the Alton securities from the syndicate "purchased them under a misapprehension as to their value." (p. 543). The evidence above set forth, which is taken wholly from a journal recognized by the Commission itself as an authority, seems to show conclusively that every feature of the Alton reorganization was laid frankly and fully before the public, and that no investor who bought Alton stocks or bonds could possibly have "purchased them under a misapprehension as to their value."

Who, then, was hurt by the operations of Mr. Harriman and his associates? Not the old stockholders, because, as even Mr. Ripley admits, they received "top-notch prices" for their stock; not the new stockholders, because they are accused of making even more profit than they should have made; not the subsequent investors, because they bought with full knowledge of what they were buying; not the shippers, coal miners, farmers and manufacturers along the line of the

road, because they got infinitely better transportation at much lower rates; not the road itself, because it was so improved by Mr. Harriman that its efficiency was more than doubled. Who, then, were the injured? Apparently only Professor Ripley, Theodore Roosevelt, and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The only question that remains unsettled is whether Professor Ripley, in his book and in his articles, has accurately presented the facts of the Alton reorganization. My own judgment is that he stated them with reasonable accuracy in the report that he wrote for the U. S. Industrial Commission in 1901, but that he has persistently misstated them ever since the Interstate Commerce Commission began its attack on Mr. Harriman in 1907.

In an address on "Education for Railway Work," delivered September 24, 1915, at the annual meeting of the Commerce School of the Northwestern University, Chicago, Mr. Samuel O. Dunn, editor of the *Railway Age Gazette,* said:

> There is much teaching regarding railway matters in our universities which is not satisfactory. No one has any right to criticize a professor of economics, or of transportation, or of any other subject, for drawing his own conclusions from well authenticated facts, no matter how irrational the conclusions may seem. But the public, the railways, and most of all the students in our schools, have a right to demand that those who assume the responsibility of giving instruction concerning railway matters shall make sure they know the facts about them before they try to teach others. (*Railway Age Gazette,* Nov. 12, 1915).

I feel reasonably certain that when Mr. Dunn made these remarks he did not have in mind the Ropes Professor of Economics in Harvard University; but, if I may make the suggestion with all proper courtesy and respect, Professor Ripley's teaching would be none the worse if he should give to Mr. Dunn's words the serious consideration that they seem to deserve.

In concluding this second review of the Chicago & Alton case, and of Professor Ripley's statements concerning it, I ought, perhaps, to say something with regard to the way in which the federal investigation of 1907 was conducted by the Interstate Commerce Commission and its counsel. In an article published in the *Market World & Chronicle* for March, 1915, Major Henry L. Higginson, of Boston, said that the Government should instruct the various Commissioners

" not to proceed against corporations as a criminal lawyer proceeds, but as judges, fair-minded, open-minded, and industrious in learning the facts with regard to which they judge." (*N. Y. Evening Post,* March 20, 1915).

Was this the spirit in which the Chicago & Alton investigation was conducted by the Interstate Commerce Commission? Certainly not! A correspondent of the London *Economist,* who was present at the taking of testimony in New York, described the proceedings in the following words:

> The members of the Commission surprised many present at the last New York hearing by their manifestly hostile spirit toward Mr. Harriman and witnesses allied with him. It had been imagined that the Commission was there purely to secure such testimony as it might; and that it appreciated the fact that it was in no sense acting as a court having charge of any one accused of crime. Yet, from the manner and form of questions put by several of the Commissioners it is difficult to understand how they regarded it so—if indeed they did. Neither is it any violation of fact to explain that the Commission's lawyers acted toward Mr. Harriman and Mr. Kahn quite as if they were prosecuting attorneys who had at last got before the bar of justice some well known malefactors. Not only did they seek at times to prevent witnesses from replying freely to questions, but they were truthfully accused of seeking to so put questions and so insist upon replies as to leave misleading impressions. (London *Economist,* March 16, 1907).

These words were not written for an American newspaper prepossessed in favor of Mr. Harriman. They were written for one of the best-known financial journals in England, and were to be read by the people of Great Britain. Is it an unfair or unreasonable conclusion from these facts that the Commission and its counsel were not trying to investigate impartially the Chicago & Alton reorganization, but were endeavoring to make out, if possible, a case of criminality against Mr. Harriman? The so-called " investigation " was a one-man hunt, if ever there was one. This fact was well understood by the better informed part of the public, and in June, 1907, the *Economist* said editorially:

> The report was afloat last week that after a conference between the President and the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it was decided that no violation of law by Mr. Harriman had been discovered under which action could be taken against him. . . It will be too bad for the Government to fail of accomplishing anything after all this talk. If they cannot put him (Mr. Harriman)

through for railroad manipulation, why don't they charge him with carrying concealed deadly weapons, or breaking the Sabbath, or shooting game out of season? Anything to catch him! It won't do to give it up in this weak way. (*The Economist*, Chicago, June 1, 1907).

But if the conviction of Mr. Harriman as a law-breaker was the object of the one-man hunt, it was a complete failure. The Interstate Commerce Commission had to report to the President, as stated by the *Economist*, that "no violation of law by Mr. Harriman had been discovered," and that legal proceedings against him would not be expedient.

It would not be difficult to furnish abundant evidence that the reorganization of the Alton has been persistently misrepresented and generally misunderstood; but one more citation must suffice for the present. No economist in Europe is better acquainted with American railroads than Mr. W. M. Acworth, lecturer in the School of Economics in London. In a review of my "Chicago & Alton Case," published in the London *Economic Journal* for March, 1916, Mr. Acworth says:

> Mr. Kennan writes with studious moderation, and gives chapter and verse for every statement he makes. But he meets the charges of Professor Ripley with so emphatic a contradiction that it would seem that he has not only vindicated the honor of Mr. Harriman, but laid upon Professor Ripley the obligation of defending his own accuracy and scientific impartiality. . . . If the facts be as Professor Ripley has stated, then perhaps his language describing Mr. Harriman as a "conspirator," and his management as "unscrupulous," "piratical," "fraudulent" and "predatory" may not be too strong. But unless he can disprove the facts set forth by Mr. Kennan, it would seem that Professor Ripley has done grievous injury to the memory of a man whose services to the science of railroading will hardly be reckoned, by those who know what his work was, at less than those rendered by George Stephenson himself.

GEORGE KENNAN.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF WAR

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

In these days of widespread anxiety concerning moral issues, we are not likely to undervalue the crimes and horrors of the present war; but we seem to have fallen into the mistake of underestimating the pleasant side of it.

That there *is* a pleasant side, the thoughtful might conjecture if they did but meditate on the mere duration of this, the most appalling conflict of history.

No body of men, however brave or strong, could for so long endure so unparalleled a strain were it a strain of mere misery. Melancholia and madness would carry off a greater number than shrapnel and poisonous gases.

The newspapers and magazines abound in accounts of the human cost of the conflict. We reckon in millions of men and stricken survivors, and billions of money. Thus much has it cost. This is the wreckage.

I do not mean that there has lacked reference to the nobilities of war. There have been some accounts—though few when compared with the accounts of horror and the reckoning of cost—of the beauty of sacrifice among the women, for instance; deeds of individual heroism among the men; stirring accounts of *esprit de corps*, and record of world-wide pity and mercy for a striken Europe, among which, the most poetic was the Christmas Ship of Toys.

Nothing so pretty as the sending of that ship, I venture to say, has ever been done before by any nation. When she takes her place in legend, as I doubt not she will, among the world's fleet of memorable vessels, I can seem to see these others saluting her, from the Argo with Jason and his fellow Argonauts watchful in the bow as she passes, on to the high-pooped Spanish galleons and the little

Revenge and *Venerable* and the rest; all flying their flags to her, with delight and wonder and a moderate amount of amaze on the bronzed faces of their seamen.

But the Christmas Ship of Toys—that was early in the fight. Then we still had a poetic lift of the heart, and our sorrows were not yet fully upon us. Time has gone since then; and the more sober, if they think of this at all, remember it perhaps still with a covert delight, yet also a little abashed maybe that we should have been caught doing so glad and poetic a thing,—as though the world were still young, instead of old and scarred with unthinkable suffering and tragedy. To some it must have even all the effect of misplaced gaiety in the light of the conflict of today; as though a child were to run laughing into the midst of a solemn death scene to show the dying man a shining bauble.

A melancholy, melancholy thing. So, we dismiss the child, and delegate it to some one who will keep it amused far from death and realities, while we lend ourselves once more to watch, and address ourselves to the real business of life and to its real tragedy. So, the morning paper opens once again to new statistics, of such figures as make the mind reel; and magazines abound with dismal corroboration.

Yet, through all this, some few must have kept, nevertheless, an unshaken faith, and though it were only by the light of their own spirits, must have seen shining from time to time through the darkness the bright side of war; — and by this I mean frankly the actual happiness that comes with war to the legions of soldiers themselves, in such measure as I believe is but rarely or never meted out to men in times of peace.

In Stevenson's *English Admirals* we find this happiness indicated with some insistence. These men he writes of were gifted, decorated, one might say, beyond the common run, by some shining Divinity of War. This Divinity of War, though we credit him with being the most horrible of beings, yet turns out to be, in their instance,—by the circumstantial evidence of their lives,—the most companionable of beings: bearing a cup of some unthinkable ambrosia in his hand, which mounts to men's heads, and makes them gloriously forgetful of mortality, so that they behave themselves as gods.

Stevenson, speaking of the exploits of the English Admirals, first cites Duncan, who, lying off the Texel, with his

own flagship, the *Venerable*, and only one other vessel, heard that the whole Dutch fleet was putting to sea:

> He told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel, and fight his vessel till she sank: "I have taken the depth of the water," added he, "and when the *Venerable* goes down, my flag will still fly."

Clearly the wine offered him by the War God had gone to his head; and the saying has all the effect of a song sung in warmth of heart and happiness. Stevenson then tells how Nelson went into Aboukir with six colors flying: "so that even if five were shot away, it should not be imagined he had struck. They courted war like a mistress," he says. So, too, Essex, waiting before Cadiz, hearing the attack had been decided, threw his hat into the sea. "It is in this way," says Stevenson, "that a schoolboy hears of a half-holiday; but this was a bearded man of great possessions who had just been allowed to risk his life."

But the most telling testimony at hand is rendered fittingly by the greatest Admiral of them all. The *Culloden*, having been disabled, was unable to take part in the battle of the Nile. Of her Nelson wrote to the Admiralty: "Her misfortune was great in getting aground, *while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness.*" (Happiness being here synonymous with open battle.)

And of Nelson again, later, at Copenhagen, Stevenson quotes: "A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, 'It is warm work, and this may be the last to any of us at any moment;' and then, stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion, '*But, mark you—I would not be elsewhere for thousands.*'"

But Stevenson argues from the utilitarian standpoint. These stories are full, he says, of bracing moral influence. This is true, no doubt; but it is, I believe, the smaller part of the account. Example is a noble asset, and no thinking man undervalues it; but it seems to me that an even larger value lies in the *happiness* of the men who fight.

Next—and perhaps lest you fancy that such gallantry as he has cited is peculiar to Admirals—Stevenson relates a humbler instance, the conduct of the four marines of the *Wager*. There was no room for them in the boat, he tells us, and they were left behind on the island to certain death.

They were soldiers, they said, and knew well enough it was their business to die; and as their comrades pulled away, they stood up on the beach, gave three cheers, and cried "God bless the king!"

It is in trying to analyze the motives that lie back of these stirring behaviors that Stevenson comes close upon what I take to be the really bright side of war. He says:

> If the Admirals courted war like a mistress—if, as the drum beat to quarters, the sailors came gaily out of the forecastle—it is because a fight is a period of multiplied and intense experiences, and, by Nelson's computation, worth "thousands" to any one who has a heart under his jacket. If the marines of the *Wager* gave three cheers and cried "God bless the king," it was because they liked to do things nobly for their own satisfaction. They were giving their lives, there was no help for that, and they made it a point of self-respect to give them handsomely. And [the italics are my own] *there were never four happier marines in God's world than these four at that moment. I wish a Benthamite arithmetician would calculate how much it was worth to be one of those four marines.*

There is—I am persuaded past all argument—a spirit of joy which leads all men of the fitter kind into battle. Whether by a dark fate the struggle is carried on against national enemies, fought out with cannon and shrapnel; or whether it be a thing spiritual, a mere personal individual battle fought to the last ditch, does not much matter. To the fit and the strong of spirit, there is a personal happiness to be found in worthy conflict as nowhere else. In biography, in history, this "happiness" stands out indisputable.

One of the most quaint and at the same time impressive examples of it that I know, is to be found in the behavior of England in 1588 when the Spanish peril rose gigantic, colossal, threatening her entire extinction. She was "little" England then. Scotland was not her own; Ireland was more a menace than a help. She had no foreign empire nor colonies at all,—if we except those of Raleigh, foredoomed. Her foe, on the contrary, was the most powerful nation in the world. Added to her power, moreover, was a fanatical religious hatred based on the utmost bigotry of those bigoted times. With these mighty weapons she prepared to annihilate the little kingdom.

There is not need here to recall the effect of this sudden danger on England: the rising and uniting of the people, both Protestant and Catholic, the eager preparation, the

generous donation of funds and energies to the common cause; then the climax of the story, with England triumphant at last over the great crescent moon of the Armada, "which from horn to horn measured some seven miles."

The people of England were happy then, united generously in a common cause, happier perhaps than ever they were in their lives before. The whole thing has the air almost of a holiday occasion.

It is satisfying to find this brighter side recorded in history; heartening to find it memorably recorded in permanent literature; but it were heartening, too, to find it recognized as one of our own glories now, today, in this year of our Lord, in which the world by all reckoning has gone so fatally to wrack, and in which never so many men denied their Maker.

In place of this gladder recognition, we have a world-wide mourning and computing of losses, and a sorrowful shaking of the head. It is a form of egotism, no doubt. We have been disappointed in our times, as men in their children. We had thought we had brought up the world to peace and to certain particular hopes, and lo!—like parents we forget that children sometimes have noteworthy hopes of their own, and must blunder much in attaining them.

Perhaps we drag with us still too much of the old dark, depressing religion of medieval times. I think it likely. It is told on all hands that this war has sent men and women back to the churches (chiefly, of course, it must be the women). To be flung on one's shuddering knees by overwhelming calamity is interpreted, it seems, by the observingly sentimental, as "a great religious revival."

Might we not be better, perhaps, for a leaning toward a sunnier paganism which might bring us closer to the truth? —the truth that there exists a bright side to war; a sunnier paganism which would bring us closer to the truth that, even while spiritually revived women bow mourning in darkened churches before a candle-lit figure of an agonized Christ, those for whom they thus mourn go gallantly, even gaily, to their death, a song upon their lips.

The Greeks, a more temperate people, had a juster view of the inciting nobility of conflict. In their days of peace they also went to the temples, offering gifts and oblations to their gods; but when stern struggle was upon them—be the struggle with men and armaments, or with their own spirits

—then their gods came, rather, to them. Here it was they had the true companionship of that divinity they knew. Here, while in his shaggy breast Achilles' heart "took counsel, whether in wrath to smite down Atrides, or to smite down rather his own wrath, and master his own spirit"—here it was Athena came and plucked him by the yellow hair. Here, too, the blue-eyed goddess took her place beside Ulysses, and bade him not return to Greece, nor suffer his companions to give up the fight. So "she passed through all the Achaian host, and made their hearts impatient for the march, and strong to endure the combat without pause. For now the war seemed to them dearer than the wished return in their good galleys to the land they loved."

"*This may be the last to any of us at any moment. But mark you I would not be elsewhere for thousands.*" How a sentiment like that spans the deep gulf of centuries for the spirits of heroes to pass back and forth upon at will!

Not all men, certainly, are as boyishly frank as Nelson. There are, I have no doubt, many—very heroic, too—who never admit their own happiness, so paradoxical and out of all reason does it seem to themselves, who see agony upon all sides of them. But that it is there seems to me indisputable. Else, why should they fight so gloriously, and hug a just cause to their hearts, and go singing into battle!

There are those of very definite religious beliefs, hopeful if visionary, who have pictured the spirits of these thousands of mangled bodies, sweeping forth in shining armies, met and welcomed in mid-air pastures of the blessed by sweet St. George and the legions; perhaps the French contingent by their blessed Joan, her white banner flying—that banner she loved so illogically better than her sword because it could kill nobody. It may be; it may be; but all this is beside the point I would make. Such happiness there may be additional. I do not know. I only know that these men who march gallantly, are men sworn—and self-sworn, mark you—to lose their lives; and must of necessity have that happiness in living which accrues to such. Those who have never willingly risked their lives know nothing of the joy of it. They have their experience but by hearsay, and cannot be counted true judges in the matter.

It is not out of keeping that we, who are ourselves not at war, should most loudly mourn the wrack and ruin of the present conflict. Yet give us but a tune to march by, and

a stirring rhythm beating upon the drums, and we should give over our lamentations and take on some gladness ourselves, and sing some music-hall tunes, we also, in heroic measure.

We have not yet in this present conflict been touched upon the lips; but we are sentimentalists, taking in the conflict through the eye and ear, like those who, whether by circumstances or temperament or both, have rather looked on at life than been of it; or those who, never having willingly risked their lives, cannot endure the sight of others doing so; who would stop all happiness of heroism because they cannot bear to see blood. It is the sentimentality of the emotional play-goer and novel-reader; and few of us are free from the taint of it.

There are not many of us, I would wager, who can read aloud *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* without a breaking voice, and a stirring in the heart. Not many of us, either, who, if pressed to the wall, would not be forced to admit that these two youngsters, lunging forward to death, and, as they went, fifing and drumming their lost regiment into existence, redeeming in a few brief moments, by an unheard-of-chance, all the coarseness and nastiness of their profane little lives—few of us who must not admit that, like the marines of the *Wager,* there were never two happier children in God's world than this same Jakin and Lew at that moment; yet hardly a one of us, either, who, given the chance, would not have withheld them or dragged them back.

Heroism does not differ, at heart, in any of the centuries, and in this century, in these past two years, there has been a more than ordinary opportunity for it. The real spirit has come amongst us again, passing like blue-eyed Athena with her aegis among the serried ranks of men, touching thousands. It is not now a mere tale to weep over and to stir the heart. These are real men. These are our own. And we have not a word of real joy, it seems, to say about it; there is only mourning and wailing and computing, and what we are pleased to call a "religious revival."

It is some such sentimentality, doubtless, which makes us dote so passionately on heroism in novels and on the stage, yet hold our own back, and call them fools or madmen if they presume to indulge in heroism for themselves. At that we draw the line. It would not surprise me to find Joan of Arc's father to have been a man who listened with especial eagerness to tales of adventure brought him by travelers

there where he dwelt on the cross-roads in the Vosges; a man whose eyes watered readily, and whose heart stirred almost too easily at any tale of heroism or duty performed nobly; even while he cursed his daughter for wanting the more nearby happiness of actual heroism for herself.

I hope I have kept it clear that when I speak of the bright side of war, I have not in mind that "solemn joy" of many women at "having laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of liberty"; nor do I mean the inevitable influence of these men. I leave out of account all the fructifying power of their example.

That is our share, and for us to remember. For us to recall that it is "exhilarating to have lived in the same day with these great-hearted gentlemen." But the larger happiness, the really bright side of war, is, as it is fitting it should be, not for us who are at home, but for them. For them the touch of divinity upon the hair. For them the stirring impatience of the heart strong to endure. For them dearer the conflict than the so dearly wished return.

Crown them, crown them if you like, by airy and spiritual legions. It matters very little. They went into the fight crowned already. Have it, if you will, that some music of heaven rolls forth to meet and compensate them for the bloody field. I like better to remember that they went into battle singing.

Stevenson, in analyzing the content of that bravery which most stirs the heart, declares the finest action to be better for "a piece of purple." It was that the sailors of the *Birkenhead* went down in line, and that the four marines made so gallant a scene of the bestowal of their lives, that gives power to the circumstance. It may be this lends some splendor. But I doubt but the true reason lies deeper than this, more in the companionship, the united gallantry, than in the mere purple. Say what you will, there lacks some glory in that deed which no man shares. The happiness of our heroism must be augmented by the presence of a heroism in others which does not sink below our own, and may easily at any moment rise above it. In our more personal spiritual struggles, too, how much of the joy of conquest is not due to those "shades of all the great and good" which keep us company? Where two or three are gathered together in the name of Honor, asking to be allowed to give their lives nobly, it is not unlikely that Life will grant their request.

This is perhaps the highest and most stirring form of brotherhood known to man, when large masses under noble danger live up to a common standard of nobility; and meet life not singly, but in whole ranks of noble action, thousands at a time scorning splendidly the "miserable aims that end with self." We talk of widespread brotherhood today, with our faces bowed on our hands, as though it were a thing gone by, and yet here it is all the while beside us, despite death and torment and as never before so powerful.

If those who have followed me lightly, or if those, even, who have read carefully and seriously, find in these words of mine any argument for the maintaining of war, then indeed have I not learned my craft, and would better have laid down my pen before I ever thought to take it up for such a purpose. Those who have known the full horror and suffering of war, even though they have tasted of its glories, cannot wish it back again. There is a limit to the heroism, or the madness, if you like, of even the most madly heroic. We cannot wish such things repeated, not more than we can wish for a renewal of the tragedies and afflictions in our own lives which later turn out to have been the greatest of our spiritual opportunities and the source of our enduring strength. To admit and recognize the bright side of war—the soul side of war—is no cure-all, but, I take it, a mere piece of justice. By such a means the actual horror shall not be swept away, nor the burden of the world fall off suddenly. Even could each one of us realize to the full the deep joy of duty and self-sacrifice nobly rendered, the world would not quite take on gaiety. But only to see life more true—that were something: to make it our concern to keep ourselves and our prejudices and our fine feelings out of our sober judgments; to put by our sentimentality and our tears; and to allow them their happiness—these men who go forth to death with the love of life shining so steadily in their eyes.

I am but one unit in a million, and an inconsiderable person, yet I myself have laid me down to sleep night after night in the face of dire calamity,—as thousands of others have done,—happier than in my days of peace. Why? Is it because one likes or approves, or would encourage and foster, calamity? An idle question, worth only an idle answer. Yet here is an answer not idle: It is because no calamity touches one's life narrowly or singly; it throws one

rather into relation with all the long roll of nobility of all one's fellowmen. It makes of courage a fraternal obligation of the soul. It makes one uniform with one's fellows; allows even the aristocracy to serve in simple khaki in the ranks, and gives all men the need and privilege of saluting their superior officers. The brutalities of war? Yes. Have we not heard enough of them? Are we likely to forget them which are the blackest shame we bear, barring always our insidious brutalities of peace? But what of our nobilities?

A recent author writes: "However high humanity may be raised on the tide of war, it is raised far higher by the lonely heroism of peace, sublime, unapplauded, and without reaction."[1] It is an arbitrary statement, and made, too, as though, despite all the magnificent admitted fraternity of battle, there were no lonely soul on the battlefield dying unapplauded; written, also, as though in peace there were not united warfare.

There are still times, it would seem, when life must be tossed away like a rind that Honor may have the sweet heart of it for its sustenance. The old legend over the three doors: "Be bold", and again "Be bold", and then, over the third, "Be not too bold", might be paraphrased to read: "Love Life"; "Love Life"; "Love Life not too dearly." There comes to mind the French prisoner, arraigned for stealing bread, who made as his plea one that would appeal to many a sentimental heart: "*Ma foi, il faut vivre,*" and the Judge's quick reply: "*Je n'en vois pas la necessité!*"

There are things dearer than life. How long we have recognized and admitted and reiterated that in our legend, our song, our poetry! And there are thousands of men to day dying happily in recognition of that glorious fact; and we have only wailings with which to salute their passing spirits! And that we may justify ourselves the more, we presume to speak commonly, any and all of us, of Christianity and its failure, and Christlikeness and its eclipse. Of these things we are reminded with sickening regularity. It has become a cheap period in fanfaronnade literature to state tellingly that Christianity has not failed—precisely because it never yet has been tried. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! —and ye of little faith!

In just how far the cause for which men willingly die is

[1] Winifred Kirkland in *The North American Review*, August, 1915.

right, only time long hence, perhaps, can tell. They who by their failures instituted this war may have to carry the souls of millions on their consciences; and just how they shall set themselves right with God no man knows. But the willingness of the rank and file to die, to lay down all that is dear to them for what they sincerely believe to be the good of the world—this, it would seem, we might safely admire whenever and however. This I take to be the very essence of Christianity, if Christianity be love of one's fellow-men; and it is written: "Greater love hath no man than this."

That this should all sound strange and paradoxical in face of the large horrors of war does not, I think, invalidate its truth. Life has never ceased to seem paradoxical, even though we apprehend that there may lie, at its center, supreme truth, one and unified. Indeed, that very Christianity which some of us seem to think would leave every problem solved, and the whole world dining and dancing on the village green, even that—no, say, rather, that more than any other word of the spirit—has uttered its truths in paradoxes; the most notable of which, perhaps, concerns him who, saving his life, shall lose it; and him who, losing his life, shall find it.

If I have ignored all the large generalities of war, it is because I believe they have already been dealt with too much. Certainly they must always exhibit a staggering amount of horrors. What I have deplored, rather, is the inaccuracy and sentimentality which allow us to dwell so exclusively on these. The ravens fly cawing to where the dead meat lies. Look at them! Look at them! But the thrush flutes still, from dew-wet underwolds; and the lark still soars upward like a triumphant spirit, singing, singing.

We are still egoists at heart, no doubt. We want the world to think and behave in *our* way, forgetting that thousands of those men who have answered the call to arms have also followed in their spirits a higher vocation, very personal to themselves.

> Where you heard noise and I saw flame,
> Some one man heard God call his name.

This personal call, and the personal answer, and each soul's readiness and each soul's gladness in that answer: these, multiplied by thousands, and you have what may safely and honorably be called the bright side of war.

To leave all this out of our reckoning, to omit it from our inventory: surely, this is to falsify the accounts. And, where the priceless spiritual riches involved concern the spiritual wealth not alone of whole nations, but of our common humanity at large, God forbid that in the egotism and sentimentality of our hearts we should continue such falsifying! Let us reckon the loss of the war—it is fitting we should do so; but in justice to those who have bequeathed such riches to us and with so much largeness of spirit, let us not undervalue or ignore the immeasurable gain.

Let us talk no more for a while of those who are to blame for this conflict; or let us admit largely that humanity itself is to blame—humanity old and tricky, and cheating itself to the end; and let us remember, rather, in the night watches, how the flower of the world was still the flower of the world, even more delicate, more lovely, more glad, in the face of the black over-reaching tempest bent upon the devastation that was to lay it low.

Laura Spencer Portor.

A STANDARD OF SPOKEN ENGLISH

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

"WHAT is it that constitutes and makes man what he is?" Huxley asked in his discussion of *Man's Place in Nature*. "What is it but his power of language,—that language giving him the means of recording his experience, making every generation somewhat wiser than its predecessor, more in accordance with the established order of the universe?" Animals may have their simpler methods of conveying information and of communicating emotion, but man alone has developed the faculty of articulate speech which preceded and made possible the development of writing and of printing.

In these days when the printing press is omnipresent, it seems to many to be omnipotent; and they are often inclined to consider the spoken word less useful and less important than the written. Yet this is a mistaken view, for speech not only came into being before writing, it is even now many times more abundant. Most of the business of life is still transacted by word of mouth. The telephone is daily gaining on its rivals, the telegraph and the post-office; and now the typewriter is becoming subservient to the dictaphone. Even in literature, although history has long ceased to be an oral art akin to oratory, poetry does not come into its own until it is said or sung, making its ultimate appeal to the ear; and the drama is incomplete and comparatively inert until the give-and-take of its dialogue is endowed with life by the voice of the actor.

"The spoken word is first in order and in dignity, since the written word is only its image, as the other is the image of the thought itself," so asserted Vaugelas, the regulator of usage in France nearly three centuries ago. And Socrates more than twenty centuries earlier used the same figure,

insisting that writing is the mere image or phantom of the living and animated word. The Greek philosopher asserted the abiding superiority of the spoken word over the written, since the latter—as Butcher summarized the objections—"has no power of adaptation; it speaks in one voice to all; it cannot answer questions, correct misunderstandings or supplement its own omissions." Here the inventor of the Socratic method is a little too emphatic, in so far at least as he may seem to suggest an inferiority of writing to speaking so complete as to render any record useless. Although Socrates chose to express himself solely in speech, it is by the pages of Plato that his weighty utterances have been preserved for our profit.

There is no need now to dispute over the utility of the rival methods of human communication; each has its own opportunity. Writing is the more durable, but speaking is the more individual, since we write for others, more often than not, whereas we speak rather for ourselves, in response to an uncontrollable need. Thus it is that there is likely to be a wider divergence in the speech of one man from that of another than there is in their respective writings. If a highlander of Scotland and a mountaineer of Georgia were to meet, they would find in their several pronunciations and intonations a higher barrier to the interchange of information than they would discover if they were communicating with one another only by letter. The well-educated New Yorker and the well-educated Londoner when they take pen in hand are distinguishable by only a few localisms of vocabulary and usage; yet when they converse face to face their respective domiciles are likely to become instantly discoverable.

In his illuminating discussion of the many misguided efforts of dictionary-makers to declare an indisputable standard of English pronunciation, Lounsbury quoted Hawthorne as declaring that the pronunciation of *been* is an unfailing test of the nativity of a speaker, the Briton rhyming it to *seen* and the American to *sin*. Lounsbury also cited A. J. Ellis as preferring, for the test, *trait*, which we on this side of the Atlantic have frankly Anglicized, rhyming it to *straight*, whereas our kin across the sea have chosen to preserve the original French sound, rhyming it to *stray*. Lounsbury himself suggested that *schedule* is better fitted to serve as a shibboleth between the two greater divisions of the Eng-

lish-speaking peoples, since it is almost the universal custom of Americans to say *skedule* and of the British to say *shedule*. Other observers might readily find other words in which British usage and American do not agree, although there is not the rigid uniformity on either side of the Western Ocean that Hawthorne and Ellis asserted.

It has often been urged as an argument against all effort to regularize our chaotic orthography, and to encourage our spelling to conform a little less clumsily to our pronunciation, that any attempt in this direction is but an idle dream, since there is now no universally accepted pronunciation to which a simpler and more logical orthography could adjust itself naturally. There is no need to deny that this is a plausible objection; yet it will not withstand examination. True it is that there is nowhere to be found an inexpugnable authority having power to declare absolutely a final standard of pronunciation; and true it is also that there are many divergencies of utterance—national, sectional, local and individual; yet this diversity is far less than might be supposed. A large part of it is unconscious and would be denied indignantly by a majority of those who are guilty of it. Men whose pronunciation may be slovenly to the very verge of illiteracy are often unaware of their linguistic delinquencies; and many of them would be greatly shocked if they could hear with their own ears an exact reproduction of their habitual utterances. The majority of us recognize that there is a normal pronunciation, and we fondly believe that we conform to it. Indeed, when we speak in public, we generally make a strenuous effort to eliminate our personal peculiarities and to attain to the standard that we accept.

Now, if there is no authority to declare this standard, what is the normal pronunciation which we all more or less recognize and to which we seek to conform? How can there be any ideal uniformity of pronunciation between the British and the Americans? How could it exist in the United States when we can all of us distinguish at once the New Englander from the New Yorker, the man from the Middle West from the man from the Central South? And how could any such thing exist in Great Britain when everybody is aware of the very marked differences of speech between the Scotsman and the Yorkshireman, the Irishman and the Welshman, the cockney costermonger and the Oxford don? And then there are also the outlying possessions of the British Empire:

there is Australia, with its habits of speech modified by a climate very different from that which affects the utterances of the inhabitants of Canada. When we consider all these factors of the problem we are tempted to echo the remark of Old Bill Allen of Ohio not long after the Civil War, when he declared that the resumption of specie payments "is a damned barren ideality!"

And yet we may take heart when we remember that only a few years later specie payments were resumed, and without any great difficulty. We may find encouragement also in the fact that the condition of English pronunciation is scarcely worse than that of French or German, Italian or Spanish.

In fact, when we inquire more closely we discover that the situation in Spanish is not unlike that in English, since Spanish also is spoken by millions who no longer dwell in the land where the language came to its maturity; and yet the Spaniards have succeeded in establishing a standard of pronunciation and in adopting a spelling which is substantially phonetic. In one of his addresses as president of the Simplified Spelling Board, Professor Grandgent reminded his hearers that "Spanish is, like English, a world-language, and its vast territory contains many varieties of current usage." Then he asked:

> Upon what type is the spelling based? According to history, ancient tradition and present sentiment, the official speech of Spain and her offshoots is Castilian; and a sort of purified Castilian—more consistent and conservative than that which is now heard in the streets of Madrid—is the kind of Spanish represented by the common orthography and regarded as a more or less remote ideal by the several Spanish provinces and nations. It must be confessed that in some of the countries of South America and even in Iberian Andalusia . . . the ideal is so remote as to be in danger of vanishing from the general consciousness. . . . But as long as the standard pronounciation is even vaguely present in the mind of a speaker, the orthography may, for that speaker, be called phonetic, though his practise depart never so far from the ideal.

Just as Castilian is accepted as the standard of Spanish, so Tuscan is accepted as the standard of Italian,—a language in which the orthography is also almost completely phonetic. No Italian child and no Spanish child is ever tortured by unremunerative toiling over a spelling-book. Yet the divergencies of the local dialects in various parts of Italy

from the Tuscan which is recognized as the ideal pronunciation are wider and more numerous than the corresponding divergencies in English. In the United States and in the British Empire education is more widespread than in Italy or Spain or Spanish America; and wherever the schoolmaster is abroad there is an incessant pressure upon plastic youth to conform to the standard. Even if this conformity remains pitiably incomplete, at least there has been implanted a definite recognition of the existence of a norm and also an abiding respect for it.

As education is more thorough in France and in Germany than it is in Italy or in Spain, there has been a more striking success in imposing upon the French and the Germans a regard for the more or less remote ideal. In France, this ideal is found in the pronunçiation of Paris,—although there are those who are wont to contend for the superior purity of the speech of Tours. Of course, this ideal is not the casual and careless utterance of the average Parisian; it is that religiously conserved on the stage of the Théâtre Français. Years ago a highly cultivated teacher of French residing in New York told me that he felt it his duty to spend at least every other summer in assiduous attendance on the performances of the Comédie-Française that he might recover the felicities of accent for which his ear was likely to be blunted by too constant association with his American pupils, from whom he was in danger of acquiring perversities of pronunciation which demanded periodical eradication.

France has adopted as its standard an idealization of the speech of Paris, just as Spain has accepted an idealization of the speech of Madrid. But Germany has no capital; Berlin may assert itself, but Dresden and Munich refuse to admit the supremacy of the Prussian metropolis; and a plea is often heard in behalf of Hanover as a city possessing a superior purity of speech,—a plea akin to that advanced for Tours. In the long centuries when Germany was only a geographical expression, it could not possess a capital with the centralizing attraction of Paris and Madrid; and even since the creation of the German Empire, the other large cities are a little inclined to deride Berlin as an upstart, as an overgrown village, owing its unexpected expansion to a political accident.

The necessity for a standard of pronunciation was keenly

felt in Germany, even if it could not be attained by the idealization of any local speech; and the problem of creating it was solved with Teutonic thoroughness. The exciting cause of the action finally taken was the disastrous effect of a heterogeny of local divergencies of pronunciation observable in the performances of the classics of the German drama, even when these were given by the carefully chosen and conscientiously trained companies of the court theaters. The Germans take the stage seriously, to their honor be it said; and the advantage of adopting a unified pronunciation for the use of actors at least was obvious to all lovers of the drama, who were continually in danger of having their attention distracted from the poetry of Schiller by jarring usages, often justified by irreconcilable traditions.

Professor Grandgent has kindly supplied me with an account of the steps taken to establish a standard German for the stage. In 1896 it was proposed to appoint a commission consisting of actors, managers and linguistic scholars; and the suggestion was approved in the following year by the General Superintendent of Royal Plays in Berlin, Graf von Hochberg, and by the German Philological Association. A committee of eleven was constituted in 1898, five professors representing the experts in language and six other members representing the actors and managers, chosen by the *Deutscher Bühnenverein.* Its recommendations were cordially received. As a result of this application of the methods of scientific efficiency to a linguistic difficulty, there is now an authoritative *Bühnenaussprache,* a German equivalent of the French pronunciation piously preserved by the Comédie-Française.

"It is universal suffrage which rules a language," so Sainte-Beuve reminded us; "and no dictator has any authority." Yet a majority of those interested may be quite willing to abide by the decisions of a dictator-committee composed of disinterested experts; and there might be profit for us who have English for our mother-tongue if we were to follow this German example and to constitute an American-British commission of actors and linguistic experts to suggest a preference in all those cases where the pronunciation is in dispute. It must be noted, however, that the need for an artificially agreed upon uniformity is not so obvious among the English-speaking peoples as it was in the German-speaking countries. For reasons partly historical and

partly literary—the early emergence of London as the capital and Chaucer's choice of its court-dialect—we had a consciousness of a normal grammar, vocabulary and pronunciation centuries before this was possible in Germany, which was for generations fragmentary and politically centrifugal, lacking until very late the cohesive form of a vital literature.

Even now the condition of spoken English is more satisfactory than that of spoken German, in spite of the recent establishment of the *Deutscher Bühnenaussprache*. It is true that Mr. Robert Bridges, poet-laureate, has recently held up his hands in holy horror at the vulgarian atrocities, the distortions and dislocations recorded by the British phoneticians; and it is true also that Mr. Henry James, in one of his flying visits to his native land, was so profoundly shocked by the slovenly utterances which fell upon his refined ear that he "loosed the fateful lightning of his wrath." Nevertheless the assertion may be ventured that no competent observer could fail to find the speech of the average Briton or American of fair education less open to adverse criticism than the speech of the average German of equivalent instruction.

To say this is not to deny that there are dialectic and personal peculiarities audible both in Great Britain and the United States. The New Yorkers are as prompt to detect what we call the "British accent" as the Londoners are to recognize what they term the "American twang." Yet there are not a few speakers of our tongue, born on one side of the Atlantic or the other, who are almost altogether free from localisms of intonation and pronunciation. The tongue they speak is English at its best—not British and not American. I recall that I first noticed this a third of a century ago, when I attended the dinner given in London to Henry Irving on the eve of his first visit to the United States in 1883. Lord Coleridge presided, and Lowell made one of the happiest of his addresses,—and while either of them was speaking the ears of the listeners were delighted by an English exquisite in its choice of words and delicately harmonious in its intonations. What Lord Coleridge and Lowell spoke was English pure and simple, not betraying itself as either British or American.

Of course, spoken English of this ultimate excellence is not common,—any more than the spoken French of Coquelin

or the spoken German of Barnay; it could not but be rare, and therefore the more precious. Probably because my opportunities have been more frequent in the United States than in Great Britain I should include more Americans than Britons on the list of those who have achieved it. I should enroll the name of President Eliot and not that of President McCosh. I should include John Hay and George William Curtis and not Matthew Arnold (who slighted his terminal *g's*) or Andrew Lang (whose early lowland Scotch was overlaid by later linguistic habits acquired in Oxford). I should leave off Henry Irving, as having been too individual, and I should put on the name of Edwin Booth. I should exclude Clara Morris and Lawrence Barrett and I should include Agnes Booth and Herman Vezin. From among the more prominent actors and actresses of today it would be impossible not to inscribe upon the roll Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe, Forbes-Robertson, John Drew, Otis Skinner and George Arliss. But I must beg to be excused from the invidious task of singling out certain other contemporary actors and actresses of Great Britain and the United States who fail conspicuously to attain to this international standard.

Fortunately, the compassing of this lofty ideal is not strictly necessary in the presentation of the ordinary drama of the day dealing with a theme more or less local to one country or the other; it is not needed even when the original company transports the piece across the Atlantic. It is even possible that an occasional spectator in London might feel that he had not got his money's worth if he failed to recognize the expected American twang in one or more performers in an exclusively American cast of a characteristically American play; and in like manner the theatergoer of New York is quite as tolerant towards Briticisms of enunciation when he is beholding the representation of a British comedy by an exclusively British company as he is to the Briticisms of phrase which may besprinkle the dialogue of the piece itself, —locutions as unfamiliar to American ears as "Aren't I?" and "Directly I arrived." In fact, the localisms of phrase, like the corresponding localisms of pronunciation, might very well be defended by an ardent advocate of realism as helpful adjuncts to local color and as stricter approximations to the actual facts.

On the other hand, American and British audiences are

alike in desiring and even demanding a standardization of speech in the performance of plays of a larger import, wherein the actual fact yields to the essential truth. In any representation of the English classics, the tragedies of Shakespeare or the comedies of Sheridan, and in any performance of translations of foreign masterpieces, the psychological fantasies of Maeterlinck or the social dramas of Ibsen, we expect uniformity of pronunciation, and we are annoyed when our attention is distracted by inconsistencies in uttering *been* and *trait* and *schedule,* which reveal to us at once that the utterer is not a man of another time or another land, but provokingly British or American.

It is therefore a good augury for the future to discover that so conscientious and so competent an observer as Professor Grandgent takes a very hopeful view of the outlook:

> Dramatic tours, carrying actors from end to end of the English-speaking world, have made the approved practises of each great section familiar to every other part; while transference of performers from company to company and from country to country has worked for the establishment of an international theatrical standard. In the best performances of serious drama it is now often impossible for a spectator to tell whether a given actor is British or American.

That is to say, these performers have succeeded in shedding whatever local peculiarities of pronunciation and of enunciation they may have originally possessed. No longer do they speak British-English or American-English; they speak English pure and simple, as did Lord Coleridge and Lowell. And this should be an ideal for all of us, whether native to these United States or to any part of the British Empire.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

For the actual plot of *As You Like It* we have not to seek very far. Shakespeare took his story from a contemporary novel, *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie,* written by Thomas Lodge and first published in 1590. Lodge derived a good part of his story from the *Tale of Gamelyn,* included in some MSS of the *Canterbury Tales,* but certainly not written by Chaucer and probably packed by him among his papers as material for the *Yeoman's Tale* which he never wrote.[1]

The *Tale of Gamelyn* (as perhaps you remember) runs in this fashion:

> Litheth and lesteneth || and herkeneth aright,
> And ye schulle heere a talking || of a doughty knight;
> Sire Johan of Boundys || was his righte name . . .

and he leaves three sons. The eldest, succeeding to the estate, misuses the youngest brother, who triumphs in a

[1] On this I cannot do better than quote Professor Skeat:

"Some have supposed, with great reason, that this tale occurs among the rest because it is one which Chaucer intended to recast, although in fact, he did not live to rewrite a single line of it. This is the more likely because the tale is a capital one in itself, well worthy of being rewritten even by so great a poet; indeed, it is well known that the plot of the favorite play known to us all by the title of *As You Like It* was derived from it at second-hand. But I cannot but protest against the stupidity of the botcher whose hand wrote above it, "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn." This was done because it happened to be found *next after* the "Coke's Tale. . . . The fitness of things ought to show at once that this "Tale of Gamelyn," a tale of the woods in true Robin Hood style, could only have been placed in the mouth of him "who bare a mighty bow," and who knew all the ways of wood-craft; in one word, of the Yeoman. . . . And we get hence the additional hint, that the Yeoman's Tale was to have followed the Coke's Tale, a tale of fresh country life succeeding one of the close back-streets of the city. No better place could be found for it."

I am sure that Skeat was right.

wrestling-bout and, escaping to the greenwood with an old retainer, Adam the Spencer, becomes an outlaw. The eldest brother, Johan, as sheriff, pursues him—just as " the proud sheriff of Nottingham " pursues Robin Hood. He is taken, and bailed; returns, in ballad-fashion (like the Heir of Linne, for example), just in time to save his bail, and the wicked Johan is sent to the gallows.

Upon this artless ballad Lodge tacked and embroidered a love-story—of an exiled King of France and of his daughter, Rosalind, who falls in love with the young wrestler, and escapes with the usurper's daughter Alinda (Celia) to the greenwood. As in the play, the usurper's daughter becomes " Aliena " and Rosalind disguises herself as a page and calls herself " Ganymede." The name of the faithful old retainer, " Adam," persists down from *The Tale of Gamelyn* to *As You Like It*, and is the name of the character which (tradition says) Shakespeare as an actor personated in his own play.

So much for the source of the plot. But the plot of *As You Like It* is no great matter. Indeed, I would point out that by the end of Act i it is practically over and done with. With the opening of Act ii we reach the Forest of Arden; and thenceforth, like the exiled Duke and his followers, we " fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." But let me quote the whole of Charles the Wrestler's answer to Oliver's question, " Where will the old Duke live? "; for in some five lines it gives us not only the Robin Hood and Gamelyn tradition of the story but the atmosphere in which Shakespeare is to clothe it:

> They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

" They say . . . they say "—I note those two " they says," to return to them anon. For the moment let us be content to mark that no sooner do we arrive at the fringe of this forest with the other fugitives (and I break off to remark that they all in turn reach it dead-beat. Sighs Rosalind, " O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits! " invoking Jupiter as a Ganymede should. Touchstone retorts, " I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary "; and Celia entreats, " I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go

further:" as, later on, old Adam echoes, "Dear master, I can go no further"; and again, you will remember, Oliver arrives footsore, in rags, and stretches himself to sleep, so dog-tired that even a snake, coiling about his throat, fails to awaken him. It is only the young athlete Orlando who bears the journey well)—I say that the fugitives, and we too, no sooner win to the forest than life is found to have changed its values for us, as it has awhile already for the Duke and his followers. Henceforth we hear next to nothing of the usurping Duke Ferdinand and his court, and we care less. We have left him behind. He is not suffered again to obtrude his person, and in the last Act we learn of his repentance but by report:

> Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
> Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
> Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
> In his own conduct, purposely to take
> His brother here and put him to the sword:
> And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
> Where meeting with an old religious man,
> After some questioning with him, was converted
> Both from his enterprise and from the world;
> His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
> And all their lands restored to them again
> That were with him exiled.

"I do not perceive the use of this hermit," says Dr. Johnson of the holy man introduced with very similar abruptness into the last Act of *The Merchant of Venice*. I venture to echo it of this intruder upon the last Act of *As You Like It*. Whoso lists may believe in him. But who cares?

The wicked brother Oliver is even more violently converted to a right frame of mind, by means of a snake and a lion. We are not shown it. We don't want to see it: we take his word for it, and quite cheerfully, in spite of its monstrous improbability. For, again, who cares? *We* are fleeting the time carelessly; we are "not at home" to him, but engaged with Rosalind's wooing, Touchstone's amorous vagaries with his Audrey, the pure pastoral of Silvius and Phebe, Jaques' moralizing, the killing of the deer, food and song beneath the bough.

Some years ago, in hope to get a better understanding of Shakespeare, a friend and I tracked the Warwickshire Avon

together, from its source on Naseby battlefield down to Tewkesbury, where, by a yet more ancient battlefield, it is gathered to the greater Severn. From Naseby, where we found its source among the "good cabbage" of an inn-garden, we followed it afoot through "wide-skirted meads," past "poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and farms," to Rugby. This upper region of Avon undulates in long ridge and furrow divided by stiff ox-fences (the "bull-finches" of the fox-hunter—for this is the famous Pytchley country); and in Shakespeare's time these same ridges and furrows were mainly planted with rye. We went down through this pastoral heart of England, where yet (as Avon draws the line between her north and her south) so many of her bloody internal battles have been decided—Bosworth and Naseby by her headwaters, Evesham and Tewkesbury by her lower fords—and at Rugby we took ship: that is to say, we launched a canoe.

I am pretty sure she was the first ever launched upon Avon from Rugby. A small curious crowd bore murmured testimony to this. The Avon is not—or was not in those days—a pleasure stream. You might meet a few boats, above Warwick, a few at Stratford. Far lower down, below Stratford, the river was made navigable in 1637. But the locks are decayed, and the waterway disused. I suppose that along its extent, half the few houses by this most lovely river resolutely turn their back gardens on it.

On the second day, after much pulling through reed beds and following for many miles Avon's always leisurely meanders, we ported over Bubbenhall weir, fetched north-east, then south-east, and came to the upper bridge of Stoneleigh Deer Park.

A line of swinging deer-fences hung from the arches of the bridge, the river trailing between their bars. We, having permission, pushed cautiously under these—which in a canoe was not easy. Beyond the barrier we looked to right and left, amazed. We had passed from a sluggish brook, twisting among water-plants and willows, to a pleasant river, expanding down between wide lawns, by slopes of bracken, by the roots of gigantic trees—oaks, Spanish oaks, wych-elms, stately firs, sweet chestnuts, backed by filmy larch coppices.

This was Arden, the forest of Arden, actually Stoneleigh-in-Arden, and Shakespeare's very Arden.

Actually, as we rested on our paddles, down to a shallow ahead—their accustomed ford, no doubt—a herd of deer came daintily and charged across, splashing; first the bucks, in single file, then the does in a body. The very bed of Avon changes just here: the river now brawling by a shallow, now sliding over slabs of sandstone.

This (I repeat) is verily and historically Arden. We know that Arden—a lovely word in itself—was endeared to Shakespeare by scores of boyish memories; Arden was his mother's maiden name. I think it arguable of the greatest creative artists that, however they learn and improve, they are always trading on the stored memories of childhood. I am sure that, as Shakespeare turned the pages of Lodge's *Rosalynde*,—as sure as if my ears heard him,—he cried to himself, "Arden? This made to happen in a Forest of Arden, in France? But I have wandered in a Forest of Arden ten times lovelier; and, translated thither, ten times lovelier shall be the tale!"

And he is in such a hurry to get to it!

The opening Act of *As You Like It* (you will note) abounds in small carelessness of detail. Rosalind is taller than Celia in one passage, shorter in another: a name, "Jaques," is bestowed on an unimportant character, forgotten, and later used again for an important one; in one passage there is either confusion in the names of the two Dukes, exiled and regnant, or the words are given to the wrong speaker. Orlando's protasis is a mere stage trick; and the persiflage between Rosalind and Celia has a false sparkle. Actually it is dull, level, chop-logic, repetitive in the rhythm of its sentences. In fact, the whole of the language of this Act, when you weigh it carefully, is curiously monotonous. It affects to be sprightly, but lacks true wit. Until he gets to Arden, Touchstone never finds himself. All goes to show that Shakespeare, while laying out his plot, was impatient of it and ardent for Arden.

Now, in Stoneleigh Deer Park in Arden I saw the whole thing, as though Corin's crook moved above the ferns, and Orlando's ballads fluttered on the boles. There was the very oak beneath which Jaques moralized on the deer—a monster, thirty-nine feet around (for I measured it), not far above the ford across which the herd had splashed, its "antique roots" writhing over the red sandstone rock down to the water's brim. And I saw the whole thing for what the four

important Acts of it really are—not as a drama, but as a dream, or rather a dreamy delicious fantasy, and especially a fantasy in color.

I want to make this plain: and that the play, not my criticism, is fanciful. I had always thought of *As You Like It*—most adorable play of boyhood and then not second even to *The Tempest*—in terms of color, if I may so put it. I mean this: Shakespeare, improving on Lodge, invented Jaques and Touchstone. Both are eminently piquant figures under the forest boughs; both piquantly out of place, while most picturesquely in place; both critics, and contrasted critics, of the artificial-natural life ("the simple life" is our term nowadays) in which the exiled Duke and his courtiers profess themselves to revel. Hazlitt says of Jaques that "he is the only purely contemplative character in Shakespeare." Well, with much more going on about him, Horatio, in *Hamlet,* is just as inactive—the static, philosophical man, the *punctum indifferens* set in the midst of tragic aberrations. This function of the critic amid the comic aberrations of *As You Like It,* Jaques and Touchstone share between them. Jaques moralizes; Touchstone comments and plays the fool, his commentary enlightening common sense, his folly doing common sense no less service by consciously caricaturing all prevalent folly around it.

Now, as contrast of character indicated by color, can you conceive anything better than Jaques' sad-colored habit opposed to Touchstone's gay motley? With what a whoop of delight the one critic happens on the other!—

> A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
> A motley fool; a miserable world!
> As I do live by food, I met a fool;
> Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
> And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
> In set good terms, and yet a motley fool.
> "Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
> Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:
> And then he drew a dial from his poke,
> And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
> Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
> Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
> 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
> And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
> And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
> And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

> And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
> The motley fool thus moral on the time,
> My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
> That fools should be so deep contemplative;
> And I did laugh sans intermission
> An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
> A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
>
> *Duke S.* What fool is this?
>
> *Jaques.* . . . . One that hath been a courtier,
> And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
> They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
> Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
> After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
> With observation, the which he vents
> In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
> I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Well then, to pass from Jaques' to our own appreciation of motley, do you not see Touchstone's suit—scarlet, we will say, down one side, and green down the other—illustrating his own contrast of wit and conduct, in speech after speech! Take, for example, his answer to Corin's query, "And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?" and see him exhibiting one side of himself, then the other:

> Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it suits my humor; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.

The comedy, then, is less a comedy of dramatic event than a playful fantastic criticism of life: wherein, a courtly society being removed to the greenwood, to picnic there, the Duke Senior can gently moralize on the artificiality he has left at home, and his courtiers—being courtiers still, albeit loyal ones—must ape his humors. But this in turn, being less than sincere, needs salutary mockery: wherefore Shakespeare invents Jaques and Touchstone, critics so skillfully opposed, to supply it. But yet again, Jaques' cynicism being something of a pose, he must be mocked at by the Fool; while the Fool, being professionally a fool, must be laughed at by Jaques, and, being betrayed to real folly by human weakness, laughed at by himself. Even Rosalind, being in

love, must play with it. Even honest Orlando, being in love, must write ballads and pin them on oaks; but he writes them so very ill that we must allow him honest. Otherwise I should maintain his ancient servant Adam (whose part Shakespeare himself enacted) to be the one really serious figure on the stage. It is at any rate observable that while, as we should expect, the play contains an extraordinary number of fanciful and more or less rhetorical moralizings—such as the Duke's praise of a country life, Jaques' quoted sermon on the wounded deer and his "All the world's a stage," Rosalind's lecture on the marks of a lover, Touchstone on the virtue in an "If," on the Lie Circumstantial, and on horns (to name but a few), it is Orlando who speaks out from the heart such poetry as:

> . . . . . whate'er you are
> That in this desert inaccessible,
> Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
> Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
> If ever you have look'd on better days,
> If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
> If ever sat at any good man's feast,
> If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
> And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
> Let gentleness my strong enforcement be . .

while to Adam it falls to utter the sincerest, most poignant, line in the play:

> And unregarded age in corners thrown.

An exquisite instance of Shakespeare's habitual stroke!—with which the general idea, "unregarded age," is no sooner presented than (as it were) he stabs the concrete into it, drawing blood: "unregarded age in corners thrown."

But in truth all the rest of our bright characters are not in earnest. They do but *play* at life in Arden. As Touchstone knew, "cat will after kind"; and, as Shakespeare knew, the world is the world as man made it for man to live in it. These courtiers are not *real* Robin Hoods. If they fleet the time carelessly, it is (I suspect) much as people do at Letchworth. No: when the *ducdame, ducdame* has been played out, yet not so as to be over-wearied, Shakespeare gathers up his courtiers—as afterwards in *The Tempest* he gathered up the Neapolitan courtiers—and restores them, like so many fish, to their proper element;

even as he himself, after living with shows and making himself a motley to the view, returned to his native Stratford, bought land, and lived doucely. The Duke regains his dukedom, his followers are restored to their estates. By a pretty turn of workmanship, Orlando, who started with a patrimony of "poor a thousand crowns," dependent on an unjust brother, returns as heir apparent and that brother's prospective liege-lord. By an equally pretty turn of irony, the one man—the usurping Duke—who reaches Arden on his own impulse, moved by a ferocious idea to kill somebody, is the only one left there in the end, when the sentimental moralists have done with it, to use it as a school of religious contemplation.

Some critics have held it for a blot on the play that Oliver, his brotherly crime condoned, is allowed to marry a Celia. Shakespeare merely neglects the excuse found for it in Lodge's story, where the repentant elder brother helps to rescue Aliena (Celia) from a band of robbers. It *is* unsatisfactory, if we will. The play, according to Swinburne, would be perfect "were it not for that one unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear in one corner of the canvas as the betrothal of Oliver to Celia." And George Sand, in her French adaptation, like the bold woman she was, married Celia to—Jaques!

But "perfect," after all, is a word I would like to keep in hand for perfection: and full though *As You Like It* is of life and gaiety and exquisite merriment, on other points than Oliver's betrothal (I have instanced the mechanical introduction, and the rather pointless chop-logic of the First Act), it does not quite reach perfection. And, after all, a fantasy is a fantasy, and forgiveness Christian. I cannot feel my soul greatly perturbed over the mercy shown to Oliver; and I will give Celia to him, any day of the week, to save her from Jaques. The only possible wife for Jaques was one that Shakespeare omitted to provide. She should have to be an arrant shrew, to talk him dumb: and so he and Touchstone might have expiated their criticism together on a fair balance of folly. Rosalind herself would have cured him; but Rosalind, of course, is by miles too good for Jaques. She is reserved to be loved by an honest man his life through; and, like many another dear woman, to nag him, his life through.

Rosalind herself is not perfect; but she is in a way the

better for it, being adorable: at once honest and wayward, "true brow and fair maid," and infinitely tantalizing. She means to be the Nut Brown Maid of the Greenwood, as the whole play seems trying, over and again, to be a Robin Hood play. She means this, I say; but being courtly bred she has to play with it before admitting it. Yet she is honest, and confesses her love almost from the first to herself and to Celia. She does not, as Imogen does, lift the heart out of us, ready to break for her: but she bewitches us, and hardly the less because all the while she allows us to know that the witchery is conscious, intentional.

The play is—as you like it—a woodland play treated courtly-wise, or a courtly play treated woodland-wise. It plainly derives, through *Love's Labour's Lost,* from John Lyly; whose polite comedies, highly artificial, but in one way or another a wonderful artistic advance, held the ear of Court and of City at the moment when Shakespeare set up as a playwright: and I hold that Mr. Warwick Bond, Lyly's learned and devoted editor, makes out unanswerably Shakespeare's debt to Lyly as he was learning dramatic architecture. Mr. Bond says:

> That Shakespeare was his [Lyly's] disciple in this respect is beyond a doubt.. . . To the fundamental brainwork which Lyly put into his plays, the greater poet and the Shakespearean stage in general are almost as much indebted as they are to his introduction of a lively, witty and coherent dialogue.

Lyly's notion of a lively and witty dialogue, though begotten (I make no doubt) of an instinct for reform, resulted —like many another innovation—in a tyranny of its own making; and to my taste the dreariest passages in Shakespeare are those in which his ladies and courtiers exchange "wit." But it remains true that if we would understand Shakespeare's workmanship in the early Comedies, and trace how *Love's Labour's Lost* grew into *As You Like It,* we must study Lyly's *Campaspe,* his *Endymion* and his *Galatea.* The main point to grasp is that *As You Like It,* however much improved by genius, belongs to the Lyly line of descent and to the order of the court-pastoral.

The "pastoral" being granted, we may recognize excellent workmanship in the Silvius and Phebe episode. To have garbed Rosalind as a boy without making a girl fall in love with him would have been to miss a plain oppor-

tunity—almost as plain a one as the sight of the bloody cloth at which Rosalind faints. It doubles the intrigue, and it provides with due irony one of the most charming chiming quartets in all Comedy:

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phebe. And I for Ganymede.
Orlando. And I for Rosalind.
Rosalind. And I for no woman.

and so on, and so on. The *genre* and the convention of it granted, nothing could be prettier than the inter-chime and the counter-chime. It is Lyly carried to a power that Lyly never, at best, got beyond dreaming of.

But, having said this in praise of a piece of good workmanship, I must in fairness mention a piece of sheer botch-work. I mean the introduction of Hymen in the last Act. To explain away this botch as an imposition upon Shakespeare by another hand—to conjecture it as some hasty alternative to satisfy the public censor, who objected to Church rites of marriage on the stage (if carried through)—would be as easy as it were accordant with the nice distinctions of critical hypocrisy, were it not that Shakespeare, almost if not quite to the end of his days, was capable of similar ineptitudes, such as the vision of Posthumus and the scroll dropped into his lap. You can explain away one such lapse by an accident; but two scarcely, and three or four not at all. That kind of artistic improbability runs almost in harmonical progression.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE CASE OF PATIENCE WORTH[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It was, we believe, that elaborately dissembling humorist, Professor Royce, who defined sin as "a viciously acquired naïveté." We have never felt sure that we thoroughly understood this definition, but if we *do* understand it, we refuse (with undiminished respect for the admirable sage of Cambridge) to accept it. Now that is precisely the attitude in which you are left by the average account of spiritualistic communications: you are uncertain of understanding them, but if you *do* understand them, you refuse to accept them. We all remember, for example, what the spiritualistic wireless offered us as an emanation of the supermundane intellect of William James, in which state of discarnate deshabille it seems to possess about the degree of depth and vigor that you would look for in the post-mortem cerebrations of a sentimental floor-walker; and we voice the general indisposition in this matter in the face of the devastating assertion of a distinguished authority on the occult that "any man who does not accept the existence of discarnate spirits and the proof of it is either an ignoramus or a coward." But let us hasten to say, in order that we may demonstrate our disqualification for inclusion in either of those unattractive categories, that we believe in the fact, if not in the proof.

One may convict Emerson of excessive generosity for asserting that "the people . . . are all mystics"; yet we are convinced that essential mystics, if not ubiquitous, are at least as common as professional Christians, or amateur

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[1] *Patience Worth: A Psychic Mystery.* By Caspar S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1916.

polygamists, or hay-fever in August. There is, however, small doubt of the reaction that would be set up in an enormous number of people by any casual description of *Patience Worth.* Here—stated summarily—is an account of an experience in which a certain apparently discarnate personality imparted to a woman of St. Louis (an amateur dabbler in the psychic, of unimpeachable integrity) a mass of communications transmitted through the ouija-board, consisting of poems, allegories, conversations, epigrams, apothegms, novels, short plays, and a long mediaeval drama, all of them couched in archaic English, and exhibiting uncommon intellectual and literary quality. It is not necessary to make excuses for those who, reading such a description, would doubtless exclaim derisively, with Celia in *As You Like It,* "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!" and return unmoved to their perusal of the war news or THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Yet if this derisive multitude should turn back a few years among the files of this very REVIEW they would find Prof. Münsterberg calmly remarking (as if he believed, like the psychical researcher we quoted above, that none but "fools or ignoramuses" deny the existence of discarnate spirits)—they would find him calmly remarking, we say, that "the soul cannot be dependent upon the days and the hours of the physical body . . . the soul is neither in the time nor in the space of the physical molecules." And if, thus beguiled, they should adventure further, and should read *Patience Worth,* we promise them that they would still be impelled to quote the words of Celia, but with a very different intonation: for if there is not here an authentic glimpse of "the soul's reaches, and the last limit of life," how, then, shall you solve this riddle?

That it is indeed a riddle which is posed by *Patience Worth*—a veritable "psychic mystery" (in the phrase of the book's sub-title)—is not open to question. Here is a case for which (as the discerning and studious observer must ultimately conclude) neither "the subconscious mind," that glib resort of the amateur psychologist, nor "telepathy," that amiable, sturdy, and most serviceable pack-horse of the near-materialist, provides a satisfying explanation. You will probably pin your faith to telepathy as a workable hypothesis; but it hardly serves—that is to say, if

by " telepathy " you understand, as you doubtless do, the influence of a carnate mind exerted upon another carnate mind through supernormal avenues of communication. Confronted by Patience, even the apostles of the mechanistic view of life might turn a furtively enquiring glance toward the view of Dr. James H. Hyslop, that there is such a thing as a *discarnate* mind, and that it may exercise an influence, " either sensory or motor, on the minds of the living, provided they are psychically receptive to such influences."

It was on a July evening in 1913 that Patience Worth first made herself known. Two women of St. Louis sat with a ouija-board upon their knees: Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, wife of the Secretary of the Tower Grove Park Board of that city, and Mrs. John H. Curran, wife of a former Immigration Commissioner of Missouri. Mr. Casper S. Yost (editorial director of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*), the admirable compiler of and commentator upon the Patience Worth communications, describes these participants in this singular drama of the occult: Both are " ladies of culture and refinement." Mrs. Hutchings is " a professional writer of skill "; but it was her companion, Mrs. Curran, who was the sole agent of transmission: for the communications came only when she was at the board, and it mattered not who else sat with her. Mrs. Curran is " a young woman of nervous temperament, bright, vivacious, ready of speech "; she is " intelligent, conscientious, a talented musician, a charming hostess, a member of the Episcopal Church "—clearly, as Mr. Yost observes, " there seems nothing abnormal about her." Be it further noted and remembered—for these facts are highly significant—that Mrs. Curran has never been in England, and has had no particular interest in English history, English literature, or English life; that she has never been a student of literature, ancient or modern, and has never attempted any form of literary work. So much for the minor characters. Enter, now, Patience Worth.

Mrs. Curran and Mrs. Hutchings had been laboriously spelling out on the board, with little more than " amused wonder," such messages " as might have come from the subconsciousness of either one or the other "—messages that were " no more strange than innumerable communications which have been received through the reading of the ouija-board." But " suddenly the pointer became endowed with

an unusual agility, and with great rapidity presented this introduction: *'Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name.'* "

Thereupon began a series of communications from the source thus announced that, according to the view of Mr. Yost, are "virtually without precedent, in the scant imaginative literature quoted in the chronicles of psychic phenomena," for "intellectual vigor and literary quality."

The records of these communications have accumulated until they now fill several volumes of typewritten pages. During the first month, only Mrs. Curran and Mrs. Hutchings sat at the board; but gradually the circle widened, and others assisted the original recipients. Sometimes as many as five or six took part in the course of an evening. Mrs. Curran's husband has acted as amanuensis for the communications, occasionally assisted by his mother-in-law. Mrs. Curran does not go into a trance when the communications are received (which indeed would be an unusual procedure in connection with ouija-board séances). On the contrary, her mind is "absolutely normal,"—she even talks to others while the board is in operation under her hands. There is no effort at mental concentration. Aside from Mrs. Curran, it does not matter who is present, or who sits at the board with her. "There is no ceremony about the sitting, no dimmed lights, no compelled silences, no mummeries of any sort. . . . The board is brought into the living-room under the full glare of the electric lamps. The men perhaps smoke their cigars. . . ." That the "reputation and social position" of the Currans "put them above the suspicion of fraud, if fraud were at all possible in such a matter as this," is an assertion of Mr. Yost's that no one, we fancy, will feel inclined to dispute—in fact, the transparent and palpable genuineness of the entire case, in all its aspects, is the chief impression you bear away with you from an unbiased study of it. You do not need Mr. Yost's assurance that Mrs. Curran gives no public exhibitions, nor private exhibitions for pay. The affair conveys the characteristic and unmistakable tone of the contemporary American mind in its reaction to profundities: the tone of jocose irreverence, tempered by an ineradicable sentimentalism, and conditioned by what Matthew Arnold once called an "incapacity for seriousness in the highest sense." The whole thing is patently honest in intention, reassuringly mat-

ter-of-fact in its processes, and utterly baffling and inexplicable in its meaning.

The communications received from Patience Worth occupy the greater part of two hundred pages in the published volume compiled by Mr. Yost. He makes no excessive claim when he affirms that the outstanding characteristic of these communications is their marked intellectual quality. The intelligence displayed in them is truly, as he says, "keen, swift, subtle and profound"—you will hunt fruitlessly for the abysmal and disheartening triviality, inanity, and inconsequence that have become the traditional mark of spiritistic communications. There is at work here a mind, whosever it may be, that has retained abundant vigor, distinction, and individual savor. Its medium is an archaic speech whose prevailing characteristics seem to be those of seventeenth-century English, but containing elements of a usage still older, and occasionally employing words and phrases that are strange to the English of any period, and to any known English dialect. Most of the words are of Anglo-Saxon origin, with scarcely ever any of Greek or Latin derivation. The references are almost without exception to conditions that came into being not later than the seventeenth century. That Patience emanates in any sense or degree from the consciousness or subconsciousness of Mrs. Curran is unbelievable in the light of Mr. Yost's description of that lady; but as to her identity, she blandly leaves you in the dark. She makes no effort to prove it; " she never speaks of her own acts as a physical being, and the personal information she has reluctantly given is disappointingly meagre "; yet " the impression of a distinct personality is clear and definite." She has said that she comes " from across the sea," and has indicated her period as about " 1649." All that can be deduced about her is that she seems to belong to the England of some 300 years ago; that she is indubitably feminine; expertly domestic and housewifely; an incurable aphorist; quick-tempered, caustic, witty, nimble of thought and speech; yet reflective, inclined to reverie and tenderness, sensitive and emotional, confessing aspiration, prone to meditate upon the things of the spirit, conscious of " immortal longings." Beyond dispute, a remarkable mind and personality, whatever its habitation or its day. Mrs. Curran, privileged to be the channel for its exhibition, might well have echoed gratefully the conclusion of Stevenson:

"The most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek."

As to the literary value of the communications, we are unable to go quite all the way with Mr. Yost, who is willing to say of certain images and figures in the verse of Patience that "a Shelley would not wish to disown them." To invoke one of the supreme names of poetry in connection with such phrases as "the tendrill tipped with sungilt" and "the sunny morn doth hum with lovelilt" is likely to disaffect the uninitiated reader who is prepared to regard Patience and her manifestations with sympathy and respect. You are reminded of the plaintive protest of Walter Pater, who wished people would not call him a "hedonist," because "it makes such a bad impression upon the minds of people who don't know Greek." Nor do the passages chosen for this praise, and others that receive encomiums almost equally warm, seem to us to represent Patience at her best. We prefer these lines from the play called *The Fool and the Lady:*

. . Her face, Beppo, it swayeth everywhere, as a garden thick with bloom—a lily, white and glistening with a rain of tears.

Elsewhere she is not so happy. There is a lurking sentimentalist in Patience, as you will discover from her versified references to "dimpled hands" and "the smile of baby lips." And we regret to learn that Mrs. Curran was moved to tears by the not very expensive pathos of the poem beginning "Ah, wake me not!" while there is no mention in the record of her having been affected by the much costlier emotion of

Earth! Earth, the mother of us all! . . . How loth, how loth, like to a child we be, to leave and seek mid dark!

There are other times—and they are many—when Patience is exasperatingly obscure and cryptic. Were it not for the patient and tireless exegetical skill of Mr. Yost, the reader would be unlikely to read further after encountering such an appalling *cheval-de-frise* as this:

. . And thee knowest 'tis not the put o' her; aye, and thee knowest 'tis ne'er a putter o' thy day there be at such an put. Aye, and did he to put, 'twould be o' thy day and not the day o' we.

Patience is not here discussing a seventeenth-century golf match, as the uninstructed reader might possibly conjecture; what she *is* discussing, we must refer you to the devoted and ingenious Mr. Yost to find out.

Naturally you will ask, upon laying down this amazing volume: What does it mean?—or, in Mr. Yost's words, "What, then, is her message?" A portion of his answer seems to us to contain all of it that is significant: "Whatever we may think of the nature of this phenomenon," he says, "Patience herself is a revelation." She is indeed; and that is enough. As to any detailed information concerning those mysteries which mortal questionings have immemorially beaten against in vain, Patience seems but to echo the reply that is made to the Sacrificer's son in the story in the Katha Upanishad: "Ask me not of death, Nachiketas." Or at most she appears to be repeating to us the grave words of her possible contemporary, Sir Thomas Browne: "This visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric"—and Sir Thomas himself was merely, of course, re-uttering the message of the Smaragdine Table. Mr. Yost interprets the sayings of Patience as in the highest degree consoling and promiseful. She gives us plainly to understand, he thinks, that personality persists beyond the grave; that we take with us "all of ourselves but the material elements"; that "we wake there amid the friends and associations of the past"; that "the joys of the coming life are the spiritual joys of this one." And, in response to the question whether there will be sorrow in that other life, he quotes her as giving this remarkable answer—remarkable, because it suggests that Patience may have read the Sanskrit tongue of Shankara the Master: "Nay," she answered, "Earth be a home of sorrow's dream. For sorrow be but a dream of the soul asleep. 'Tis wake [death] that setteth free." What is this but a variation of Shankara's words: "The circling world is like a dream, crowded with desires and hates; in its own time it shines as real, like the silver of a pearl shell, but on wakening it becomes unreal."

Let us leave her there, echoing the luminous teaching of the East,—speaking, indeed, out of its very heart: for it is also in those ancient and inexhaustible and golden Books of Wisdom that it is written: "Knowing that knowable spirit, let not death disturb you."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AMERICA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS. In two volumes. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. New York: The Century Company, 1916.

Ordinary prudence recognizes the value of an occasional backward look for the purpose of discerning direction and determining proportions. The study of history, with its long perspective, helps in a much larger way to regulate thought and to guide action —tending to make the evolution of society ever more intelligent and consistent. What is true of history in general, is rather especially true as regards the history of a nation's dealings with other nations. And there is perhaps no kind of thinking in which the average, educated American citizen has greater need of the correcting and proportioning influence of historic knowledge than in his efforts to make up his mind about the place and destiny of America in the world. Of all important nations, declares Willis Fletcher Johnson in the preface of his recently published work, *America's Foreign Relations,* we are "probably the most self-centered and circumscribed." A certain narrowness of view, allied with "an excess of adulatory introspection" and with a self-complacency "sometimes smug and sometimes hifalutin," have been the cause of many of our domestic and most of our external ills.

We are wise to have faith in reason rather than in doctrines, in experience rather than in expedients. It is a sane hope that Mr. Johnson expresses in his preface—the hope that better knowledge may result in the amelioration of international sentiments, in the moderation both of excessive attachments and of excessive animosities; that it may "unify the sympathies, the policies, and the action of all domestic parties toward the external world," and, above all, that it may "invest our popular attitude toward other peoples and their governments with a dignity and benignity worthy of a nation that is well proportioned and judicious in all its greatness."

In helping to bring about these desirable ends, Mr. Johnson's book should be of great use. It is written as simply as the nature of the subject matter permits. It is free from the forbidding jargon of diplomacy; it contains no pompous and mystifying generalizations. The book is popular, but it is thorough. In it, sound, uncontroversial discussion is joined with full information. This last is

not the least of its virtues. Experience speaks louder than theory, and the value of detailed truth-telling as a guide and corrective to practical judgment is approved where formulas fail.

In treating of the "prenatal influences" which affected the nation, Mr. Johnson aids his readers in obtaining a larger view of early American history—supplying in fuller measure and in more intelligible form than do most historians that European setting which is indispensable to an understanding of the period. Equally instructive is his account of the international relationships of the United States during the revolutionary era—a period in which the international influence of this country was far more important than its technical diplomacy. The narrative shows, among other things, how America helped to bring about the end of personal government in Great Britain and how it effected for a time the commercial emancipation of Ireland. It reveals clearly the motives of France and of Spain in their attitude toward America.

In the ensuing period American problems took form, and the reader of Mr. Johnson's book is enabled to see the beginnings of American policies and tendencies. In treating of America under the Confederation, the author lays special stress upon three results that were achieved in the sphere of foreign relations—the adoption in Franklin's treaty with Prussia of a high and advanced principle of neutrality in naval warfare, the "scandalous spoliation, persecution, and expulsion of suspected British sympathizers, which led to the estrangement of Canada, and finally the setting-up of State rights as superior to treaty obligations." It is not, however, until the close of Washington's second Administration that American principles became clearly outlined. By this time the great foundation stones of our foreign policy had been laid: independence, neutrality, freedom of the seas, complete separation from European politics, and the dominance of the United States on the North American Continent. Through a judicious and undogmatic emphasis upon these principles Mr. Johnson makes his treatise enlightening as well as informing. His point of view is indicated by the statement that in more than a century of foreign relationships there is to be found "scarcely a new principle, but merely a further working out of the principles of Washington's Administration."

Through the crisis of national life, the completion of nationality, the War of 1812, the new era that began with Monroe, the author traces the development of the United States to world-power status, fully discussing many matters insufficiently emphasized by most historians. The account of the next period, which includes the Mexican War, the acquisition of Oregon, our Isthmian relations, our early dealings with the East, and the opening of Japan, becomes more and more a delineation of our country as we know it—a delineation that vitally connects the present with this earlier time and makes us feel the national character in a new way.

Even more satisfactory is Mr. Johnson's treatment of the modern era, which, beginning with the Civil War, includes many problems still thought of as political issues. In dealing with the embroilment at Samoa, the annexation of Hawaii, our relations with Latin America, the war with Spain, the " open door " in China, the Isthmian Canal, the author speaks as plainly and fully as in any part of his treatise, expressing without hesitation the lessons which facts and logic teach. Yet, throughout, he writes with admirable impartiality, making no attempt to enforce peculiar views and never forgetting his primary duty as a historian.

As a whole, Mr. Johnson's book shows in perspective the relation of America to the rest of the world, marking out essential truths and permanent American policies. At the beginning and at the end of the treatise the fundamental ideas of Washington are emphasized, and this emphasis is justified by all the recorded facts. The work is " popular " not merely in the sense that it is easy to understand: it will help to make better citizens.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: HIS LIFE, WORKS, AND INFLUENCE. In two Volumes. By George McLean Harper. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

Wordsworth has taught his successors much: his mode of thought, the more seizable elements of his style, have become in a way common property; but we may still say, with Coleridge, that " in imaginative power, he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton; and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own."

What seems the flash of inspiration in poetry is frequently the sudden outcome and summing-up of experiences long matured, of feelings cherished in quiet, and of thoughts deeply meditated. A poem, to be sure, is not chiefly a problem for psychologic analysis; but if it is, as it should be, a genuine expression of personal life raised to the impersonal plane, it gains in significance through a study of the mental conditions out of which it grew. This is particularly true of Wordsworth: few poets sum up so much genuine inner experience in a little space; few are so profound while seeming simple. In an exceptional degree the study of Wordsworth's life helps one to understand not merely the mind and the character of the man, but the meaning and worth of the poet.

Moreover, it is true that despite his acknowledged greatness, no poet suffers more than Wordsworth from a conventional or superficial view. The gossipers of his own time, the Scotch reviewers, and finally, perhaps, Wordsworth himself, have impressed upon our minds an image august, indeed, yet a trifle absurd, and hence not wholly lifelike. The Wordsworth of the last period, the moralist,

the theologian, the "non-Wordsworthian Wordsworth," has worked injustice to the poet as he was in his prime.

It is one of the merits of George McLean Harper's recently published life of Wordsworth that it really gives one an adequate appreciation of the poet not merely as a nature-mad boy nor as an elderly philosopher, but as an inspired youth and as a young man of genius. The conception of Wordsworth at his best is the norm of the narrative, and it is never lost sight of. With sympathy and with painstaking care, Professor Harper traces the development of Wordsworth's intellect and soul, estimating the effect upon him of such influences as the thought of Rousseau, the criticism of Coleridge, the growth of industrialism in England, and especially the ideas and scenes of the French Revolution. In this process, the author shows not merely psychological insight but an unusual degree of biographical acumen. The view, for instance, that in 1796 Wordsworth at Racedown was passing through a crisis, that he was under a spiritual cloud, is proved to be quite without foundation. The notion, too, that Wordsworth and Coleridge on their return in 1799 from their visit to the Continent were quite cured of democratic tendencies, is likewise subjected to criticism. Professor Harper is the first to lay due emphasis upon the true reason which caused Wordsworth to put aside the *Prelude* in 1802—the unsettled state of his political opinions. The real crisis of the poet's life, which occurred between 1803 and 1807, the author discusses in a manner that is really illuminating. He shows us Wordsworth, in the *Prelude,* "reacting against the great positive, naturalistic movement of the preceding century—breaking with his own past, abandoning his own faith." He points out, however, that, as the letter to Christopher North published during 1809 in *The Friend* abundantly proves, the disintegration had not at that time reached Wordsworth's central doctrines. The narrowing of the poet's outlook in later years, the failure of inspiration, and the mistaken withdrawal from the world—the sad deterioration, in short, that seems more perverse than inevitable—is dealt with clearly and frankly. The general effect of the narrative as a whole, however, is to emphasize the unity, the consistency, the integrity, of Wordsworth's life.

The life-story, too, is successfully set against an adequate human background. Wordsworth's social relationships are made real to the reader. Coleridge, for example, appears as a far more credible human figure than most biographical sketches show him. Even more remarkable is the keen sympathy and insight that are manifest in all that Professor Harper tells about Dorothy Wordsworth, whose journal, of course, supplies much of the most valuable biographical material.

In critical appreciation, Professor Harper's book is as penetrating as it is authoritative. To say nothing of its value to scholarship, the book will enable every reader who is capable of feeling Words-

worth's power and charm to read his poetry with a fuller understanding and a deeper feeling.

MODERNIZING THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Charles H. Sherrill. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

That the Monroe Doctrine is a policy by no means free from doubts and difficulties is pretty generally agreed. The doctrine is notoriously hard to define; it has meant different things at different times; it is regarded with qualified respect in Europe and with marked suspicion in South America. As it is sometimes made to appear, this time-honored policy of ours is to Europe little more than foolishness and to Latin America a formidable stumbling block. From time to time we have "modernized" the Monroe Doctrine, more or less: the view is now being pressed with considerable urgency that we ought to modernize it altogether.

"Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine" would mean, in the view of Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, substituting for it the doctrine of Pan-Americanism. In what is written about this latter policy—and rather especially in what Mr. Sherrill writes about it—there are certain obvious elements of truth. Pan-Americanism Mr. Sherrill defines as "an attempt to assemble the finest traits of twenty-one republics so as to employ them in combination for the common good of all, meanwhile disregarding their shortcomings." It is a mixture of appreciation and toleration, a combination of altruism and enlightened self-interest. In its general features the policy is attractive; as a mental attitude it is commendable. Readers of Mr. Sherrill's chapters upon South American culture and South American markets will almost certainly be interested and impressed. Nor will most readers be inclined to quarrel seriously with the author's opinion that the "A. B. C." mediation was a success in the sense that it established a "High Court of Public Opinion for the Western Hemisphere."

It seems clear that what is said in favor of Pan-Americanism is perfectly true up to a certain point. One may even agree with Mr. Sherrill that while "some policies are only beneficial when completely worked out. Pan-Americanism even when incomplete is beneficial." An incomplete Pan-Americanism, however, would seem to include much that might be safely accepted without adopting the Pan-American label or explicitly renouncing the Monroe Doctrine. A completely worked out Pan-Americanism implies, of course, a definite foreign policy; and it is at just the point where a definite line of action in foreign relationships begins to be called for that the new doctrine becomes a little hard to follow. There are varying versions of Pan-Americanism as a foreign policy. Mr. Sherrill's version has at least the merits of clearness and courage.

The author's program includes two sets of recommendations, none too closely connected. The first set has special reference to the building up of American foreign trade. Laws should be enacted, Mr. Sherrill urges, modifying the Interstate Commerce Act so as to permit railroads to grant preferential rates on goods to the seaboard intended for export, and so amending the Sherman Act that it shall be lawful to make combinations for trade outside our borders. The nation, moreover, should take immediate steps to free itself from the meshes of those treaties which are "strangling" the merchant marine. The second set of suggestions looks toward the establishment of permanent peace in the two Americas. Taking advantage of the present financial dependence of European countries upon the United States, we are to ask these countries "to release to the sovereignty of the peoples themselves all colonial territory owned by them in the Western Hemisphere." Canada, it is explained, "can have her independence whenever she likes," and hence her status as part of the British Empire need not greatly concern us. Other American territories belonging to European nations are to be bought or begged. Then by means of financial pressure and by persuasion partly moral and partly pecuniary, America is to be safeguarded from friction with Europe. The released territories may be apportioned in such a way as would best serve to strengthen Latin America. The gift of the three Guianas might, in Mr. Sherrill's opinion, be made to further "the statesmanlike project of Bolivar . . . a splendid confederation of the Guianas with Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador." Peace with Asia is to be assured by the complete detachment of the United States from every supposed Asiatic interest. The "open door" policy is to be frankly abandoned, and the Philippines are to be given up. Thus Mr. Sherrill's "triangle of peace" is completed.

In this book there is real knowledge, idealism, vigorous, suggestive thought. As a discussion of the foreign policy of the United States, the treatise, however, is too slight to be convincing. On the whole, the author fails to give such a definition of Pan-Americanism as will satisfy skeptics that this policy is necessary, safe and practicable.

THE END OF A CHAPTER. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

Few books of seemingly desultory reminiscence and comment equal this of Mr. Shane Leslie's in a certain vitality of thought and pungency of expression. Apparently aiming at brilliancy and certainly attaining it, the author has packed his book with anecdotes really meaningful and choice in flavor, with shrewd criticisms, and with sayings arrestingly epigrammatic; and he has fastidiously omit-

ted whatever might seem to be padding or mere indulgence in the joy of writing. The note of it all is personal and genuine, and the underlying spirit of this unusually entertaining book is one of deep seriousness. "It was while invalided in hospital during the Great War," Mr. Leslie tells us in his prefatory note, "that I began to record notes and souvenirs of the times and institutions under which I had lived, realizing that I had witnessed the suicide of the civilization called Christian and the travail of a new era to which no gods have been as yet rash enough to give their name." Not the lurid glare of battle, but a faint, disastrous gleam from this new era lights the pages of Mr. Leslie's book.

The book begins with a chapter of "links with the past"—reminiscences mostly drawn from the memory of Mr. Leslie's grandfather, who "while a Harrow boy subscribed to the first shilling parts of the *Pickwick Papers*," and can remember five reigns. Personal recollections of Walter Scott, the youthful Ruskin, Newman, Napoleon III, D'Orsay—the last of the Dandies—and many other notables, are included in the narrative. Mr. Leslie's grandfather remembers the famous prize fight between Sayers and Heenan, "which roused more real feeling between England and America than the *Alabama*," and he was the last sportsman to use a muzzle-loader to shoot pheasants. An artist, he was the close friend of Holman Hunt and of Millais, and he may justly claim to be regarded as "the last of the pre-Raphaelites."

In its succeeding chapters, Mr. Leslie's book becomes a short anatomy of English society, a cursory analysis of Church and State, of universities and schools, of politics and politicians, of sport and imperialism and freedom. Somewhat apart stands an illuminating chapter upon "Ireland and the Irish." Dealing with these topics in the untrammeled manner of good talk, the author tells as much perhaps about national traits and conditions as could a writer of greater philosophic pretensions.

Good talk, of course, is not argument; its value often lies simply in its stimulating epitomes of views and impressions. Somehow Mr. Leslie manages to be unreverent without being flippant, to be unsparingly critical yet never sadly satirical. Without giving serious ground for offense he can write that King Edward was "a go-between rather than a statesman, a conversationalist rather than a man of letters, but . . . the only diplomat in the public service"; that "George V may rouse his subjects' mirth, but he is their best figurehead sailing through the waters of Armageddon"; that "the Church of England reigns chiefly as a social club, with which are deposited the moral standards of society"; that "an appreciation of sportsmanship is the test for autonomy through the Empire." It would be a mistake to read Mr. Leslie's book unhumorously, a greater mistake not to perceive its essential earnestness.

"VOX POPULI!"

NEW ENGLAND

CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

In the significant phrase, "Nobody for Hughes—but the people," George Harvey announces his survey of present conditions in the field of Republican politics, in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Mr. Harvey's previous editorial essays have been so brilliant, trenchant, and stirring, as to awaken eager interest in them and eager anticipation of those to follow. In this article he seems to us to have surpassed all former efforts. For brilliancy, incisiveness, cogency, humor, vividness and force it is distinguished above any political polemic of recent years that we recall.

The grim remark of a Wisconsin Congressman is quoted to the effect that it would be easier to "stand by the President" if the President himself would only stand still; but Mr. Harvey's article, so far as the President is concerned, is chiefly remarkable for the eloquent severity with which it lets him alone! Ephraim seems joined to his idols! Two months ago THE NORTH AMERICAN was suggesting promising Republican combinations, Root for President and Roosevelt for Secretary of State, or *vice versa*. But things have changed since then, and Mr. Harvey sees that Root and Roosevelt are not the only remarkable figures in sight. He considers and does ample justice to Mr. Root, "the greatest living American statesman," but doubts that the people want him for President; and all through his paper Mr. Harvey sounds that note—What or whom do the people want? Mr. Roosevelt is next considered, at length, seriously and humorously. His attitude, his interviews, his backwardness and forwardness, his stern warnings and intimations that "Barkis is willing" in heroic conditions, his —well, the whole recent history of Mr. Roosevelt is spread out in the light:—

"History does not record a political act so fully laden with audacity and presumption as that of a statesman, however heroic, who in one breath defiantly heralds his allegiance to a party which has become a remnant, and in the next arrogantly defines the terms upon which he will accept a nomination from the party which he assassinated. It was not the Prodigal son who possessed the fatted calf."

The conclusion concerning Mr. Roosevelt is that, although some months ago there was a possibility of his nomination by the Republican Party, things have so changed since as to eliminate that possibility. What then? Hughes? Mr. Harvey gives an amusing list of the persons who, he says, do not want Mr. Hughes, and concludes, "Nobody wants Hughes," and then,

in italics, "Nobody but the people!" To the question, why that is so, Mr. Harvey devotes his attention.

He considers various objections, and first that based on the fact that Mr. Hughes is a Justice of the Supreme Court, and, as such, should not be nominated for President. He brings up what he says is the voice of the people in answer to that objection. Again, it is said: "It is not known what Mr. Hughes stands for"; and again he refers to the people, and he does so with great plainness and power; whether correctly and accurately, the reader must decide for himself. But it is done with amazing cleverness and force, and our editor's imaginary colloquy with the *New York World* is a masterpiece of dialectics. For instance, the *World* objects, "He cannot say whether he is for or against the President's foreign policies." To which Mr. Harvey answers, "He probably could not define them!"

Finally, Mr. Harvey undertakes to show that neither the politicians nor the people are in ignorance as to Mr. Hughes's political standing and opinions. His utterances are quoted, and his unquestioned ability, sincerity, and rectitude are remarked. He says the politicians fear him, the people trust him, and want him.

"Will he take it?" and Mr. Harvey reviews Mr. Hughes's political career. He has never directly sought or been an inferential candidate for office. That has been and still is his position; but Mr. Harvey expresses his full conviction that "this old-fashioned man holds firmly to the old-fashioned idea that the responsibilities of the Presidency are so great that it is not to be sought and must not be declined."

We have given only a faint indication of the trend, scope, and force of this brilliant paper, which cannot fail to exert an influence upon public sentiment, and which all who are interested in the politics of our country should read.

JAMES T. WILLIAMS, JR.

(*From the Boston Evening Transcript*)

Colonel George Harvey calls the turn on the Presidential situation in a single sentence. "Nobody wants Hughes—nobody but the people," is the conclusion he reaches in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, to which he contributes a characteristically vigorous editorial survey on Presidential prospects as regards Republican candidates. As "the prophet of the Presidency" who put Princeton on the political map, and more than any other one man or one thousand men made Woodrow Wilson President of the United States, the judgment of Colonel Harvey on the eve of the national convention which will nominate the opponent of his former friend and protégé will everywhere arouse interest, everywhere command attention, and to the minds of many carry conviction.

His prediction that Mr. Hughes will be nominated at Chicago is in no sense fathered by the wish of the prophetic and philosophical Colonel, for his speculation in previous numbers of the REVIEW has covered a wide field. It is the conclusion forced upon an open mind by a succession of events, by the multiplication of the signs of the times, by straws which show the way the winds of popular preference are blowing. We commend the article in its entirety to the attention of every voter in search of a competent and dispassionate opinion and not averse to an entertaining half hour in the editorial companionship of the maker and the unmaker of the present occu-

pant of the White House. Having expressed the opinion more than a month ago that the nomination of Mr. Hughes appeared almost as inevitable as the renomination of Mr. Wilson, the *Transcript* gladly records the sustaining opinion of Colonel Harvey to the same effect.

SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN

(*From the Springfield Republican*)

In the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Colonel George Harvey surveys the present situation in the Republican party as regards Presidential candidates and, without having the light which the Massachusetts primary shows, reaches the conclusion that the man whom the rank and file of Republicans want is Justice Hughes. He believes that neither the man who assumes to lead what is left of the Progressive Party, nor men of the old guard like Barnes and Penrose, nor men of great financial interests like Judge Gary, Thomas F. Ryan and John D. Archbold, nor Nicholas Murray Butler, nor the Democrats, President Wilson included, desire Hughes. But when this investigator turns to the rank and file, whether in Hartford, Springfield or Peacham—the colonel's birthplace—or Pittsburgh or Columbus, or on the farms in Iowa, Oregon or Washington, he finds "none whose countenance fails to brighten at the mention of Hughes." It is a vivid depiction, to be sure, but who shall say that there is not a great measure of truth in what Colonel Harvey finds? In this particular instance he is not making a prediction so much as recording facts as he discovers them. There are plenty of men of light and leading of great prominence in the country who believe that in the nomination of Justice Hughes lies the best hope of the Republican Party, and all these, of course, belong among "the people."

ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN

(*From the Boston Herald*)

There is no more interesting observer of political tendencies and conditions in this country than Colonel George Harvey, chiefly known to fame as the discoverer of Woodrow Wilson, but much longer known as an editor and essayist, whose specialty has been politics and whose vision and background alike command admiration. While he writes discursively in the paper which we present this morning, it is one of those free and easy rambles among the events of current interest which will repay the time and attention of thoughtful readers. His conclusions thus reached are well worth noting. That he started out with other views—that he thought a few years ago that Senator Borah, of Idaho, would be the Republican nominee, and as recently as the time of his address in Boston last winter, that Root or McCall would be the man—detracts nothing from the impressiveness of the conclusion which he now reaches.

(*From the Newburyport News*)

We have a number of booms for the Presidency now in process of the making in this country. Who is making them? Very few of them can be called absolutely spontaneous. The groups behind each can in general be fairly well discerned. Among them is a boom for Justice Hughes. Who wants Hughes?

Colonel George Harvey, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW answers that question in this way: "Nobody wants Hughes—nobody but the people." He has called over the roll of the politicians of the country, and of the large business interests of the country, and one by one he has remarked that these do not want Hughes. Who then does want the Justice for President? "Nobody, that is, nobody but the people." It is a most interesting summary. Is it a true statement of the situation?

There are a great many reasons for thinking that it is. These reasons consist of expressions of public opinion which have occurred in various parts of the country and which have been called forth entirely apart from anything Mr. Hughes has or has not done in regard to the matter. There is hardly a state in which he has not his supporters and hardly a state in which there are not indications that he could run stronger than almost any other candidate if it were once known that he would consider the matter. The demand is entirely spontaneous. The people are looking for a man of character and of sound judgment and of experience in large affairs. They think they have found all in this man who first made such a name for himself in the insurance investigation, then as Governor of New York State, and who is now fulfilling well the duties of a Justice of the Supreme Court. It is not often that a man is drafted in this way, but this year the movement appears to be getting irresistible.

Nobody knows, of course, whether Justice Hughes would accept. Some think that he would not. Others are sure that he would if the demand arose from the people. It is more than possible that before long he may have to decide.

(*From the Pawtucket Times*)

Colonel George Harvey, who "discovered" Woodrow Wilson and later regretted his find, has now discovered the American people, and, analyzing them telepathically and from the angle of a student of men, he declares they want Hughes. Want him contumaciously, if not with any severe ratiocinative conviction. Just want him and they don't want the others. Colonel Harvey declares you see Hughes men in every walk of life, and you have but to ask them to ascertain the accuracy of his diagnosis.

The Colonel himself is for Hughes, knows it and knows why. His reasons are the people's which perhaps they do not know, and in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW he patiently explains his preference.

Dependability and common sense. These are the attributes that in Colonel Harvey's opinion, make Hughes the people's choice. A good enough reason, but Mr. Taft was also that sort of a man. Did the people dote on dependability and good judgment in 1912? Several millions of them were attracted by the surface brilliancy and theatrical skill of Colonel Roosevelt. Several millions were awed by the learned mien and stately epigrams and aphorisms of Mr. Wilson—his university glamor, his profound gravity and reflecting countenance. The majority, comparing dependability and common sense, as embodied in Mr. Taft, with the calcium flash of Colonel Roosevelt and the ponderous intellectuality of Mr. Wilson, calmly turned away from the qualities which, Colonel Harvey says, they count first of all. But what is a people that learns nothing from the blisters of brilliance and the suffocation of the academic presence? Perhaps George is right, and Americans now realize the value of a steady hand at the helm.

(*From the Barre Times*)

Colonel Harvey's characterization of some of the leading possibilities for the next President of the United States is likely to be passed around the entire country because it seems to represent absolute sincerity of belief on top of keen judgment of men and their capabilities. Moreover, this comparison condenses in concise form a very general impression from one end of the continent to the other. It should be noted, however, that Colonel Harvey does not go as far as to say that Hughes will be the next President of the United States; he is not so flatfooted in statement as he was in the situation a long time before Woodrow Wilson was even a nominee for the high office.

(*From the Holyoke Transcript*)

It's a deuced clever slogan, but coming from Colonel Harvey one should take it *cum grano salis*. Isn't he a great friend of President Wilson? Put two and two together and you can easily detect a motive in this Hughes boom.

To the Editor of the *Boston Herald*:—Colonel Harvey's letter in the morning *Herald* is certainly a masterstroke, and the *Herald* is to be congratulated, not only for giving its readers one of the most interesting and witty stories of political facts ever published, but also for effectively reminding the people that since 1908 they have had it in their hearts to make Justice Hughes President of the United States. The fidelity and devotion of Justice Hughes to public duty may well be expressed in words of the Bard of Avon: "Constant as the Northern Star, of whose true-fix'd and resting quality, there is no fellow in the firmament." When the voice of the people shall speak through the convention hall at Chicago, Justice Hughes will heed the call.

L. M. Churbuck.

Brockton, April 27.

NEW YORK

James Gordon Bennett

(*From the New York Herald*)

Colonel George Harvey, editor of The North American Review, inspired with the essence of political intuition, in one leap has boarded the Hughes band wagon and with a motion of his good right arm has possessed himself of the padded stick belonging to the big bass drum. "Come along," he says; "this is the winning carry-all. There is nothing like it in all the world. The vehicle of the St. Louis Convention is a hearse. Nobody is for Hughes but the People!"

Nobody is for Hughes—but the people! It is an alluring slogan. Even Hughes isn't for Hughes. The office is pursuing him even as the long-eared hound chases the flying fox. He might be a popular candidate with the politicians if he had a few of the grievances which almost everybody else collected in 1912. But he is a pauper when the question of grievances or enmities is concerned. What right has any man to be considered for the nomination on the Republican ticket unless he ran on the third ticket in

1912 or took part in the theft, robbery, burglary, spoliation, embezzlement—never mind, any term will do—which was perpetrated in broad daylight in full view of the Coliseum stage four years ago? Why, Justice Hughes hasn't even the qualification of having been thrown out of a convention! He hasn't lectured for peace and he hasn't made stump speeches for war! He hasn't a battle axe or a publicity bureau!

It is true that there is a strong feeling for the nomination of Justice Hughes on the part of a very large number of citizens, but they are mere voters. What do they know about qualifications for the Presidency? Justice Hughes doesn't even know how to cater to a pro-Ally mass meeting or a pro-German *schuetzenfest*. Was there ever such an exasperating man?

We shall see what we shall see. If, as Colonel Harvey says, the people are united in the demand, Justice Hughes may run away fast as he can, but nothing can prevent his nomination and election.

* * *

Second only to his own is the nation's interest in the political prognostications of Colonel George Harvey. That past performances, as the racing "dopesters" put it, clearly entitle the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to a hearing none will gainsay. However, not even a Jersey prophet is infallible. Conceding that the psychology of the present seems to furnish Colonel Harvey with ample warrant for his diagnosis that it is "Nobody for Hughes—*but the people*," what assurance can there be that this will be the psychological situation in the middle of June?

See what has already happened. Hardly had the ink dried on Colonel Harvey's confident prediction of a Hughes victory before up bobbed Mr. James Devoy with his threats that Irish hyphenates will join the German hyphenates in fighting President Wilson. Of course, nobody takes these hyphenates very seriously, but if they do attempt to make good their threats there will be "nobody" in this country "for Wilson—but the people," and that without regard to party affiliations, past or present. Then what will become of Colonel Harvey as a prophet?

[We have not predicted the *election* of Mr. Hughes.—EDITOR.]

ROLLO OGDEN

(*From the New York Evening Post*)

We are sometimes afraid of Colonel Harvey when he mounts the tripod for oracular deliverances, but in this case he is not far wrong when he sums up the way in which political opinion is manifesting itself:

Ask the man in the street, on the sidewalk, in the car, on the subway, in the Pullman, on the jitney, in the vestibule, after service, on the golf links before or after, downtown or uptown, in or out of clubs not dominated by masters of finance, in Hartford, Springfield, or Peacham, in wealth-wallowing Pittsburgh even, or Columbus, or on the farms of Iowa, in Oregon, or Washington, anywhere and everywhere, up hill and down dale, in this broad land, ask yourself, your wife, your plethoric uncle, your spinster aunt—and what do you find?

Some who distrust the supporters of Root; many who are angry at Roosevelt; not a few, inclusive of Democrats, who are sick of Wilson; none whose countenance fails to brighten at the mention of Hughes.

Likelihoods are safer to go upon than sweeping predictions. Prophecy in politics has been rightly called a gratuitous blunder. It is not a case of asserting today what surely will be, but only what probably will be. The

certain thing is that the Republicans have passed the turning-point, so far as the Roosevelt attack is concerned. And the signs point significantly to the conclusion that they will find their best man to rally behind in the person of Charles E. Hughes.

EDWARD P. MITCHELL

(From the New York Sun)

Our enterprising and intelligent contemporary the *Literary Digest* cannot be accused of that partisan bias which twists straws or shapes election inquiries so as to produce a predetermined result. It has been making a poll of Republican and Progressive preferences according to a method of its own. Taking the legislative district as a unit, the *Digest* has addressed its questions to the members of the Legislatures and has received from thirty-one States 1,500 replies or votes. With allowances here and there for the favorite son, nearly four-fifths of all the votes are divided among three worthies, in the following order as here exhibited:

Hughes	758
Roosevelt	275
Root	138

It is interesting to note that in only four of the thirty-one States, namely, Minnesota, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming, does Colonel Roosevelt's vote exceed that for Mr. Justice Hughes. A ratio of more than two to one is quite uniformly preserved throughout the list.

This exhibit will interest Colonel Harvey, even if it does not interest the eminent and detached candidate of Colonel Harvey and the people.

FRANK I. COBB

(From The New York World)

A lovely lyric poet is our friend Colonel George Harvey, with his eye in fine frenzy rolling, and seeing "none whose countenance fails to brighten at the mention of Hughes"; but what can he mean when he says *The World* does not want Hughes nominated? Certainly he never got such a notion from the editorial columns of *The World.*

The World twice supported Hughes for Governor, and there is no man in public life for whom we have higher respect. There are circumstances in which it would support Hughes for President, but those circumstances do not exist at this time, for we regard President Wilson as much better qualified for the office than Justice Hughes, and believe that the most patriotic thing the Republicans could do would be to indorse Wilson.

But if the Republican Party is determined in the midst of a world crisis to make a drive for the patronage and the jobs, we think that Justice Hughes would be the most respectable leader it could select for the raid.

Contrary to Colonel Harvey's ballad, *The World* is not trying to prevent his nomination. We have expressed the opinion that Hughes would not be nominated and that Roosevelt would cut his throat if he were. We still hold to that belief, but beyond that point our interest is that of an innocent bystander. And in spite of Colonel Harvey's song service, we can find little evidence that "the people" themselves want Hughes. If they did they would get him, and the Republican nomination would already be settled.

[We shall see.—EDITOR.]

(*From the Brooklyn Eagle*)

So, to recapitulate, the Progressives are no longer dictatorial, there is hardly the ghost of a chance that Mr. Root will be nominated and the Roosevelt boom is no longer at high water mark. Colonel Harvey should be pleased. He has predicted that Charles E. Hughes will be the Republican nominee. The Progressives have through Mr. Perkins signified their willingness to fall in line, subject to the condition that Mr. Hughes express his approval of their principles, which, of course, he will not do. Nor will they insist. With the elimination of uncertainties, what seems to be a reasonable certainty materializes. This not to the detriment of Colonel Harvery's prestige as a prophet.

(*From the Plattsburg Press*)

An editorial by Colonel George Harvey, published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is attracting much attention. In it he predicts that Charles E. Hughes will be nominated for President by the Republican convention in Chicago. Yet he says, "nobody wants Hughes—nobody but the people."

That statement is not entirely true, however. That the people want him cannot be denied. "Never since this Republic demanded that George Washington become its first President has there appeared so striking an instance of the office seeking the man," says Colonel Harvey. "Never has there been a call so peremptory, never a constantly swelling force so certain, in our judgment, to prove irresistible." In this Colonel Harvey is correct. The demand for Hughes is strong and consistent on the part of the people. They want him.

But then also do some of the Republican politicians. Some of the wisest among them—those who put the interests of the country and of the Republican party above their own interests—favor the nomination of Hughes because they are convinced that not only would he surely be elected, but because they believe he would make an ideal President. They trust him as do the people.

The popular demand for Hughes makes him the logical candidate and the chances are ten to one that the Republican convention when it meets in Chicago will take due cognizance of this fact and that he will be nominated. That he will accept may also be accepted as a foregone conclusion. He cannot turn down the call of the people any more than George Washington could have done it. He must answer their call.

The popular faith in Hughes is a splendid tribute to his worth as a man. It is evident that the people trust him, that they regard him as honest and able, that they feel he is the man for the present emergency. They do not question his principles, his Americanism, his patriotism. Instinctively they feel that with him at the head of the national Government the country will be safe and its interests carefully protected, and they want nothing more. That explains the peremptoriness of the call for Hughes.

EVERYBODY SATISFIED

(*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*)

Colonel George Harvey feels sure that the people want the nomination of Justice Hughes to the Presidency; and he is with the people.

The Colonel holds opinions with respect to our duty in the war as heroic as the Colonel of Oyster Bay. He has gone beyond the Colonel in his

condemnation of the pointless policy of the Administration in Mexico. He doesn't know what Justice Hughes' opinions are, for the Justice by his position is compelled to keep his opinions upon political questions to himself. Still as between the Colonel, whose position is well known, and the President, whose various and swiftly changing positions Colonel Harvey has carefully noted, he prefers the Justice.

The editor, who made Mr. Wilson President by sheer persistence of his pen, has explained fully his reasons for dissatisfaction with his job. As Mr. Wilson upon a famous and sorrowful occasion declared his conviction that Mr. Harvey's support was not to be desired, he has no reason for complaint over that dissatisfaction and the resulting praise for Hughes.

Tried and True

(*From the Watertown Times*)

Attention is called to Colonel George Harvey's editorial published in the current issue of The North American Review, and reprinted in *The Times* this afternoon. Colonel Harvey sees nothing but Hughes. He reads the letters across the sky from horizon to horizon, embracing the entire country. "Nobody wants Hughes—nobody but the people," is his statement.

Residents of states other than New York may now believe this is true through the statement of so many observers, but New Yorkers, those who have followed the political fortunes of the State since 1906, know it is true. It was the people of the State who wanted Hughes back in the "Hughes days," and it was the politician that did not want him, and the people won out against heaviest organized odds. Their judgment as to the desirability of having him was fully realized. The demand is as insistent and country-wide today as it was insistent and state-wide when New York made Hughes Governor. He will yield now as he did then, and he will make the kind of President that he made Governor.

Colonel Harvey approaches the subject with an open mind. It was he who picked Wilson and predicted that he would be named. How disappointed he was, one only has to read The North American Review for the past few years to ascertain. But it was he who, in *Harper's Weekly*, literally wrote the Princetonian into public favor, only to have the same Princetonian turn away from him when place was attained and expediency demanded it, even as he has turned from many of his own principles and doctrines because expediency has demanded it. Colonel Harvey has written in an unbiased way from time to time of the Presidential possibilities during the past few months. His experienced judgment now causes him to narrow down to Hughes. And why? Because "Nobody wants Hughes—nobody but the people."

(*From the Utica Press*)

In commenting upon Justice Hughes and the probability of his Presidential nomination, Colonel Harvey in The North American Review says, "Nobody is for Hughes—but the people." When you come to think of it that is about the best thing which could be said of anybody in this connection. It is undoubtedly true that he is not especially popular with the politicians because they cannot manage him. They tried that when he was

Governor of New York, and did not succeed. Probably that is one of the principal reasons of his strength. He has not been out delivering lectures or talks to the people telling them what they should do about preparedness, or anything else. He has simply been attending to his business, which is decidedly important, and engrosses his entire time and attention. He has done nothing to bring himself into the limelight, and though he is there very considerably and notably, it was accomplished without any hint, suggestion or assistance on his part.

Behind all the others mentioned is some particular clique or coterie, some Old Guard or Young Guard, or else a state through the favorite son route. Even Henry Ford has paid an exceedingly big price for his prominence as an advocate of peace. His expedition cost a pretty penny, and perhaps was worth the investment as advertising. Not even a company of personal friends and admirers came out for Hughes to do any definite organized or systematic work in his behalf. The only fact which makes him a Presidential possibility is a very widely entertained idea that he is the strongest man, and would get more votes than anybody else whose name has been proposed. He has not even said he would accept if nominated, but still the people keep right on talking about him. Most of the delegates at the Chicago convention are unpledged, and are in a situation where they can be governed and guided as much as they will by the wish of their constituents whom they represent. It follows, then, that if the people have any choice about it which they care to express it will be timely and in order for them to tell the delegates from their several districts what they think. If the consensus of opinion in various sections of the country is a decided trend in any one direction, it can be safely said and set down that the man thus selected is the one who will have the largest support.

(*From the Buffalo Commercial*)

Hughes sentiment in the Republican Party is growing and if it continues to grow for the next five weeks as it has in the last five the Chicago convention will nominate the New Yorker for President without question—providing, of course, that he does not absolutely decline to permit his name to be considered. So far as this contingency is concerned, while nothing more has been heard from Mr. Hughes respecting it, the fact that he is not saying a word to discourage the movement, now fast gaining momentum, to make him the standard bearer, lends confidence to the belief that he will take the nomination under the conditions likely to prevail in the convention when it is made.

One of the latest recruits to the Hughes cause is Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The Colonel sums up the situation in a nutshell when he says that "nobody wants Hughes but the people."

The New York *Evening Post,* Independent Democrat, says that it would be foolish "not to note the spreading belief that the man who has the best chance of being elected if nominated is Hughes." The drift is everywhere observable and every test one can make reveals it.

Favorite sons show no strength outside of their native states, and when they are eliminated from the race their strength will largely go to Mr. Hughes, the man whose Republicanism and whose Americanism is not a subject of debate within his party.

(*From the Rochester Democrat-Chronicle*)

Colonel Harvey is at his best in his article on Hughes in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and when at his best he is extremely entertaining, as all are aware who were in the habit of reading his comments on political affairs when he was editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Justice Hughes has been discussed at considerable length by political writers, but Colonel Harvey has aroused more interest in his possible candidacy than all the others combined. With Justice Hughes as his text, he has written a brilliant political essay, remarkable for its sparkling wit as well as for its trenchancy and force.

It is well known that he did more than any one man to make Mr. Wilson a national figure. Political expediency led Mr. Wilson to repudiate his support, but that did not cancel the obligation Mr. Wilson was under for assistance at a time when Democratic politicians, as a rule, looked on him very coldly. He will not be under any embarrassment this year by reason of Colonel Harvey's support. Colonel Harvey has been thoroughly disillusioned, and does not take any pains to conceal his feelings. He begins his remarks by expressing sympathy with Representative Cooper, of Wisconsin, when the latter observed that it would be vastly easier to "stand by the President" if the President himself would stand still.

Colonel Harvey turns to Justice Hughes because he is just as good an American as Colonel Roosevelt, "twice as sound and many times as trustworthy"; because he is not "living on borrowed time," as is the case with Mr. Root. Some, he says, distrust the supporters of Root, many are angry at Roosevelt, not a few—including some Democrats—are sick of Wilson; but there is none among the people "whose countenance fails to brighten at the mention of Hughes."

(*From the Rochester Post-Express*)

Colonel Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, whose opinions on men and things political are of unfailing interest, has come to the conclusion that the campaign of frightfulness which Colonel Roosevelt waged against the Republican party, renders his nomination by that party impossible, unthinkable, wholly and everlastingly out of the question.

In this as in much else, the mind of Colonel Harvey must be considered eminently clear. Colonel Roosevelt's last act of a quasi public nature has sickened, alienated, antagonized thousands of Republicans who had not up to that time declared themselves against him. But when he sent Judge Nortoni forth, or allowed him to go forth, and declare that if Senator Root were nominated for the Presidency, Colonel Roosevelt would not support him but would run on a third ticket in order, if possible, to compass his defeat,—when Roosevelt gave out this statement through his henchman, hosts of Republicans saw him, as they never had before, in his true light, and resolved that he should never under any conceivable circumstances have their votes.

(*From the Troy Record*)

"Nobody wants Hughes—nobody but the people." This is Colonel Harvey's way of saying that the Justice will be nominated at Chicago. This Colonel is talking.

(*From the Geneva Times*)

Colonel Harvey, who was the original Wilson man, now stands for Justice Hughes. Rather significant and typifies a somewhat general attitude.

"DON MARQUIS"

(*From the Evening Sun*)

Colonel George Harvey comes out for Justice Hughes for President. With all due respect to Colonel Harvey, we don't want him to pick the next President for us. Look what he did the last time.

THE MIDDLE WEST

MICHIGAN

(*From the Detroit Free Press*)

Colonel Harvey sizes up one feature of the Presidential campaign accurately when he says, "Nobody is for Hughes but the people." The Hughes boom is a remarkable incident in our recent politics.

It has grown in a different manner than Presidential booms of late years. It is spontaneous, not artificial. There has never been any inspired and directed effort to give the Justice prominence. No press agents have been at work, no orators have beaten the big drum, no organization has deftly put the suggestion in the public mind that the people want him. Yet everywhere throughout the country the idea seemed to originate simultaneously that Hughes was the man this year, and the sentiment has spread until now almost every test made of Republican opinion shows him leading all others either as first choice or as second after a complimentary vote is delivered to a favorite son.

This unusual phenomenon has developed not only without the fostering guidance of party leaders but actually in spite of their open opposition. The men who are generally meant when the expression "bosses" is used, meaning the nationally prominent men of both parties, are candid in deprecating the suggestion of nominating the Justice, Republicans because they do not regard Hughes as tractable and sincerely distrust the effect of his leadership on their organization, Democrats because they recognize him as a man who would be very hard to beat. But the "little bosses," the Republican politicians who come into direct contact with the voters and who know at first hand what the voters are saying, almost without exception are for Hughes. They want to win this year, and they are convinced that with the name of Charles E. Hughes at the top of the ticket a sweeping victory is sure.

Yes, the Hughes boom is remarkable. It is quite a while in American politics since the Presidency has had to seek the man, but we are witnessing a manifestation of that much admired principle at present.

"A TRUE-BLUE AMERICAN"

(*From the Mt. Clemens Monitor*)

The Monitor is not one of those who believe that a man should not seek an office. The right to run for office is an inalienable right. As a general proposition there should be more men—not fewer—seeking office.

However, as to the high office of the Presidency, it is rather a good thing to see the people spontaneously, enthusiastically demanding the nomination of a man who to-day more completely fills their eye than any other. We refer to Justice Hughes. In the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in a striking and able article, Colonel George Harvey declares that Hughes will be the Republican nominee. "Nobody wants him," says the Colonel—"except the people" and they will have him. The deep significance of this statement is realized when it is remembered that somewhere on the person of Woodrow Wilson is a brand, "Made by George Harvey."

Justice Hughes is not a candidate for the nomination, and will not be. He will not lift his little finger to secure the nomination, and should not. To do that would indeed be "dragging the ermine of our highest court in the mire," as it is expressed. Justice Hughes has no managers anywhere. He has no press bureau, sending out proofs and plates to publishers. He has no traveling agents and tinhorn players. He has but the confidence of the people, which is plenty. He has no factional alliances. He has no foes to placate, no friends to apologize for. He has no fences to fix up. His nomination would find the whole Republican party in the harness and a lot of other fellows with it.

Justice Hughes is a man of the highest ability as an executive, demonstrated in his service as Governor of New York. He is a student of great questions. He is a fearless and true-blue American. He is just the right age, in possession of his full physical strength.

It is said that Justice Hughes is opposed by the "big bosses," who don't like him, but is favored by the "little bosses," who know the people.

Can the "big bosses" stop him? We don't think so. It looks now as though nothing could stop him except a flat declaration from himself, that he would not run if nominated.

(*From the Grand Rapids News*)

It begins to look as if we may as well make up our minds that Justice Hughes will be the nominee of the Republican Party for President of the United States. Colonel George Harvey, the picker of Presidents, writes an article in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the heading and gist of which is: "Nobody for Hughes—but the people."

OHIO

(*From the Columbus Journal*)

Colonel George Harvey, in an article in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN, says Charles Evans Hughes will be the next Republican candidate for President of the United States. The Colonel has been a mighty good prophet in the past and he may be now. He first predicted Wilson's election. He is not much for Roosevelt. Look at his very vehement and intemperate language:

"Whoever says Our Colonel is a candidate is a liar. He is no hill climber. He is Mahomet. If the mountain sees fit to come to him, it may bask in the glories of Heaven; if not, it can go to hell."

Thus Colonel Harvey jumps into the political arena with both feet; but there is no use bringing "hell" into the fray. The indications are that the next President of the United States will be the right man in the right place.

(*From the Burlington Hawkeye*)

Editor George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW picks Justice Hughes as the next President. Four years ago he picked Wilson and was right. Now we well see whether Colonel Harvey just happened to make a lucky shot four years ago or whether he can hit the bull's-eye every crack.

(*From the Milwaukee Sentinel*)

The Old Guard incurables may not like Hughes; the interests comprehensively labeled "Wall Street" would prefer Root or Roosevelt. But Justice Hughes' real peril of nomination and election lies in the multiplying evidences that the people who will do the real choosing in November want Hughes.

We doubt if he can escape.

PENNSYLVANIA

(*From the Harrisburg Telegraph*)

In his characteristic and always interesting way, Colonel George Harvey, the original Wilson man, is out in the May issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for Justice Charles Evans Hughes as the man of the people for President. He discusses the political situation from Dan to Beersheba and, after pointing out Colonel Roosevelt's alleged shortcomings and the attitude of the influential leaders of the country toward Root and others, Colonel Harvey declares that nobody wants Hughes—"nobody but the people!" He suggests that the Colonel has overplayed the "frightfulness" policy in dealing with Wilson and has not profited from the knowledge "that it was not the prodigal son who possessed the fatted calf." This in allusion to the proposed getting together of the progressive and stalwart wings of the Republican Party. He further declares that while Hughes is opposed by political leaders and others, he is essentially the choice of the people, notwithstanding the effort to create an impression antagonistic to his selection on account of his judicial position. Again referring to Roosevelt, he says:

Whoever says Our Colonel is a candidate is a liar. He is no hill-climber. He is a Mahomet. If the Mountain sees fit to come to him, it may bask in the glories of Heaven; if not, it can go to hell.

Thus Colonel Harvey discusses at length the Roosevelt element of the situation, basing his conclusions upon the rather doubtful attitude of many voters in different parts of the country. Contrary to the view of Joseph H. Choate, he thinks the nomination of Justice Hughes "would be far more likely to clarify the muddy turmoil of politics than to bespatter the judicial ermine—a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Manifestly Colonel Harvey, pursuing the rôle of prophet as in the period preceding the nomination of President Wilson, proposes to throw about his prophecies as many safeguards as possible, so that there may not be another flareback such as followed the election of President Wilson and his repudiation of Colonel Harvey.

Throughout the Hughes boom, as staged by the distinguished editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, there is repeatedly thrown upon the screen his epigrammatic and rapid-fire comment regarding the especial availability of the "candidate of the people." There is, in fact, throughout the whole editorial his argument summed up in the suggestion that Justice Hughes is "holding to the old-fashioned idea that the responsibilities of the Presidency are so great that it is not to be sought and must not be declined."

And there you have Colonel Harvey's latest inspiration and his conviction that "the overpowering issue will be one of men—of ability, of judgment, of fidelity, but above all of character." He believes that it will be Hughes or Wilson and that patriotism must dictate a choice between the two.

But notwithstanding Colonel Harvey's analysis of the situation the Republican sentiment of the country seems more and more to be crystallizing around the one proposition that the party will unitedly support the nominee of the Chicago convention whether his name be Hughes, Root, Knox, Brumbaugh or any other of the "favorite sons."

THE SOUTH

Henry Watterson

(From the Louisville Courier-Journal)

One may judge from this that Colonel Harvey is against Colonel Roosevelt. Yea, more than this, that he believes his defeat in the National Republican Convention possible. He has in point of fact an alternative. He has quit "scattering" among "favorite sons" and comes squarely out for Hughes. "Nobody wants him," he says sententiously, "but the people." Then, constituting himself "the people," the Editor of The North American Review makes an elaborate argument in favor of his man. He meets all objections; that he is a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; that he is not a candidate; that his position on contemporary questions is unknown; that, if nominated, he might not accept. But we can better serve our readers by letting Colonel Harvey speak for himself. He is always interesting. Here he is earnest, and, if not convincing, yet suggestive. * * *

We shall offer no apology for these voluminous extracts. They are full of pith if not of moment. They are not without wisdom from the highbrow point of view. They appeal to intelligent people—though mainly to the intelligence of Eastern people—and carry conviction only to those who are already convinced.

Colonel Harvey cannot out of his fancy manufacture another President. He cannot make a Lincoln out of Mr. Justice Hughes. Nor yet a Destiny. If Fate had intended Hughes for President Fate would have landed him in the White House in 1909.

When the Braves get to Chicago they will prefer to take a chance with the Colonel than rush headlong upon the Roosevelt spear "that knows no brother." They can see no speculation in those cold, steel-gray eyes that Hughes doth glare with. They can make whatever deals they please with Roosevelt. The Room Marked "Private" transferred from New York and the oblong mahogany table, "with good Bacon lines," with "Root, hog, or die," the issue—Gary on one side with Big Money and Perkins on the other side with the Big Stick—where then, oh, George, where will you and the "People" be?

Casper S. Yost

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat)

Close upon the heels of the *Literary Digest* poll of Republican State legislators, showing a large majority favorable to the nomination of Justice Hughes for President, a poll confirmatory of those taken of Republican

editors and readers of high-class journals, America's foremost prophet, Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVEIW, predicts the nomination of Justice Hughes and his acceptance of the call of his country. He says: "Never since this Republic demanded that George Washington become its first President has there appeared so striking an instance of the office seeking the man."

Colonel Harvey, it should be remembered, as early as 1909 predicted Wilson's election, and later predicted the nomination of Taft, the independent race of Roosevelt and the comparative standing of the three Presidential candidates in the results of 1912. Had he lived a few centuries ago he would have been prosecuted for witchcraft. Colonel Harvey gives many concrete illustrations of the popular demand for Hughes, insistent in the face of every variety of organized opposition. He seems personally reconciled to the result and zestfully brushes aside the puerile objections to the Justice accepting the nomination.

He shows the views of Hughes on the tariff, foreign relations, peace, preparedness and bosses, quoting his utterances and pointing to his example. He points to his courage and his stability. He argues that a man of his moral and intellectual strength may be depended upon to apply the general principles he is known to hold to the specific problems of the future, some still unknown, without being blown about by every wind of doctrine. It is Hughes the courageous, unwavering statesman the people want and not some shifty disciple of expediency.

Colonel Harvey also shows that Hughes was not a candidate for Governor of New York and did not turn his hand to get a renomination. He did not seek that high office, any more than he seeks the Presidency. His declarations about the Governorship have the same ring as his statements about the Presidency. He is not a candidate, but Colonel Harvey believes that "this old-fashioned man holds firmly to the old-fashioned idea that the responsibilities of the Presidency are so great that it ought not to be sought and must not be declined."

THOMAS W. LOYLESS

(*From the Augusta Chronicle*)

With his kind permission, *The Chronicle* devotes the major portion of its editorial columns to-day to a rather extensive review of a characteristically trenchant and forcible survey of the present tense situation in the Republican Party by Colonel George Harvey, in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, of which he is the brilliant and far-seeing editor.

As the man who "discovered" Woodrow Wilson and thereby rendered it possible for Bryan, at Baltimore, and Roosevelt, by his revolt, to make Mr. Wilson President, Colonel Harvey is recognized as easily the best writer in America on national and international politics—or on any other subject, as for that matter—and in his survey of the present Republican situation he is George Harvey at his best.

E. W. BARRETT

(*From the Birmingham Age-Herald*)

These are strong words, but Colonel Harvey is a master of strong words and creates the impression of saying what he thinks, whether one agree with him or not. He was at no pains to spare the feelings of the American

people regarding their unpopularity abroad and on numerous other occasions he has stated frankly just where he stands.

According to a popular conception of the cartoonists, Mr. Hughes is a sphinx, and regardless of what he hears, maintains unbroken silence. This is explained by the fact that his judicial position prevents him from expressing his political views and permitting it to be known whether or not he would accept the Republican nomination. No such restriction curbs Colonel Roosevelt, who continues to make more noise than all the favorite sons put together and despite the finality of Colonel Harvey's prediction, may be willing to oblige the "mountain" by going to meet it half way, and seems just now the inevitable standard-bearer for the Republicans in the next Presidential campaign.

It will be interesting to recall Colonel Harvey's prediction after the Republican convention meets in Chicago. A wise prophet leaves himself a loophole to crawl through when his predictions are not verified.

TENNESSEE

(*From the Knoxville Sentinel*)

The Hughes boom now leads the Republican Derby and seems to be steadily forging away from the field.

Colonel George Harvey, who "discovered" Woodrow Wilson in New Jersey and lost him in the Manhattan Club, while no doubt in the humor of "anybody to beat Wilson" is sure it will be "Hughes or Wilson."

"Nobody wants Hughes—nobody but the people," is the conclusion Colonel Harvey reaches as the result of an exhaustive analysis of the Republican situation in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN.

The *Literary Digest* just to hand reports a poll conducted by it corroborative of Colonel Harvey's opinion.

Certainly, if "straw" ballots can ever be relied upon to show the drift of the wind, the Colonel appears to be surely fading out of the picture at Chicago, unless he still hopes to use his Progressive nomination "big stick" to coerce the convention.

POLITICAL FORECASTS

(*From the Bookseller*)

The news-stand sales of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, it is authoritatively stated, have shown a marked increase during every Presidential election year, a fact not to be wondered at in view of the remarkably able and prophetic editorship. As the coming election is the most important since that of Abraham Lincoln, the following statements have peculiar significance and interest: "In 1904 Mr. George Harvey predicted that Mr. Roosevelt would receive 314 electoral votes—he received 336. In 1908 he predicted that Mr. Taft would receive 338 votes in the Electoral College—he received 321. In his editorial, 'The Political Predestination of Woodrow Wilson,' which appeared in the March, 1911, number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW (over eighteen months prior to election), Mr. Harvey said: 'The finger of Predestination, guided by Logic, Circumstance, Conditions and History, points unerringly to Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, as the opponent of William H. Taft, Republican, in 1912.' In October, 1912, Mr. Harvey predicted that Mr. Taft would carry only Utah and Vermont, as the event proved."

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

A "DANIELS" COME TO JUDGMENT

(*From the Boston Advertiser.*)

One of the best remembered stories of the Arabian Nights is that which tells of the wicked old man who fastened himself on the shoulders of his victim, who had to be carried wherever the latter went. It looks very much as if Josephus Daniels had become the "Old Man of the Sea" of the present Administration.

Colonel Harvey, in his recently printed word of warning to his good friend, the President, declared that it looks as if the latter must soon get rid of his Secretary of the Navy, unless he wants Mr. Daniels to become a rather unpleasant and very damaging campaign issue. The advice is good; but Mr. Wilson's closest associates declare that he does not care for advice; that he solves his own problems in solitary meditation, regardless of what his friends may say. And it looks very much as if the President had determined not to ask the Secretary of the Navy to quit the Cabinet, although naturally he would be greatly relieved in mind if the Secretary were to go, of his own volition.

But Mr. Daniels shows no inclination to go. He is the one man in this country who cannot see whither his incompetence, his unwisdom and his utter inability to get on with his Admirals, have finally brought the navy. Worse than this, the Secretary has grossly offended the public's idea of fair play. He has had free say about his subordinates—they declare much of what he has said to be untrue—and yet he refuses to allow these men to reply publicly to his unfair comments on their acts and policies.

With all deference to the sincerity and the earnestness of President Wilson, may it not be said that he is at fault in talking preparedness so long as he persists in keeping Mr. Daniels in the Cabinet? No amount of talk can reconcile the two attitudes.

(*From the Wheeling Intelligencer*)

It is doubtful if any heed will be paid by the President to the outspoken warning given by the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in the current issue of that publication. The significance of this warning lies in the close relations that existed between the editor of THE REVIEW, Colonel George Harvey, and Mr. Wilson. The President is warned to get rid of his incompetent Secretary of the Navy at once, unless he wants deliberately to court defeat in the election in November. The most becoming thing Bryan ever did was to retire from an office he felt himself unfitted for and uncomfortable in, which makes the sticking of Daniels all the more reprehensible. Colonel Harvey, in his frank advice, intimates that the Administration can never

withstand the disclosure, certain to come sooner or later, of our naval administration. The full story of Secretary Daniels' arbitrary and shamefully unjust acts designed to discredit faithful officers, which have resulted in the partial demoralization and the utter disheartenment of the service, remains to be told.

In addition to Colonel Harvey's indictment, we have Secretary Daniels' extraordinary performance before the House Committee on Naval Affairs recently, and his malicious reflections on Admiral Fiske. It is pretty well known that the Secretary of the Navy, instead of listening to the men who have spent their lives in studying our national defense, has insisted on substituting his own pet vagaries and fads. In answer to the remonstrances of patriotic officers, he has said that if he were going to let our American Admirals have their own way he "might as well go home." Although he did not know it, that is the one sensible idea that Josephus ever had. But the trouble has been that he never went.

(*From the Albany Knickerbocker Press*)

Colonel George Harvey, discoverer of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and chief promulgator of the doctor's virtues until he was admonished by the discovered person that withdrawal of support would be worth more than assistance, has cast a few shells from the sixteen-inch rifles of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in the direction of Fort Daniels—just to find the range. Colonel Harvey uses such unparliamentary nouns, adverbs and adjectives, in a brief discussion of our first lord of the admiralty, as these:

shifty	suppression
deceit	disingenuous
disagreeable	delude
arbitrary	shamefully
unjust	demoralization
disheartenment	ignorance
distortion	brazenly
emasculated	subterfuge
deception	inadequate
inaccurately	

To these unhandsome parts of speech, Colonel Harvey adds the assurance that the term "a daniels" is now familiar throughout the navy as synonymous with a shorter and, if conceivable, uglier word.

(*From the Rochester Post-Express*)

"A Pottering Politician." This is the description given to Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, by Colonel George Harvey, "the original Wilson man," in his latest issue of his magazine, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Colonel Harvey's article is a scathing analysis of the Tar Heel statesman, in which he convicts him, out of his own mouth and by the cumulative testimony which naval officers have given recently before the Naval Committee of the House, of making misleading statements about the navy. Referring to the Wilson-Daniels naval program, Colonel Harvey says: "His program is not a program. It is a sham, designed expressly to serve present political purposes while carrying the burden of expenditures forward to future years."

After convicting Daniels, not only of making misleading statements on almost every subject with which he has to deal, but of making such statements deliberately, Colonel Harvey explains that "a daniels" has come into common use in the navy as synonymous with "a shorter and, if conceivable, uglier word."

(*From the Parkersburg, W. Va., News*)

Nowadays, when one wishes to apply to some untruthful person a designation expressing the unreliability of the person in question, he need not select "prevaricator," "falsifier," "disciple of Ananias," or any of those polite and tongue-twisting phrases. With the greatest propriety he may choose a shorter and uglier word, the same being "daniels."

For that word, in the vernacular of the United States Navy, has become a title of opprobrium, and the jolly jack tar to whom it is applied has cause for inciting personal violence. The why and how of the evolution of this word is explained by Colonel George Harvey, "the original Wilson man," in the most recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

After completing probably the most complete scorching ever given to a favorite subject, Colonel Harvey concludes: "There for the present we shall leave the Secretary of the Navy, drearily hoping and faithfully promising to ignore other phases, no less savory, of his maladministration, unless finally confronted by the dread certainty that

"A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels."

(*From the Rutland Herald*)

Among the journalistic Jeremiahs of the day, none wields a more trenchant and searing pen than Colonel George Harvey, former Vermonter and now publisher of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, one of the few remaining critical magazines which retain the snap and vigor of newspaper timeliness and phraseology.

Colonel Harvey calls Secretary Josephus Daniels of the Navy Department a "pottering politician." He declares the Secretary's statements before important Congressional committees have been proven untruthful in almost every material respect.

Despite the somewhat frantic efforts of the Administration's champions to divert the storm of popular condemnation from Daniels, it is plain enough to most people that his appointment was not only a mistake, but his retention is one of the millstones which will assuredly drag the Wilson Administration down.

"A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels," says Colonel Harvey. Can any purely personal popularity survive such a terrific handicap?

(*From the Boston Herald*)

The hardest thing for George Harvey to swallow at present is: "a vote for Wilson will be a vote for Daniels."

A DISPASSIONATE VIEW

(*From the Grand Rapids News*)

"See straight. Think straight. Then, in consequence, as a matter of course, act straight. These are urgent needs of the time, for the Govern-

ment; and in this country as we so often boast and too often fail to realize and to practice, the Government means the whole people. Never, probably, in all our history, have these needs been greater than they now are. That is partly because of the transcendent importance of the issues confronting us. It is also partly because of the exceptional and unprecedented efforts which are being persistently made to befog those issues and to mislead the popular and official mind."

Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has furnished many gems of thought to the American people. He also enjoys the distinction of having picked more Presidential winners than any man of this time, but we doubt that he ever in one paragraph has stated a situation more plainly or brought home a greater truth.

Pour it all in the melting pot, and after it's refined, analyze the result. Try to take the view our children and grandchildren will take 50 years from now. Look straight. What will they care about our Mexican policy or the sugar tax or the treasury during a time when half the world tried to drag us into a war?

As stated in this column a few days ago, no one man is responsible for the will of the American people. But one man may be responsible for carrying out that will.

If the Democratic party is wise, it will change its platform to rectify some of its traditional mistakes and cash in on the strength of its leader. We cannot hope for this, however, if we are to judge by the political history of the past. It's too simple to be true.

But it would be a relief to welcome a President and Administration born of straight sight, straight thought and consequent straight action.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MEXICAN NEEDS

SIR,—I believe the point has been reached in the affairs of Mexico where a strong article from you in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, setting forth a constructive policy for the re-establishment of the finances and commerce of the country, would result in putting an end to military rule and rehabilitating civil government and law and order. An article of the force and clear perception of the letter to the London *Times* would most certainly open the way for a practical solution of the almost insurmountable difficulties now confronting the present *de facto* Government.

There is a much less formidable opposition to the present acting Government than there has been to any other since the beginning of the Madero revolution, but there is a great deal of unrest in Mexico because of the frightful economic conditions. The wheels of commerce have been inactive for about five years; vast numbers of acres of tillable land are idle, and the livestock from most ranches (except those of foreigners) has been disposed of; the railroads are in the hands of the military authorities, are being poorly operated and no provision made for up-keep; thousands of cars and nearly all bridges have been burnt, the latter being replaced with make-shifts; law and justice are being administered by military and quasi-military officers with arbitrary powers; most railroad stations and water-tanks and many valuable mining and other industrial plants have been destroyed by fire; the Carranza money, the only circulating medium of exchange, is worth only about two cents upon the dollar; food-stuffs are scarce and prices high, and but little employment in the normal pursuits of peace is available; the cost of maintaining the military forces in the field has been, and is, enormous, and has been met by forced loans, confiscations, and contributions, there being no steady revenue coming in from any source; want and poverty are in evidence everywhere.

The property-owning classes of Mexico would now be satisfied with any Government in the hands of their own people, whether of their particular faction or not, that could give some assurance of stability and some guarantee of protection to the rights of life, liberty, and property.

Undoubtedly what is needed, and what must come quickly if anarchy is not to hold sway, is a dollar worth at least ten cents in gold. There has been so much fiat money in circulation in Mexico within the last few years that any new issue must be backed by a pledge of redemption which will inspire confidence.

It is not my purpose to urge any theories of my own upon you, and certainly I would not undertake to suggest any detailed plan, but I do wish

to say that the most promising means that occurs to me for bringing about the desired result is through a commission of Mexicans working in conjunction with a commission of Americans who are in touch with American financial interests. They could jointly devise a financial scheme under which American capital could be had to back up the necessary issue of currency, based upon Mexican securities. The American capital would not be forthcoming unless there were some guarantee of a stable Government. The only feasible way to furnish such a guaranty would be through a signed alliance between the United States and the *de facto* Government of Mexico, under which the United States would pledge the aid of its military forces to maintain peace, and under which the United States, with the acquiescence of Mexico, would agree to become responsible for the peace of Mexico in all events until the payment of the contemplated loan.

My knowledge of the weaknesses and prejudices of the Mexican people (and I do not wish to be understood as detracting in any way from their many good qualities) causes me to feel that this latter condition would be the stumbling-block. Every assurance could be given that their sovereignty would be respected, come what may. They have suffered so heavily and so long that they should be willing to make any reasonable concession that would bring them the help which they so sorely need at this time.

If something along this line could be worked out through which the American Government and American capital will go to the assistance of the Mexican people in this hour of their trouble, it would be an evidence of our good-faith and friendliness, and, in the end, would have the effect of allaying to some extent the strong anti-American feeling so prevalent throughout Mexico.

Undoubtedly any suggestion made should have to do with the finances and commerce of the country only, and all matters of government should be left entirely in the hands of the present *de facto* Government. Of course, it would be most advisable to give representation to all factions upon this commission, including the great body of property-owning refugees now in this country (as to these latter, an amnesty act that would invite them home and insure them against persecutions would be greatly helpful).

Much has been said in criticism of the Mexico policy of the Wilson Administration, but Mr. Roosevelt and the other complainants do not come forward with any specific suggestions calculated to clear up the situation. What is needed now is something helpful in the line of what must be done to bring Mexico conditions back to normal. The force and cogency of your writings and the prestige of your magazine, combined, seem to point to you as the logical exponent of a plan by which Carranza may be lead out of the wilderness.

W. C. Douglas.

San Antonio, Texas.

IS INDIA LOYAL TO HER MASTERS?

Sir,—There is published an article by the pen of Mr. Sydney Brooks in the valuable columns of The North American Review for the month of April. In answer to that article, I request you to publish this letter in your esteemed magazine, which has stood for justice and fair play between contending interests and causes.

Mr. Brooks writes that "since the war, India has given us not one hour of real anxiety. She has been admirably tranquil, resolute and faithful. Some disquieting incidents, mainly fomented by professional revolutionaries who make their headquarters in California, have occurred, but there has been absolutely nothing to justify the alarmist rumors which occasionally find their way into the American press."

This is absolutely false. The New Defense of India Act, which was passed into law by the Viceroy's Legislative Council on March 18, 1915, was put into operation before the Lahore conspiracy case began. A notification of the *Gazette Extraordinary* of March 24th directed that section 3 of the act shall come into force in the states of the Punjab, Northwestern Frontier Province, and Bengal, including more than one hundred million of the inhabitants of India, and gradually the operation of the act was extended until now it includes the whole of India. Prior to the arrest of a few immigrants returned from Canada and America, 4,185 men had been arrested in the district of Jhung, and since the Lahore conspiracy the arrest, imprisonment and execution of revolutionists have been numerous throughout the whole of India.

Mr. Brooks writes that the trouble is fomented by "professional revolutionists who make their headquarters in California." The object of Mr. Brooks in spreading such misinformation seems to be twofold: First: To bring us, if possible, into conflict with the authorities of this country. Second: To persuade the civilized world to believe that the political unrest in India has been manufactured artificially by the enemies of England or by a few Hindus who have lived abroad, and that it is not a natural reaction on the part of the people of India as a whole against the unbearable tyranny of the British Government.

The truth of the matter is quite the reverse. The British in India are in peril. A correspondent of *India*, a paper published in London, writes from Bombay that "no Englishman is safe in India, and on this account the Englishwomen are preparing to leave India." In the Lahore revolutionary case, which is being tried within the confines of the central jail, Lahore, before the special Military Commission appointed by the New Defense of India Act (which in effect establishes martial law) the Government prosecutor, Mr. B. Petman, says: "In spite of the arrest of the majority of the leaders, the conspiracy continued, and further acts in pursuance of the conspiracy were committed. The police arrested 300, but nobody was willing to testify against them on account of the fear of the revolutionists."

Mr. Brooks states that the princes and the masses are fighting for their King. True it is that some Indians are fighting in the British Army, and a few have volunteered their services. But who are they? They are the Indian soldiers who are part of the British-Indian army in India, whom poverty has driven to enlist under the British Flag. As professional soldiers, whose interest lies in pay only, they are required to fight whenever wanted. Hence, when this great European war broke out, a large number of the Indian soldiers were shipped to Europe who were completely unaware of their proper destination! Some of them thought they were to be shipped from one Indian port to another, while others surmised that they were sailing for Africa!

As regards the rest—who are, by the way, few in number—they are the adventurers and place-seekers. Those few Indian princes who are hanging

around the British camp in France, those "bejewelled" rajahs who are subscribing to the British war-relief fund and aiding in other ways: who are they and what are they? Always lying in the clutches of the tyrannical British, always compelled by brute force to follow at the beck and call of the British, and as such always subservient to the British caprice without any will of their own, and practically prisoners in their own palaces, these Indian princes have been compelled to unloosen the strings of their purses to help—as the Imperial mandate has said—a "holy cause for humanity"! Being always watched and suspected and never trusted by the British Government, and politically being absolutely impotent to exert any independent will of their own, these maharajas are doing what they are ordered to do directly or indirectly.

The sentiments and feelings of the masses on whom the crushing weight of British rule falls heavily are not reflected in the actions of these hypocritical opportunists. The masses of the Indian people, hitherto inarticulate, are giving vent to their expression by other means, and gradually are making their voices heard, though hardly an echo of that voice reaches the outside on account of the British "love of justice and fair-play"! At present their voice is entombed by the British censorship established to prosecute a war for "humanity."

Everyone should bear in mind that out of a total of 700 Hindu princes, only five went to Europe. Only three of these went to the front; two fell sick in London, and after six months they all returned to India. On the other hand, two Hindu princes, the brother of the reigning prince of Daspala and the Raja of Kharwa, one of the Rajput States, have been arrested for sedition. The first was sentenced to transportation for life, and the other to two years' imprisonment. Two hundred interned Hindus have been hanged and shot at Lahore, Amhala, Delhi, Meeruth, Calcutta, Orissa, Jhansi, etc. Five hundred have been transported for life, and 5,000 interned without trial, including professors, students, physicians, priests, editors, peasants, social reformers, and soldiers, during the year 1915.

RAM CHANDRA,
Editor *Hindustan Gadar.*

BOSTON ENGLISH

SIR,—In the November number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW you gave a very clever dialogue on the subject of "Patriotism and Profits, A Conversation About Bonds." The scene is laid in Boston and the *dramatis personae* are introduced in a way to make one eager for the substance of the talk.

To my mind, your reasoning is good and your conclusions satisfactory. Had you laid the scene in New York this letter would not have been written; but as you are now Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, an old Boston enterprise, I venture to call attention to the fact that you attribute to Mr. Worthington language a Bostonian of his type would not have used. At about the middle of page 656, he is made to say: "Our feet are in the water; presumably we will be swimming because we must." And the nephew replies: "But the more we do the more we will help the Allies."

I can't answer for a Harvard graduate of the present day. The use of correct English is not a prominent qualification of college graduates in these

times. Mr. Worthington, however, would have been rather more particular. But say! Why not bring THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW back to Boston—and its editor with it? I am sure he would be welcomed and he could feel confident that here the good old word "shall" is still in use. You have become influenced by your environment over there in New York.

Now I can hear you tear this up and say, "Isn't that just like Boston!" But hold! I am not a vicious critic, I express only the solicitude of an esoteric friend who looks forward monthly to the virile utterances of a congenial mind.

HERBERT COOLIDGE.

WATERTOWN, MASS.

[In presenting our portrait of Mr. Worthington, we were not striving for abstract and meticulous literary quality, but for realistic fidelity of denotement; and Mr. Worthington, as we conceived him, would, in the stress of momentous argument, have been likely to say "will" rather than "shall." We never asserted that Mr. Worthington was a Harvard graduate: we merely said he was a Bostonian; and the speech of Boston, in these days, is far from academically precise. For example, they call a dairy-lunch a "café."—EDITOR.]

THE MAHLER SYMPHONY

SIR,—I wonder why your able critic, Mr. Lawrence Gilman, in his remarks about the Mahler symphony, says nothing about its production beyond the mere fact that it was produced? Is it because he considered its rendition in the "also ran" class? or perhaps that the perfecting of the technical portion, if I may use that term, of so vast and complicated a work, is an achievement of no especial merit? Let us hope that it is not the result of the provincialism so common in New York, which accords no praise to efforts of any kind which have not their inception in that metropolis. It was my privilege to hear the verdict of some of the great musicians of the world upon the performance of this composition, a few of whom heard the first production in Munich conducted by the composer, and, in addition to the unqualified praise which they bestowed upon the Philadelphia performance, they also said it was the better of the two. Of course, this is not news to Mr. Gilman. His analysis of the composition as such would seem to indicate that he is an erudite and experienced man, and that is the reason for my saying, Why?

C. M. LAMMOT.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

[Our music critic, being sworn, deposes that the pages which he could give to a consideration of the Mahler symphony were unavoidably limited, and that, in view of the extraordinary character of Mahler's music, he conceived it his duty to devote his restricted space to a discussion of the symphony itself, inasmuch as the brilliantly effective presentation of the difficult score by Mr. Stokowski and his forces in Philadelphia had already received abundant and competent praise in the newspapers. Music, after all, is more important than musicians.

We trust that this explanation, prosaic though it is, will acquit us of the exciting but, we believe, libellous charge of critical "provincialism."—EDITOR.]

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THE PRESIDENT AT SEA

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

MARCH

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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